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INDEX TO THE
OVERLAND MONTHLY and OUT WEST MAGAZINE
Volume 89, January to December, 1931, Inclusive

1633

NOTE: Beginning with the June number, each issue was paged 1 to 32. Hence the month in parenthesis, followed by the page.

A	
Angel Pavement, The Author of— <i>Cyril Clemens</i>	145
Arrest Yourself, Sir (Illus.)— <i>Beatrice B. Beebe</i>	5
Arrow Rock, Outpost of Frontier Days— <i>Leetha Journey Probst</i>	7
Athletic World, This, of Ours (Illus.)— <i>Everett L. Sanders</i>	24
B	
Birds, Benefactor of the— <i>Eileen Martini</i>	31
Black, Geordie, The— <i>Ethel Hayes Schorn</i>	143
Blur, The— <i>Carlton Kendall</i>	84
Booksellers Meet, American	160
Books—The Literary West—23; 55; 93; 121; 153; (June.) 23; (Aug.-Sept.) 23; (Oct.) 23; (Nov.) 25; (Dec.) 19 (Portrait of Harte)	64
Boundary Lines, Determining the National	3
Briand, Germany and the U. S. of Europe— <i>Fleix Flugel</i>	12
Bridge, The, the Oyster Built (Illus.)— <i>Roscoe D. Wyatt</i>	20
British Columbia—Romance of— <i>Grace T. Hadley</i>	20
Business and Finance— <i>Nathan D. Porter</i> (Portrait) (June) 20; (July) 21; (Aug.-Sept.) 15; (Oct.) 5; (Nov.) 11; (Dec.) 13	17
Business, The, Salt of Life— <i>Orra E. Monnetter</i> (Portrait)	71
Bunyan, John, Inspired Tinker— <i>Carl Holliday</i>	71
C	
California's Literary Wealth— <i>Ben Field</i>	17
California, Camping Out In— <i>J. A. S. Wells</i>	15
Californians Place Their Own Laurel Wreaths (Illus.)— <i>Mary Goodrich</i>	9
Carmel-By-the-Sea— <i>Helen Gray Phillips</i>	51
Casey, John Joseph—Soldier-Artist	89
Century of Progress Exposition (Illus.)— <i>F. B. McCagg</i>	16
China, Chang Po Ling Talks on— <i>Fred Lockley</i>	43
Congressional Reapportionment— <i>Guy C. Miller</i>	7
D	
Destiny, The Sun Worshipper— <i>Jack Wyche-Feeney</i>	140
Dickens' Birthplace, A Visit to— <i>Cyril Clemens</i>	17
Digging Up Buried Cities (Illus.)— <i>Fred Lockley</i>	7
Donner Party, The (Illus.)— <i>Lewis F. Byington</i>	135
Don't Admit Defeat— <i>W. G. Scott</i>	51
Editor's Desk— <i>Arthur H. Chamberlain</i>	4, 36, 68, 100, 132, (June) 1; (Aug.-Sept.) 24; (Oct.) 24; (Nov.) 24.
Education Produces Criminals, Does American— <i>Carlton Kendall</i>	7
El Pasado and the Street of Memories, Out of (Illus.)— <i>Martha E. Davis</i>	9
Etchings of Edson Newell— <i>Mary Goodrich</i>	38
F	
Ferris, Constance (With Portrait)— <i>Helen Allred</i>	22
Field, Rowena (With Portrait)	19
Fiesta (Illus.)— <i>R. V. Vaughan</i>	19
First Clean-up, The (Illus.)— <i>Elizabeth Ingram Hubbard</i>	103
Fremont, Col. John C. and Kit Carson, Historic Expedition of, to California, 1843-1844 (Portraits)— <i>Lewis F. Byington</i>	5
Fremont, Some of the Romance of (With Portrait)— <i>Eleanor Minturn James</i>	15
Frontiers, An Epic of Six— <i>Harold V. Hartshorn</i>	111
G	
Gilded Cage, The— <i>Charles Fletcher Scott</i>	14
Glamorous Past, The (Illus.)— <i>John S. McGroarty</i>	8
H	
Half-Face Annie— <i>Cruse Carriel</i>	18
Haywire Page, The— <i>Charles Fletcher Scott</i>	25
History—A Bit of Unwritten — <i>Arthur H. Chamberlain</i>	15
History, A Day in— <i>Carl Holliday</i>	107
How Old is Young— <i>Will T. Fitch</i>	11
I	
Immigrant Trails, Retracing The (Portrait of William J. Williams)— <i>W. W. Robinson</i>	4
Index, Overland Monthly—January-December, 1930	28
Interior Decorators— <i>Eleanor Grey</i>	75
Irun, American One-Night Stands (Illus.)— <i>Blanche H. Dow</i>	73
Italy, Impressions of (With Portrait)— <i>Cyril Clemens</i>	77, 109
J	
Joaquin Murietta, The Real— <i>Told by Alfonso Mason to Mary Goodrich</i>	49
Jordan, David Starr (Portrait)— <i>Arthur H. Chamberlain</i>	17
L	
La Fiesta de Los Angeles—Retrospect (Portrait)— <i>Marion Parks</i>	11
Lincoln Cathedral, A Visit to— <i>Cyril Clemens</i>	57
Linscott, John W. (Portrait)— <i>Arthur H. Chamberlain</i>	17
Little Church of the Flowers and Wee Kirk o' the Heather— <i>Frances N. Ahl</i>	16
Los Angeles and Environs, Cultural Progress In— <i>Rockwell D. Hunt</i>	18
Los Angeles City Public Schools, The— <i>Warren C. Conrad</i>	13

Los Angeles from Pueblo to Metropolis (Illus.)
James Franklin Chamberlain.. (Aug.-Sept.) 5
Los Angeles Harbor (Illus.)—*Frances N. Ahl* (July) 19
Los Angeles on Parade—*Charles Fletcher Scott* (Aug.-Sept.) 7
Los Angeles Schools, Then and Now, In—*J. L. Van Norman*..... (July) 9
Luck—A Short, Short Story—*Roland Harold Kruger* 83
Lure of the Painted Canyon—*Frances N. Ahl* 85

M

Markham, Edwin, Letter from to Arthur H. Chamberlain (Portrait)..... (Nov.) 4
Mark Twain's Stories, Real People in—*Laurens D. Mason*..... 12
Mexican Immigration, Problem of—*Alvin Edward Moore* 137
Midget; El-L—*Ada Kyle Lynch*..... 141
Montara the Scenic—*Paul E. Springer*..... 79
Mountain Play, The, On Tamalpais..... 151
Mussolini: A Close-up of Il Duce (Portrait)—*Cyril Clemens* (June) 13

N

National Education Association 157
Welcome by James Rolph Jr. (Portrait)..... (July) 3
" Willard E. Givens... (July) 7
" Vierling Kersey (July) 5
" J. M. Gwinn..... (July) 7
" Roy W. Cloud..... (July) 7
Nomads of the Southwest—*Florence A. Brunke* 149

O

Old Foster's Daughter—*William Allen Ward* 147
Olympic Games, The (Illus.)—*Everett L. Saunders* (Nov.) 10
One Winter Night (Illus.)—*Katherine Buoy*.. (Dec.) 12
Ownership, Statement of..... 159; (Nov.) 32

P

Painters of the West, A Salon of (Illus.)—*Everett Carroll Maxwell*..... (Nov.) 15
Pan-American Relations — *Alvin Edward Moore* (Dec.) 5
Poets of Our Southern Frontier—*D. Maitland Bushby* 41
Population, The Present Center of—*Augustus W. Daugherty*..... (Nov.) 23
Prince of Montalvo (Illus.)—*Sadie Doyle*..... 52
Print, The Power of—*John Boynton Kaiser*... (Aug.-Sept.) 11; (Oct.) 9; (Nov.) 9.
Putting Progress on the Map (Illus.)..... 80

R

Romance of Cripple Creek, The—*Flora Scott Baumann* 82

S

San Diego's Heridity and Environment—*Lannie Haynes Martin*..... (Oct.) 13
Schools of Los Angeles County, The (Portrait)—*A. R. Clifton*..... (July) 17
Seein' Things (Illus.)—*Marjory M. Fisher*... (Dec.) 10
Singing Games of the Southern Mountains—*Carl Holliday* (Dec.) 9
Sonoma Treasures July 4 as Important in California History—*Celeste G. Murphy*.. (Nov.) 16
Southern California, 'Round About (Illus.)—*Charles Fletcher Scott*..... (Oct.) 7

Spanish Padres Tread, Where the—*Clarence M. Fink* (Aug.-Sept.) 13
Spanning the Continent (Illus.)—*Carl Holliday* 9
Stoic—*Jack Wyche-Feeney* 113

T

Thrift and Conservation—*A. R. Clifton*.. 53, 91, 117
Thrift and Conservation, Education, Progress in—*Arthur H. Chamberlain*..... (Dec.) 15
Thrift and Conservation, Resolution at N. E. A. (Dec.) 15
Thrift, Our Public Schools Should Teach—*Thomas F. Wallace*..... (June) 14
Thrift, Spending for—*Earl J. Dove*..... (Dec.) 20

U

Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Death of—*R. Burton Rose* (Dec.) 14
Unemployment; A Blessing—*J. H. Iliffe*..... 39

V

Vignettes—Brocaded Curtains, Attar of Roses—*Jack Wyche-Feeney* (Oct.) 21
Wagner, Harr, A Personal Interview With (Portrait)—*Helen Allred*..... (Aug.-Sept.) 17
Wagner, Harr, Honored (Portrait)..... 148
Wayside Colony, The—*Lannie Haynes Martin* (Aug.-Sept.) 32
Weather As You Like It—*William O. Harris* (Oct.) 8
Welcome Intelligentsia — *Charles Fletcher Scott* (July) 11
Wells, H. G., A Visit to—*Cyril Clemens*..... (Nov.) 13
Westward March of America—*Howard R. Driggs* 45
What Do You Say—*Jack Worsley*..... (Oct.) 18
When Romance Rides (Illus.)—*Everett Carroll Maxwell* (Dec.) 18
When the World Turned Honest—*Will T. Fitch* 47
Where the Heart Is—*Marvin MacLean*..... (Oct.) 15
Writer, Can the, Function in California—*Frederick O'Brien* 54
Writers, League of Western: Fifth Annual Convention 158
Writers, League of Western: San Francisco Chapter 160
Writers, Material for in California State Library—*Mabel R. Gillis* (Aug.-Sept.) 22
Writings, Adventuring in Creative (Illus.)—*True Disbrow* 115
Writings, Exhibit of Western—*Jeannette E. Maltby* 154

VERSE

B

Ballycotton—*Nancy Buckley* 87
Betrayed—*Flora J. Arnstein*..... 146

C

Century Plant, The—*Beulah May*..... (Oct.) 20
Chanson, D'Amour—*Nancy Buckley*... (Nov.) 21
Christmas Eve—*Elizabeth Vore*..... (Dec.) 6
Christmas Tree—*Arthur Truman Merrill*..... (Dec.) 11
Creation—*Helen Hoyt* (Nov.) 21

D

David Starr Jordan—*N. J. Herby*..... (Oct.) 32
Death of a Dream—*Conny Leigh Hill*... (Nov.) 21
Desert Sketches—*Snow Longley Housh*..... 116

E

Easter-Tide—Orville Willis Jones..... 108
 Einstein—S. Estelle Greathead..... 81
 Epicure—Francis Drake 87

F

Fisherman—Helen Maring..... (Oct.) 20
 Flowered Desert, The—Eve Brazier..... (Oct.) 20
 Fulfillment—Alison Parry 42

G

Grave of Herbert Bashford, At the (With
 Portrait)—N. J. Herby..... 120

H

Hands of a Famous Surgeon, The—Ivy Jean
 Richards 119
 Hills of Summer, The—Edwin Markham.....
 (Dec.) 4
 Home Coming—Stanton A. Coblentz..... (Dec.) 4
 Home Steader—Helen Wilde Alexander..... 158
 Horizons—Florence Fisher (June) 22
 Humor—Elinor Lennen (Oct.) 20

I

Inspiration—Carric W. Stryker..... (Oct.) 20
 Interlude—Anne Hamilton 21

J

June Lake (With Illus.)—Ben Field.... (Nov.) 20

K

Kaleotaka—Arthur Truman Merrill..... 79

M

Moonlight at Avalon—Mabel Whitman Phil-
 lips (Dec.) 21
 Moon-Mist—Natalia P. Dobbins..... 87
 My Garden—Jean Steele Marlatt..... 119
 My Gifts—Florence R. Keene.... (Aug.-Sept.) 20
 My Mother's Garden—Dawn Davis.....
 (Aug.-Sept.) 20

N

Niti, Maker of Pottery—D. Maitland Bushby
 (Aug.-Sept.) 20
 None So Blind—Eugenia T. Finn..... (Dec.) 26
 Not a Sparrow Falseth—Ralph Cheney.....
 (June) 19

O

Ocean (With Illus.)—Ben Field..... (July) 23
 Old Coins in a Window—Ben Field.... (Dec.) 26
 On Leaving the Woods—Stanton A. Coblentz
 (Dec.) 4
 Our Lady of Los Angeles on El Camino Real
 (With Illus.)—Ben Field..... (Aug.-Sept.) 4

P

Padre of the Rains—Clare Aven Thompson.... 47
 Perplexity—Leacy Naylor Green-Leach.....
 (Oct.) 20
 Pool, The—Laurence Pratt 87
 Prophecy—Katherine Bowsler 87

Q

Quail (With Illus.)—Author unknown (Oct.) 4

R

Recurrent Rhythms—Virginia Spates..... 119
 Riding the Line—Ernest McGaffey..... 111
 Rocks in the Making—Helen Maring..... 87
 Road of the Vagabond, The—Whitley Grey
 (Aug.-Sept.) 20
 Room—Elinor Lennen (Dec.) 26

S

Sea Utterance—Laurence Pratt..... (Oct.) 20
 Silver Freeze, The—Walter Kidd..... 119

Shakespeare, To—Grant S. Housh..... 142
 Sonnett—Louis Ginsberg (Nov.) 31
 Spring Magic—A. M. Stephen..... 138

T

Terminus—Irene Wilde 92
 Three Bucks and a Doe—Arthur Truman
 Merrill 119
 Treasure—Eugenia T. Finn..... 40
 Tuning In—Jane Sayre (Dec.) 28

V

Virgilia—Edwin Markham (Nov.) 8
 Vision of the Sycamore, The—Ben Field.....
 (Dec.) 4

W

Whispered Prayer, A—Alla M. Forster..... 119
 White Magic—Vivian Stratton..... 87
 Wings Over All—Ethelean Tyson Gaw.....
 (Dec.) 4
 Will and Testament—Ben Field..... (June) 19
 Words—Laurence Pratt 87

Y

Youth—Virginia H. Wallihan... (Aug.-Sept.) 20
 You Walk Erect—Anne Harley..... (June) 19
 Young Poet—Lucia Trent..... 76

PLATES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

Arroyo Scene—Sierra Madre Mountains.....
 (Oct.) 2
 Blossomed Bordered Woodland, A..... 69
 Bret Harte, Francis..... (Dec.) 19
 California Mountain Scene..... 134
 China Town—San Francisco 114
 Desert View (Nov.) 2
 Driving the Last Spike 6
 General John Charles Fremont..... 15
 Grand Canyon of the Colorado..... (Dec.) 2
 Lake Tahoe (July) 2
 Los Angeles City Hall—New..... (Aug.-Sept.) 14
 Mariposa Lillies—Yosemite Valley..... (July) 6
 Monarch of the High Sierras, The..... 35
 Mountain Scene (Oct.) 19
 Mountain Stream, Angler's Paradise... (June) 21
 Old California Mission..... 18
 Old California Mission..... (July) 14
 Pony Express, The..... 10
 Rolph, Hon. James, Jr..... 3
 San Francisco Waterfront, Early Days..... 102
 Trail Up Mount Wilson..... (July) 10
 Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Valley..... 37
 Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Nat'l Park... (July) 2

CONTRIBUTORS

A

Ahl, Frances N.....85; (Oct.) 16
 Alexander, Helen M..... 158
 Allred, Helen 22; (Aug.) 17
 Arnstein, Flora J..... 146

B

Baumann, Flora Scott 82
 Beebe, Beatrice B..... (June) 5
 Books: Reviewed by Chamberlain, Arthur H.;
 Colburn, Frona Eunice Wait; Costigan,
 Lotus J.; Durbrow, True; Everett, Eliza-
 beth Abbey; Everett, Laura Bell; Field,
 Ben F.; Hadley, Grace Talbot; Solo, J.
 J.; Urmey, Edythe B.
 Bowsler, Katherine 87
 Brazier, Eve (Oct.) 20
 Brunke, Florence A..... 149
 Buckley, Nancy87; (Nov.) 21
 Buoy, Katharine (Dec.) 12
 Bushby, D. Maitland.....41; (Aug.) 20
 Byington, Lewis F.....135; (Nov.) 5

C

Carriel, Cruse(Aug.-Sept.) 18
 Chamberlain, Arthur H.....4; 36; 60; 68, 100;
 132; (June) 1; (July) 15; (Aug.-Sept.)
 24; (Oct.) 17, 24; (Nov.) 24; (Dec.) 15
 Chamberlain, James Franklin(Aug.-Sept.) 5
 Cheney, Ralph(June) 19
 Clemens, Cyril.....17; 57; 145; (June) 13 (Nov.) 13
 Clifton, A. R.....53; 91; 117; (July) 17
 Cloud, Roy W.....(July) 5
 Coblentz, Stanton A.....(Dec.) 4
 Conrad, Warren C.....(July) 13

D

Davis, Gorden Dawn.....(Aug.-Sept.) 20
 Davis, Martha E.....(Aug.-Sept.) 9
 Dobbins, Natalia P.....87
 Daugherty, Augustus W.....(Nov.) 23
 Dove, Earl J.....(Dec.) 20
 Dow, Blanche H.....73
 Doyle, Sadie52
 Drake, Francis87
 Driggs, Howard R.....45
 Durbrow, True115

F

Feeney, Jack-Wyche113; 140; (Oct.) 21
 Field, Ben F.....(June) 19; (July) 23; (Aug.-
 Sept.) 4; (Nov.) 19, 20; (Dec.) 4, 17, 26
 Fink, Clarence M.....(Aug.-Sept.) 13
 Finn, Eugenia T.....40; (Dec.) 26
 Fisher, Florence(June) 22
 Fitch, Will T.....47; (June) 11
 Flugel, Felix(June) 3
 Forster, Alla M.....119

G

Gaw, Ethelean Tyson.....(Dec.) 4
 Gillis, Mabel R.....(Aug.-Sept.) 22
 Ginsberg, Louis(Nov.) 31
 Givens, Willard E.....(July) 7
 Goodrich, Mary.....38; 49; (June) 9
 Greathead, S. Estelle.....81
 Grey, Eleanor75
 Grey, Whitley(Aug.-Sept.) 20
 Gwinn, J. M.....(July) 7

H

Hadley, Grace T.....(Dec.) 20
 Hamilton, Anne21
 Harley, Anne(June) 19
 Harris, William O.....(Oct.) 8
 Hartshorn, Harold V.....111
 Herby, N. J.....120; (Oct.) 32
 Hill, Conny Leigh.....(Nov.) 21
 Holliday, Carl9; 71; 107; (Dec.) 10
 Housh, Grant S.....142
 Housh, Snow Longley116
 Hoyt, Helen(Nov.) 21
 Hubbard, Elizabeth Ingram.....103
 Hunt, Rockwell D.....(July) 19

I

Iliffe, J. H.....39

J

James, Eleanor Minturn.....15
 Jones, Orville Willis108

K

Kaiser, John Boynton(Aug.-Sept.) 11; (Oct.) 9; (Nov.) 9
 Keene, Florence R.....(Aug.-Sept.) 20
 Kendall, Carlton84; (Nov.) 7
 Kidd, Walter119
 Kruger, Roland Harold83
 Kersey, Vierling(July) 5

L

Leach, Leacy Naylor Green.....(Oct.) 20
 Lennen, Elinor(Oct.) 20; (Dec.) 26
 Lockley, Fred43; (June) 7
 Lynch, Ada Kyle141

M

Maltby, Jeannette E.....154
 Maring, Helen.....(Oct.) 20; 87
 Markham, Edwin(Dec.) 4; (Nov.) 8
 Marlatt, Jean Steele119
 Martin, Eileen(Aug.-Sept.) 31
 Martin, Lannie Haynes.....
(Oct.) 13; (Aug.-Sept.) 32
 Mason, Alfonso49
 Mason, Laurens D.....12
 Maxwell, Everett Carroll.....(Nov.) 15 (Dec.) 18
 May, Beulah(Oct.) 20
 Merrill, Arthur Truman.....79; 119; (Dec.) 11
 Miller, Guy C.....7
 Monnette, Orra E.....(Nov.) 17
 Moore, Alvin Edward.....137; (Dec.) 5
 Murphy, Seleste G.....(Nov.) 16
 MacLean, Marvin(Oct.) 15
 McCagg, F. B.....(June) 16
 McGaffey, Ernest111
 McGroarty, John Steven.....(July) 8

O

O'Brien, Frederick54

P

Parks, Marion(Oct.) 11
 Parry, Alison42
 Phillips, Helen Gray51
 Phillips, Mabel Whitman(Dec.) 21
 Porter, Nathan T.....
(June) 20; (July) 21; (Aug.-
 Sept.) 15; (Oct.) 5; (Nov.) 11; (Dec.) 13
 Pratt, Laurence87; (Oct.) 20
 Probst, Leetha Journey(Dec.) 7

R

Rolph, Governor James, Jr.....(July) 3
 Richards, Ivy Jean.....119
 Robinson, W. W.....(July) 4
 Rose, R. Burton(Dec.) 14

S

Sanders, Everett L.....(Dec.) 24; (Nov.) 10
 Sayre, Jane(Dec.) 28
 Scott, Charles Fletcher.....(July) 11; (Aug.-
 Sept.) 7; (Oct.) 7; (Nov.) 14; (Dec.) 25
 Scott, W. G.....51
 Sehorn, Ethel Hayes143
 Spates, Virginia119
 Springer, Paul E.....79
 Stephen, A. M.....138
 Stratton, Vivian87
 Stryker, Carrie W.....(Oct.) 20

T

Thomson, Claire Aven.....47
 Trent, Lucia76

V

Van Norman, J. L.....(July) 9
 Vaughan, R. V.....(Aug.-Sept.) 19
 Vore, Elizabeth(Dec.) 6

W

Wallace, Thomas F.....(June) 14
 Wallihan, Virginia H.....(Aug.) 20
 Ward, William Allen147
 Wells, J. A. S.....(June) 15
 Wilde, Irene92
 Worsley, Jack(Oct.) 18
 Wyatt, Roscoe D.....(Oct.) 12

JAN 14 1931

THE
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The Romance of General Fremont

A Visit to Dickens' Birthplace

Real People in Mark Twain's Stories

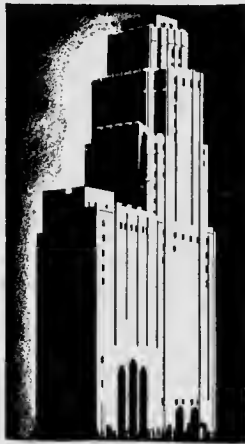
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Published by The Christian Science Publishing Society
Boston, Mass.

Single Copy 5c Six Weeks \$1.00 Six Months \$4.50
One Month 75c Three Months \$2.25 One Year \$9.00

VOL.
89NO.
1

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Established  in 1868

and Outwest Magazine

JAN.

1931

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CONTENTS

Frontispiece—Governor James Rolph, Jr. (Portrait).....	3
As The Editor Sees It.....	4
Driving The Golden Spike (Plate).....	6
Congressional Reapportionment—Guy C. Miller.....	7
Spanning The Continent (Illus.)—Carl Holliday.....	9
Real People In Mark Twain's Stories—Laurens D. Mason.....	12
Some Of The Romance Of Fremont (With Portrait)— Eleanor Minturn James.....	15
A Visit To Dickens' Birthplace—Cyril Clemens.....	17
California Mission On El Camino Real (Plate).....	18
Rowena Field (With Portrait).....	19
Interlude (Verse)—Anne Hamilton.....	21
Constance Ferris (With Portrait)—Helen Allred.....	22
Books and Writers.....	23
Mainly Horses—Reviewed by Lotus J. Costigan	
New York—Reviewed by Grace Talbot Hadley	
Golden River—Reviewed by Elizabeth Abbey Everett	
California Gringos—Reviewed by Grace Talbot Hadley	
Index to Overland Monthly, Volume 88, 1930.....	28

OVERLAND MONTHLY AND OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Editorial and Business Offices

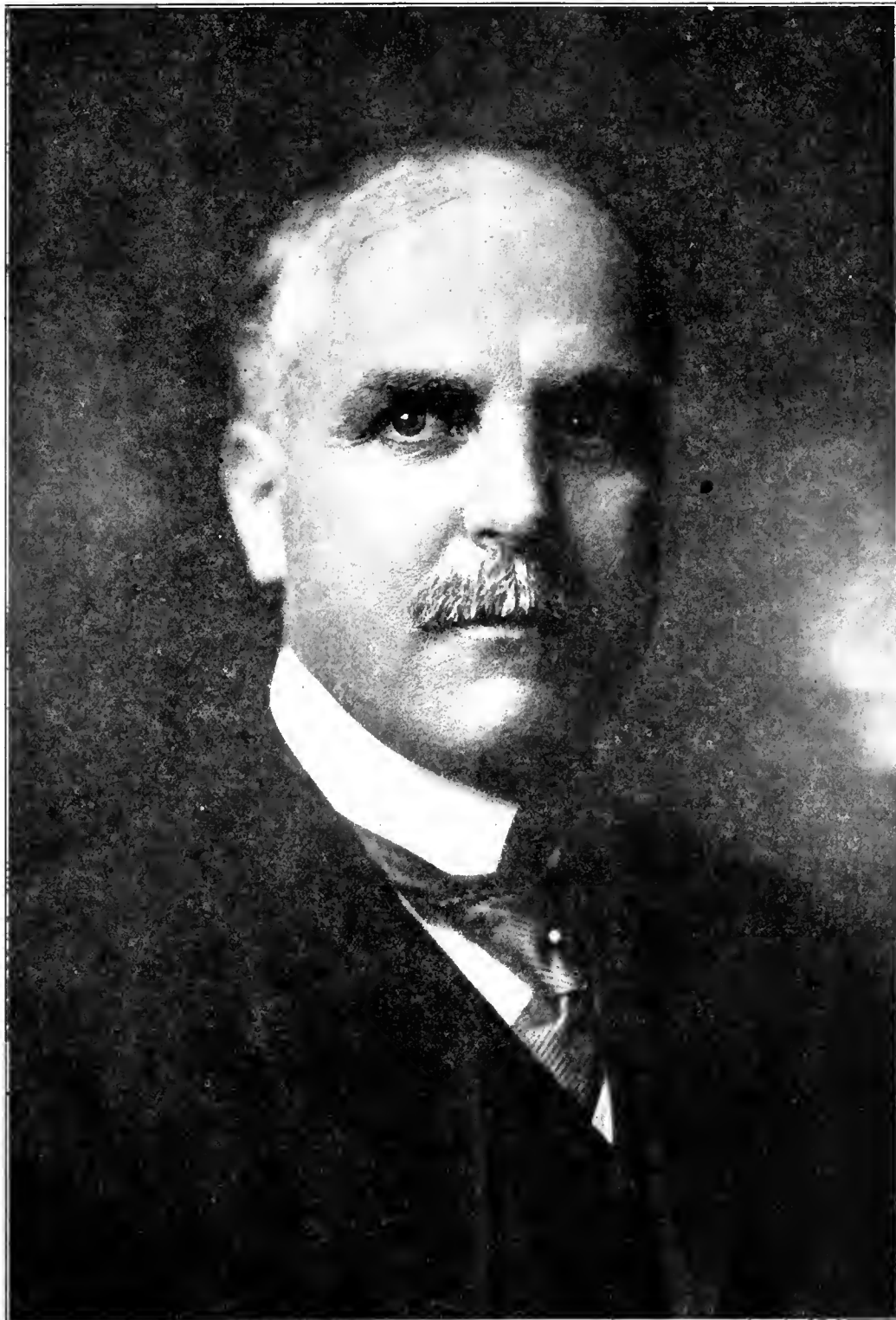
1024 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California

Subscription \$2.50 per year; 25 cents per copy

Address all communications and manuscripts to "The Overland Monthly."
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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, San Francisco, under the
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As the Editor Views It

63 YEARS OF PUBLICATION SERVICE

SIXTY-THREE years is a generous span. In this modern age it is seldom that a business, however well established, survives so long. And in those rare instances where a business or commercial enterprise continues over a period of three score years or more, there are generally changes in name or in character. It is gratifying therefore to realize that the *Overland Monthly* is now swinging along in its sixty-third year.

When, with clear vision for the future, a group of men and women back in 1868, decided to launch a literary magazine on this coast, the project was looked upon by many with doubt and misgiving. Even Francis Bret Harte who, by common consent, was the logical person to assume responsibility of editorship, hesitated long lest there could not be found those qualified to contribute to the pages of the new publication.

The history of the *Overland Monthly* is, in fact, the history of the State. The story of the choosing of the name for the magazine rivals in interest the most compelling fiction. The title "*Overland Monthly*," has become a tradition. The story of how the grizzly bear happened to walk out upon the cover of the first issue of the magazine in July, 1868, there to hold his ground through all subsequent issues to the present day, is a theme that might well be dramatized. And if proof were needed to show Bret Harte a man of vision worthy a modern industrial leader and captain of industry, as well as the story-teller supreme, literary searchlight and editor of rare power, we have but to note on the cover of the first issue of the magazine, immediately following the name "*Overland Monthly*," the suggestive sub-title which reads: "Devoted to the Development of the Country." That slogan, symbolic of the purpose and ideals of the magazine, still stands on the title page of the *Overland*.

AND what a galaxy of men and women have, from those early days down to the present, shared in the glory of the *Overland Monthly* or assisted through its pages in the upbuilding of the West. Hardly a westerner now known to national or international literary fame who has not had a part in the *Overland* tradition as contributor, staff-worker or editor—men and women known in the realm of letters, science, industry, education, state-craft, economics, politics, and finance.

In 1868 there were few journals of general circulation. The day of the monthly magazine had not arrived. It required daring to strike out into the uncharted literary western waters. In the East there were such magazines as still hold their own—*Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and a few others. Soon the *Overland Monthly* was accepted along with these dignified journals and became almost as well known in England as on this side of the Atlantic.

DURING 1931, there will be brought to *Overland Monthly* readers, as heretofore, interesting fiction and the romance and glamor of the "early days." The change and development of the country from pastoral and agricultural to industrial activities, the rapid growth of manufacture, commerce and transportation, the swelling population of cities, and the economic and social significance of these movements will likewise receive attention through informative articles by well-known writers. The subduing of the desert, the construction of huge irrigation projects, the building of modern highways, the revival of mining, the development of agriculture, lumbering, fisheries and manufacturing in all its branches are matters about which information is eagerly sought.

The Pacific Coast has become the front door

of the continent. Our contacts with the Orient and lands across the Pacific hold much of interest because of increased trade relations. Mexico, Central America, South American countries, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Australia, and the islands of the Pacific present important problems in commercial relations, in foreign exchange, in travel, and in matters of political significance, as well as those educational and racial in character. The marvelous scenic attractions of the Pacific Area have as yet been inadequately exploited. Climatic values, and possibilities for the sportsman and out-of-door enthusiast, and he who seeks relaxation in regions where wild life and game are plentiful, furnish themes of first importance. No fiction is more gripping than the vivid portrayal of the development and utilization of waterpower. The opportunities afforded here for industrial growth and for investment and business building are attracting keen business interests and investors the country over. The discoveries of science, the engineering achievements, the growth of the literary atmosphere, the progress in successful government, and the advances in sound educational doctrine are here at their best.

CALIFORNIA and the Pacific Area are rich in natural resources—petroleum, waterpower, timber, and varied minerals. Few present-day problems are more pressing than the timely development, proper conservation and economic use of these resources. Conservation of our human resources is likewise important. Thrift in its broader aspects is justly claiming attention—the use of by-products, saving of the waste, wise expenditure of money, safe and productive investments—discussion of these

WELCOME GOVERNOR ROLPH

OUR California Legislature is in session and James Rolph Jr., 27th Governor, is in the Chair. We give him welcome. The press is generous in suggestion and criticism. We express the hope that there may be fewer measures passed than in any session in recent years. And should the Legislators become ambitious in this direction, the veto should be applied vigorously by the Governor.

matters will be given leading place in the columns of this publication. The magazine speaks officially for the California Association for Education in Thrift and Conservation on problems important equally to home, school, and business world.

The Pacific Area is the theatre of world thought and action,—political, cultural, financial. The Overland Monthly serves as the medium by which there is brought to the thinking man and the thinking woman, knowledge of these and other great regional and world movements. It would seem that the sub-title of the Overland Monthly could well be expanded from that originally suggested by Bret Harte, and mentioned earlier in this editorial. The title in full might read: "Overland Monthly—devoted to the cause of literature, conservation, thrift and safe investments, and the development of the country."

THE Overland Monthly, as the only literary magazine of general circulation in the West, has a duty to perform in preserving the traditions—historic and literary—of this Pacific Coast and Pacific Area. It has a duty to perform in passing forward our literary and social inheritance and in helping to create a higher standard of letters and a more complete citizenship. It has as well a duty in bringing to the readers of today the best in all that pertains to modern scientific achievement, to industrial progress; to commercial greatness; to production, manufacture, trade, distribution, transportation; to our scenic attractions; to art and music, sports and pastimes; to home building; to conservation of resources; to economic stability; to financial independence, and to cultural and spiritual accomplishments.

WHAT ARE THE ESSENTIALS?

THE Inaugural Message of Governor Rolph is replete with sound pronouncements on issues of prime importance. He advocates ample financial support for schools and believes more attention should be "paid to fundamentals and less to non-essentials." The Governor is sound in his contention. But who today is wise enough to determine what are fundamentals and what non-essentials.



The Pacific Railroad was completed by the driving of the golden spike at Promontory, Utah, May 10, 1869. Participating in this historic event, as shown in the photograph taken at the time, are seen Leland Stanford, then Governor of California and President of the Southern Pacific; Vice-president Durant of the Union Pacific, and other notables

Congressional Reapportionment

By GUY C. MILLER

CENSUS taking goes back to ancient times. Prejudice against census taking existed in early days which has persisted into modern times. In 1712 it was necessary to discontinue on account of this prejudice a census which had been begun in New York, and in 1753 fear was expressed in the British House of Commons that a census would be followed by "some great misfortune or epidemical distemper."

Early census taking was based on military or taxation needs. The modern census, however, has taken an entirely different direction. In this country it is specifically provided in the law governing the census that the information obtained can not be used by any other department of the government.

The only constitutional reason for our census is to find the basis for representation in Congress. The Constitution demands a reapportionment after every decennial census. With the exception of the reapportionment after 1800, every one including 1880, showed a loss of Congressmen for at least one state, and several times for a number of them. The next three were arranged so that no state lost. After 1910 it was felt that the House of Representatives had reached a workable limit for size. Hence, when the 1920 figures showed that on that basis a number of states would lose, these states were strong enough to prevent the reapportionment demanded by the Constitution. This opposition continued until the last Congress, which enacted a

law putting the matter into the hands of the President and the Secretary of Commerce, if the change is not made by March 4 of the year following the enumeration.

We have witnessed in the last ten years "the greatest population movement in history, which has

Mr. Miller, many years a resident of Palo Alto, was enumerator in charge there for the last census and has ever since been making a special study of the census. He has given a number of talks before the service and women's clubs, and writes with an adequate background of study and experience. His article appearing at the time the California State Legislature is in session is most timely.

—Editor.

changed the environment, customs, and living standards of 20,000,000 people." This movement was of course much greater over the 20-year period, and it is the change of two decades, rather than of one, on which we must make the readjustment. Thus we find that the refusal to reapportion after 1920 presents a number of very curious situations, such as New York gaining 3,500,000 people in 20 years with 2 new congressmen, and Texas gaining fewer than 2,000,000 and getting 3 congressmen. Pennsylvania's gain was 50,000 more than that of Texas, yet it loses 2 members.

These anomalies are to be explained partly by the raising of the apportionment factor from 211,877 to 280,762, making it necessary for a state to gain practically a third in population to retain its former delegation. This makes the computation one of percentage rather than of absolute figures, and involves the "major fraction" method. By the latter a state is entitled to an additional representative if its population has an excess of more than half of the number of the fraction. Thus Ohio, with 22 congressmen, has a population of 6,639,837, which entitles it to 23 with an excess of 182,311, or more than half of the fraction, giving it 24. Ohio's 22d member was gained in 1910 by a mere 111 people over the fraction in use.

In our present situation only three states will gain more than 2 congressmen, Texas getting 3 and Michigan 4. California's gain of 9 is so remarkable that it has caused comment the country over. No other state ever gained so many at one time except Virginia, which was given the same number after the first census in 1790. Taking the 20-year period for comparison, only Massachusetts, Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania ever gained 9 or more in two decades; their heavy increases were all before 1840, and both the two last-named afterwards lost.

CALIFORNIA'S growth has been recognized, and we have known in a general way that most of the increase was in the south;

but only the census could reveal the truth and back up the claims of the south with definite figures. Immediately the question arises, what is the south?

For years we have been hearing of the "eight southern counties," Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, Orange, San Diego, Imperial, Riverside, and San Bernardino. The south is now claiming Kern, and with some justification, since much of Kern's trade goes to Los Angeles. But soon as we admit the south to the San Joaquin Valley, trouble begins. There already appears a possibility of Kings and Tulare being included in the southern reapportionment scheme, and Kings has thus early registered a protest against being taken from its valley neighbors.

For comparison in this article these eight counties with Inyo and Mono are considered the south. Los Angeles already controls the former and will soon own much of it by outright purchase, and the city is now reaching into Mono for its water. These two counties are part of the eleventh congressional district and belong to this region topographically.

The south shows a steady population gain as compared to the north, both by cities and counties. Of the first 25 cities in 1890, 17 were in the north, with 84 per cent of the total population. Most of the 25 were villages with only 10 above 10,000; two of these in the south—Los Angeles and San Diego. The 25 included Napa, Marysville, Petaluma, San Rafael and Woodland, all below 5,000. Some of these cities appeared among the 25 but once, as did Grass Valley later, others not more than three times, as Santa

Rosa, Redlands, and Venice, the latter being at the bottom of the list in 1920 and annexed to Los Angeles before the last census.

In 1900 the south advanced to 22.5 per cent of the total of the first 25 cities; in 1910 this was 37 per cent, and in 1920 the scales were approaching an even balance, with the south showing 45 per cent and Glendale appearing for the first time.

This year the south takes the lead, with 59 per cent, and has in the list two cities, Huntington Park and Inglewood, which were only villages in 1920, and one, Southgate, which did not exist 10 years ago. The rapidly growing southern cities have displaced from the 25 leaders, besides those previously mentioned, Santa Cruz, Eureka and Vallejo.

The urban trend is shown by 46.7 per cent of the total state population in the 25 cities in 1890, which had grown to 49.1 per cent in 1900, 54.5 per cent in 1910, 56.9 per cent in 1920, and is now 57.5 per cent. Also the first 25 cities have long since outgrown the village class. In 1900 there were 10 above 10,000; in 1910 only three were under 10,000; in 1920 all were over 10,000 and 12 had more than 20,000; while this year only 2 are under 20,000, and 11 have over 50,000, with 5 beyond 100,000.

The same trend is shown in the counties, beginning with 1870, when the south had 6.1 per cent of the total state population. This percentage advanced steadily to 8.6 per cent in 1880, 17 per cent in 1890, 20 per cent in 1900, 31.9 per cent in 1910, and 39.5 per cent in 1920, with again a clear majority in 1930 with 51.9 per cent.

It must not be understood from the above that the north has not been growing—the contrary is true. It is simply that the percentage of growth in the south has been greater. It seems to have escaped general notice that the north has registered a growth that would have been remarked at once had it not been for the phenomenal gain in the south. Of the cities of over half a million only Los Angeles and Detroit gained more in percentage than San Francisco's 31 per cent. And Northern California's gain of nearly 31 per cent was exceeded, outside of the state's own growth, by only two states, Florida and Michigan.

Losses have been reported for only three cities, Vallejo, Napa, and Chico. The first two were affected by the large temporary increase of war workers at Mare Island, as was also Solano County, which barely held its own with a gain of 42 people. Chico is suffering from too heavy a growth in 1920, when its jump from 3,750 to 9,339 was one of the notable features. Since then it has lost an important industry. In addition it is possible that in 1920 the rule that students at educational institutions must be counted at their permanent residences may not have been enforced as well as it undoubtedly was this year. But in the race of the cities none can afford actually to lose population. Vallejo has dropped from 18th to 31st place, and Chico, 27th in 1920, has now dropped out of the first 50.

All the county losses have been in the north except Inyo, which has been affected by the Los Angeles water situation. Mendocino and Glenn unexpectedly showed losses, both due to industrial de-

Spanning the Continent

NINETY-EIGHT years ago, the editor of a humble Michigan weekly, the "Ann Harbor Emigrant," dreamed of a railway spanning the American continent, and dared, under the title of "Something New," to tell the public his vision—with extensive apologies for even suggesting such a fantastic scheme! In that tiny pioneer printing office there was born that day a thought that later was to make the Pacific States a land of fabulous wealth and limitless possibilities. For with that unique dream began the prolonged political and engineering battle which finally terminated in the Union Pacific Railway.

Within three months after the appearance of the "Emigrant" article, Dr. Samuel Barlow, a physician of Granville, Massachusetts, had caught the vision and was interpreting it in vivid terms in the Westfield "Intelligencer." Then followed a flood of articles, essays and satires, and Congressmen, ever looking for figures of speech, began to use the theme for harmless flights of oratory. But Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri capped them all and set his hearers giggling when he, in a St. Louis speech of 1844, prophesied that most of his audience would live to see Asiatic commerce speeding over the Rocky Mountains by rail.

And Thomas Benton was right. The time came when 20,000 Irishmen sang "no sugar in your tay" as they laid the steel trail westward over plains and mountains; and 10,000 silent Chinese coolies forged their way eastward from

By CARL HOLLIDAY

the Pacific over the Sierra Nevadas to meet them—and the daring, most dramatic deed in the history of transportation was accomplished. Born in derision, nursed in animosity, brought to fruition in a day of national disruption and rebellion, it will stand for all time as an example of what far-seeing vision and unyielding perseverance can do.

Asa Whitney, who ruined his fortune and his life in its behalf, declared in 1845: "You will see that it will change the whole world, . . . allow us to traverse the globe in thirty days, civilize and Christianize mankind, and place us in the center of the world, compelling Europe on one side and Asia and Africa on the other to pass through us." He was laughed at. And yet, a quarter of a century later, Benton pleaded that the road "be adorned with its crowning honor, the colossal statue of the great Columbus, whose design it accomplishes, hewn from the granite mass of a peak of the Rocky Mountains, overlooking the road, the mountain itself the pedestal and the statue a part of the mountain, pointing with outstretched arms to the western horizon, and saying to the flying passenger, 'There is the East! There is India!'"

For years the enemies of the "monstrous" project of such a steel highway dubbed it the Colossus of Rhodes; but at length one of its friends put them to shame with the assertion that it was the Colossus of Rail-Rhodes!

And indeed there were times during the 30 years of debate over the proposed Union Pacific when the Colossus came dangerously near tumbling down upon the nation and crushing it.

In 1835 Hartwell Carver of Rochester, New York, pinning his faith to action rather than to newspaper contributions, appealed to Congress to grant him a perpetual charter for a railway and telegraph line from Lake Michigan to San Francisco, with huge land grants and the privilege of buying eight millions of acres of public land at \$1.25 per acre, to be paid for in railroad bonds. When Carver guaranteed a five-day trip from New York to San Francisco, with 16-foot sleeping cars and separate dining cars, Congress simply ignored him as a harmless lunatic.

But despite sneers and satires, Union Pacific affairs would not be passive. In 1838 the citizens of Dubuque, Iowa, led by John Plumbe, met for consideration of a plan to build a railway to the Pacific. Two years later Plumbe went to Washington with a memorial from the Wisconsin legislature asking for the construction of such a road, the appropriation of alternate sections of public land from the initial point to the Pacific, the formation of a \$100,000,000 stock company, with 200,000 shares of \$500 each, payable in instalments of twenty-five cents as needed by the company, and the laying of 100 miles of track per year until the railway should be completed. So bitter was the opposition of Southern

Congressmen, who saw in this another scheme to extend anti-slavery territory, that the memorial was scarcely given a decent hearing.

THEN came Asa Whitney, the great-hearted, great-visioned New York merchant, who so zealously flung his fortune and his soul into the battle for the project that he was dubbed far and wide an unbalanced fanatic. Between 1840 and 1850 he literally bombarded Congress with memorials.

"I have undertaken this mighty work," he declared, "because I know some one's whole life must be sacrificed to it." His plans startled all who heard them; \$65,000,000 was to be the cost of the path of steel, but the sale of public lands along the road would pay the charges. Whitney was to own the line until it began to pay running expenses, and then it was to be placed under Government control with the understanding that all profits were to be used for national education and other public activities. The nation was to grant to the road a tract 60 miles wide from Lake Michigan to the Pacific—an area "bigger than all of New England," as one down-East Congressman declared.

Whitney, however, kept everlastingly at it, and in March, 1850, the House Committee on Roads and Canals favorably reported a bill granting him a 200-foot right-of-way from Lake Michigan or the Mississippi to any point on the Pacific, and a strip 60 miles wide the full length of the road at a charge of ten cents per acre. With the completion of any ten miles of railway he would be permitted to sell five miles of the preceding ten-mile tract; but should the sale exceed 72 cents per acre and thus exceed the cost

of the ten miles of railroad just finished, then the Government should hold such excess moneys for use where land was less valuable. With the road completed the Government would hold all unsold land as a pledge that Whitney would operate the road continuously for ten years. None but a Congressman could have thought out such an intricate financial measure. But the prize was magnificent, and possibly Whitney would have been the first American billionaire had not Congress, again through the opposition of Southern members, adjourned without action.

Whitney was enthused with this near-success. He held great meetings in all the principal cities. Frequently the assemblies were broken up by mobs of Irish-Agrarians, who wished the public lands divided among the homeless of Europe, and repeatedly Whitney was forced to flee from the stage through a rear exit.

Then, too, whenever a memorial on the subject reached Congress, the same Benton who was later to plead for the railroad statue, was on hand to oppose the petition. He saw in any such activity a vast expansion of the North and the downfall of slavery. In 1849, when it seemed that at last Congress was to give the project an oppor-

tunity, he introduced a deadly rival bill for the construction of a "National Central Highway from St. Louis to San Francisco.

AND Benton won. On April 1, 1852, the Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads reported a measure providing for the sale of lands to Whitney to build a railway not north of Memphis and reaching California by way of the Rio del Norte. The North would never have consented to such a route; it was the "knockout" blow to Whitney. He had wasted his fortune upon his dream; he spent his last years selling milk in Washington.

The years 1850-1860 were to be a period of terrific battling for advantage by the North and the South. In 1845 Texas entered the Union; in 1848, through treaties, the Pacific Coast of the United States was suddenly extended three times its original length; the South was itself reaching toward the coast just as the North had long seen itself reaching toward Oregon and Washington. The struggle now centered on the eastern terminal of the road. Statesmen and capitalists declared that the Union Pacific should never be built until that initial point was settled definitely.

Various great sectional and



financial interests now entered the conflict. The New England and New York group were naturally for a Northern terminus so as to pour Western commerce into the North Atlantic. The St. Louis group, headed by Benton, demanded a terminal on the lower Mississippi. The Tennessee and Arkansas group declared for Memphis. Charleston, South Carolina, led by Colonel Gadsden, urged the building of a line from that city to the Pacific. Even young Texas petitioned Congress in 1849 for a right-of-way from the Rio Grande to the Pacific.

And back of it all was—the negro. How far would this proposed railway expand or curtail slavery? For if slavery was to increase, it must be to the West and Southwest. Southern leaders, especially Benton, were determined that if the Union Pacific were not of the South it should not exist at all. State-right leaders, like Mason of Virginia, declared they would never vote for a railway under Government control. So much for the gigantic project as late as the spring of 1853.

BUT public opinion was aroused; the Congress of 1853 felt compelled to make some sort of showing. The National Topographical Engineers were allowed, therefore, \$150,000 to make surveys for a "practicable and economical route for a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean." Twenty years of ceaseless endeavor had brought only this.

By 1854 it became clear that the Alleghanies and the Rockies did not offer insurmountable difficulties and that since steel rails could be laid through several sections of these mountains, it made little difference, from an engineering standpoint, where the eastern

terminal of the Union Pacific should be. Hitherto only the waterways east of the Mississippi had been considered. Then, too, it had been discovered that the soil of the Northwest was better suited for immediate cultivation than that of the Southwest; emigration was pouring Northwest; the absence of deserts in that section made railway building far cheaper than in the Southwest. The Northern element suddenly began to feel perfectly at ease about the ultimate growth of the Union Pacific.

Then, in February, 1855, Secretary of War Jefferson Davis submitted to Congress his final report, in eleven vast volumes, on the surveys—the whole simply showing what everybody already knew: that there were a half-score excellent routes to the Pacific.

Up to 1853 the general idea had been that this must be a Federal project. But the growing commercial sharpness of New England and New York had produced numerous individuals and corporations willing to undertake the construction at their own risk, provided sufficient land grants were forthcoming. Benton declared in Congress in 1854 that "a private company has become the resource and the preference." Up went the usual cry, however, against "Wall Street influence," and until well into 1856 nothing was accomplished.

In 1856 both Democratic and Republican Conventions placed in their platforms the statement that a railway to the Pacific was a national necessity, and Buchanan, in his inaugural address, declared that "under the war-making power Congress may appropriate money for the construction of a military road through the territories of the United States." By

1857 sectional feeling in Congress was foreshadowing war; a railroad not giving advantage to the South was simply impossible.

THUS matters drifted until June 24, 1862, when, with most of the Southern representatives of course absent, there was pushed through Congress a bill for the construction of a road with the Eastern terminus "a point on the one-hundredth meridian..between the south margin of the valley of the Republican River and the north margin of the Valley of the Platte River, in the Territory of Nebraska." The prize for the completion of the line was to be probably the richest in the history of man. A "Board of Commissioners" of 158 individuals, with five additional members appointed by the Secretary of State, was to open the sale of stock.

As soon as 2,000 shares had been sold and ten dollars per share paid in, the Commissioners were to turn over the fund to duly elected directors. The road was to receive every alternate section of land for ten miles on each side of the track the entire length of the route, and the Treasury was to issue to the railroad 30-year bonds amounting to \$16,000 for each mile east of the eastern base of the Rockies and west of the western base of the Sierra Nevadas, \$48,000 per mile for 150 miles west of the eastern base of the Rockies and 150 miles east of the western base of the Sierras, and \$32,000 for each mile intervening. The Central Pacific Railway Company, a California organization, was authorized to build on the same terms from the Pacific to the eastern boundary of California, to meet the Union Pacific,

(Read further on page 20)

Real People in Mark Twain's Stories

MARK TWAIN, it is generally known, drew on his boyhood experiences for the characters and incidents of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Mark Twain also drew from real life the characters of all his other stories. One of the most interesting characters pictured by Mark Twain was Colonel Sellers, who figures in *The Gilded Age* and *The American Claimant*. Concerning Colonel Sellers, Mark Twain says: "My mother's favorite cousin, James Lampton, figures in *The Gilded Age* as Colonel Sellers. Many persons have regarded Colonel Sellers as a fiction, but they were mistaken. I merely put him on paper as he was; he was not a person who could be exaggerated."

Mark Twain goes on to say that when he was on a lecture tour with George W. Cable, James Lampton called on him. Cable was in the adjoining room at the time. When he had greeted

By LAURENS D. MASON

Lampton, Mark Twain went into Cable's room, telling him to listen to what the man outside had to say. When Lampton had gone, Cable called out, "That was Colonel Sellers!"

Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn have been mulled over so often in the magazines and newspapers that the important characters are popularly recognized. It is interesting to note, however, that the minor, as well as the important characters and incidents were drawn from real life. Brander Matthews says, "Mark described to me his method of work in writing Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. He declared that there was no episode in either of these stories that had not happened to himself or to one or another of the boys whom he had known." Albert Bigelow Paine, Mark Twain's biographer, also testifies to the identity of the

characters and incidents and gives many of the details.

Although Mark Twain seems never to have stated the fact, a student of his life and writings cannot escape the conviction that the character of Joan, in the novel *Joan of Arc*, was a composite picture of his wife, his mother, and his daughter Susy. It is possible he did not realize that he was following his usual custom and drawing upon the characteristics of real people for his picture of Joan. The book is dedicated to the wife of the author.

As illustrative of the fact that Mark Twain had his wife and his mother in mind when he was writing about Joan of Arc, note the descriptions of the heroine of the novel in comparison with what he tells us of these two. There are not many such descriptions, but they are the vitally important ones, and they are startlingly alike in detail and phrase.

Mark Twain's Mother

"**S**HE admitted that the indictment was sound, that Satan was utterly wicked and abandoned, just as these people had said; but would any claim that he had been treated fairly? A sinner was a sinner; Satan was just that, like the rest. . . . But who prays for Satan? Who in eighteen centuries has had the common humanity to pray for the one sinner that needed it most . . . his being the first and supremest need, he being among sinners the supremest?"

"**A**LL the race of dumb animals had a friend in her. By some sign the homeless, hunted, bedraggled, and disreputable cat recognized in her at a glance the born refuge
(See first column, next page)

Joan of Arc

"**T**HEN who gave these poor creatures their home? God. Who allowed them to play there all these centuries and found no fault with it? God.

"Then she finished with a blast at the idea that the fairy kinsmen of the fiend ought to be shunned and denied human friendship because salvation was barred against them. She said that for that very reason people ought to pity them to make them forget the hard fate that had been put upon them by accident of birth."

"**A**LL the outcast cats came and took up with her, and homeless or unlovable animals of other kinds heard about it and
(See second column, next page)

and champion of his sort—and followed her home. An imprisoned creature was out of the question—my mother would not have allowed a rat to be restrained of its liberty.”

Olivia Langdon Clemens

“**H**ER judgments of people and things were sure and accurate. Her intuitions almost never deceived her. In her judgments of characters and acts of both friends and strangers, there was always room for charity, and this charity never failed.

“**S**HE had the heartfree laugh of a girl. It came seldom, but when it broke upon the ear it was as inspiring as music.”

SUSY CLEMENS was twenty at the time Mark Twain wrote *Joan of Arc*. Her large, dark eyes, noticeable even from her babyhood, were her most striking characteristic.

It is, in turn, by Joan's eyes that Mark Twain describes her in the novel. He says, “Joan's eyes were deep and rich and wonderful beyond anything merely earthly. They spoke all languages—they had no need for words. . . . Yes, at all times and in all circumstances they could express as by print every shade of the wide range of her moods. In them were hidden floods of gay sunshine, the softest and peace-fullest twilights, and devastating storms and lightnings.”

Among the many incidents which Mark Twain drew from real life were those pictured in *The Gilded Age*, which he wrote in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner. Mark Twain

came, and these spread the matter to other creatures, and they came also. . . . She was hospitable to them all, for an animal was an animal to her, no matter about its sort or social station; and as she would allow of no cages, no collars, no fetters, but left the creatures free to come and go as they liked, that contented them.”

Joan of Arc

“**S**HE has the seeing eye. . . . Joan was there five minutes, and neither spoke with them nor heard them speak, yet she marked them for men of worth and fidelity, and they have confirmed her judgment.”

“**A** LAUGH like the laugh of old days, the impulsive free laugh of an untroubled spirit, a laugh like a chime of bells. . . .”

“She laughed her pleasant laugh; her merry carefree laugh; the laugh that rippled so buoyantly from her lips and made old people feel young again to hear it.”

contributed the first part of the story, which is an account of the migration of the Hawkins family from Tennessee to Missouri, and their adventures on arrival. The Hawkins family were obviously the Clemens family, who moved from Tennessee to Missouri before Mark Twain's birth.

The Tennessee land, that grotesque white elephant, was a reality to the Clemens family, as it was to the Hawkins family of the story. Mark Twain's father purchased some 75,000 acres of Tennessee land for about \$4000. For years his family struggled to pay taxes on it, and it was always the will-o'-wisp from which fortune might come.

Albert Bigelow Paine says that the account of the migration in *The Gilded Age* was written from descriptions supplied by Mark Twain's mother and his brother Orion. In describing the wreck of the steamboat *Amaranth* in the

story, Mark Twain uses the same incidents and phrases as used elsewhere in telling about the wreck in which his brother Henry lost his life. Almost all the other incidents in Mark Twain's part of *The Gilded Age* may be identified by a study of his life.

One might go on interminably listing the sources for other characters and incidents from Mark Twain's stories. Noel Raingueson, of *Joan of Arc*, for instance, was a true picture of Twain's old friend, Steve Gillis; Captain Wakeman, who commanded the vessel in which Mark Twain returned from California, became the original for Captain Saltmarsh in *The American Claimant*, and also for Captain Stormfield, of “Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven.”

Others of Mark Twain's stories, such as *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, *Pudd'nhead*

(Read further on page 27)

Congressional Reapportionment

(From page 8)

pression, the former in lumber and the latter in rice. Alpine has shown a loss ever since the county was formed except in 1890. Calaveras and Mariposa are the others registering losses. The latter has suffered from loss of territory several times since its formation as one of the largest counties, but both have fluctuated; both, however, have lost steadily since 1900.

Eleven northern counties which showed a loss in 1920 have gained in the last decade, namely, Siskiyou, Modoc, Shasta, Trinity, Lake, Sierra, Nevada, El Dorado, Amador, Tuolumne, and Mono. Of these Nevada and El Dorado have lost steadily since 1880, and Lake, which has been losing since 1890, now has the largest population in its history.

Is there not evidence here for a possible swing of the pendulum back to the north? Several forces are working in this direction, such as the completion of the Victory highway across Utah and Nevada, giving automobiles direct access to Northern California. Figures show that already, even in a poor year, the number of cars entering by the Nevada gateways has increased 60 per cent, and it is well known that tourists are prone to settle in any part of California which they see first. The water situation is rather more favorable in the north, and the mining industry seems to be in a more favorable position than for some time.

DIVISION of the state into congressional districts, now a complicated problem, was at first quite simple. In fact there were no districts for some time. The

two congressmen granted the state upon admission to the Union were chosen at large until 1864. By then we had another member and the state was made into "northern," "middle," and "southern" districts. Ideas of north and south were different then as San Francisco was included in the southern district, which without some such addition would have lacked considerable of having a sufficient quota.

A fourth member gained after 1870, made in 1872, a district of San Francisco by itself. Two added by the next census divided San Francisco, part of the city in 1883 being put with San Mateo, Santa Clara, and Santa Cruz counties. Thus for a time San Francisco really had two congressmen, though later Santa Clara County had the outside member for a number of years.

Distribution of population has caused illogical arrangements of districts several times, especially after the 1890 census, which gave us a seventh member. At that time Los Angeles County was included with other coast counties extending from Santa Cruz down. The rest of the south was joined with all the San Joaquin Valley counties except San Joaquin County. Some mountain counties were joined with valley counties, others with the remaining coast counties.

The addition of an eighth congressman in 1900 made a better arrangement and gave Los Angeles County a member by itself. But a precedent was then established of joining two San Joaquin Valley counties with the south, which also included San Luis

Obispo. Other valley counties were added to Santa Cruz, San Benito, and Monterey, and some of the Sacramento Valley counties were put with three coast counties.

A difficulty of the present division, one of the most logical we have ever had, is well illustrated by Congressman Free, who tells his colleagues that his district is as long as from Washington to New York and half-way back. To the Easterner this sounds like another "California story." Commenting on this a San Francisco newspaper said that when Mr. Free comes home to campaign all he has to do is to run like a jack-rabbit, and talk oranges in the south, beans in the middle, and prunes in the north.

It is not the purpose of this article to make suggestions for the new alignment, but it must be noted that Los Angeles County, with two congressmen, is revealed by the census as having almost exactly a population sufficient for 10. This means that it is now and has been for some time seriously under-represented. Thus, of the 9 new congressmen, 7 must go to the south, as the eleventh district has had sufficient growth to gain another member. Of the 2 left for the north, Alameda can easily get one if joined to Contra Costa. San Francisco will have a fraction left to add to other counties for a new district. The real difficulty will come in a rearrangement of the interior and coast counties.

As this article is written, a lively campaign is on for the speakership, with both the incumbent, Edgar C. Levey of San Francisco, and Walter J. Little of the south claiming the victory. The fight is over reapportionment, the south

(Read further on page 27)

Some of the Romance of Fremont

By
ELEANOR MINTURN JAMES

caped, from a stir betraying ambushed Indians circling camp, to the minutiae of plant life of prairie, mountain, desert or valley.

Daniel Webster and others who were set against the annexation of Texas and fearing trouble with Mexico, at that time described California as "a sandy strip of land along the Pacific with here and there an oasis of fertile soil offering no inducement to settlers except the fine harbors indented on the coast." But Fremont succeeded in kindling the country to an appreciation of that land they considered valueless, so that when in 1846 he came to California a second time he had definite, though private, instructions from the government at Washington to get California by hook or by crook, using every "changing circumstance" to foil England.

The goose hung low. Du Mofras, a French traveler out here said that California would fall to which ever nation would send in 200 men and a man o' war. It did. Fremont with his sharp shooters turned up in the Sacramento Valley "accidentally" and in the nick of time. Fremont gave support to the American colonists, who harrassed, were being expelled from California by Micheltorena with his soldier-criminals in a successful revolt which shook off permanently Mexican authority. The settlers were powerless without the assist-

OLD MONTEREY was excited, on tiptoes to greet Fremont. "What an eye!" So a Britisher described him, a Britisher ashore in Monterey off His Majesty's flagship the, "Collingwood," whose 80 guns trained on the possession of California, Fremont had been the means of muzzling. That was July 19, 1846, when Fremont with his scientists, sharpshooters and Delaware Indians—most of whom had never seen the sea or an Englishman—rode wearily into Monterey, dressed in fringed buckskins, their rifles slung over the pommels of their saddles. They comprised the famous topographical expedition which had been really a military reconnaissance.

"What an eye!" Comes to mind seeing the heroic bust of Fremont just completed by Austin James, Pebble Beach and Pasadena sculptor. This was exhibited for the first time April last at the opening of Olvera street, the original Los Angeles Plaza, after its reconstruction, in the Avila adobe, once Fremont's temporary headquarters. Fremont's extraordinary compulsion of personality found expression in his eyes, blue beneath black brows, eyes with a vigilant awareness nothing es-



GENERAL JOHN CHARLES FREMONT
Photo from the volume, "A Man Unafraid," published by
Harr Wagner Publishing Company

To this slender, wiry man of French descent, explorer, astronomer, surveyor, of graceful manner and noble forehead, who would dare anything at any time, never taking the easy way, we owe the possession of California. He and a few others at Washington had vision. They saw California's future. They met opposition.

ance of Fremont and his men. The famous Bear Flag was raised at Sonoma. Commodore Sloat raised the American Flag at Monterey purely on the strength of Fremont's success in the north. So Fremont, "gambler on circumstance," had turned the trick. California fell to us, not to England.

It was a close call, too, because one Father McNamara, an agent of the English, had secured from Mexico a grant of land for 3,000 British families which would give them "all the lands from the Bay of San Francisco to the San Gabriel Mission near Los Angeles on the length of the San Joaquin River, the river and the Sierra Nevada being the boundaries." The day the deed was to have been delivered the American Flag was raised and the deal was frustrated.

BIOGRAPHERS tell us of how Fremont was later made the virtual ruler of California, how he was subsequently court-martialed and then reinstated, how he ran for president, and all the dramatic reversals of a breathless career. But somehow in the picture of the historic figure we lose sight of the personal Fremont. This is to be regretted as there was a halo of romance about this man who, in line of duty, habitually braved death from starvation, scalping, thirst and freezing. He mapped the trails that today are followed by our railroads and highways. Fremont was an inveterate romanticist. He engaged in dangerous exploits more for their romance than for their importance. He yearned to be the first to drink from nature's "unwon springs," to scale the peaks unattained by other explorers.

He was a child of a romantic

union. His mother, the beautiful Anne Beverly, a descendant of Washington, fell in love and eloped with the handsome Frenchman, Fremont's father, whose pupil she was. The elder Fremont enroute to America had been captured by the British and sent as a prisoner of war to the West Indies, where he had eked out his prison allowance by weaving baskets and painting frescoes for wealthy homes. Fremont's pious mother — previously unhappily married to an irascible old man, Major Pryor, forty-five years her senior—was very happy with her French husband. They led a gypsy life traveling about the South studying the Indians, always wandering. At a temporary stop in Savannah, Georgia, their son, John Charles Fremont, was born, to grow to be like his father, a nomad, a student of Indians and a romanticist.

John Charles Fremont's own marriage echoed his father's. As a promising young lieutenant in the navy—he was teaching mathematics—Fremont fell in love with a young intellectual, the most charming girl in Washington, the seventeen-year-old daughter of the senator from Missouri, Hon. Thomas Benton. It was love at first sight with them both. On account of their youth her parents separated them for a year. Fremont, who never took no from a man or circumstance, eloped with her—and was quite forgiven by the Bentons who were then, and always afterwards, devoted to him.

This was his second romance. At the University of Charleston as a youth he interrupted brilliant undergraduate work by neglecting his studies. He cut classes regularly. He was spending wonderful days gunning and picnic-

ing in the woods with a Creole family, which had been rescued from the massacre of Santa Domingo. He loved the eldest daughter, the beautiful Creole, Cecilia. He wrote "only seventeen and I was passionately in love." He was expelled from the university for "inattention and insubordination." But warnings about misspent days and ruined career worried him not at all. As he said he was "careless of consequences and regardless of discipline." He was glorying in youth and love. He was living days "that went by on wings," which in beauty were never duplicated for him. The recollection of those unreflecting days lived with him always and colored his fascinating memoirs.

These memoirs are unflaggingly entertaining. They are a narrative of a romantically hazardous life. He dictated because he found that writing with pen and ink inhibited. His sense of the dramatic, of understatement and contrast are everywhere apparent, even in such chapter headings as "Detained By Indians," "Excessive Fatigue, No Food and Ill," "Good Humor, Laughter and Song," "Dried Worms for Food," "Catch a Meditative Naked Indian."

Fremont had the imaginative eye of the artist. He saw plant and insect life with the feeling of a poet as well as the analysis of the scientist. Because he knew wild flowers and giant trees they were his friends. His experience was the richer for them. He knew the name of almost every plant, flower and tree.

Fremont read eastern minarets and domes into limestone formations. He named San Francisco's harbor Chrysopolae, Golden Gate, for the same reason that the har-

(Read further on page 25)

A Visit to Dickens' Birthplace

THE South of England near Dover and the Isle of Wight is exceedingly interesting, and one of its most interesting places is number 393 Commercial Road, Portsmouth, where Charles Dickens first saw the light on the 7th of February, 1812.

We came to a row of six brick flats of two stories and groups of chimneys at frequent intervals. On the top of one of the middle flats is written in large gold letters:

"Charles Dickens born here, February 7, 1812."

A narrow hallway which contains books and pictures of Dickens, leads to what was once the drawing room, now full of pictures and cases. What attracts at once is a huge volume bearing inscription, in large gilt letters, the following:

"We admirers of the genius of Charles Dickens, recognizing the great service he rendered by his works to the whole English speaking race, inscribe our names in the book in grateful testimony on the occasion of his centenary:
George R.I. Louise Margaret
Mary Arthur Frederick
Alexandra Westmorland
Victoria
Arthur ,,"

Close at hand is a large card which lists the places where Dickens lived, with the dates:

"48 Doughty Street, London,
1836-1839

Devonshire Terrace, London,
1839-1851

Tavistock House, 1851-1859

Gadshill Place, Rochester,
1859-1870."

By CYRIL CLEMENS

There is in this room a copy of every book which has been written about Dickens. Many of them are inscribed by the authors, notably Chesterton's book and that by Frederick G. Kitton.

From the "Tempest," by
Charles Dickens

As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant, and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.

In the back room on the first floor are sold things of interest to lovers of Dickens. Some excellent pictures of him are to be had on penny post cards; and on another card the author's advice to his son written on October 15, 1868, which begins as follows:

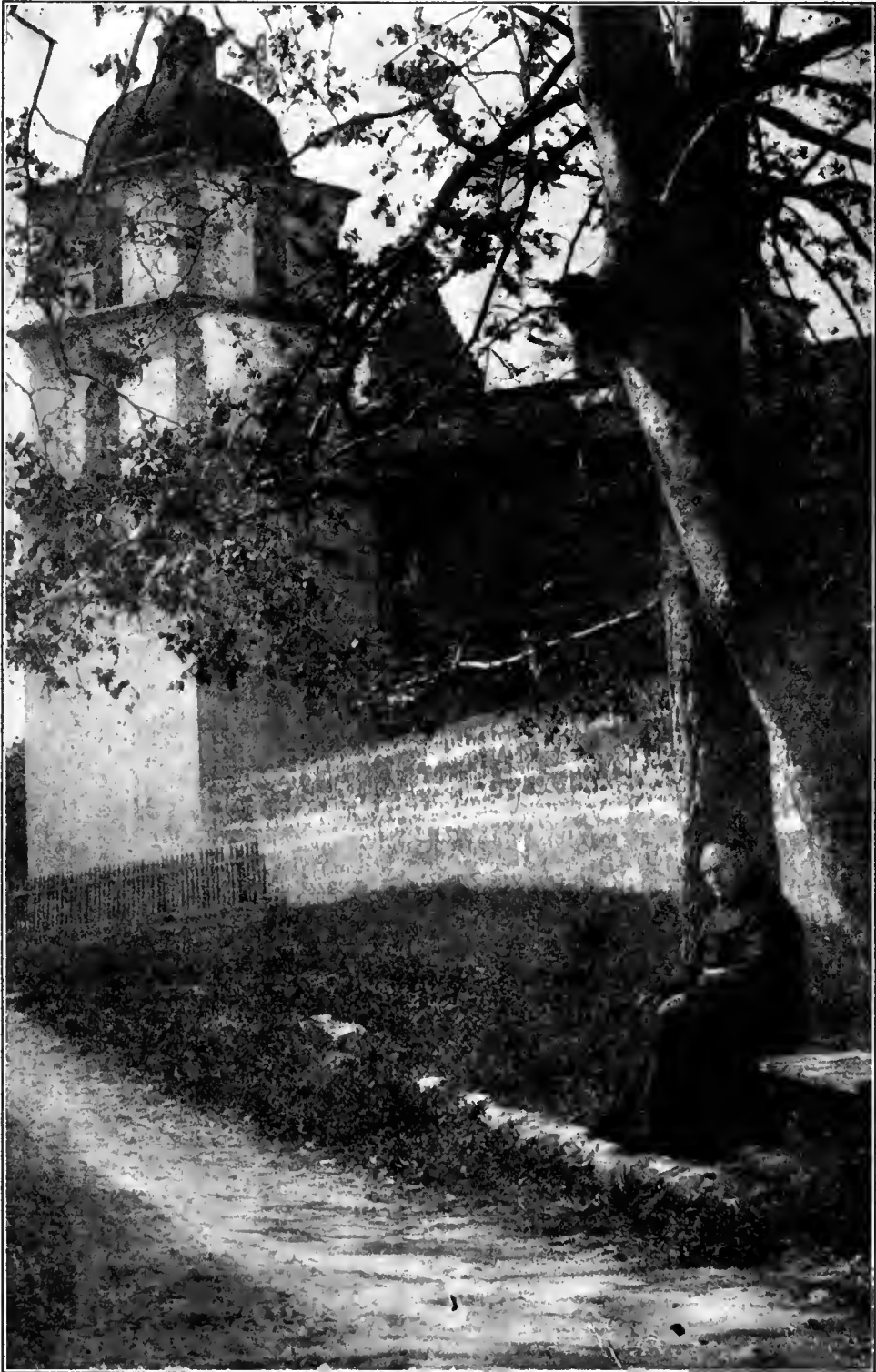
"Whatever you do keep out

of debt and confide in me. If you ever find yourself on the verge of any perplexity or difficulty, come to me. You will never find me hard while you are manly and truthful—I most strongly and affectionately impress upon you the priceless value of the New Testament and the study of that book as the unfailing guide in life. Deeply respecting it, and bowing down before the character of our Saviour, you cannot go very far wrong, and will always preserve at heart a true spirit of veneration and humility."

There are countless plates and dishes with any of Dickens characters on them.

Then up a narrow stairway to the room above the drawing room where Dickens was born. It is a moderately sized chamber with windows facing busy "Commercial Street" which is now full of street cars, automobiles, and hurrying pedestrians. Like the drawing room downstairs, this room is filled with cases, and the walls are covered with pictures. At one end there was a marble mantel which holds a good bust of the great author. Hanging on the chimney side is a pencil drawing of the author by the famous illustrator "Phiz, Hablot K. Browne." This is signed by the artist and autographed by Dickens. It shows a young man full of life and vivacity, and of keen enjoyment in a delightful world. It is the best picture of Dickens that I have ever seen. The facsimiles of this picture is often reproduced in

(Read further on page 21)



Connecting the chain of 21 Missions from San Diego on the South, to Sonoma on the North, was the El Camino Real—The King's Highway. Where once the devoted Padres walked on lonely trail, now automobiles dash back and forth over the finest highways in the world. On the page following are the notable lines entitled "El Camino Real," by the gifted poet, Rowena Field



ROWENA FIELD

Rowena Field

DRAMATIST, POET AND LITERARY LEADER

*GOD keeps it there all emblematic
Where holds Bohemia seductive
sway,
The Padre's path to life eternal,
The humble trail, the Royal
Way.*

SO sang Rowena Field of the El Camino Real. Varied and sympathetic were her songs by pen and voice. Endowed by nature with a fascinating personality, sweet and gentle disposition, and capacity for literary, artistic and cultural values, she early shaped her education to the development of those powers that brought her to public attention and appreciation.

The passing of Rowena Field at her Los Angeles home, on November 24, last, saddened multitudes of friends and admirers and took from the literary and dramatic field one who charmed and delighted thousands through her poems, her dramatic presentations and lectures. As a dramatic critic and, in her platform work, she was at her best. Her negro dialect was a means of giving exquisite joy and amusement to thousands. Her grace and charm won for her friendships and loyalty wherever she appeared.

Of her readings, those from Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" and from Shakespeare before club and church audiences in Los Angeles and elsewhere, will be remembered by many as notable events. She appeared frequently before the Gamut Club, Friday Morning, Ebell Matinee Musical, Cadman Creative, Wa Wan, Schubert and other notable clubs. She was an honorary member of the Verse Writers' Club of Southern California and a member of the League of Western Writers.

Surviving Mrs. Field is her son, a graduate of the University of California in Los Angeles, and her husband, Benjamin Franklin Field, well known in literary and business circles in Southern California. Mr. Field is a poet of distinction, and attributes much of his inspiration for song and poem to Mrs. Field. Many of his poems, such as "Gypsy Compensation," were written to her under the glamor of their happy comradeship. "Gypsy Compensation" reads thus:

*THEY buy and sell and barter,
Back in the crowded street,
While you and I go wand'ring
Where stream and forest meet.*

*A down the poppled hillside,
Out through some woodland door,
Where ivy clasps the mistletoe
On gnarled white sycamore.*

*You are a gypsy princess,
I am your cavalier;
We do not buy nor barter—
Save love for love, my dear.*

The influence of Rowena Field and the memory of her works will long remain to cheer and inspire.

And may Ben Field continue to contribute joy and satisfaction through his song and verse.

Spanning the Continent

(From page 11)

and if either reached the California border before the other, the lucky one might proceed until the lines met.

Apparently so magnificent a gift would have been grasped greedily; but at a Chicago meeting of capitalists in September, 1862, the scheme was condemned and practically rejected. Nevertheless, in October, 1863, there was held in New York an election of directors, most of whom, however, promptly declined the "honor." Congress was plainly nonplussed, and, seeing no alternative, made such amendments in June, 1864, that the original bill could not possibly have recognized itself. Amidst wild scenes from June 21 to July 1, with Thad Stevens of Pennsylvania as leader using the parliamentary sledge-hammer, the changes were rushed through and the measure signed by President Lincoln July 2, 1864.

Under the revisions, shares were now \$100, and their number was one million. There were to be fifteen directors plus five from the Government. The land grants were increased to the ten odd-numbered sections on each side within 20 miles of the track. Coal and iron lands were not withheld from the company, but the nation retained all other "mineral" rights. Bonds not exceeding two-thirds of the value of the work done were to be issued upon completion of "a certain proportion of the work required to prepare the road for the superstructure on any section of 20 miles." This was delightfully vague. The other third was to be withheld until the work on the particular section was complete. Moreover, the company

might, on completion of any 20-mile section, issue first-mortgage bonds to an amount not exceeding the value of the Government bonds on the same section.

THE long fight was over. Now for the romance of building. Few in this day can realize the toil, the suffering, the heroism involved in the feat. Out into the wilderness, often almost a desert, marched the great army of workmen. Frequently every drop of water for man and beast had to be hauled 100 miles. Pork and buffalo meat were the staple diet; scurvy was a constant scourge because of the lack of fruit and vegetables. The Indian was an ever-present menace. General G. M. Dodge, the chief engineer, wrote: "We marched to work to the tap of the drum with our men armed." Every construction team was a moving arsenal; every track-layer was ready instantly to seize arms. At night the workers burrowed underground for protection, just as in the World War; advance guards felt their way miles ahead of actual construction.

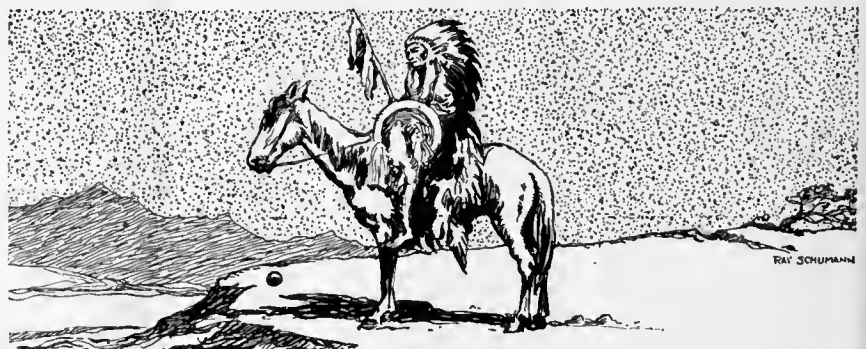
The physical obstacles would have broken the spirit of a less valiant band of heroes. The Central Pacific had to bring its iron and steel around Cape Horn or

across Panama; the Union Pacific was compelled to carry its rails and even the ties on flatboats up the Missouri River or haul them over the prairie from Iowa. The very engine in the Union Pacific shop had to be dragged from Omaha to Des Moines. Fully 25,000 men, mainly Irish and Chinese, were employed during the last year, and between the lack of understanding on the part of the coolies and the ceaseless feuds among the "paddies" there was turmoil enough.

But with what marvelous speed the two roads leaped toward each other! A writer in the "Fortnightly Review" for May, 1869, describes it:

"TRACK-LAYING on the Union Pacific is a science, and we, pundits of the Far East, stood upon that embankment, only about a thousand miles this side of sunset, and backed westward before the hurrying corps of sturdy operators with a mingled feeling of amusement, curiosity and profound respect. On they came. A light car, drawn by a single horse, gallops up to the front with its load of rails. Two men seize the end of a rail and start forward, the rest of the gang taking hold by twos, until it is clear of the car. They come forward at a run. At the word of

(Read further on page 24)



A Visit to Dickens' Birthplace

(From page 17)

books, but no copy can in any way compare with the original. After looking at it you feel that you have met the young Dickens. This, to my mind, is the highest compliment one can pay a picture.

The cases in the birthroom contain no end of interesting relics. There are some scraps of the manuscripts of "A Child's History of England." There is the following original letter written to Dickens' friend Mark Lemon:

7 Devonshire Terrace
York Gate, Regent's Park
Sixth April, 1843.

My dear Sir:

Don't forget that you dine with me next Wednesday (with as little botheration about it in the way of ceremony as may be) at a quarter before six sharp, not a blunt half after.

Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

Mark Lemon, Esq.

Another interesting thing is a

check written by Dickens for 50 pounds and 8 shillings. This makes us realize that even such a great genius as Dickens had to bother about accounts.

Another chatty little letter to Mark Lemon is as follows:

Tavistock House,
Friday night.

My dear Mark:

I will come round to you in the morning at eleven.

The sum is a swinger. I begin to think we had better try Ned on hire.

Yours f.

C. D.

In one of the cases are some intimate things concerning Dickens: his ox-horn snuff box, his wooden paper cutter, and the mirror from his Doshill dressing table. A charming photograph shows Dickens reading to his daughters.

The strangely prophetic last letter written by Dickens is here in facsimile. We are all acquainted with the opening paragraph:

"My dear Kent:

"Tomorrow is a very bad day for me to make a call as in addition to my usual office business I have a mass of accounts to settle with Wells. But I hope I may be ready for you at three o'clock. If I can't be, why then, I shan't be."

Standing in this room, I, indeed, felt that the pen was mightier than the sword, and that on account of the supreme pen which Dickens wielded, this humble house has become a place of pilgrimage for all the nations of the world! Leaving the room something on the door attracted my attention which I should have noted before:

"The room in which Charles Dickens was born February 7, 1812.

"Man of genius? Hast thou any notion what a man of genius is? Genius is the inspired gift of God!

Thomas Carlyle."

No lover of Dickens should come to England without visiting his birthplace at Portsmouth!

Interlude

By ANNE HAMILTON

LIMP sea-weed no more prone than I
On white-warm breast
Of sand. Close pressed,
I feel earth's racing currents ply
Their shuttles back and forth through me
In rhythms of pulsing ecstasy.

How thin your voice! Its calling seems
Inconsequent,
For discontent
Fades through the veil of swinging dreams
That hangs my happy soul afloat,
Langorous, unleashed, remote.

The moan and swish of sea-surge slips
Through submerged thought,
Till I am caught
Within the arc its pendulum dips
Through blue to blue. From heaven to hell
I swing in paths where angels fell.

I drift unbound above the world
Through lyric peace.
In space, release
Comes from the maelstrom of the whirled
And weary minds; the rainbow mesh
Of paradise has dimmed the flesh!



CONSTANCE FERRIS

BY HELEN ALLRED

IN an interview with the charming author of "Curtain Calls" I found myself forced to discard a lot of conjectures I had in regard to her. No doubt the public also has these misconceptions.

Miss Ferris received me in her charming apartment fronting San Francisco Bay, surrounded by her books and choice works of art. Her home reflects her personality and I found myself greatly intrigued watching the play of emotion on her expressive face.

That sadness and a great sorrow have etched their lines on Miss Ferris' life is quite evident to a keen observer. However, the sorrow that turned her against the world for a time produced "Curtain Calls" and other worth-while poems.

Unlike most writers, Miss Ferris is not out to impress New York. Her inspiration is derived in the West and she writes for Western markets almost exclusively.

It would appear necessary for this poet to suffer in order that she might sing. One has the feeling that tragedy has stalked her and made her bitter for a time, but whatever her sorrow, it is unspoken, and apparently unforgotten. We assume that she doesn't forget, but finds release, and peace of a sort, in her singing.

It is surprising, but nevertheless true, that the hand that writes so deftly of gay Lotharios, second story windows, cast-off matrons and indeterminate offspring, can also pen the following:

*Pity the young man seething with virility;
Pity the young girl, with lithe, ecstatic grace;
Pity the zealous, the strivers, the seekers,
They, too, must come to quiet in the end.
Pity not the old maid, alone with her teacups;
Pity only those, who in life's long twilight,
Are left without firelight,
Candlelight and dreams.*

That we are to infer the author is left without firelight, candlelight and dreams seems far-fetched, but we must remember that she would not have felt the urge to sing as she has if she had not somehow been denied them. When firelight comes back, as it gradually does, we shall have more songs, and I am wondering of what sort. I cannot, by any stretch of imagination, see her writing of babbling brooks and birds making love in the sunshine. It doesn't go with those great, dark, tragic eyes.

I doubt that Constance Ferris had any special aspirations to become a poet in her early girlhood. She admits to having been a teacher and later on, a court reporter, but she doesn't in the least look the part of either. It was a surprise to her former associates when "Curtain Calls" came forth as her first brain child, and something of a shock to some.

Singing her songs of the verities of life, she must use words that appear crude to the people who wear the rose, or slightly darkened glasses. Take Gordon Smeed, for instance, one of her poems in "Curtain Calls":

*If there be anything more colossal than greed,
It is the conceit of women about their virtue.
The drabdest of them live their lives
In the constant fear that it is assailed.
How bitterly they misjudged me, when
In my Marmon car, with my air of cunning,
I coasted the hills and cut the corners
Of Powell, Mason, Stockton and Grant.
I sought romance, dark and glowing,
Which, I have found, is not compatible
With too much virtue.*

Here are a few lines from a sonnet to be published shortly:

*That other springs shall bud, I do not care,
No promise lies that in remoter times,
I'll wear another's token in my hair—*

When I asked her, rather bluntly, I am afraid, why she was so brutally frank in her poems, she said, "I sing of realities, and life, as I see it, admits of no compromise, so why not call a spade a spade; that is what it is."

In the attractive volume of verse published by the Harr Wagner Publishing Company, San Francisco, Miss Ferris has expressed in such intriguing frankness the story of the lives of many men and women, but through every line of her artistic interpretation runs the mystery that environs her own mental and physical experiences.

Books and Writers

MAINLY HORSES — Edited by Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson-Scott. D. Appleton and Co., 1929.

THE twenty-nine tales in this collection, entitled "Mainly Horses," yields eight in which horses play the leading role; other animals, from ants to crocodiles, give motives for the remaining twenty-one. Every tale is modern, well written and readable, to an unusual degree.

The preface also is fascinating, as it is quoted from an Arabian writer of travels, sixty-three years ago, and describes the ideal Arabian horse.

The first story about horses is by Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts, the author of "In the Morning of Time," which dwelt with pre-historic man. This tale, "Children of the Wind," is a graphic description of the securing and subduing of horses for the use of men. The leader, "Gort," and his young companion, "Borg," are characters in this, as their ancestor "Grom" was the hero of the novel above mentioned. The story describes a period few attempt to picture. There is no distortion of values; but the tale is a thrilling one.

The second of the horse stories is "Break-Neck Hill," by Esther Forbes. The splendid racer "Cuddy" has become too dangerous to ride; too old to race. This illustrates the love of man for a horse, for the owner reserved for himself the task of dispatching the beautiful, ugly-tempered beast.

"And Behold a White Horse," by C. A. Dawson-Scott, is a Cornish folk tale, with a supernatural touch of extended vision, relating to the passing of Gregor Strongman.

"Los Seguidores," by R. B. Cunningham, is laid in the pampas. It deals with the tragic triangle of two Gauchos and their pretty, young sister. The title is taken from the pair of black horses with white noses (known as "picazos") which the elder brother owned.

"The Irish Cob," by George Borow, has an eerie note of the power

of an Irish blacksmith over horses.

"The Ride to York" recounts the famous Dick Turpin's ride from London to York on his black mare, "Black Bess." It is by W. Harrison Ainsworth and is delightful. The mare gives her life for her rider but a gypsy furnishes a disguise without which the sacrifice would have been in vain. As a rustic, Dick is seen and passed by when the officers arrive at the inn.

"The Last Inch," by Constance Holm, is a story of the woods. It deals with an accident which threatened the life of Buck Drummond, the boss' "best waggoner," and who was saved through the faithfulness of "Lauder," his leading horse.

"Makel-Adel," by Ivan Turgeneff, is a story of a ruined Russian, former landowner, and his Cossack horse, "Makel-Adel." The theft of the horse, the dearest thing in the world to the man, and his search and apparent recovery by a repurchase at one of the fairs, forms the motif for the story. The tale is masterfully written, as is every one in the collection.

—Lotus J. Costigan.

NEW YORK — By Paul Morand. Published by Henry Holt and Company, 1 Park Avenue, New York. Price \$2.50.

A BRILLIANT, highly interesting book written by a Frenchman and illustrated by Vaquero, a young Spanish architect and painter. Too bad all the illustrations are not so brilliant as the text itself. The illustrations of Wall Street and Fifth Avenue are very inadequate representations of famous thoroughfares; the frontispiece is funny . . . the author and artist viewing New York resemble a couple of wooden images looking at some childish cardboard structures.

The book is good reading, but we do not subscribe to all the author's conclusions, i.e., "there is more sensation to be got in one day in

Broadway than in all the other 48 states in the Union put together . . ." and again, "Chicago is too new, San Francisco too unsubstantial, Los Angeles too much of an exhibition town, New Orleans too decrepit, but New York has progressed normally and solidly . . ." New York has not progressed normally—it has skyrocketed!

The author's definition of the "skyscraper" is clever and his terse, laconic comparisons are illustrated in the following excerpt:

"Oxford, plunged in the past, has been unkindly named the home of lost causes: Columbia is the home of winning ones" . . . and New York . . . "The great pot into which so many hatreds and hopes and ferment have been flung, is boiling, is rising skyward and its well-being is its protection."

—Grace Talbot Hadley.

GOLDEN RIVER—By Margaret Y. Lull. Harper Brothers, 1930. Price \$2.00.

HERE is a charming birthday book for the girl of the family, one that will be read again and again for the thrill of satisfaction over Marta's experiences, her disappointments, her humiliations, her stubborn loyalties and her victories.

Marta is so likeable and so worthwhile, whether she is meeting the hostile intrigues of Elsie Foster in the girls' school, where Elsie carries the Delta feud, or rejoicing in the beauties of her beloved river, that she holds the partisanship of her readers.

Chan Foster, with his innate sense of justice and his broader outlook, discounts the petty jealousies of the Delta country and champions the unpopular cause of higher levees, in spite of the opposition of his uncle and cousin. So we have a fine conflict of rivalries and cross-purposes, and the background of the great river, golden and terrible in

(Read further on page 26)

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Spanning The Continent

(From page 20)

command the rail is dropped in its place, right side up with care, while the same process goes on at the other side of the car. Less than thirty seconds to a rail for each gang, and so four rails go down to the minute. Quick work, you say, but the fellows on the Union Pacific are tremendously in earnest. The moment the car is empty it is tipped over on the side of the track to let the next loaded car pass it, and then it is tipped back again, and it is a sight to see it flying back for another load, propelled by a horse at the end of 60 or 80 feet of rope, ridden by a young Jehu who drives furiously. Close behind the first gang come the gaugers, spikers and bolters, and a lively time they make of it. It is a grand Anvil Chorus that these sturdy sledges are playing across the plains. It is in triple time, three strokes to the spike. There are ten spikes to a rail, four hundred rails to a mile, eighteen hundred miles to San Francisco.

... Twenty-one million times are these sledges to be swung—twenty-one million times are they to come down with their sharp punctuation, before the great work of modern America is complete."

It was the mightiest race ever run in the history of man—that contest between the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific. For, remember, each was to go as far and as fast as it could until it met the other, and every extra mile won a fortune in Government bonds. It meant \$96,000,000 to the winner. The Central Pacific had to climb over the Sierras, 7012 feet into the heavens; but, without waiting for the completion of tunnels, its builders dragged material over the peaks and laid tracks beyond. In the fall of 1867

the coolies of the Central were through the mountains; the paddies of the Union had reached the top of the Black Hills and were descending into the Great Basin. It was China against Ireland. In their zeal each road graded far beyond its completed portion, and when at length the rails met, the Central Pacific had prepared 80 miles too far and the Union Pacific had wasted \$1,000,000 beyond the junction. When this was discovered, Congress squelched the controversy by deciding that the common terminus should be at or near Ogden, Utah.

AND now, on May, 1869, the roads had met at Promontory Point. The Union Pacific had built 1086 miles from Omaha; the Central Pacific 680 miles from Sacramento. True, some of the rails were rather wobbly, some of the road-beds hardly recognizable as such—so much so that the Secretary of the Treasury did not declare the work finished until November 3, 1869.

But what of that? The trails of steel had met.

It was a dramatic celebration that was staged on historic Promontory Point about noon of this May day. A space of 100 feet had been left between the lines. Very early Leland Stanford, Governor of California and President of the Central Pacific, arrived with his corps. Before noon Vice-President Durant and two directors of the Union Pacific with a group of Mormon leaders from Salt Lake were there. Soldiers from Fort Douglas, with a brass band, represented the Government. A strange conglomeration of Indians, Mexicans, Chinese, negroes, and Irish were the unofficial spectators.

(Read further on page 26)

Some of the Romance of Fremont

(From page 16)

bor of Constantinople was called Chrysoceras, Golden Horn. He savored the beauty of all nature. Particularly he loved California following those grim, starving times when crossing the mountains it was often a case of "skeleton men leading skeleton horses." He loved the ease and joy of her climate. It is interesting to note that climate was already being written big in 1846. Settlers wrote home to Missouri relatives, who always inquired if a country was infested with fever or ague, that there was only one man in California who had ever had a chill and Monterey people walked eight miles to see him shake!

THE sensuous side of Fremont's soldier nature, as well as his iron-strong constitution, warmed to the luxury of such a land extravagant with its sunny days, fertile fields, wild flowers carelessly "enameling" miles of foothills, mountains rich in magnificent redwoods. He revelled in the rigors of an exposed dangerous life. Spartan and epicure seem close woven in explorer natures. Ernest de Koven Leffingwell, the Pasadena millionaire arctic explorer, who lived ten years in an arctic hut mapping the northern coast of Alaska for the government, says in his Memiors: "Give me gold plate to eat from or else tin dishes!" So Fremont could endure and thrive on starvation rations using gunpowder when salt failed, but he enjoyed jams and jellies and rich fruit cake contributed to expeditions by family and friends.

He was both hardened and sensitive—but never squeamish. He wrote of eating dog meat at

an Indian festival from a wooden bowl, with little motherless puppies tumbling about. He said he could not have done this if he had had any "delicate, over-civilized nerves." For he loved all animals. His heart was wrung once seeing a young buffalo, strayed from its herd, hopelessly run to earth by a pack of wolves when no horse was at hand for him to interfere in the chase.

Fremont's own horse, Sacramento, was California bred. Sacramento endeared himself to his master by his extraordinary courage and remarkable power to leap. This trait of the horse once saved Kit Carson's life when Fremont leapt Sacramento onto a crouching Indian menacing Carson whose gun had misfired. Sagundai, Fremont's Delaware chief, galloping up, finished the job with the Indian. The arrow was poisoned as arrows usually were—the Indians whetting them on dried sticks made of deadly putrid meat or liver and blood. When Fremont was in the East between expeditions he parked Sacramento in the blue grass region of Kentucky.

From the time Fremont first saw the beauty of California stretching before him he determined to make his home here—

and he did. Mrs. Fremont died in Los Angeles. That her husband, the fearless adventurer who had spent his life "Among waste places and Indians," should have died of ptomaine poisoning in New York seems ironically inconsistent.

All through the pages of history we find that John Charles Fremont, man of reflection and man of action, was the great friend of California—that gay, hospitable land so loosely held by Mexico; where the sentiment was "give us a guitar and a fandango and devil take the flag!", whose people would dance through an earthquake and were "born in the saddle and married in the saddle," the state he was the means of securing for us. Fremont's published enthusiasm over the glory and worth of the Bear State was to the doubting ears of an uninformed nation "a trumpet giving no uncertain note."

It seems particularly appropriate that the heroic bust of Fremont should be modelled by the California sculptor, Austin James, who has spent the greater part of his life a few miles from Mount Fremont and the Monterey Custom House. Austin James assumed the role of General John Charles Fremont in the great pageant of historical events at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915.

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Spanning the Continent

(From page 24)

The remaining ties were placed. Coolies laid rails from the West; Irish laid rails from the East. Telegraph wires were arranged to record in all large American cities each blow of the sledge. Corresponding blows were to be struck on the City Hall bell at San Francisco, and with the last stroke a cannon at Fort Douglas was to fire. General Safford presented for Oregon a spike of gold, silver, and iron; Tuttle of Nevada a spike of silver; Dr. Harkness of California a spike of gold. A tie of California laurel was put in place, and Stanford and Durant prepared to drive the last spike with a silver sledge.

The telegraph operator ticked off to the world: "To everybody, keep quiet. When the last spike is driven at Promontory Point we will say, 'Done'. Don't break the

circuit, but watch for the signals of the blows of the hammers. . . . Almost ready. Hats off. Prayer is being offered. . . . We have done praying. The spike is about to be presented. . . . The signal will be three dots for the commencement of the blows."

Stanford and Durant brought down the hammer; the spike was driven; the wire flashed to the world the one word "Done". The motley group on the lonely Point raised a shout; the locomotives shrieked; the band played. Every bell in San Francisco burst forth and pealed for hours. At Omaha 100 cannon thundered from Capitol Hill. Chicagoans in a parade four miles long marched until night. New York roared a salute of 100 guns. The chimes of Old Trinity broke forth with "Old Hundred," while the choir chanted a "Te Deum." The East had met the West; there was no longer East or West.



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Books and Writers

(From page 23)

flood, which erases petty differences and brings together clashing factions.

To anyone who knows the Sacramento River and its surroundings, the truth of the picture that the book draws adds greatly to the charm of the story. The story itself is sweet and wholesome, of the type with which Nora Perry charmed the girls of the last generation. The devotees of Nora Perry and Sarah Orne Jewett will be delighted to find so wholesome and so compelling a book for their own girls. They will certainly be glad to find so worthy a successor to their own favorites, and pleased to learn that Margaret Lull will have another girl's book out next year.

—Elizabeth Abbey Everett.

CALIFORNIA GRINGOS—By H. A. Van Coenen Torchiana. Paul

Elder and Company, San Francisco. Price \$2.50.

DR. VAN COENEN TORCHIANA is a native of the Netherlands. He came to the West forty years ago and spent ten years in the saddle, holding various positions from cowboy to manager on big cattle ranches.

"California Gringos" is a series of personal reminiscences in the form of a story. Every incident related in this book actually happened. It is a ranchman's story written by one "who earned cowboy wages clinging on frosty mornings to the hurricane decks of bronchos . . . whose hair has been stiff with the dust of the plains, whose face was burned by the sun and the alkali-laden winds." The book is well illustrated and of

(Read further on page 32)

Real People in Mark Twain's Stories

(From page 13)

Wilson, and "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," were merely vehicles for ideas. Here, of course, individual characterization becomes unimportant, and the people are apt to be mere types. When he wrote about the Yankee, Mark Twain was thoroughly familiar with the autobiography of P. T. Barnum. When one reads the two books together, it is impossible to escape the suspicion that in the Yankee there is a strong element of Barnum. It seems not to be on record, however, that Mark Twain attributed the character to that source.

Many of the short stories of Mark Twain are simply his versions of incidents that had been related to him. Such are "A True Story," "Was It Heaven or Hell?", "Luck," and even the immortal "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." These he used as they came to him, adding the flavor of his own humor and style, without modifying the characters and incidents.

Congressional Reapportionment

(From page 14)

being determined on getting the appointment of committees through the speaker. That the north realizes the situation and is disposed to be fair is shown by the bill already prepared by Assemblyman Percy West of Sacramento, which grants the south what it rightfully claims. But some resentment has been shown in the north at the attempt of the south to get more than that right.

Whatever the difficulties of the situation a solution will be found and reapportionment undoubtedly secured. Without such the new

congressmen must be elected at large, with the result that the south, with the most votes, would be a heavy factor in the election of all 9 of the new members. The census itself was impersonal, merciless, and fair. We cannot hope that reapportionment will be impersonal but it should be fair.

SUBSEQUENTLY to the writing of the above article on Congressional Reapportionment, a later development may materially change the situation. In order to prevent her loss of two congressmen, Pennsylvania has devised a scheme which will increase the total membership of the House, although such increase had been definitely decided to the contrary. By this plan 4 of the states would lose representatives—Missouri 2, instead of 3; while Pennsylvania will gain 3. Instead of a loss of 4, the South would gain 10 in addition to retaining 9, which would be lost under the law as it now stands. Thus the states now losing would naturally support the new law unless their fear of giving more power to the industrial states will cause them to accept the situation as it is. Illinois, while gaining none now, would secure 3 additional members under the proposed law. California would secure 23 or 24 additional congressmen under the new law, all of which would create new problems here; although the supposition is that the California delegation will oppose the Pennsylvania plan. The Legislature will probably not act until Congress acts, which means that the matter will be held up until after the February recess at Sacramento.

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INDEX TO THE OVERLAND MONTHLY and OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Volume 88, January to December, 1930, Inclusive

A		J	
Alaska: Mighty Empire in the Making (Illus.)— <i>Francis N. Ahl</i>	52	Jefferson, The Amazing Versatility of— <i>Carl Holliday</i>	359
All of Spring— <i>Foster Williams</i>	72	K	
America's Historical Opportunity (Illus.)— <i>Howard R. Driggs</i>	60	Kit Carson: Trail Blazer of the Old West (Illus.)— <i>Augustus W. Dougherty</i>	48
America, The Real: A Message to Tourists— <i>Carl Holliday</i>	167	L	
Architecture of the Night.....	214	League of Western Writers— <i>Ethel Cotton</i>	309
Art Center That Grew Upon a Hill Top, Story of An— <i>Emmy Matt Rush</i>	138	League of Western Writers—Bay Chapter— <i>Grace Talbot Hadley</i>	111
Art, Impregnable— <i>Mary Goodrich</i>	271	League of Western Writers—San Francisco and Bay Cities Chapter.....	95
B		League of Western Writers—Third Annual Convention.....	16
Barbara's Fountain, To (Illus.)— <i>Bertha M. Rice</i>	355	League of Western Writers:	
Behind the Frosted Glass at Geneva— <i>Carlton Kendall</i>	37	Articles of Incorporation.....	365
Birdies— <i>Grace Talbot Hadley</i>	367	Comment on Its Past and Possibilities— <i>Arthur H. Chamberlain</i>	364
Bob MacIntosh (Illus.)— <i>Julia M. Budlong</i>	209	Impressions of the Fourth Annual Convention— <i>M. Elwood Smith</i>	379
Bonds, Now Is a Good Time to Buy— <i>Trebor Selig</i>	13	In Retrospect— <i>Ethel Cotton</i>	365
C		Officers for 1931.....	384
California Cities, Growth of— <i>E. P. Clarke</i>	303	Lee and Virginia Hersch (Illus.)— <i>Albert M. Bender</i>	342
California Hand Craft (Illus.)— <i>Launie Haynes Martin</i>	235	Leipzig Fair, The (Illus.)— <i>Felix Flugel</i>	133
California Is Lauded in Radio Broadcast.....	207	Let Us Build— <i>Louis R. Walther</i>	102
California's Lion Farm (Illus.)— <i>Jeanette Norland</i>	268	Letters From Abroad— <i>Cyril Clemens</i>	
California Teachers Association, Honorary Life Memberships.....	224	Belloc-Lowndes, Mrs., A Personal Visit to.....	231
Cavalier— <i>Margaret Thornton</i>	237	Budapest.....	263
Cities in the Making: Los Angeles and San Francisco— <i>B. C. Forbes</i>	305	Chesterston, G. K., A Personal Visit to.....	357
Code, The: A Tale of the Desert (Illus.)— <i>Addison Schuster</i>	55	Chillon, A Visit to.....	242
Coloma Gold in Florentine Drawing Room— <i>Mary Goodrich, as told by Elizabeth Wheeler</i>	169	De La Mare, Walter, A Personal Visit to.....	373
Coolbrith, Ina, The Mind of— <i>Lionel Stevenson</i>	150	Galsworthy, John, A Personal Visit to.....	373
Corinthian Yacht Club Sponsors Summer Regatta (Illus.).....	239	Hope, Sir Anthony, A Personal Visit to.....	358
Covered Wagon Centennial, Observance of the— <i>Proclamation by President Hoover</i>	292	Joan of Arc, The Festival at Compiègne.....	231
Covered Wagon Train, Significance of the First (Illus.)— <i>David Rhys Jones</i>	293	Interlaken.....	242
Curse of the Pharaoh, The— <i>Ernest Klette</i>	362	Montreux to Interlaken.....	242
D		Paris, A Walk in.....	231
Deed, The— <i>Alice Marie Dodge</i>	236	Shaw, George Bernard, A Personal Visit to.....	273
Dorions, The— <i>Chauncey Pratt Williams</i>	107; 137	Swiss Town, A Glimpse of.....	232
Dramatic Accomplishment, A.....	214	Switzerland and the United States.....	263
Drug Addiction, Economic Losses Through— <i>Francis N. Ahl</i>	267	Literary Ambassadors, Our— <i>Cyril Clemens</i>	205
E		Literary California— <i>Annie Laurie</i>	208
Edwin Markham, Seventy-Eighth Birthday Celebrated.....	170	Literary Musings— <i>Meddie Maze Lebold</i>	109
F		M	
Fiction Writing, Material for in Early History of California— <i>Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez</i>	109	"Man in Portsmouth Square, The"— <i>Stephen Chalmers</i>	16
Fireman's Fund Annual Report.....	94	Man Lives, Loves, Laughs— <i>Grace Talbot Hadley</i>	138
Forest Service Wants, United States.....	238	Mark Twain's Favorite Book— <i>Cyril Clemens</i>	157
G		Mexico Fascinates California Editors— <i>A. H. C.</i>	79
Geographic Environment of Man— <i>James Franklin Chamberlain</i>	40	Miracle of Love, The— <i>Amanda Mathews Chase</i>	7
Golden Crucible, The— <i>Blake Ross</i>	81; 113; 145; 177	N	
Graf Zeppelin—Twenty-Four Hours Aboard the— <i>Felix Flugel</i>	306	Nevada's First House (Illus.)— <i>Augustus W. Dougherty</i>	297
Granite Beaches— <i>Herbert J. Samuels</i>	207	None But the Brave (Illus.)— <i>Conny Leigh Hill</i>	171
Grape Horizon, Pushing Back the (Illus.)— <i>Grace Talbot Hadley</i>	197	Other Side of the Shield, The— <i>Frona Eunice Wait Colburn</i>	175
Greeks, The Return of the— <i>Mari Ruef Hofer</i>	71	Ownership and Circulation, Statement of.....	288; 350
Greene, Charles S., Passing of.....	173	P	
H		Pacific Area Foundation for Restoration, Development, Conservation and Research—Charter and By-Laws.....	307
Historical Pageant in Education— <i>Laura Bell Everett</i>	155	Pacific Area Foundation Reports Progress.....	369
Holidays— <i>Esther Birdsall Darling</i>	5; 47	Pegleg—Man and Mine (Illus.)— <i>J. A. Henshall</i>	301
Human Flight, The Story of (Illus.)— <i>Carlton Kendall</i>	298	Phantom Court of the Littlest Empire— <i>Will T. Fitch</i>	101
Humanity's Day— <i>Dr. Frederick W. D'Evelyn</i>	347	Phelan, James D: April 20, 1861 - August 7, 1930.....	260
Humor, The Father of American— <i>Cyril Clemens</i>	124	Phelan, James D., Tributes to (Illus.)—	
I		Ablest of Californians— <i>Robert E. Cowan</i>	340
Index, Overland Monthly—January-December, 1929.....	29, 30, 31, 32	A Builder for Cultural Dominance— <i>Robert G. Sproul</i>	334
		A Fragrant Memory— <i>Julian Hawthorne</i>	334
		A Golden Memory— <i>Ethel Cotton</i>	338
		A Kindly Man— <i>Edith Garrigues Hawthorne</i>	336
		A Life of Invaluable Service— <i>Blake Ross</i>	352
		A Modern Maccenas— <i>Cyril Clemens</i>	341
		An Estimate and An Appreciation— <i>Arthur H. Chamberlain</i>	326

An Idealist With Practical Vision—*Frona Eunice Wait Colburn*..... 339
 A Patron of the Arts—*Albert M. Bender*..... 333
 Builder in City, State and Nation—*James Rolph, Jr.*..... 332
 Boz (Verse)—*Ruth Comfort Mitchell*..... 337
 He Dwelt Among the Lillies (Verse)—*N. J. Herby*..... 341
 He Served the Cause of Art—*Edwin Markham*..... 337
 Idealist, The—*Harr Wagner*..... 338
 Influences That Shaped His Life—*Noel Sullivan*..... 325
 Life, A Fine Art—*Chester Rowell*..... 334
 Men Are Known By Their Deeds—*Colonel Harry S. Howland*..... 332
 Onward (Verse)—*Francisca Vallejo*..... 349
 Remembering James D. Phelan (Verse)—*Henry Meade Bland*..... 323
 Some Personal Reminiscences — *Dr. Frederick W. D' Evelyn*..... 340
 Soul of Montalvo, The—*Gertrude Atherton*..... 334
 Sunset (Verse)—*John Burton*..... 333
 Support of California Letters—*Carlton Kendall*..... 335
 Typical California, The—*Lewis F. Byington*..... 336
 Poetry, Modern American: A Critique—*D. Maitland Bushby* 75
 Poetry Publication, What Price—*D. Maitland Bushby*..... 229
 Poppy in California's Hair, The—*Harriett Colyer Louderback*..... 111
 Portrait of Another Bum—*William Saroyan*..... 182
 Princess Blue Bay—*Dorothy May Kuhne*..... 221

R

Right Way To Be Wrong, The..... 221
 Romance of a Paper Man and a Marble Woman, The—*Frona Eunice Wait Colburn*..... 343; 361
 Romance of Happy Valley, A—*Peter Van Valkenburg*..... 233

S

San Francisco Streets (Illus.)—*James D. Hart*..... 49
 Science Reveals New Sources of Power—*From Thrift Magazine*..... 230
 Schoolboy Traffic Officers in San Francisco—*Kenneth MacLachlan*..... 370
 School Savings an Economic Necessity—*Philip J. Lawler*..... 278
 Service and The Golden Rule (with Portrait)—*Paul Shoup* 272
 Seventh Sense, The—*Eleanor Grey*..... 77
 Sculpture, The Exposition of (Illus.)—*Leila Ayer Mitchell* 50
 Southern Pacific's Martinez-Benicia Bridge (Illus.)..... 363
 Spain, Some Pictures from—*W. Cuthbert Robb*..... 211
 State of Mind, The—*Trebtor Selig*..... 27
 Statement of Ownership..... 160
 Stephens Collins Foster—*Carl Holliday*..... 199
 Stevenson Legends, Some—*Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez*..... 10
 Stevenson, Robert Louis, Cult, The Women's Side of the—*Frona Eunice Wait Colburn*..... 51
 Sunday Pass, 20 Cents—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 173
 Symphony Orchestra, A (Illus.)—*Giles Gilbert*..... 46

T

Tale of the Three-Legged Horse, The—*Will T. Fitch*..... 143
 Test, The (Illus.)—*H. Ralph Goller*..... 201
 Thrift, A Talk About—*S. W. Straus*..... 281
 Thrift Project, \$600,000,000 (Illus.)—*Trebtor Selig*..... 43
 Through the Eyes of Youth—*Mary B. Anderson*..... 203
 Trees, Thirsting for (Illus.)—*Harry Elmore Hurd*..... 139
 Troubles of a Prospector, The—*R. A. Sell*..... 274
 Turn the Shield Again—*Will T. Fitch*..... 208
 Tuskegee—A Training Ground for Citizenship: Solving a Serious Social Problem—*Arthur H. Chamberlain*..... 261
 Turning Point, The—*Eleanor Grey*..... 135
 Two Days—*Ezra A. Ricks*..... 346

U

United States of the World Today, The—*Chester H. Rowell* 284
 University of California, Changes Announced in Administration for 1930-31..... 187
 University, Problems and Purposes of the—*Robert G. Sproul*..... 243
 University of Southern California, Semi-Centennial of the (Illus.)—*Rockwell D. Hunt*..... 103
 Unto the Hills—*Emma Atkins Jacobs*..... 269

V

Vanishing Landmarks of the Southwest (Illus.)—*E. J. Van Name*..... 295
 Vigilantes of Nugget Gulch—*I. M. Horn*..... 266

W

Walkout Jones—*S. K. Bradford, as told to Ednah Aiken*..... 105
 Washington in the '90s (Concluded from December, 1929 issue)—*Isabel McKenna Duffield*..... 11
 Washoe Baskets (Illus.)—*Myrtle Tate Myles*..... 265
 Wasting Our Natural Resources..... 368
 Wenatchee Brakes—*Eve Adams*..... 299
 Western Novel, The—*Vingie E. Roe*..... 9
 What the Old Oak Told Me—*George Waldemar Brunke*..... 189
 William Howard Taft—*Frances N. Ahl*..... 165
 Window, The—*Michael S. Taylor*..... 141

VERSE

A

A Eulogy—*Rand Carroll*..... 132
 A Group of Poems: Worship; Reason; The Profligate—*Jean W. Schell*..... 278
 All on a Summer Day—*Minnie Faegre Knox*..... 208
 An Incident at Baldy's Place (in lighter vein)—*William Allen Ward*..... 117
 April Snow—*Edna Gearhart*..... 100
 Arabesque; Second Arabesque; Third Arabesque—*Gale Wilhelm*..... 358
 A Singer's Prayer—*Eva Brazier*..... 181

B

Back (in lighter vein)—*John T. Grant*..... 117
 Beauty Is Shy—*William Soutar*..... 245
 Bedtime—*Robert Friend*..... 371
 Boz—*Ruth Comfort Mitchell*..... 337

C

Call of the North—*Vivian Stratton*..... 213
 Cape Perpetua (Illus.)—*Verne Bright*..... 164
 Child of Sorrow—*Alice Coggins Longaker*..... 371
 Christmas Today—*Henry Meade Bland*..... 6
 Cinquains—*Pearle Casey*..... 211
 Clouds—*Flora J. Arnstein*..... 213
 Country Woman—*Claire Aven Thomson*..... 213
 Crowds—*Lannie Haynes Martin*..... 22

D

Desert—*Annicc Calland*..... 45
 Desert Lines—*William Allen Ward*..... 181
 Designate—*Flora J. Arnstein*..... 181
 Diablo—*Claude R. Kruse*..... 76
 Disciple—*Helen Maring*..... 233
 Discontent—*Lucile Walton*..... 371
 Dusky Red Roses—*Eva Brazier*..... 210

E

El Corredor Del Camino (The Road Runner)—*Winifred Davidson*..... 39
 Ember Time—*Harry Noyes Pratt*..... 45
 Enmity—*Helen Walker Truesdell*..... 371

F

Fallen Leaves—*Nora Archibald Smith*..... 149
 Fishwife—*Jo Hartman*..... 371

G

Ghosts—*Linda Lec*..... 45
 Green Brae: Stage for San Quentin—*Ruth Clay Price*..... 181
 Grey Magic—*Dorothy Tyler*..... 371

H

Hands of An Artist—*Helen Maring*..... 234
 He Dwelt Among the Lillies—*N. J. Herby*..... 341
 Hill Crests—*Harry Noyes Pratt*..... 68

I

I Had a Pepper Tree—*Vincent Jones*..... 45
 Inland—*Alison Parry*..... 150
 Inspiration—*Helen Maring*..... 132
 In the Sunken Garden at Exposition Park, Los Angeles—*Ben Field*..... 277
 In the Valley of the Moon—*Nell Griffith Wilson*..... 245
 In Your Garden—*Belle Willey Gue*..... 56

J

June—*Laurence Pratt*..... 159

L

Leaving the Dry Farm—*Irene Welch Grissom*..... 45
 Love's Awakening—*Jeanette Norland*..... 371

M

Miners' Magdalen—*Jo Hartman*..... 277
 Montalvo (Illus.)—*George Sterling*..... 324
 Mother California—*Mary Heron Aitchison*..... 9
 Muted—*Emilie Pfister*..... 245
 My Beloved (Illus.)—*Helen Lukens Gaut*..... 36
 My Mountain—*Eunice Mitchell Lehmer*..... 149
 Mysteries—*Margaret Montgomery*..... 100
 Mystery—*Mabel W. Phillips*..... 277
 Mystery of Twilight—*Iris Lora Thorpe*..... 277

O

Old Chinatown, San Francisco—*Henry Ruthruff*..... 315
 Onward—*Francisca Vallejo*..... 349
 Oregon Etching—*Eleanor Allen*..... 205

P

Passing of Youth—*Harry Noyes Pratt*..... 8
 Peace—*Harry Noyes Pratt*..... 45
 Portals—*Linda Lee*..... 57
 Possession—*Laurence Pratt*..... 213
 Procrastination—*Nell Griffith Wilson*..... 277

Q

Query—*Anne Harley*..... 213

R

Remainder—*Irene Wilde*..... 371
 Remembering James D. Phelan—*Henry Meade Bland*..... 323
 Return—*Flora J. Arnstein*..... 213
 Revelations—*George S. Whittaker*..... 181

S

Sea Mood—*Nancy Buckley*..... 45
 Seamstress—*Flora J. Arnstein*..... 176
 Self-Sufficiency—*Eva Brazier*..... 181
 Shadows—*Mabel W. Phillips*..... 94
 Shore Line at Dusk—*George F. Whittaker*..... 199
 Sierra Madre—*Edna Morris Devin*..... 181
 Sky Wisdom—*Iris Lora Thorpe*..... 213
 Song at Evenfall—*Clark Ashton Smith*..... 149
 Song for a Mountain—*Alfaretta Lansing*..... 68
 Songs of the Street—*Eleanor Allen*..... 100
 Spiderwebs—*Louis Ginsberg*..... 269
 Spring Silence—*Harry Noyes Pratt*..... 149
 Sunset—*John Burton* (Tribute to Senator Phelan)..... 333
 Sunset—*Edith Elden Robinson*..... 62

T

Thanksgiving—*Dorothy Tyrrel*..... 181
 The Fault-Finder—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 149
 The Fields of Arvin—*Bessie Pryor Palmer*..... 232
 The Finished Symphony (Illus.) Frontispiece—*Beatrice B. Beebe*..... 258
 The Lovelier World—*Anne Hamilton*..... 245
 The Man of Montalvo (Illus.)—*L. B. Cullen Jones*..... 4
 The Morning Comes—*Charles Erskine Scott Wood*..... 38
 The Pine Tree—*Verne Bright*..... 45
 The Wilder Beauty—*Henry Meade Bland*..... 68
 The Pony Express (Illus.)—*L. B. Cullen Jones*..... 290
 Thread of Gold—*Vincent Jones*..... 277
 To a Poet—*Laurence Pratt*..... 149
 To the Queen Anne's Lace—*Florence Gloria Crawford*..... 135
 Tumbleweed—*Helen Maring*..... 80
 Twilight—*Louis Ginsberg*..... 275

W

We Should Be Beggars—*Raymond Kerensky*..... 245
 Western Winds—*H. Raynesford Mulder*..... 245
 Worship—*Louis Ginsberg*..... 73

Y

You Walk Alone—*Linda Lee*..... 68

Z

Zion Canyon—*Annicc Calland*..... 45

COMMENT ON BOOKS

(TITLE OF BOOK AND NAME OF REVIEWER HERE GIVEN)

(Laura Bell Everett and Grace Talbot Hadley, Chief Reviewers)
 Algae, Apes and Apples—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 87
 Andrew W. Mellon: The Man and His Work..... 255
 As I Like It—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 247
 Audacious Audobon—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 247
 Big Trees—*A. H. C.*..... 185

Brother Daniel—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 247
 Cardinal Newman—*Cyril Clemens*..... 119
 Children of Fire and Shadow—*Harry Noyes Pratt*..... 87
 Clarence Urmey—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 87
 Concerning Condensed Novels..... 219
 Craft of Poetry, The—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 28
 Creating the Short Story—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 217
 Cubby Bears in California—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 23
 Days of Her Life—*James D. Hart*..... 151
 Death Valley—*A. H. C.*..... 185
 Dr. Leonard's Researches in Mexican History—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 59
 Field of Honor, The—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 247
 Fisherman's Saint, The—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 381
 Fools or Gods—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 375
 Fulton Memorial Room, The—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 346
 From the Mississippi to the Sea—*Cyril Clemens*..... 151
 Glorious Adventure, The—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 247
 Golden Shower, The—*Harry Noyes Pratt*..... 88
 Golden Crucible, The..... 204
 Golden Stallion—Anthology of Verse..... 122
 Gold Rush Days With Mark Twain..... 217
 Good-Bye to All That—*D. J. H.*..... 120
 Grand Canyon Country—*A. H. C.*..... 185
 Grimhaven—*James D. Hart*..... 119
 Hangman's House—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 247
 Hartrampf's Vocabularies..... 120
 Hesperian, A New Magazine..... 219
 History of Oregon, A—*A. H. C.*..... 186
 Hoosier Rhymes and Readings..... 255
 How the Great Ones Did It—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 87
 I Married a Ranger—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 311
 In Search of America..... 218
 Jefferson Davis—*Cyril Clemens*..... 215
 Joaquin Miller and His Other Self—*Arthur H. Chamberlain*..... 25
 John Marsh, Pioneer—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 311
 Johnny Reb—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 119
 "Joseph and His Brethren"—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 23
 King's Minion, The—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 375
 Lanterns of the Blue—*Harry Noyes Pratt*..... 87
 Last Frontier, The..... 250
 Last Lyrics—*A. H. C.*..... 186
 Laughing Boy—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 375
 Legend of Yosemite..... 122
 Life and Letters of a Forty-Niner's Daughter..... 120
 Light Hearted Journey—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 183
 Living Past, The—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 120
 Lone Cowboy—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 279
 Mark Twain: New Anecdotes, Jokes, and Stories—*Cyril Clemens*..... 23
 Memory—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 247
 Messrs. Marco Polo—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 247
 Mexican Labor in the United States—*Felix Flugel*..... 56
 Moccasin Trail, The—*Lotus J. Costigan*..... 345
 Music—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 37
 New Contract Bridge, The—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 381
 New Worlds to Conquer—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 247
 Notice of Purchase of St. Nicholas Magazine..... 151
 Oh, Ranger—*A. H. C.*..... 185
 O'Malley of Shanganagh—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 247
 On the Old West Coast—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 377
 Party of Baccarat, A—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 215
 Personality of a House, The..... 255
 Popular Studies of California Wild Flowers—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 311
 Prohibition and Prosperity—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 375
 Round Up, The—*D. Maitland Bushby*..... 282
 Royal Road to Romance, The—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 247
 Salt Desert Trails—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 381
 Scarab Murder Case, The..... 186
 Scarlet Charm, The—*Grace Talbot Hadley*..... 185
 Selected Poems of Katherine Lee Bates—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 375
 Six Horses—*A. H. C.*..... 282
 Song of Quetzalcoat, The..... 250
 Songs From the Scaean Gate..... 122
 Songs of the Scythe—*Harry Noyes Pratt*..... 183
 Sonnets From a Locked Box and Other Poems—*Laura Bell Everett*..... 375
 Spanish Arcadia—*Helen T. Pratt*..... 56

Street Scenes—James D. Hart..... 56
 Sun God's Children, The—Laura Bell Everett..... 215
 Temptations to Right Doing—Laura Bell Everett..... 183
 They Rise Accusing—Harry Noyes Pratt..... 217
 This My New England—Harry Noyes Pratt..... 217
 Trees of the Sierra Nevadas—Laura Bell Everett..... 247
 Ultima Thule—Allison Parry..... 279
 University of California and Its Chronicler—Laura Bell Everett..... 345
 Urgent Shapes—Harry Noyes Pratt..... 279
 When I Was a Harvester—Laura Bell Everett..... 375
 Where California Began..... 122
 Who's Who Among North American Authors..... 123
 Wind in the Cedars, The—Laura Bell Everett..... 375
 You and Your Job..... 250
 You Can Escape—James D. Hart..... 119
 Youth and Other Poems—Laura Bell Everett..... 375

PLATES

Architecture of the Night—San Francisco From Hotel Mark Hopkins..... 196
 A Sierran Scene..... 240
 Blossom Time in the Santa Clara Valley, California..... 98
 Crater Lake—Wizard Island—A Crater Within a Crater..... 54
 Drifting on Sausalito Bay..... 174
 Ezra Meeker, Portrait..... 292
 Homeward Bound..... 2
 Independence Hall, Philadelphia..... 194
 Lake Tahoe..... 226
 Leaving the Peaceful Harbor—Sails Set for Open Water..... 66
 Looking Toward Alcatraz and Marin Shore..... 356
 Old California Mission..... 110
 Old Mill, The..... 78
 Old Mission at Carmel..... 228
 Romance of Early Progress..... 34
 Sentinels Beside the Path Winding Down to the Shore..... 142
 Springtime in the Sierras..... 162
 Source of Water Supply for the Lower Levels..... 264
 Thirsting for Trees..... 130
 Yosemite National Park, Mirror Lake..... 206

CONTRIBUTORS

A

Adams, Eve..... 299
 Ahl, Frances N..... 52; 165; 267; 366
 Aiken, Ednah..... 105
 Allen, Eleanor..... 100; 205
 Anderson, Mary B..... 203
 Arnstein, Flora J..... 176; 181; 213
 Atchison, Mary Heron..... 9
 Atherton, Gertrude..... 334

B

Beebe, Beatrice B..... 258
 Bender, Albert M..... 333; 342
 Bland, Henry Meade..... 6; 68; 323
 Bradford, S. K..... 105
 Brazier, Eve..... 181; 210
 Bright, Verne..... 45; 164
 Brunke, George Waldemar..... 189
 Buckley, Nancy..... 45
 Budlong, Julia M..... 209
 Burton, John..... 333
 Bushby, D. Maitland..... 75; 229; 282
 Byington, Lewis F..... 336

C

Calland, Annice..... 45
 Carroll, Rand..... 132
 Casey, Pearle..... 211
 Chalmers, Stephen..... 14
 Chamberlain, Arthur H..... 25; 79; 185; 186; 261; 282; 326; 364
 Chamberlain, James Franklin..... 40
 Chase, Amanda Mathews..... 7
 Clarke, E. P..... 303
 Clemens, Cyril..... 23; 119; 124; 151; 157; 205; 215; 231; 263; 341; 357
 Colburn, Frona Eunice Wait..... 51; 175; 339; 343; 361
 Costigan, Lotus J..... 345
 Cotton, Ethel..... 309; 338; 365

Cowan, Robert E..... 340
 Crawford, Florence Gloria..... 135
 D
 Darling, Esther Birdsall..... 5; 47
 Davidson, Winifred..... 39
 D'Evelyn, Dr. Frederick W..... 341; 347
 Devin, Edna Morris..... 181
 Dodge, Alice Marie..... 236
 Dougherty, Augustus W..... 48; 297
 Driggs, Howard R..... 69
 Duffield, Isabel McKenna..... 11

E

Everett, Laura Bell..... 23; 28; 59; 87; 88; 119; 149; 155; 183; 215; 217; 247; 345

F

Field, Ben..... 277
 Fitch, Will T..... 101; 143; 208
 Flugel, Felix..... 56; 133; 306
 Forbes, B. C..... 305
 Friend, Robert..... 371

G

Gaut, Helen Lukens..... 36
 Gearhart, Edna..... 100
 Gilbert, Giles..... 46
 Ginsberg, Louis..... 73; 269; 275
 Goller, H. Ralph..... 201
 Goodrich, Mary..... 169; 271
 Grant, John T..... 117
 Grey, Eleanor..... 77; 135
 Grissom, Irene Welch..... 45
 Gue, Belle Willey..... 56

H

H. D. J..... 120
 Hadley, Grace T..... 111; 120; 138; 173; 183; 185; 197; 215; 279; 311; 346; 367; 377; 381
 Hamilton, Anne..... 245
 Harley, Anne..... 213; 245
 Hart, James D..... 49; 56; 119; 151
 Hartman, Jo..... 277; 371
 Hawthorne, Edith Garrigues..... 336
 Hawthorne, Julian..... 334
 Henshall, J. A..... 301
 Herby, N. J..... 341
 Hill, Conny Leigh..... 171
 Hofer, Mari Ruef..... 71
 Holliday, Carl..... 167; 199; 359
 Hoover, Proclamation by President..... 292
 Howland, Colonel Harry S..... 332
 Horn, J. M..... 266
 Hunt, Rockwell D..... 103
 Hurd, Harry Elmore..... 139

J

Jacobs, Emma Atkins..... 269
 Jones, David Rhys..... 293
 Jones, L. B. Cullen..... 4; 290
 Jones, Vincent..... 45; 277

K

Kendall, Carlton..... 37; 298; 335
 Kerensky, Raymond..... 245
 Klette, Ernest..... 362
 Knox, Minnie Faegre..... 208
 Kruse, Claude R..... 76
 Kuhne, Dorothy May..... 221

L

Lansing, Alfaretta..... 168
 Laurie, Annie..... 208
 Lawler, Philip J..... 278
 Lebold, Meddie Maze..... 109
 Lee, Linda..... 45; 57; 68
 Lehmer, Eunice Mitchell..... 149
 Longaker, Alice Coggins..... 371
 Louderback, Harriet Colyer..... 111

M

MacLachlan, Kenneth..... 370
 Maring, Helen..... 80; 132; 233; 234
 Markham, Edwin..... 337
 Martin, Lannie Haynes..... 22; 235

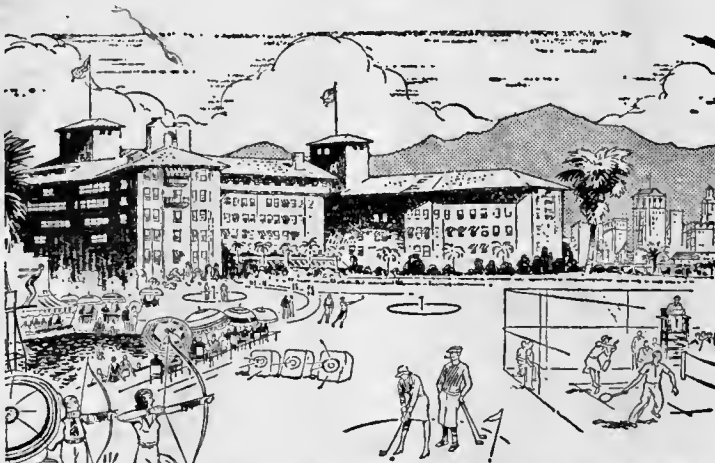


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Published by The Christian Science Publishing Society
Boston, Mass.

Single Copy 5c Six Weeks \$1.00 Six Months \$4.50
One Month 75c Three Months \$2.25 One year \$9.00

VOL.
89

NO.
2

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Established  in 1868

and Outwest Magazine

DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY

FEB.

1931

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CONTENTS

Frontispiece—The Monarch of the High Sierra (Plate).....	35
As the Editor Views it.....	36
Yosemite (Plate).....	37
The Etchings of Edson Newell (Illus.)..... Mary Goodrich.....	38
Unemployment—A Blessing..... J. H. Iliffe.....	39
Treasure (Verse)..... Eugenia T. Finn.....	40
Poets of Our Southern Frontier..... D. Maitland Bushby.....	41
Fulfillment (Verse)..... Alison Parry.....	42
Chang Lo Ping Talks on China..... Fred Lockley.....	43
Westward March of America..... Howard R. Driggs.....	45
A Birthday Poem (Verse)..... Agnes Ambrose.....	46
When the World Turned Honest..... Will T. Fitch.....	47
Padre of the Rains (Father Ricard)—Verse..... Claire Aven Thomson.....	47
The Real Joaquin Murietta..... Mary Goodrich.....	49
Carmel-by-the-Sea..... Helen Gray Phillips.....	51
Don't Admit Defeat..... W. G. Scott.....	51
Prince of Montalvo (Illus.)..... Sadie Doyle.....	52
California Association for Thrift and Conservation..... A. R. Clifton.....	53
Can the Writer Function in California?..... Frederick O'Brien.....	54
Books and Writers.....	55
The Legend of Sleepy Hollow..... Reviewed by Frona Eunice Wait Colburn	
Magazine Article Writing..... Reviewed by Laura Bell Everett	
Roadside Meetings..... Reviewed by A. H. C.	
Oregon Trail Blazers..... Reviewed by Grace Talbot Hadley	
Amber to Amperes..... Reviewed by A. H. C.	
The Columbia Unveiled..... Reviewed by A. H. C.	
Festival..... Reviewed by Grace Talbot Hadley	
An Ancient Tin Box Reveals "One Man's Gold"	
A Visit to Lincoln Cathedral..... Cyril Clemens.....	57
As In the Beginning (Verse)..... Edith Elden Robinson.....	59
Superintendent A. R. Clifton.....	62
Determining National Boundary Lines.....	64

OVERLAND MONTHLY AND OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Editorial and Business Offices

1024 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California

Subscription \$2.50 per year; 25 cents per copy

Address all communications and manuscripts to "The Overland Monthly." Manuscripts sent without a stamped and self-addressed envelope will not be returned.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, San Francisco, under the Act of March 3, 1897
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Courtesy, Sports and Hobbies, Los Angeles

The Monarch of the High Sierra

As the Editor Views It

THE SILVER LINING OF THE DARK CLOUD

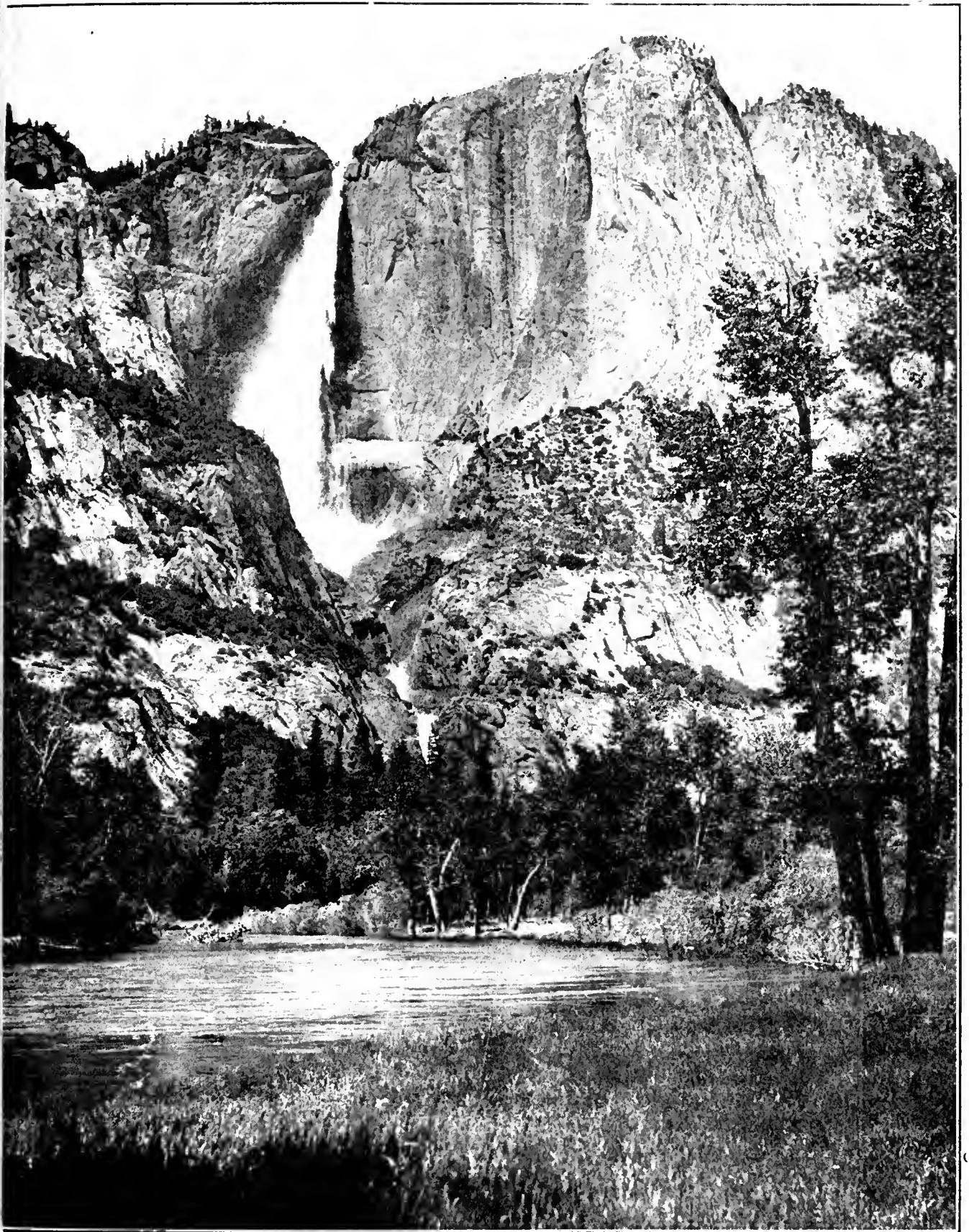
OUR country finds itself under strained economic conditions. Twelve months ago many observers were ready and willing to explain the exact cause of these conditions. Today the cautious man hesitates before hazarding a categorical statement as to such cause. No one is wise enough to analyze fully and explain completely the underlying disturbance. Conditions existing in our country are paralleled in greater or less degree in many countries of the world.

Those who point to the recent stock market episode as the sole cause of the present financial disturbance are thinking only to the surface. To be sure, gambling on margins is dangerous and will bring disaster. The transition from the "get-rich-quick" atmosphere to one more nearly the normal, can not be accomplished in a day. The situation is the result in no small degree, no doubt, of the backwash from the Great War. Adjustment following similar catastrophes has always been difficult.

THEN, too, our economic system, adequate to an earlier day when simpler living conditions prevailed, is ill adapted to our present complex life. The substitution of machines and labor-saving devices for hand-work, and the application of electric energy in the arts and industries play no small part in the present situation. Tariff schedules and foreign trade relations bear directly on producing unstable markets and unemployment. The transition in this country from a farming and rural existence to an industrial and urban life, the amassing of hitherto unheard of fortunes, the forcing out of the small tradesman and producer in the interest of combines, cooperative farming, chain stores and branch concerns, together with a defective system of distribution and marketing, have left us with a difficult economic problem the solution of which is not yet in sight.

AS pointed out elsewhere in this issue, there is a bright side to the present unemployment and financial depression. When some years ago a period of extreme drouth came upon the Pacific Coast, many ranchers and orchardists in Southern California were forced to sacrifice their land owing to lack of water. The Sierras had not then been tapped. Necessity directed drilling for water. Artesian belts were discovered, where before there was no thought of the existence of water. So now the so-called "hard times" may have a sunny side. People are realizing they can live comfortably, even luxuriously, on less than they have been spending. This writer has this moment paused to listen to a man who says he has ceased to buy on credit. He has just come from his shoe shop where he made a deposit on a pair of shoes. When the full amount is paid he will carry the shoes away. Mr. Ford may be right in declaring for a four-hour day, and in prophesying an ultimate daily wage of \$27.00. But in anticipation of such conditions Mr. Brisbane, usually sane in his utterances, is far from the mark when he advises the owner of two automobiles to buy a third whether he needs it or not.

YOUNG and old must be taught to save the waste, to spend a little less than is earned, to invest wisely rather than speculate foolishly. Attention is called to the official department of the California Association for Thrift and Conservation, opened in this issue. The place to begin teaching the principles of thrift and conservation is in the schools. Right habits must be established. The homes must assist in this direction. A distinct forward step has been taken by the National Federation of Parent-Teacher Associations through its Committee on Thrift, in setting up a home budget.



"The thundering tongues of Yosemite shall persuade you to silence,
and you shall be wise."—Joaquin Miller.

The Etchings of Edson Newell

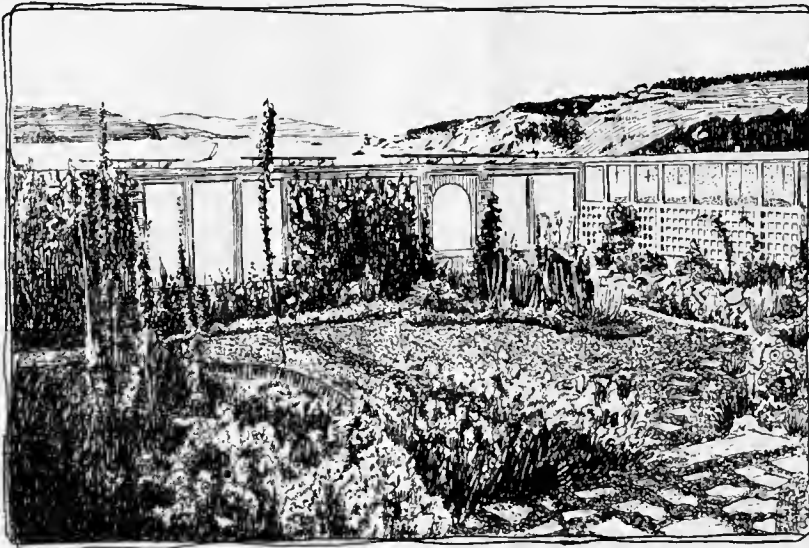
By MARY GOODRICH

ACHIEVEMENT suffers no delay when youth is coupled to ambition and talent, and, notwithstanding the middle-aged verdict to the contrary, at no time in the last five decades have there been greater demonstrations of the ability of purposeful youth than at the present day. California has her proportion of them,—her young musicians, writers, artists and actors, and if each era may not produce an Antonia Brico, we find artists other than symphony conductors among the amazingly young members of Western society.

California claims young Edson Newell, clever creator of silver plate etchings and charcoal portraiture, though Ohio produced him. His youth and early manhood belong to the West, which lost him only long enough for him to have acquired an education in Eastern art centers. In the United States Forest Service at Portland, Oregon, he drew attention by his topographic work to the delicacy that lay in his fingers, and during the term of the war he was transferred to the drafting department of the General Staff at Washington, D. C.

Dominated by a creative glow that colored all his interesting world, Mr. Newell has advanced his art through a field that, when

he entered it, was unusual for artists. The presentation of individual gardens in etching met with the reception it deserved and gave the artist a special field in which to grow.



A well-founded reputation spreads rapidly along the western coast and Mr. Newell's contact with southern cities has borne rich fruit. Protracted visits to picturesque Beverley Hills has resulted in reproductions that do justice to their gardens, unrivalled in southern ownership. He recently journeyed there to sketch the gardens of Archibald Edes and other Beverley beauty spots. Among the members of the Domino Club, that interesting body of whom Mrs. James Gleason is president and Marie Dressler and Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille vice-presidents, were several who secured Mr. Newell to make studies of their private gardens. Laid out with

artistic uses of greensward and shrubbery, garden masonry, furniture and statuary, these gardens lend themselves admirably to reproduction and provide worthy studies of the southern city. Beverley, the little city lighted by stars, is deserving to be

perpetuated by an art that will be enduring, for now it is unique and beautiful. But who can say how the invasion usual to popular American centers may despoil it? Some of the quaintness and charm of the place is depicted by Edson Newell's etchings and on the exhibition walls at the Hollywood Book Shop are

hung several pictures over his signature.

Santa Barbara, another rare garden spot, has developed its California trees to a high mark along its shaded avenues, in its parks and private gardens. Etchings by Newell of their exceptional achievement are on exhibition there at the Tecolote.

A range of almost limitless study for such art lies in the charming gardens down the peninsula—San Mateo, Menlo Park and Burlingame—gardens of an older and more leisurely creation. So substantial and well-born do the stretches of flora appear that the visitor to them suddenly re-

(Read further on page 54)

Unemployment — A Blessing

By J. H. ILIFFE

IT IS now nearly two centuries since the names of Arkwright and Hargreaves were execrated and detested for "taking the bread out of poor men's mouths" by the introduction of the "Spinning Jenny" into cotton factories to replace human labor. What an epoch to look back upon! Those 200 years have witnessed an unceasing spate of mechanical invention and improvement; supply has at last caught up with and even outdistanced demand, until the former has to be artificially restricted at shorter and shorter intervals, to maintain even a precarious balance; yet at the end no less than at the beginning of that period we are unable to introduce a machine to save the toilsome labor of men without raising a storm of protest and opposition which threatens to destroy the fabric of an industry or even of society itself, from the very men who are thus presented with their freedom. We have bestowed little thought on harmonizing the relations of man with man and removing discrepancies, strains and causes of friction. The topic is an old one, and need not be labored here. I am simply alluding to a notorious fact!

What irony could be imagined more grim than that men should clamor to be delivered from freedom and forced to work for the Egyptians eight or ten or thirteen hours a day! The inference, of course, is an easy one; but somehow few people seem willing to take the fence. They jib at realizing that man wants, not Employment (we give it a capital E now-

adays), but subsistence, food, clothing, shelter, enjoyment. Unemployment would be just as welcome at the bottom of the social scale as at the top, if men

Outstanding Declarations by
J. H. Iliffe of the Royal
Ontario Museum,
Toronto, Canada

1. The introduction of a labor-saving device to save the toilsome labor of men raises a storm of protest and opposition.
 2. The substitution of the machine for hand labor results in unchanged or increased production.
 3. When labor is displaced by the machine, the time saved should be distributed as equally as possible between all concerned.
 4. All the great inventions have been the actual result of enthusiastic and patient inquirers working in their own backyards.
 5. Installment buying is obviously self-deception.
 6. The supreme task is education for leisure.
-

had enough to eat. One's position on the ladder does not affect the merit or demerit of one's inactivity. It is an ironical comment on the thinking capacity of our industrialists that the only remedy produced for the present discontents is to do the same work in a longer time, by manual instead of machine labor. Why not pay the men anyhow, and use the machines as before? Unctuous and self-satisfied approbation is the attitude of employers, bankers and the like towards this retrograde policy. What does the

North American Continent believe in, if not in machines? I look forward to a state of society that will welcome Unemployment enthusiastically as the great liberator of mankind, until the achievement of which no real progress or civilization is possible. What is a scare and a bugbear today will be the threshold across which we shall march forward to the millennium—if we do ever approach within measurable distance of that destination.

NOR is the achievement of Unemployment by any means a difficult task. The sole difficulty is that we associate it, at least amongst the lower orders of society, with deprivation of a livelihood, a serious matter. Quite arbitrarily, however. For this is simply a matter of custom, which has grown up under no supervision and with no authority, by following the line of least resistance, or, if you like, by "obeying natural laws." "Whoso will not work, neither shall he eat," like other doctrines from related sources, has never been even approximately true; so that we need not hesitate to extend the sphere in which it is not applicable by the fear of wounding any susceptibilities that matter. Squarely faced, it is clearly no more than the codification of a particular point of view into a moral law—for peace and quiet. Since, however, civilization has been painfully achieved by a slow process of contradicting and opposing these "laws of nature"—a process exemplified in functions so differ-

ent as shaving and forming a League of Nations—the time might seem to be almost ripe for breaking one more of them and removing the disabilities attaching to Unemployment among the masses. We must be careful who speaks to them of this subject. It will hardly do to let the Daily Hail or the Financial Boost announce, each in its peculiar and inimitable style, “Idleness Now Meritorious”; “To Work Is To Slave”; “Life of Ease Commences Monday”; Startling New Policy Announced by Ministry of Labor”; “President of Colossal Bank, Ltd. Presages Disaster From New Scheme.”

They will have to be told, however. A government is no stronger than its weakest link, i.e., the least intelligent voter, on whose support it must partly rely. The policy, therefore, which I am about to suggest would have to be unfolded to the public, and particular care would be necessary to explain it fully and unemotionally.

SIMPLICITY is usually suspect; and it is on that ground that this suggestion is likely to meet most opposition. According to the present practice, whenever a new mechanical device is substituted for human labor, one or two of the men are retained to superintend the machine, and the rest discharged, to exist how or where they best can. The industry or firm, which is benefiting by the change, recognizes no responsibility for the men thus turned off, or of their families. This state of things cannot last. The public conscience will not tolerate it much longer. The employes have never had, in most cases, a share or interest in the firm to which perhaps a great

part of their life has been devoted, and consequently no chance of accumulating any resources for such a contingency. Meanwhile the owners (or rather occupiers, for they are really only operating the factory as trustees for the public and often the

TREASURE

BY EUGENIA T. FINN

M*Y gems*
Are sparkling stars
Reflected in your eyes.
My hoarded gold I gather from
Your hair.

I take
The tears you shed
Like drops of dew and make
A shining chain to bind your heart
To mine.

The years
Will strive to steal
My store of wealth and dim
The luster of my jewels but
In vain.

building and machinery itself is bought with borrowed money) set aside a certain amount for replacement of worn-out or out-of-date machinery, caring much more for this than for the human material which their business should really be serving.

Now if any industry or business has to be carried on at the expense of those who work in it, it is emphatically time that business were dead. Only in the rarest cases of national emergency should the workers have to subsidize an industry; they should never have to subsidize another social class. After nearly two centuries of tremendous development in labor-saving machinery, the ordinary laborer often works nearly as long as before (in some trades, such as steel working, quite as

long), and is as near the brink of starvation as ever he was. The benefits have not been passed on. He is subsidizing, relatively more than a century ago, the vastly increased purchasing power of those who control the industry and enjoy its output.

In future, whenever a new kind of time- or labor-saving machinery is introduced into a factory, and some men are thereby thrown out of work, well and good. That is an excellent thing, provided the industry continues to support them, which it can clearly afford to do, as its production is, ex hypothesi, either unchanged or increased; otherwise the new machinery would not have been installed. Hitherto the industry has recognized no responsibility for the men whose work has become unnecessary and they have been turned off; the profits from the increased output, or the saving due to the machine's doing the work of several men, have either gone to swell dividends or, at best, been allowed to accumulate for replacement of machinery. Never even in part for the support of the workmen!

Such treatment of one man by another is an anachronism in the twentieth century. It is damaging to the whole of society. We cannot afford to let it continue, just because its removal might temporarily inconvenience a few members of society. Not along those lines has been the development of our institutions! In the circumstance just referred to, of course, the time saved should be distributed as equally as possible between all concerned. The workmen should certainly continue to receive the same wages as before. Why not? This is the crux of the

(Read further on page 61)

Poets of Our Southern Frontier

By D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

THE renaissance in American poetry, which had its beginning back in 1912 with the advent of "Poetry, A Magazine of Verse," has furnished us with many poets of unusual worth, both in their thematic material and method of treatment. We have waded through books, magazines and newspaper columns of poetry; it is on the air, in the air and out for an airing. In brief, America has become poetry minded. And now, after 19 years of the poetry deluge, it is possible to make a survey of our contemporary poets and to venture placing them in the order of their importance.

Continently speaking, America recognizes and lauds her poets; sectionally speaking, America is inclined to be, too obviously and unfairly, Eastern. The East has gallantly presented, praised, placed and pedestaled her poets. On the other hand, the West and Southwest have only presented their poets and then been content to let them struggle on as best they can, which, in all too many cases, has not been very far or very long. This survey will concern itself largely, therefore, with the poets of the West and Southwest attempting to put them in logical places in the general line-up of contemporary American poets.

The term Southwest, in this instance, should be understood to include the border or frontier States of California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas.

In the Southwest today we have one poet of first rank and at least

three of second rank importance in American poetry. These poets are: Robinson Jeffers for the first rank and Witter Bynner, Charles Erskine Scott Wood and Helen Hoyt for the second rank. No doubt some critics will contradict these classifications and the estimates which follow . . . such reactions are to be expected as no survey of any field of literature could meet with the approval of all critics in that field.

On, then, to the fray. The first poet whom we present for honors is Robinson Jeffers, that mystic builder of towers and exponent of the sea who has long been hailed as the Titan of Western poets by such contemporaries of his own section as Mary Austin, Charles E. S. Wood, George Sterling and others. Jeffers is the author of "Tamar," "The Tower Beyond Tragedy," "The Women of Point Sur," "Cawdor" and "Dear Judas." It was not until the publication of "The Women of Point Sur" that he rose above the average in the poetry field. This rise was further precipitated by "Cawdor" and reached its apex in "Dear Judas."

Here is a poet who has that magical dual power of a penetrating insight and a delicately focused emotional method of treatment. Psychology is the keynote of Jeffers' poetry. In this respect he resembles to a marked degree E. A. Robinson and Masters. One senses his belief in the

inevitable and the temptation to call him a fatalist is strong. There is little that is weak in this poet's work; rather it is characterized by a ruggedness of purpose and treatment that is almost harsh at times . . . witness "The Women of Point Sur" and "Cawdor." Jeffers is no groper in the dark; he is a sketcher in the sunlight, sketching themes and thoughts that have universal application. He can be tender, however, as evidenced by his earlier work, especially "The Tower Beyond Tragedy," His "Dear Judas" is a queer but not unpleasing combination of sympathy, understanding and condemnation. Jeffers' work has shown steady improvement and there is every reason to believe that this improvement will continue in his future creations; in this respect he outstrips Masters and Frost, both of whom are practically fully matured in their art.

Of the three major Eastern poets only Robinson bids fair to keep ahead of Jeffers in accomplishment and power. These two poets are strangely alike . . . both are psychologists in the extreme; both are characterizationists; both are fearless of public opinion; both are thorough students and masters of poetry; and we might say, both are fatalists. Their differences: Robinson is an underground river: deep, quiet and smooth . . . Jeffers is a mountain torrent; unusually deep at times; and again purposely shallow, troubled and thundering. The long surging lines of Jeffers' poetry are like ocean waves beat-

ing against the rocks of Point Lobos; no one can deny their power and the day is here when Robinson Jeffers must be accorded his rightful place in American poetry. That place is beside E. A. Robinson, Robert Frost and Edgar Lee Masters and is a step in advance of Sandburg and Lindsay.

OUR second entry is Witter Bynner of Santa Fe, who began writing poetry very early. He was Phi Beta Kappa poet at Harvard in 1911 and held the same at the University of California in 1919. He is the author of several one-act poetry plays, including "Tiger," "The Little King" and numerous others which are now collected in his "Book of Plays." His books of poetry are "The Beloved Stranger," "Caravan," "Pins for Wings," and "Indian Earth." He is also a translator of Chinese poetry, his book "The Jade Mountain" being an anthology of Chinese poetry covering 300 years.

The poetry of Bynner is scholarly. One feels, rather than knows, that here is a student of the best in poetry, a man who delights in sifting the dusty records of the rich past, and last, a man who is unusually sympathetic for those peoples who have not reached our place in civilization.

Bynner is an interpreter of races of people. His poetry is often startling in its sharpness of delineation. It is the kind of poetry that sets one to thinking and asking, "Can this be so?", and you may be certain that it is, for Witter Bynner is authentic and honest in all his writing.

Much of this poet's best work will be found in his "Caravan" and "Indian Earth." The latter is a book dealing largely with portions of the Southwest and Mexico. The descriptions in this book, notably of the Chapala section, are excellent. Of his plays, the latest, "Cake," is probably the

FULFILLMENT

By ALISON PARRY

*WE do not cross each other's lives by chance
I know. The smile of summer sun and dance
Of winter rains are not haphazard things,
Nor is each passing day or night that brings
The stars, unordered. All must take
Their place in one great scheme—all go to make
Each year a perfect year. So when we touch
Some other life for days, or hours, or such
A little space as passing on the street,
It needs must be to make our life complete.*

best. This play was produced in California in 1929.

For ten years Mr. Bynner worked on the translating and collecting of poems for "The Jade Mountain." Several of those years were spent in China, where he worked daily with Chinese poets and authorities who assisted him in gathering and selecting the best poetry for the period covered by the anthology.

When we consider the quality and versatility of Witter Bynner's work in poetry and compare his productions with those of such Eastern poets as Lindsay and Sandburg we wonder why the American public has been so slow in acclaiming the worth of this Southwestern poet. Truly he is entitled to rank with Lindsay and Sandburg, and as he is young, both in years and development, it seems but fair to predict a place for him in the front rank of American poets of tomorrow.

THE third entry is that veteran soldier, Indian campaigner, rancher and poet, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, who reminds one greatly of that other California singer, Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras."

Wood is a prose writer as well as a poet. His books of poetry are "Mais," "Masque of Love," "The Poet in the Desert" and "Poems of the Ranges." Prose works are "A Book of Tales" and "Heavenly Discourse." Beyond question his best work is "The Poet in the Desert."

One does not read far in any recent book by Colonel Wood without realizing that here is a poet of the modern school; one who is strongly radical at times and delights in being the champion of the working classes. His work shares the ruggedness common to Jeffers; also one finds the surging, trumpeting lines so characteristic of the Carmel poet. Here, too, psychology is rampant and, we might say, propaganda. These traits are particularly true of "The Poet in the Desert," which we believe is the greatest poem ever written concerning the desert. While we cannot credit Wood with Jeffers' insight, we can give him great credit for foresight, because Wood is a poet who draws his themes from the dawn rather than the twilight.

There is deep emotion in all that Wood writes. He feels to the ultimate the many struggles, triumphs and failures of the working classes and to him has been given that rare quality of interpretation of the deepest emotions

(Read further on page 58)

Chang Po Ling Talks On China

Interview by Fred Lockley

CHANG PO LING is one of the leaders in the New China Movement. This article tells what is being done to develop a stabilized Central Government; to modernize education; to solve economic and social problems; to elevate the status of women; to construct roads, unify transportation systems and develop agriculture; to replace militarism with education and the arts of peace. The following quotations are typical high spots touched by Dr. Chang Po Ling in this article:

"What China needs is the unification of her transportation systems."

"We do not want foreigners to come to our country merely to exploit our resources. If they come with constructive plans to help us build up our country, we welcome them with open arms."

"War is destructive not only of human life but of the higher ideals of a nation."

"I believe that when our 400,000,000 people set their faces and start their feet along commercial and industrial ways, our potential strength will be so great that we will not have to show the mailed fist."

"I AM particularly glad to see you, Mr. Lockley," said Dr. Chang Po Ling, President of the Nankai University of Tientsin, when I met him recently. "I am glad to see you because you are a journalist and those who write can do much to bring to their readers knowledge about modernized China. China is no longer looking back. We are looking forward. There is a new spirit in China. A spirit of unity and nationalism. Unfortunately, many newspaper men who come to China want to write only about the bandits and what they call picturesque and unusual incidents. This gives a false picture of the real China. It is as though we judged all of your country by your moving picture scenes of cowboys and Indians and hold-ups and your triangle love affairs. Such things are not the real America any more than the bandits in China are the real China. Because your people have slight opportunity of learning what we are doing along educational and other lines, and because they hear only what your writers regard as news, you cannot realize how the unification of China is making steady progress. You read on the front page of your paper that

some bandit chief has captured a missionary but you find no mention of the fact that our girls' basketball team has captured many cups and prizes. And, by the way, one of the best girl players on that team comes from Seattle."

As we were talking I studied Dr. Chang Po Ling. He has a high, broad forehead, thick, coarse black hair, heavy eyebrows, high cheek bones, broad shoulders, is over six feet high and weighs more than two hundred pounds. "Not many of your countrymen are as tall as you are," I said. "I have four sons," said Dr. Chang; "one of them is only six feet but the others are taller than I am, and I am six feet one. One of my boys is six feet three. We, of northern China, are large framed, tall and strong."

YOU asked me to tell you something about myself. I would rather tell you of my work. My father was a scholar. I was born on April 8, fifty-three years ago. Chang is our family name. I follow the Chinese custom and use my family name first, Chang Po Ling, but my brother, who is acting president of the Nankai University, has

conformed to western customs and signs his name Dr. P. C. Chang. Here is a picture of him when he was a little chap. He is sixteen years younger than myself and was one of my students when I started my family school in 1898. At that time I had but 13 students. Today we have 2200 students. I graduated from the Peiyang Naval Academy and became a naval officer but I gave up my career in the navy for I realized that if China was to attain unity and to keep abreast of the other nations, we must educate the leaders of the future so that they should be able to meet on a par the men of action of other countries. I realized that it was time to change our ancient system of classical education into a more modern, more useful and more effective system. You know what humiliation was brought upon China by the Sino-Japanese war in 1894. You know how the other nations, four years later, began dividing China among themselves. You know what happened to us in 1900. The thoughtful men of China realized that the time had come for action. My friend, Yen Shiu, who is educational director for China and who, in fact, at one time was Minister of Education for the whole Empire, talked the matter over with me. This was in the twenty-fourth year of Kwang-hsu, or, to put it in your method of reckoning, 1898. He invited me to start a school in his home, which I did. Japan was forging ahead so rapidly that Mr. Yen and myself decided to go there and make a critical study of their methods of education. We went to Japan in 1904 and studied their school system. Upon our return to Tientsin we started what we termed the middle school, operating it after modern methods. We opened the school with 23 students. So rapid was the growth of the school that we had to move it from Mr. Yen's home in 1906 to the Nankai section of Tientsin. I came into contact with Sher-

wood Eddy, Fletcher Brockman, John Mott and other high-minded men of the United States. The university of which I am president is not a denominational school, although I, myself, am a Christian. Do you happen to know that six of the nine cabinet members of China are Christians. Let me take your pencil. I will write down the names of the cabinet members who are Christians. They are: C. P. Wang, H. H. Kung, Sun Fo, T. V. Soong, Hsueh Fu Pi and Fang Yu Hsiang. By 1914 we had 500 students. Four years later we had over 1000 students. Soon we registered over 2000, and today we have over 2200 students. Those who are not eager to learn do not come. Those who are not willing to learn do not stay.

I came to America and entered Columbia University in 1916. I studied not only the prescribed studies but I studied your methods of operating a university and upon my return to China, with Mr. Yen and other public-spirited men, we started an institution of higher learning to supplement the work of the middle school. General Li Chuen and other men of large means gave us money to establish a sinking fund. Not long after we acquired 100 acres, on which we erected the first unit of our university. Today we have a College of Arts, a College of Science, a College of Commerce and the Boys' and Girls' Middle Schools. We have students from Japan, Korea, the Malay Islands, from Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle and other Pacific Coast ports. We learn by doing. We do not go in much for glittering generalities but we organize groups to study definite problems. For example, a group of our students is studying the social and economic conditions in Tientsin. Another group is studying conditions in Manchuria. We have groups engaged in social and economic research. We do not want any student there who is studying merely to help himself. Unless he is willing to be of service to his country and to study hard so that he will know the problems of China and how to be helpful in correcting the evils that exist, we do not want to waste the time or energy of our instructors.

"MY motto is, 'Keep pressing forward—no stream is uncrossable.' I am planning to return to Tientsin by way of Russia and Germany, to see what is being done there along educational lines. I want also to study the transportation problems of the countries through which I travel and see how they are being solved. What China needs is the unification of her transportation systems, to secure higher efficiency in their operation. We need foreign capital to build roads into the interior provinces. We have plenty of cheap labor. With the building of roads we can develop agriculture. China is a country rich in raw materials. We do not want foreigners to come to our country merely to exploit our resources. If they come with constructive plans to help us build up our country, we welcome them with open arms. In the past, China has been too much of a grab-bag for other countries. I believe that when our 400,000,000 people set their faces and start their feet along commercial and industrial ways, our potential strength will be so great that we will not have to show the mailed fist. As a people, we love peace. War is destructive not only of human life but of the higher ideals of a nation. Hate takes the place of kindness. Oppression takes the place of justice. China does not want war either civil or foreign.

Our Science Hall was built through contributions made by Yuen Shih Chuan and the Rockefeller Foundation. We have named our Administration Hall after General Li Chuen, who gave us \$500,000 towards our expansion program. You probably have heard of Lu Mu-tsai, one-time Commissioner of Education of the Chili Province during the Ching Dynasty. He was one of the leaders in the Reform Movement during the 90's. He donated the money for the building of our library. The building cost \$100,000 and in our fire-proof stack room we have over 200,000 volumes. At our tables in our library we can accommodate 300 students. Our Science Hall cost about \$500,000. We do not get all our learning from text books but our students, armed with their notebooks and pencils, go in charge of

their instructors, to the various factories, large stores and governmental buildings to study and observe. Later, the results of their observations are discussed in the classrooms and, if in the government of the city they observe waste or graft, or lost motion among the city officials, the fact is brought out in the discussion. As these students will be the civic leaders of the future, it is well for them to know not only what to do but what to avoid doing. We have many activities outside of our classes. In fact, we have over 100 outside activities. Chang Hsueh Liang, a young general who was the military head of three eastern provinces, is giving us \$20,000 a year for a ten-year period. We are trying to get other generals and military leaders to give us funds to devote to the ways of peace rather than to the waste of war. Our plant represents an outlay of \$2,000,000 Mex. and we have an endowment of \$1,500,000 Mex. invested in bonds.

We want our students to learn the ways of your country and so, after graduating from our university, they come to America. We have students in the University of Washington, University of California, Columbia, Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Oberlin, Cornell, Syracuse, Purdue, Grinnell, University of Hawaii, Chicago University, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois, Northwestern and other smaller universities and colleges in the United States. The sons of the leaders of China are students at our university. The eldest son of Li Yuan Hung, former President of China, is one of our graduates.

NOWHERE is our progress more evident than in the new attitude toward the women of China. The girls presented a petition to me asking that a high school be started for girls. I started this school with an enrollment of 70 girls. We can now accommodate 400. General Feng Yuhsiang, the Christian General, is our firm friend and is doing much for us. He is using every influence to strengthen the Central Government. It is true we have many problems but once we establish a stabilized Central Government these can be taken up in detail and solved.

(Read further on page 59)

Westward March of America

By HOWARD R. DRIGGS

TWENTY-FOUR years ago Ezra Meeker first challenged the attention of our nation to the cause of reblazing the old Oregon Trail. It is almost a household story how he came out of the far Northwest with oxteam and prairie schooner retracing that historic highway from the Pacific to the Mississippi. Thence over the National Pike and the Mohawk Trail his plodding oxen brought him on and on right into the throbbing heart of New York City. His first reception here was to be arrested for having cattle on the street. Mayor Mitchell, however, rose to the occasion, gave the veteran the freedom of the city, and with a cordon of police as an escort he made his triumphal oxtteam drive down Broadway. Caught in the traffic jam on Wall Street, he had to have about half the police force to extricate him. But he got out at last, and journeyed on to the ancestral home of the Meekers in Elizabeth, New Jersey. Thence he went to Washington, where he was welcomed by President Roosevelt, who warmly approved his effort to save the story of the winning of the West.

With the remarkable resourcefulness of the pioneers he symbolized, he kept that cause in the limelight up to the day when, nearly 98, he passed over the Great Divide, whispering to his daughter as he died, "I am not quite ready to go; my work is unfinished."

One or two incidents out of those busy years reveal the dauntless spirit of this typical pioneer. Just after his oxtteam trek from ocean to ocean he made another trip along the Oregon Trail in an automobile he called "The Pathfinder"—this time to chart the historic spots along it for marking. Reaching the place where old Fort Hall—a famous way-station on the Oregon-California Trail—was supposed to be, he was astounded to find the old post seemingly swept off

the face of the earth. The Snake River on a high-water rampage had obliterated it. Failing to find any white man who could locate the site, and determined that this historic shrine should not pass into oblivion, the old pioneer turned to the In-

Excerpts from an address delivered by Dr. Howard R. Driggs on December 28, 1930, in New York City at exercises commemorative of the one-hundredth birthday of Ezra Meeker. This was the closing day of the "Covered Wagon Centennial," emphasis to which event was given by Presidential Proclamation made public on Washington's Birthday last. This Centennial marked the movement of the first wagon train from St. Louis to the Pacific Northwest. Readers of this magazine will recall the article in an earlier issue by Dr. Driggs entitled "America's Historical Opportunity," and a subsequent article by David Rhys Jones under caption "The Significance of the First Wagon Train." Those two and the present article form excellent material for history classes in school and for citizenship generally.

—EDITOR.

dians; and these helpful first Americans did not fail him. He finally found one of them who as a boy had lived near the Fort. This keen-eyed Redman, left to his own resources, led the exploring party through the meadowy lowlands along the river directly to a spot among the taller grass. There they discovered the rectangular outlines of the old post. Mr. Meeker, to confirm the find, took a spade and began to dig. He was not long unearthing bits of iron, charcoal, fragments of pottery and other relics of pioneer days. The lost Fort Hall was found.

THIS incident gives concreteness to the fact that Ezra Meeker was no shallow historian. It drives home, too, the urgent need for decisive action to save the fading trails and historic spots linked with the memory of our Western pioneers. It was to get just such action on a national scale that the doughty pioneer made

at this time another dramatic stroke that again arrested the attention of America. At the age of nearly 95 he flew with an army pilot over the old trail from Washington, his home state, to Washington, the capital. The log of the pilot shows that they made the flight at more than 100 miles an hour; in 1852, when he took his wife and babe across the plains in the covered wagon, he traveled about two miles an hour. As the daring veteran, whose life linked oxtteam with airship, landed in Washington he was greeted by President Coolidge, who, a short time after this, gave official approval to a measure passed unanimously by Congress for the minting of a beautiful memorial coin to be used for funding the enterprise of marking the pioneer trails to the West.

During the ninety-eighth summer of the aged pioneer, his spirit of youth and adventure found outlet in creating what he called his "oxmobile." On the chassis of an automobile he built, with schoolboy enthusiasm, the replica of the "prairie schooner." In this modernized covered wagon he made a trip into New England to remind our Northeast of its neglected history in the far Northwest.

The great work to which this dauntless American was clinging to the last was something far more vital than the mere marking of a pioneer trail. His goal was the preservation of our historical heritage. He strove to keep alive the spirit of real Americanism as it was exemplified in the lives of our pioneers,

*Whose "pilgrim feet,"
With "stern, impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
across a wilderness."*

These pioneers knew no such word as fail. It is a cause, indeed, that belongs to all America. In the making

of our great West, America was made. We add only glory to the revered founders of this republic to point out the fact that our nation came to its splendid self-realization only when the sons and daughters of the Revolution crossed the Alleghanies and began to carve empire states out of the great untamed commonwealth that had been won during our fight for freedom by such eaglets as George Rogers Clark. By the valor of these and the other daring Americans who carried on the conquest into the Farther West, 35 stars have been added to the immortal 13.

THE laurels for this mighty achievement belong to every state in our Union. Lewis and Clark from old Virginia, by daring exploration, clinched our claim to Oregon, won by right of discovery by that brave Yankee skipper from old Rhode Island, Captain Robert Gray. It was three Kentucky hunters of the breed of Daniel Boone, who piloted Wilson Price Hunt of old New Jersey and his overland Astorians through the Black Hills and the snowy Wind River ranges into the Valley of the Snake River. Jedediah Strong Smith, the Puritan Pathfinder from old New York, blazed the first trails of the white man across the deserts into California. Moses Austin of Connecticut led the first American colony into Texas, and Sam Houston, born in old Virginia, leading heroes from every one of the Thirteen Colonies, wrested the Lone Star state from the tyranny of Mexico. Gen. John C. Fremont, a native son of

old Georgia, made the master stroke that won California for America; and Commodore Sloat of the Empire State raised the first American flag in the Golden State. The Utah pioneers, those Pilgrims of the West, who have made our Western deserts "blossom as the rose," came from every state east of the Father of Waters. The West is truly an All-American creation, with a rich historical heritage that belongs to the youth of this nation.

The story of the Westward march of America is an integral part of our national epic. If you would feel the pulse of those who made the conquest of the West, follow John Coulter, a Kentucky boy, in his daring exploration alone, through the regions round what was once called "Coulter's Hell"—now Yellowstone Park. Battle through the snow-blocked Blue Mountains with that brave Indian mother, Pierre Dorion's wife, to save her children. Paddle with Jim Bridger, another boy from old Virginia, in his dugout canoe down the Bear River to the discovery of the Dead Sea of America—Great Salt Lake. Go with those two American heroines, the first white women to cross the Rockies—Narcissa Prentiss Whitman of New York and Eliza Spalding of Connecticut, carrying the cross of Christ into old Oregon. Join in that first Thanksgiving held in the West, when the Mormon pioneers, saved by the seagulls from famine, poured out their hearts to God for their deliverance from the cricket plague. Cheer your way with the thousands who toiled with hand-carts across the plains, singing this refrain:

*Some must push, and some must pull
Before we reach the Valley, O!*

Ride through a cordon of Indian foes for nearly a hundred miles in the dead of a Wyoming winter with "Portugee" Phillips, to bring relief to a beleaguered garrison of soldier boys. These and thousands of many other like stories of real heroism are the most precious of the many rich contributions the West has made to our country.

URGENT is the call that these splendidly American stories be taught in their vibrant verities to the youth of our land. As matters stand, our boys and girls—East and West—are not getting a square deal in their history. Their lessons in this basic subject are limited, sectional, bounded mainly on the West by the Alleghanies, or at best the Mississippi. Not a line would we subtract from the inspirational stories that link our hearts with Plymouth Rock and Independence Hall, Valley Forge and King's Mountain and other patriotic shrines of our East, but to this priceless heritage would we add the wealth of those other inspiring stories that are inwoven in the lives of the heroes and heroines who carried America from our sunrise lands to our realms beyond the Rockies. The day has come when this all-American history must be taught in all our schools.

These are the impelling motives that have inspired those who have guided the Covered Wagon Centennial. April 10 is a date of national significance lifted into the clear by the Centennial. The birthday of Oregon—May 2—is another date given national prominence during this year of commemoration. On that day in 1843, out at Champoege, in old Oregon, a group of stalwart Americans, representing fourteen different states of the East, rose in the face of opposition and organized the first American civil government west of the Rockies. This vital event was remembered fittingly not only by a state-wide commemoration in Oregon, but by a celebration in the historic Astor Hotel in New York.

Still another date given deserving recognition during this period of

(Read further on page 63)

A BIRTHDAY POEM

By AGNES AMBROSE

THE pattern you are weaving is most fair;
The soft warm colors form a rich design;
A trail of beauty I have loved to share,
Which happily enriched this life of mine.

Eager, I read the meaning of your plan,
Tracing with joy the deeds, the years, the friends;
Thrilling to note that by your side I stand;
May I be near you when the pattern ends.

When the World Turned Honest

THE Seven League Boots of Science overtook so many marvels in the latter half of the twentieth century that wonders ceased to astonish. The saying "It can't be done," died painfully and was forgotten. The astounding became the commonplace. It remained, however, for the twenty-first century to achieve the impossible: nothing less than the making of humanity honest.

It all came about through the descent upon the earth of the last, or electrical "ring." The aqueous "ring," which was the "flood" of Noah's day, being the last of the visible rings—or striated canopies—girdling the earth and making it appear to any creatures inhabiting other planets much the same as Saturn appears to us.

And if the vapor ring made a lot of trouble for all living things except fish, the electrical deluge did not stop at that point, but made a most thorough job of it.

But this is not a scientific discussion but a sort of hasty and, I fear, disconnected history of the happening following earth's electric bath. A more orderly arrangement will have to be left to the historians, who delight in post mortems and alibis.

The immediate effect of the permeation of our globe and its atmosphere with a peculiar energy, was to inhibit decay, banish "nerves," stabilize and adjust emotion as well as countless other effects. Its most startling effect was to ban the desire to do wrong. It did more than that: it became impossible to do wrong—or so it seemed at the beginning. In other words, murder, lying, stealing, cheating, suddenly ceased to be.

The ring had fallen about midnight. The morning papers had all been put to bed and were on the

BY WILL T. FITCH

streets before dawn as usual. There was nothing to do but get out "extras." But these were slow in coming—the editors and their staffs being themselves in the grip of whatever it was which made them afraid to print anything which was not truthful.

PADRE OF THE RAINS

(FATHER RICARD)

BY CLAIRE AVEN THOMSON

THEY called him Padre of the Rains . . . whose eyes
Yearned to the heavens . . . there was peace he said
In silver sky-ways of the night . . . a wealth
Of clear and lucent brightness aeon fed.

*When came the morning sun, the morning dew,
Refreshed in spirit of the starlight's giving,
Calmly he walked among the multitude
Wise in the kindness of life and living.*

*Scientist and learned astronomer
He shall be written in the book and deep,
But shall we not remember him as one
Whose touch was gentle as a star-lit sleep.*

*They called him Padre of the Rains . . . who lived
Nor walled, nor shackled . . . alien to bars
Of rooted prejudice and binding creed . . .
Not Padre of the Rains but of the Stars!*

In fact there were terrible rows over the first "extras," which came out minus all the advertising—the ad. men themselves, being expert liars, insisting on careful rewrites of their copy.

Weather reports were headed "Our Guess for Today"; the prize fight of the previous evening was reported as a fake by the promoters themselves; editorials read like confessions.

BUT let us get down to business. I was a reporter on the tri-daily Quizzer. Mine was the midnight to 6 a.m. trick, so I can tell you something about it.

I had just lounged into the city

room when a queer feeling seized me. I felt suddenly wide awake. Strength flowed into me. A headache I had been trying to shake, was gone. I craved action. Then, without realizing what I was doing, my hands went to my pockets and drew out all my money. I counted it, then made some notes on a sheet of copy paper. Yes, I had enough and a little over.

One of the boys who worked with me came in, looking excited. I handed him a dollar.

"What's this for?" he asked. He was Scotch and I had expected him to grab the coin.

"I borrowed it from you. Don't you remember?"

He laughed. "I don't want it. Money don't mean anything. I used to think that it did. I wanted every coin I saw. When I went to the bank to make a deposit, my fingers itched and my eyes watered just to look at the piles of currency."

"Sure," I blatted. "I might as well tell you that I didn't intend to pay you back. What's the matter

with us, anyway? I just have to hunt up all the people I owe and pay 'em back."

THAT is how it started. Together we rushed out to the street. A patrol wagon clanged up to our favorite speakeasy, patronized by all the printers. We were more than surprised to see Eddie, the slickest bootlegger in town, giving himself up and directing the raiding of his place.

"I've been all wrong," he was saying to a police sergeant. "I want everything cleaned up. I'll do my time on the rock pile."

"Not if I can prevent it, ye won't," the sergeant was saying, "Ye're a good scout, an 'anyway, everybody

has a right to drink if they want."

"Did you hear that?" I asked MacGregor. But he was handing a pocket flask to a policeman as I spoke and did not hear me.

The cop took the flask, laughed and tossed it into a garbage can. "That's all right, Mac. I'm off the stuff meself, since midnight."

A dark-clad man was holding to the officer's sleeve. "Here, McGinnis, are muh tools. Take me in, won't yer? I've jimmed me last winder."

The officer turned. "Why, if it isn't Slick, the Dip. I been lookin' for ye for a long time. But no matter . . . don't bother me now."

"But I'm takin' muh stretch, see? I'm goin' straight, see?"

"Chuck yer tools in th' trash can, Slick. We'll say no more about it. I don't want t' see ye 'cross th' bay. G'wan wid ye."

AND that was the way it went everywhere. We hurried toward the City Hall. Already, crowds were on the streets, shaking hands with each other, paying bad debts or begging to be arrested. My head whirled with the news values of it all; yet it was not news. Dead before it was born. Everyone seemed equally affected. There was no surprise, no suspicion, no resentment anywhere. When dawn came, the streets were crowded. Traffic moved in an orderly fashion. No one tried to beat the signals, there was no jaywalking. No ambulances, fire engines, taxis, reeled through the streets.

Arriving at the City Hall, MacGregor and I found its corridors jammed with a laughing crowd of bail brokers, bootleggers, burglars, grafters, shady citizens. No one knew exactly what to do now that they were there. The mayor, city council, police force, had locked themselves in the cells of the city prison and refused to come out—grinning through the bars as the besieging criminal element without, fought to get in. "First come, first served," they said. "We're guilty, so why not give us the first chance?"

BY nine o'clock, carpenters, painters, sign writers, were building huge billboards in the City Hall square. The latest news was being hastily chalked up. MacGregor and

I stood in the crowd and read them.

Congress Repeals the Constitution . . . The President Resigns . . . Members of the Senate and House March in a Body to Blackwell's Island and Give Themselves Up . . . Volstead a Suicide . . . Ford Cuts His Cars to \$1.99 . . . Mellon Unlocks Treasury, Disappears . . . London: Titles Abolished, Equality Proclaimed. Hongkong: Chopsticks Out; Hundred Million Spoons Ordered From New England. . .

A feature writer on our paper seized my arm. "The city editor wants you on the jump."

"Hello, Andy," I said, shaking his hand. "Glad to see you. I'll run right over. Is he mad?"

"That's the odd thing about it. He isn't. I turned in my daily article and he said 'Fine!' I had told the truth about him, you see. I always wanted to bawl him out. Of course I did it in a kindly spirit."

"You would."

Leaving Andy and Mac together, I hurried to the office. Jenks, the city editor, grinned at me.

"I'm raising your pay," he said genially. "And I'm giving you a roving commission to go out and drag in whatever interests you. We'll print it just as you write it." We shook hands and I left him before he could change his mind.

I HAD never crashed the Sunday edition, so I started out with that idea in mind. But it turned out that there were no plots, because there was no evil—no brutal heroes, no oppressed maids. All I could do was to make random notes of my impressions of what had happened to the world. Here it is, just as it was printed:

Chinamen speak what they think now. Diplomats are writing confessions. Statesmen are breaking down and crying like babies. Small boys do not brag or show off; little girls do not try to look cute and enticing. Radio announcers are being dragged from under beds. Turkey, Armenia and the East generally, hard hit. Rug merchants weep in streets because they cannot lie to their patrons. Robber bands clamor to quit. British free India. Jews get Palestine.

Writers, night watchmen, doctors . . . Just a word of explanation here:

Whether I mentioned it or not, the electrical "pacifier" so unexpectedly thrust upon the world had, according to the scientists, destroyed all disease germs, all germs of decay along with the power to think or do evil. That was where the doctors lost out. Drug stores sold nothing but ice cream and lead pencils. Physicians could not denounce the agency which had deprived them of their business, for they must speak the truth.

Judges, jurors, officials, were also out of a job, for it took two to make a legal argument. Spellbinders were broken-hearted, but penitent. The Salvation Army disbanded. There remained no sinners to convert, no poor in need of old clothes.

John D. was giving away dollars. The Power Trust had signed over its properties to the people. Railroads reduced fares to streetcar size.

BY all the rules, I should now be suffering from a splitting headache. But I never felt so well in my life. I entered a downtown store just to see how the new order affected them.

A clerk addressed me courteously: "Can I . . . I mean, you had better not buy here, sir. Our goods are inferior. Blank's, in the next block, have better values."

"I did not wish to purchase," I hastened to say.

"Oh, then have a seat here at the counter. I want to tell you how homely and disgusting you are."

"You look too dumb to be interesting," I said, quite truthfully. "I will be going."

"You are quite right. I hoped you would not stay. Anyway, you look like the goofy kind who buy things they do not want. Please stay away."

A floorwalker bowed to me.

"I see you did not purchase," he said eagerly. "I hoped you wouldn't."

On the street I met a doctor friend. He seized my hand. "As a brother Elk," he said gayly, "tell me what is going to be the outcome of all this."

"How should I know?" I countered.

"You get about a lot. How does it strike you?"

"Looks all right to me. Everyone (Read further on page 62)

The Real Joaquin Murietta

As Told by
ALFONSO MASON BURNHAM
to MARY GOODRICH

IN early days there was an area called the Plaza where horse-trading was carried on, and the sandy soil in which it lay was the Mecca for San Francisco youths old enough to throw a knife blade into a distant peg. Horse-trading intervals eclipsed the excitement of the game, for any lad of fourteen was well versed in the salable points of a horse. Horse-manship was a necessity as well as an accomplishment, and its acquisition was begun at an early age.

One day as I watched a deal between two traders at the Plaza, a dashing rider galloped up. His handsome face was framed in brown hair trimmed long, after the mode of the day, and his grey eyes shone with an intellectual light that contrasted sharply with the dull and heavy-eyed Mexican accompanying him. His manner was brisk and energetic, yet carried a suggestion of gentle breeding, and it was this poised and polished surface that set a stamp of distinction upon him. His costume was the picturesque and easy riding clothes of the age and the dark bay horse that carried him was reined high with a silver-mounted bridle.

I was attracted at once by the personality of the rider and his proud and gleaming mount. "Who is he?" I asked in the native tongue of the Spanish boys standing in the circle.

They whispered the reply. "It's Joaquin Murietta,—some say he

is responsible for the killings at Murphys and Sonora."

"So! Cae bien a' caballo," was my rejoinder, the serious charge diminishing in the presence of such apparent prowess and rare

Because of highly embellished accounts that continue to appear regarding Joaquin Murietta, and because I have full knowledge of the young bandit's career following his alleged ignominious end, I present herewith the sincere facts to weigh against such inaccuracies. The farther from their subject do the years remove these enthusiastic authors, the more brilliantly colored have the facts become; indeed another name for Murietta's wife has almost entirely removed the one really belonging to her. I knew the young Castilian too well to be deceived by the black head of the Mexican that early San Franciscans paid one dollar each to see on exhibition; I knew the store keeper in Los Angeles County who outfitted him for the return journey to Sonora, Mexico, weeks after Captain Love's heroic capture; I knew Murietta's nephew who gave the laugh to the gringos' versions of the beheading. And a decade after the bottle exhibition in San Francisco, there was related to me by General Manuel Castro the narrative that was authentic death notice of Murietta in a Mexican revolution.

personality. It was my introduction to the bandit, just seven years my senior and the coolest and youngest highwayman the West had ever known.

OUR next meeting was in a field of grain in Sonoma County where I had driven with the Indian foreman of my father's ranch. Indian cattle thieves had given us frequent visits and carried off bands of our stock without any serious interference on our part; so Jose's ire was aroused

to the killing point. He proposed this time to give chase and I joined him. We followed the trail that at intervals was definitely marked to Jose's sharp eye with the hoofs of our ranch cattle. We had reached the grain belt when two riders came toward us. One was Murietta, the other may have been Three-fingered Jack. The latter was not a Spaniard, and as rumor had it that Jack was of Irish origin, my conclusion was that the companion on that occasion was the notorious schemer whom Captain Love actually captured.

Murietta hailed us and we stopped. I explained our errand and although he had not seen the retiring thieves, he gave us suggestions as to where caches in the mountains, harboring stolen stock, might be located. The second time his friendly manner and handsome face excited my admiration, and, if I could not fail to recognize the daring in his character, it did not convince me that mere love of cruelty lay back of his misdeeds.

The misdeed became undeniable crime. After our meeting in Sonoma County, Murietta's program of murder and plunder grew to proportions and no longer was there kindly doubt about the authorship. The vengeance he had sworn to mete out to the men responsible for outrages to his wife and his brother's death was carried out in deadly earnest; word of his fearless appearance in Mo-

kelumne Hill saloon to the dismay of the habitués and his signature on posted notices of reward for his capture were going the rounds of the local world. The people were terrorized, and law-abiding citizens were roused to action. His capture became imperative to the peace and safety of the community. It was the duty of every one to assist so far as possible in his apprehension.

Murietta's protective instinct for his wife was strengthened by their early experience on the Stanislaus. Their private camp, thereafter, was never in the ruffian band but many miles removed. There a comfortable cabin was set up and its existence was not revealed.

Captain Love, working patiently on the contradictory clues afforded by Murietta's irregular habits, at last surprised the highwaymen in their camp. A hard night's ride lay behind the band, and they were cleaning the road dust from the backs of their horses. Murietta stood behind his bay horse, restoring the sheen to its beautiful coat. When the squad appeared, he flashed one word in a tone calculated to reach the farthest bandit. It meant Scatter! And it was acted upon without ceremony. Murietta slipped to the ground and disappeared. On the mountain side he secured one of the horses always provided for such emergency and dashed away to the private camp. There he and his young wife made hasty preparations for a sojourn in Los Angeles County.

THE capture created a stir in the state. San Franciscans were invited to view the bottled head of Joaquin Murietta and the hand of Three-fingered Jack. I went, paid a dollar for the privilege and saw most of the town either coming out or going in. There was a hand with three fingers preserved in a bottle of alcohol. In the bottle beside it was a head. But the hair was black, the features were coarse and the eyes black. Not Murietta. I knew this was not the head of Murietta, but I had no hearing, for the capture had gained its purpose. Three-fingered Jack was captured and the band was dispersed. The capture was none the less heroic; but I knew that another of the bandit gang had been taken in Murietta's stead. Several months later I had positive proof of this when I met Murietta face to face in San Jose!

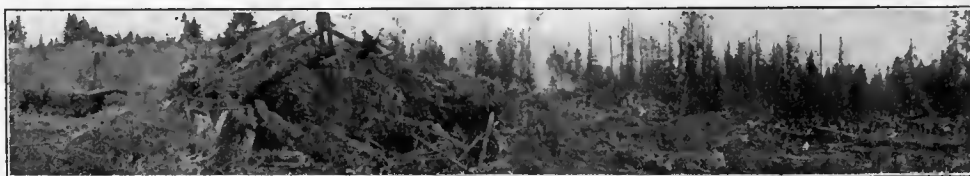
A resolve was born of this meeting,—a resolve to assure myself at least of the details of his escape and the future safety of the community. A year later these assurances were in my hand after a trip to Los Angeles County, where I saw first among the witnesses I was seeking, Murietta's nephew. He gave me the facts of Murietta's escape from camp and his retirement to Los Angeles relatives; and the tale included the determination Murietta had reached before Captain Love's raid, to leave the state, for his list of victims was exhausted. So eager was the nephew to convince me of Murietta's safety that he

gave me the needed evidence. For corroboration I was told to seek the storekeeper and a rancher across the river from Los Angeles; both had seen the journey to Mexico begun.

Sepulvida was the name of the storekeeper. He told me of the supplies he had sold to Joaquin. Four mules were loaded with provisions for the journey and when the supplies were strapped on, he headed for the pass across the river.

I followed the route indicated, crossed the river and interviewed the rancher, Phillipe Lugo, to whom Murietta had applied for an exchange of horses. One of the band they were driving before them had gone lame and Lugo made the exchange. The deal ended without any promises of secrecy asked or given, for Murietta was aware that his fellow countrymen would protect him so long as any protection was needed.

A decade passed and the name of Joaquin Murietta became a red memory. Even if the fact that he and his wife were alive in far-away Mexico had become known, it was all one,—molestation was not feared now. His list of victims had been exhausted and his wrongs avenged. I had quite forgotten the problem when, a decade later, I met General Castro. On his word I received the news of Joaquin Murietta's death in a Mexican revolution. His career closed with bloodshed, but it was a national instead of a private war that caused it.



Carmel By the Sea

WE sat about the table and argued enthusiastically; Ben and Jack hotly defending the rugged beauties of the Tioga, Kay and I serenely clinging to the urban joys of the Coast Route, Santa Barbara and Riverside. The tide of discussion rose and waned, dwindled to a mere rehearsal of ways and means; both sides lost interest. Then Jack, self-consciously pinching at the candle nearest him, said with great carelessness, "How about Carmel?"

With a sigh of relief we packed our bags and went. Having done our duty as conscientious Californians, paused and pondered its strongholds of pride (and prejudice); we were free to turn our backs on the vanities of the flesh and seek that place of the spirit whose very name is Open-Sesame to mood and memory.

I remember the first time Jack and I suggested it to Ben and Kay. We moved with infinite caution, approaching the subject through the by-ways and hedges of an evening's chat. We liked them so much; were so fearfully anxious not to be disappointed. Jack started from the vantage point of our mutual delight in one R. L. S., whose temporary lodging is the first scene of interest

By HELEN GRAY PHILLIPS

to the visitor in Monterey (unless, perchance, he has heard of Pop Earnest's, in which case it is the second). Having landed on both feet, so to speak, I felt Jack pull himself together for the plunge. "And I've wondered," he continued easily, while I held my breath, "why Stevenson never had more to give about Carmel. Too ill, and embroiled in his own dilemma, I suppose. Have you been there?"

Ben and Kay looked at each other before Kay said, in her gentle way, "Oh, yes. We chose it for our honeymoon." But the look was enough. She needn't have said anything. Wherever you find that look, you find a true Carmelite. Grapple him to you with bands of steel, for time cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite hours of rare pleasure in store for you.

The true Carmelite is the most unsocial soul alive, and a good part of the time the most unsociable. By that I mean the garrulous type of sociability. Not that complete harmony of enjoyment which needs only silence to make itself half divine. If a person is a Carmelite in truth, you may bring him from months of hard bargaining, or sprightly and trivial

intercourse, and the second day find him lying silent and remote against a dune with only a flicker of the lips to welcome or warn.

No so the alien. He will answer, "Oh,—Carmel. It's the dirtiest place in the world! (With the music of the ages whispering through the pines, why begrudge the dust of ages in one's shoes?) Or he will say, "I've driven through. It's an artist's colony, isn't it?"

And you answer helplessly, "Yes, I suppose it is."

True to our high hopes, Ben and Kay had not failed us, and given the opportunity and choice, we turned like true worshippers to Mecca. What matters it that the lavender and yellow crest of dune-flowers breaking softly along the high, billowing beach-line should be trampled by the rude feet of an increasingly insurgent public; that incorrigible lovers of the tidy must fence out the natural and fill in with the neat. . . The sweep of ocean and sky, white curve of the shore, ravine-shadowed mountain slope, and black-green of the pines is beyond desecration.

Luxury, prosaic and unimaginative, rolls by with bulging purse and golf-bag, leaving the secret places of wonder to those who wish to remain in solitude, and marvel.

Don't Admit Defeat

MR. W. G. SCOTT of Los Angeles and Bishop, submits the following from the Los Angeles Herald which was printed under the caption, "Don't Admit Defeat." Mr. Scott comments on the statement as follows: "It is good stuff, but it can be boiled down to the simple sentence—'Be sure you are right, then go ahead.'" He continues: "Whenever things drag, I think of Columbus. He was forced to accept handouts from convent kitchens, while he was struggling with his plan for discovery of America."

DON'T ADMIT DEFEAT

There is power and eventual success in never acknowledging defeat. With faith in coming up at last on the right side, blaze a path ahead and keep going.

When uncertain, don't rush on precipitately, but keep a keen gaze and advance cautiously. However, whether slowly or more rapidly, keep on going, edging in here and twisting around here, but keeping an eye always in the right direction.

A steadfast heart and fixed purpose will often win out against great odds. Nor should there be any time lost in lamenting because the progress may be slow and the judgment at times perplexed.

Everyone has spells of not knowing which way to turn.

Earnest, consistent effort in the present, and faith in the future, are both necessary in order to accomplish the best results in any line.

Prince of Montalvo

NO SIGN of life has yet broke the hush of early morn at Montalvo. She, with all her voluptuous beauty, once more unfolded her charms for the delight of those within. Up the graveled slope that led from outer confusion trudged a weary visitant. The heavy scent of orange blossoms perfumed his labored breath.

His coat was dull, unkempt; his feet caked with mud. Only the light of adventure that shone in his eyes salvaged him from the depths of an outcast; only the faith of a dog who seeks his master gave strength to his faltering footsteps. His was a love that brooked no denial, an offering that he could now lay at that master's feet. He sank gratefully on the spotless porch, his matted coat a blotch against its whiteness.

A houseman whistled merrily on his rounds. Things were as they should be. Happy, descendant of illustrious police dogs was soon to be a mother. Husky little balls of fur would be scampering over the kennels, accepting from life all delicacies as their due—aristocrats of truest breed. Only the finest was worthy of Montalvo, the man thought. His eye lit, in absolute unbelief, on the shabby intruder. A mongrel of mongrels, with the shade of a thousand ancestors desecrating the tradition of perfection.

One determined step forward, hand pregnant with eviction. But the faith that knew no obstacle arrested the gesture. No apology for his presence in the glance that met his. A calm indifference to impending evil. An ease which precluded his right to be there. The houseman scratched his head in perplexity, as he backed away. The same look of bewilderment filled his eyes in recounting to others that the animal seemed to be waiting for someone. "Maybe he'll wander off again," he shrugged doubtfully.

(In Memory of Senator Phelan)

By SADIE DOYLE

Numberless servants hurried to and fro, intent on duties to be performed. No sign of recognition filled the brown eyes, as each glanced curiously in his direction.



He, whom he sought was evidently not amongst these. Calm, unobtrusive he lay, almost forgotten in the morning sunshine.

THE front door opened softly. Senator Phelan stepped forth, drinking in again the beauty of his estate, his heart thrilling anew to

this bit of California that was his. Perfectly groomed, as ever, a brilliant carnation at lapel reflecting his joyous mood. The penetrating gaze swept the distance of the awakening valley, then dropped to rest on the eager little form that now quivered at attention.

"Who is this?" he asked, dropping into an easy chair, his eyes alert for the unusual. One white hand stroked tenderly the shaggy head. One grimy paw pleaded from the immaculate knee.

"I don't know" a servant apologized. "He seemed to be waiting for someone. I'll run him out now, if you wish."

He moved as if to lay a hand on the dog's collar. But the animal nestled closer to his saviour. His head dropped in surrender on the Senator's knee, his eyes again expressing the belief that the decision would be in his favor.

The Senator looked deep into the canine eyes. Perhaps, he saw something there denied you and me. Something of an inner beauty that glorified the common clay.

"Were you looking for someone, Dog?" he asked gently. "Am I the one you seek?" A rough tongue caressed his hand in silent gratitude. The Senator called him "Prince".

That is the story of how Prince, the cur who adopted Senator Phelan for his master came to Montalvo. And, that is why for many years this queer black specimen graced the place of honor at his side. A one man dog, attached solely to his master. As years slipped by, the dignity of a great love softened the contours of his ugliness.

Distinguished guests tripping by, wondered perhaps at the incongruity of his presence in the midst of splendor. Many of them, not knowing his history, went away chagrined no doubt, because with all their affluence, they could not duplicate the unusual breed of the Senator's Prince.

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION FOR THRIFT AND CONSERVATION

A. R. CLIFTON, EDITOR

SOME two years ago there was a comprehensive survey of thrift and conservation activities in California schools. The data secured were assembled and a bulletin entitled "Thrift Teaching in the California Schools" was sent to all members of the association. September last the secretary addressed an inquiry to school superintendents, principals, class teachers and others as to progress made in thrift and conservation during recent months; the types of work found most beneficial; how the regular classwork has been enriched through the introduction of problems and projects of thrift, and difficulties encountered by the teachers. Most of those reached by the inquiry are using as a guide the "Outline of the Course of Study in Thrift Education."

Space will permit inclusion here of brief excerpts only of a few replies. These will typify the advances made in the more progressive schools. Quoting from a report sent by John B. Monlux, Deputy Superintendent of Los Angeles city schools and member of the official staff of the Los Angeles Banks School Savings Association:

"While we stress the saving of money and the great necessity for young people learning to save, this is only a small part of the thrift work that we are doing in the schools. We consider this work in its various ramifications so very important that it is made a part of the grading of pupils on the citizenship side of the report card. We are laying constant stress upon respect for property; care of books, furniture and buildings; care of own property; consideration for the property of others; recognition of the value of time. We dwell, too, upon the proper spending of money, the development of health and the proper use of leisure time. I believe that we are doing all along the line of thrift and conservation education that can reasonably be expected of us. This thrift course of study has been carried on regularly in our schools for the last eight or ten years."

Mr. Monlux points out that the school savings have reached (June 30, 1930) a total of \$1,561,247, the number of active accounts having

mounted to 72,179. Belief is expressed in the report that the \$2,000,000 mark will have been reached by the end of the year.

A. J. Gray, Supervisor of the Los Angeles Banks School Savings Association, reports 268 elementary and 23 junior high schools operating school savings. Each school has an average of 17 classrooms with 36 pupils per room, and each class contains 15 active bank savers, with an average of \$21.31 on deposit in the bank.

FROM the report of the superintendent of schools of Alameda County, David E. Martin, the following is quoted:

"Permit me to say, in all sincerity, that the matter of thrift and character building are inseparably linked. One is a concomitant of the other. Thirty-six years' work in education, and almost twenty-six years as a parent, has proven the truth with respect to the linkage of these two. In your present position, if you could do no more than this, drive home the truth of the inseparability of thrift education as fundamental in character education, you have not lived in vain. The greatest weakness of all people who work for a salary, and teachers perhaps more than all people in other vocations, is that they have no definite systematic plan of saving. I am aghast at the financial condition of teachers with large salaries who are utterly without responsibility for any other person than themselves. If they could be taught to be thrifty, there would not be the need for a teachers' pension, which now exists and always will exist, unless we train the coming generation differently."

SANFORD M. ANDERSON, President-Manager of the People's Building & Loan Association of Inglewood, whose organization cooperates fully in the work done by Superintendent George M. Green and corps of teachers, writes in appreciation of what the California Association for Education in Thrift and Conservation is accomplishing. The report says:

"We annually conduct a thrift poster

contest in the grammar schools of our city, and also a thrift oratorical contest in the high school. We have had the finest cooperation with the faculty of both schools, and I would, therefore, be pleased to have you mail to me any booklets or circulars that you may put out from time to time. Will also kindly ask you to tell me how I can obtain a subscription to the Thrift Magazine, which I understand is published by the American Society for Thrift."

THE report from the Glendale schools, Richardson D. White, superintendent, states that the continuance of school savings has been made possible through the hearty cooperation of the banks represented in the Glendale Clearing House. These banks paid all expenses of operating the system. The report continues:

"The results are certainly gratifying and furnish a very strong indication of the interest which children will take in saving when properly taught. The system not only gives the children an opportunity to start a bank account, but also, through posters and through actual lessons given by the director and by the teachers under her instruction, teaches the children thrift through the proper care of their own property and of the property of the school. Its greatest accomplishment, of course, is the inculcation of the habit of saving."

Miss Anna L. La Grange, school banking director for Glendale, reports 7,474 accounts with a net balance of \$54,590.23 and interest amounting to \$1,385.77, with 2,796 new accounts during the year.

"It is very gratifying to find," says the director, "so many of those who started banking at the very first are still continuing." Miss La Grange says further: "We have those who save throughout the year to withdraw for a vacation, also for parents who need the money. The great majority are saving for further education, which we heartily encourage."

Superintendent White writes:

"We try to teach thrift and conservation also in the care which we require the children to take in the handling of public property such as books, school furni-

(Read further on page 62)

Etchings and Charcoals

(From page 38)

members Yerba Buena and its early song birds—gardens that are of the past, the present and, assuredly of an increasingly interesting future. Another mecca lies across the bay, where are the cultivated acres that were once the broad fields of early Piedmont ranchers and the rich duck marshes of Oakland; and on the hills near San Jose where are wealthy estates that have succeeded the maize and barley lands of the departed Indian. Now gardens of extraordinary beauty spread over these districts, ready for the artist's brush to preserve them for all time, and in many of them Edson Newell is a familiar figure. From one of them he has seized at its height a blanket of roses which nature has thrown over a garden wall; from another

the pool in which pink, white and yellow aquatic lilies are guarded



by the bronze faun from an im-water where a white birch tree is reflected; here the sunken garden

ported market, or a spot in the of more than floral interest, where the lord of the garden has worked out a curious story in oriental history, and there a hedge of waxy coprosma or a barbered choisia ternata. Trees and shrubbery share the studies with architectural interest that the etcher has been quick to perceive. Many corners of such areas have gone into greeting cards, and the galleries at Gump's and Paul Elder's in San Francisco have studies of Mr. Newell's on display.

The results of such an art, made of familiar and loved material, are satisfying and, until sunlight and the fragrance of blossoming things may be captured by the artist and set upon his drawing board, no more can be asked of him. Reproductions that charm and convince one of the floral setting of a garden-minded world have reached the peak.

Can the Writer Function in California?

FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Notes by PERCY B. KINNEY

MR. FREDERICK O'BRIEN, author of *White Shadows* in the South Seas and other books, in addressing the Section on Literature of the Commonwealth Club on the topic "Can the Writer Function in California?" said recently:

"The California writer can function here only in so far as the natural advantages of climate, scenic beauty, and a contemplative, peaceful atmosphere are considered. The disadvantages lie in the great distance between California and the publishing centers. It is imperative for the writer to be in actual touch with editors and publishers. Will and Wallace Irwin had to seek Eastern fields to function as they should. The same was and is true of many others: Genevieve Taggard, Jimmy Hopper, Peter Kyne, and I—to

mention only a few—have had to live long enough in New York to firmly establish a desirable publishing connection and then return at intervals to properly maintain that connection.

"California is an ideal land, especially around San Francisco, for writers to live in, but it lacks the great stimulus of many writers herding together and meeting at odd times for mental comparisons and literary shoulder-rubbing. In New York they congregate in large numbers, and these meetings help immensely to clear the minds of individual writers from an unconscious belief in their own monopoly of ideas—a most salutary lesson. The mental stimulus resulting from frequently matching minds and wits with fellow-writers is of the most

incalculable value. Apart from the great Eastern cities, the MacDowell colony at Peterboro, Vermont, offers a summer (or all-year) home for artists and writers at negligible cost, and here is another mental-potlatch stamping ground for those who create. Beside myself, I found many writers there who loved not only the place itself, but its atmosphere. Among others there were Thornton Wilder, Willa Cather and Zona Gale. California needs such an artists' colony, or at least a meeting place for writers, for an excuse to bring them together. The San Francisco Bay region at the present time is full of good writers—it remains for some personality or idea to bring them together for mental exchange and stimulation; and this

(Read further on page 57)

Books and Writers

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW—By Washington Irving. Edition de Luxe, Limited to 229 Copies. Printed by Charles H. Falk, San Francisco.

A **N**OTHER fine printer must be included in the goodly number already credited to San Francisco. Only Charles H. Falk, who has designed and reprinted Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," is a linotype operator instead of a handcraft workman. He has used 10 point Cloister, Old Style, type and has spaced and justified the pages in a most artistic and beautiful manner. This makes the text the outstanding feature of the book. The composition itself, especially the close, even spacing, is the chief merit.

A monotone shadow border made to include the two opposite pages adds much to the general effect. These and the wood cuts were done by Judson L. Starr. Deckle-edged, Arnold Handmade Paper and an exquisite bit of gold stamping on the cover completes a very satisfactory binding ensemble.

Almost anything is possible with handset types, but it is quite another story when a big complicated machine is employed. Charles H. Falk knows how to tell this other story exceedingly well. He has followed the best traditions of the handcraftsmen and has mastered some of his favorite practices.

—Frona Eunice Wait Colburn.

MAGAZINE ARTICLE WRITING—By Ernest Brennecke, Jr., Lecturer in English, Columbia University, and Donald Lemen Clark, Associate Professor of English, Columbia University. The Macmillan Company.

SO much has been written about the writing of the short story that one may well ask why so little help has been offered to the writer of articles. "Magazine Article Writing," by a lecturer and an associate professor of one of the best-known

universities in the country, one that has done much to disprove the old definition that "a university is a place where nothing useful is taught," develops the process from the inception of the article to its placing. "Getting the Article Into Print," Chapter 9, containing "Why Articles Are Rejected," will receive first attention from many readers, but the wiser ones will begin at the beginning and clear the ground in the first eighty pages, plan the article in the next twenty, and then write the first draft.

Part Two, the discussion of article types, will enable many to see their objectives and will clear up all sorts of difficulties. The book is exceptionally valuable in its directness, its practical application to the subject in hand, its conciseness, and its readable quality.

—Laura Bell Everett.

ROADSIDE MEETINGS—By Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company, New York. 475 pages. Price \$3.50.

BOOKS by Hamlin Garland are eagerly read. "Roadside Meetings" is a worthy successor to such books as "Trail Makers of the Middle Border," "A Son of the Middle Border," and others of the Middle Border series. In "Roadside Meetings," Hamlin Garland has given us in intensely gripping fashion some of the intimate associations with the great literary lights of the last four or five decades. He has been on familiar terms with such notables as Lowell, Walt Whitman, John Burroughs, Kipling, Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, Joaquin Miller, Theodore Roosevelt, George Bernard Shaw, Mark Twain, Henry James, and others whose names are known to the uttermost corners of the world. The book consists of 37 chapters, and, including as it does bits of experience, scraps of conversation, excerpts from various writings and impressions of personalities, it forms a distinct contribution for the student of literature and is in-

teresting in the extreme to the general reader. But not alone is it valuable in the light it throws upon the various writers and literary men that figure in its pages. In no better way could one acquire a picture of the works of Hamlin Garland himself, from the days of his literary beginnings down to the present. Fortunate indeed is the individual who can possess himself of a copy of "Roadside Meetings." The book is delightfully bound with beautiful type faces and a full-page frontispiece, sketched in black and white, of the author. The decorations in the book are by Constance Garland.

—A. H. C.

OREGON TRAIL BLAZERS—By Fred Lockley. The Knickerbocker Press, New York.

THIS is the third Oregon book written by Fred Lockley in which the author relates the blazing of trails to Oregon by trader, missionary and settler. In the first chapter he tells about "Ghost Cities of the West," towns that were once favorite camping places for eager throngs hurrying southward from the Willamette Valley to the gold diggings of California. Another chapter deals with John Ledyard, that indefatigable explorer who aroused the interest of Thomas Jefferson in exploring the Oregon country. Captain Robert Gray, who discovered the Columbia River in 1792, named it for his ship, and the first American ship to visit Honolulu was this same Columbia, in command of Captain Gray. The exploration of the great American continent was something deeply cherished by that astute statesman, Thomas Jefferson. His was the spacious design of a continent to be kept inviolate for American freedom. He saw the fruition of his efforts in the Lewis and Clark expedition. President Jefferson wrote with his own hand the instructions for the guidance of Captain Lewis, who led the expedition. Captain Lewis chose for his associate William

Clark, youngest brother of General Rogers Clark; then there were 20 soldiers, 11 voyageurs and 9 frontiersmen who were members of the party.

The result of the Lewis and Clark expedition was the creation of keen interest in the Oregon country. A brigade of trappers set out in the spring to establish trading posts. John Jacob Astor founded Astoria, which he believed would become the metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

Dr. John McLoughlin was sent to the Oregon country. He arrived at Fort George, as the British termed Astoria, in the fall of 1824. Dr. McLoughlin was the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Furs were shipped to Montreal, then to London, while goods used for trade with Indians were shipped each spring from London and arrived in Montreal during the summer and sent the following spring in 90-pound parcels for distribution to the trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. A chapter is devoted to Hall Jackson Kelly, who may be called the father of the Oregon emigration movement.

Jedediah S. Smith belongs to that period of exploration and discovery of the West. He brought the first party of white men into the Willamette Valley by way of southern Oregon 101 years ago. He was an unusual young man, quiet in manner; his voice was low but he had dauntless courage. He prepared a number of maps showing the geography in detail of hitherto unknown districts. Closing chapters of the book deal with Jason Lee, missionary, and Marcus Whitman, pathfinder and patriot.

—Grace Talbot Hadley.

AMBER TO AMPERES—By Ernest Greenwood. Harper & Bros., New York. 332 pages. Price \$4.

THE title of this volume might indicate a book of technical nature and one ill-adapted to the general reader. Such is not the case. While scientific in its foundation, it is popular in treatment and shows accurately the application and development of electricity to the modern world. Mr. Greenwood is the author of such books as "Aladdin, U.S.A." "Prometheus, U. S. A.," "Edison:

The Boy—The Man," etc. And he has in this volume undertaken to bring out the salient points in scientific and technical development in the language of the layman.

There are in the volume 18 chapters under such suggestive headings as—to choose a few at random: The Philosopher's Stone; The First Civilized American; Science, Democracy, and Frogs' Legs; The God in the Machine; Civilization, Light, and the Electric Arc; Corraling the Incandescent Lamp; The Electric Telegraph; Electrical Speech; Out of the Air; Old Man River. Under these entrancing captions, the author brings to the reader stories as fascinating as any fiction could possibly be. The entire story of electricity from its earliest discovery to the modern electrical age is unrivaled. All, in light of the men who have made its use so vital to us all, for example: Watt, Faraday, Gilbert, Franklin, Morse, Bell, Marconi, Edison, and others. The volume is well illustrated and admirably printed and bound.

—A. H. C.

THE COLUMBIA UNVEILED—

By M. J. Lorraine. The Times-Mirror Press, Los Angeles, 446 pages. Price \$3.

THE Columbia River is one of the great rivers of the world. Until recently little has been known of it, and even today, with the exception of travelers and explorers, the average reader is quite unfamiliar with the Columbia and the territory through which it flows. Taking its rise in the mountains of Canada, it flows north through British Columbia, with the Selkirks on either side, and turns in a "U" to the southward until it reaches the boundary of the United States; thence southwest and west in a bend to the north, and again coming south to the region about Walla Walla, Washington. From here it begins to broaden out and flows in a generally westerly direction to its mouth at Astoria, a distance of some 1,500 miles.

Mr. M. J. Lorraine, the author of the present volume, an engineer of eminence and a lover of the outdoors, determined to make the trip by boat from the source to the mouth of the Columbia. This he did when 67 years of age, "The Colum-

bia Unveiled" being the result of this trip. "I had always been interested in the Columbia River," says Lorraine, "due mainly to the fact that one of my ancestors, Samuel Brown, was one of the six Boston merchants who outfitted the expedition that discovered the mouth of the river." It will be remembered that in the early days it was known there was a great river in the northwest country, spoken of in general terms as "The River of the West." Later the name was changed to the "Oregon," by Captain Jonathon Carver, who, in 1756, attempted to reach it by a trip across the continent, but failed in his undertakings. David Thompson, in the employ of the Northwest Company, explored the Columbia in 1807. From that date until the successful attempt of Mr. Lorraine, no one navigated the river through its entire length.

Says the author: "Almost anyone makes the mistake in stressing the travel and adventure of my trio which I consider but incidental. I intended the book to be historical and educational and wrote it to enlighten a deplorably ignorant public in regard to one of the majestic streams of North America." When it is considered that Mr. Lorraine at the age of 67, in a 17½ foot canoe, designed and built by himself, and alone and unaided, negotiated one of the wildest streams in the world, a distance of 1,400 miles, shooting 107 rapids, 35 in Canada and 72 in the United States, and came out at the mouth of the river without serious mishap, we can well agree that he thereby accomplished a feat that should go down in history.

While it is true that the book was written as a distinct contribution to historical and scientific knowledge, it is nevertheless gripping in its interest throughout in descriptions of scenery and in incidents connected with the trip over dangerous currents, treacherous rapids, shooting cascades, and steering through rocks and breakers.

We have before us a letter of date April 2, 1930, written by a trained mountaineer who, with three companions, two of them experienced rivermen, made the trip over the Big Bend Section of the river,

(Read further on page 60)

A Visit to Lincoln Cathedral

By CYRIL CLEMENS

It has recently been my pleasure to visit different European cities, and study some of their magnificent cathedrals. For the most part they are situated in the busy sections of the towns, are surrounded by modern buildings, and form a striking contrast to everything around them. The Cologne Cathedral, for example, stands opposite the railway station.

Such is not the case with Lincoln Cathedral, it being situated in a comparatively small town surrounded by a charming area of English countryside. The two mighty towers of the cathedral easily dominate the landscape.

One cannot look at the glorious piling up of masonry without great admiration of the builders of the Middle Ages. They knew the intricacies of constructing a magnificent edifice. As you stroll through the cathedral, objects of interest meet your eyes on every hand. The pulpit bears a large brass sign with the following message engraved thereon:

"This pulpit once stood in the church of Saint Mary (erected by the help of Queen Anne and the Duke of Marlborough) for the use of the English there resident, but when the church was demolished, the pulpit was presented to Lincoln Cathedral by A. C. Benson, master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, in memory of his father, Edward White Benson, Chancellor of Lincoln, 1872-1877."

The main altar was magnificent: two women were placing vases of beautiful flowers on it in anticipation of the Sunday services. In the south transept there was a small chapel which contained three altars, one dedicated to the army, a second one to the Royal navy, and a third to the Royal air force. These altars were decorated in a splendid manner with a red silken altar cloth for the army, a blue one for the navy, and a white and blue one for the

air force. From the roof were hanging lettered banners of many campaigns. There was the following tribute engraved on a brass tablet to the restorer of the chapel:

"To the dear memory of Major Edward Lancelot Edwards, who died at Boulogne of wounds received in action near Ypres while commanding the 1st Battalion, the Lincolnshire Regiment. He commanded the Barracks at Lincoln from 1910 to 1914, and it is largely to his sympathy and interest that this chapel owes its restoration."

The wording of this memorial is typical of those of thousands throughout the length and breadth of England. The loss from the war is so great that it at first bewilders the visitor from overseas.

Here is a tablet to mark the man who fell in the Indian Mutiny, the South African campaign, the Punjab, and in fact every war in which the British arms have participated for the last fifty or sixty years.

In one corner of the chapel was the Roll of Honor, a large book containing the names of 7,050 men from Lincolnshire who gave their lives in the World War. Think of these 7000 young men who, but for no apparent reason, might have been enjoying the marvelous summer sun and bracing air this very morning. The most cogent arguments against war are the war monuments one sees

everywhere in England. And more effective far than the finest sculpturing is the list of dead which their memorials contain. Every name inscribed in stone or bronze cries out against war.

A long steep flight of well-worn steps leads up to the highest tower of the cathedral. From this point of vantage a superb view of the surrounding country can be obtained. At your feet lie the lower portions of the cathedral, then the red-brick houses with red tiled roofs of the town, then a small river with sparkling surface skirting the town and beyond all this, the golden wheat fields ready for the harvest.

Can the Writer Function in California?

(From page 54)

Literary Section of the Commonwealth Club is the nearest and best approach to it I have yet seen. Carmel is both admirable and expensive. What is needed is the organization of some sort of a center wherein and whereby young men and women who give promise of literary ability of a marked order may be encouraged and supported—morally, if not financially."

Mr. O'Brien gave a vivid and remarkably entertaining account of his own extraordinary picturesque literary life and adventures in the seven countries where he went in search of material for his famous books.

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Poets of Our Southern Frontier (From page 42)

and desires of those classes. His position in American poetry is assured because of these things.

Charles Erskine Scott Wood may not have the Congo boom of Lindsay or the Chicago clang of Sandburg but he does have the strength and understanding of the desert coupled with emotional expression that puts Chicago and the Congo in the background.

OUR last entry is Helen Hoyt (Mrs. W. W. Lyman). Miss Hoyt was formerly an associate editor of "Poetry, A Magazine of Verse," in which she served with more than ordinary distinction.

Helen Hoyt is the author of two books of poetry: "Apples Here in My Basket" and "Leaves of Wild Grape."

This poet's work reminds one, in a way, of Elizabeth Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Miss Hoyt has not patterned her work after the earlier poet, but she does show the same qualities: poetry that is intensely emotional and delicate. That Miss Hoyt is extremely sensitive is apparent throughout her work. Her's is a poetry of reactions . . . the world comes to her instead of her going to the world. Her work is marked by its exactness and concentration.

It seems to be a custom in America to bestow laurels only upon the men poets; one hears little or nothing of our women poets despite their great number and the excellent work of some. Undoubtedly, though, we are all agreed that Edna St. Vincent Millay and Sara Teasdale are our leading poets. Perhaps not as universally but just as truly, Helen Hoyt is deserving of equal honor and recognition. Her "Leaves of Wild Grape" is certainly the equal

of a collection of poems by any woman of America.

IT may be pointed out that the weakness in Southwestern and Western poetry is lack of literary critics, editors and reviewers who have so at heart the interests of poets in these sections as to let the rest of America know about them. It will take courageous critics and writers to gain for Western America an equal literary footing with the East. The East has never learned that the West has grown up. Moreover, since the days of Whittier, et al, America has believed that the greatest writers are either born in the East or are there by adoption. To the East the idea of a Western literature is ridiculous. We predict that the mere suggestion of Robinson Jeffers as a qualified running mate for E. A. Robinson will arouse a wheezy New England grunt of indignation.

No attempt is made here to place Southwestern poetry in advance of Eastern poetry; no Southwestern poet has been advanced as the leader of contemporary American poets. In spite of these assertions there will, we fear, be some Easterners who will accuse us of sectionalism. In such event we declare that the accusation is not only untrue, but that if it were true we would be entitled to pardon, for nowhere has sectionalism in American literature been more noticeable than in the East. Since such conditions do unquestionably still exist, we hold the East should forget her own sectionalism and become for the first time truly American and National in her literary outlook and affiliations and accord the Southwest and West the place that is justly theirs in American literature: a place equal to that held by the East.

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Chang Po Ling

(From page 44)

The Chinese have great self control; they have great capacity for suffering; they are hard workers and they are able to cooperate so that once we secure a stabilized Central Government we will go forward in a way that will surprise the world. Practically all of our leading generals are promising allegiance to the Nationalist Government. They are working out plans to disband their armies. This will release a large number of able workers to do road work or other constructive work. In place of having a large number of armies we will have, as in the United States, centralized military authority and one army. Among the generals who are working toward this end are: Feng Yuhsiang, Yen Hsi-shan, Li Tsung-yen, Li Chi-sen, Chiang Kai-shek. You, of course, being a newspaper man, know the elements of strength that these various generals control.

To come back to our university, I wish you could visit us and hear our band, see our boys playing ice hockey, or in summer, swimming or boating; see our boy scouts in action or watch our older students engage in Chinese fencing or boxing; see our football team in action or watch our girls playing basketball or volley ball. And I wish also that I could show you the many cups and prizes won by our students. There was a day when the wealthy Chinese young men thought it undignified to engage in physical sport; but today you will see the sons of generals and of influential men and the sons of poor men striving together in cross-country running, on the football field and in other sports, for they have learned that to compete with the other nations they must have not only scholarship but physical stamina and alertness. We find that these sports and games teach our students the value of cooperative effort and what you call 'team work.' Our students are intensely loyal not only to our school and what it stands for, but to their native land as it once was and as it, with their help, will be."



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"AS IN THE BEGINNING"

BY EDITH ELDEN ROBINSON

IRONIC quirks in veins of men
 Make them as in the origin;
 Fine culture is a thin veneer,
 Alas! the real man lies quite near.

"SOCIAL SCIENCE."

Books and Writers

(From page 56)

negotiated by Mr. Lorraine, as were all other parts of the stream, alone and unaided. Says this writer: "On our trip were two experienced rivermen thoroughly familiar with the Big Bend Section of the river, and when I think of you (Lorraine) making this trip alone, not only this section but the entire length of the Columbia River, I can say with all honesty you have my utmost respect for accomplishing a most difficult task." This writer goes on to state that the descriptions given by Mr. Lorraine are true to life; the author "has not allowed imagination to color the truth which would be the natural tendency in telling about such a trip."

The book is well illustrated throughout with full-page halftones, many of them from photographs taken by the author, and there is added a valuable map showing the course of the Columbia and the country through which it flows. Considering the importance of the Pacific Northwest and the part played by the Columbia River in the development of this region, the book is eminently worth while, both for the general reader and the one interested in history, science and travel, as well as the one who sees in terms of industrial and commercial progress.

A limited edition of the book only has been printed. They should be ordered of M. J. Lorraine, 114 South Cordova Street, Alhambra, California.
—A. H. C.

FESTIVAL—By Struthers Burt. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price \$2.50.

AN attractive book, interesting and readable, one of the few books worth keeping on the fiction shelf. A book with background, Philadelphia, Italy, New York.

William Dorn Griffiths, fifty, retiring from business, after thirty-two years of it, was going to rest and have a good time, do some of the things he had always wanted to do. Outwardly, he was the personification of "Stability, Security and Satisfaction," but "like all normal men he had noticed women ever since he had had eyes to see, and on the whole his behavior had been normal—that is to say, his thoughts about women for the most part had been fairly bad and his actions for the most part, singularly good" . . . he was walking to his home in De Lancey Place, but it was only half past five, and an April evening and this new freedom, so he went to see Elsie Holt, in her peach-colored drawing room.

Delia, Dorn's wife, was dressing for dinner . . . the reader is introduced to her as she steps from her tub and emerges from her black-and-cream bathroom like a "cloud of whiteness."

Delice, their daughter, had married a Rezzonica and was now an Italian princess . . . the story revolves about Delice who finds life a bit bewildering as a Rezzonica, so she comes home suddenly and unexpectedly. The episodes of her life and their effect upon her retired

banker-father comprise the plot developed by actions and lively dialogue.

Then there is Graeme Borden . . . "charming physically, anyhow, with his brown crisp hair, his intelligent brown eyes, his thin, humorous mouth," madly in love with Delice.

Later there is a picture of Lambert Osgood, the portrait painter, "drunk, in a large, black-bearded, black-eyed way," with whom Dorn had picked up a long-abandoned friendship and it is from Lambert's letter to Dorn that the reader gets an idea of just why the book is titled: "Festival." In this letter Lambert says:

"Life's a pageant, a fete champetre, a Twelfth Night. . . Life's a fiesta, and no matter how miserable you may be yourself, at the worst you're a spectator and you've been let in free. The one free show there is, Dorn." . . . In "Festival," the show is really worth the price of admission!

—Grace Talbot Hadley.

AN ANCIENT TIN BOX REVEALS "ONE MAN'S GOLD"

AN ancient tin box which had stood for three-quarters of a century in a dark corner of an old house in Pennsylvania was recently opened to reveal an intimate history of the part played by a Pennsylvania newspaper man, during the hectic days of the California Gold rush.

One Man's Gold—The Letters and Journals of a Forty-niner—Enos Christman of West Chester, Pa.—Edited by Florence M. Christman, just published by Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, is the story of Enos Christman made from his own journals and the letters he sent to his betrothed, Ellen Apple, and to his friend, Peebles Prizer.

In 1849 Enos Christman was a boy of twenty, an apprentice in the printing office of the Village Record of West Chester, Pennsylvania. But news reached the States of the discovery of gold in California, and Enos, like so many others, was caught by the fever of gold-seeking that swept the country.

One Man's Gold is his own story. It contains the record of the long

(Read further on page 63)

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Unemployment — A Blessing

(From page 40)

whole question, and ought to be accepted as axiomatic: the employes should not be the last part of the business to be considered. The business can afford it; for the new machinery will soon be paid for out of the increased production, even if it has not been allowed for already by a replacement reserve.

It may be objected that where the new machinery with one man to superintend it would only do the same work as a number of men had previously done, the management would not go to the trouble and expense of installing the new machines; it might prefer, in a surly mood, to let the men continue to do the work as before. Such a business would be speedily doomed; it would be unable to obtain fresh labor, for everyone would prefer the other businesses where the hours of work were less. And as a last resort, of course, the control of policy could be given to a board of public men, to whom a skilled management was responsible. This is the method of Socializing which, after many trials, is actually gaining possession of the field, as, e.g. in the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission, the Canadian National Railways, the Central Electricity Board in England, and the new London Traffic Commission, now in process of formation, to name a few of the major instances.

The further objection that new inventions would not be forthcoming, as they would find no encouragement, is based on a

misconception long since exploded. All the great inventions have been the accidental result, the by-product, of disinterested scientists pursuing research for its own sake and their own satisfaction. The scientific laboratories attached to large firms have been singularly free, especially considering their means, from epoch-making discoveries, which have usually fallen to the lot of enthusiastic and patient enquirers working in their own backyard.

The thing is possible; indeed, it is bound to come, if industrialization is to continue. For too long Production has been our god: we have neglected to provide the masses with the purchasing power necessary to Consumption. For installment buying is obviously self deception. It is simply the canalization of existing buying power, not the increase of it. And at what a cost! Moreover, it cannot be repeated: if you spend next year's income now, you cannot spend it then. The method above outlined would not increase consumption at once to the level desired; but it would cause many who are "Unemployed" to be consumers nevertheless. It would take the sting out of "Unemployment," which would then be seen for what it really is, a Good Thing, and the end at which some have fondly hoped that our civilization was aiming.

We should then be within measurable distance of the supreme task, "Education for Leisure." But the first step must be taken. I have indicated where I think it lies.

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Walter Craighead, Mgr.

When the World Turned Honest

(From page 48)

has enough. No one seems to lack anything. Work seems pleasant: it is no longer compelled drudgery. That is a lot."

"Right," he agreed. "And by the way, I charged you \$25 to look at your tonsils and send you to a specialist. Here is your money."

I declined it. "I knew you were a robber at the time, but I've changed my mind. Keep it."

"All right. It don't mean anything, anyway."

SEVERAL months passed. Results of the labors of citizens' committees were becoming apparent in bringing order out of new chaos. Resources were thrown wide open, interest was abolished, tariffs done with, no food was destroyed in order to maintain prices. Everyone prospered as never before.

Moving picture concerns were junking their super thrillers and making rollicking comedies. The sheiks and Shebas declined large

salaries and studio scrub women received the same wage as the stars.

A world court composed of flappers, sailors, vacuum cleaner salesmen and truck drivers was installed in Honolulu.

This was the Seventh Universal Empire.

Armies were disbanded, no wars plowed the seven seas. Peace and prosperity brooded over every land. Everyone minded his or her own business. No one asked of his brother what kind of toothpaste he used, or vaunted any brand of cigarette.

And so the earth rolled on in space, purged of man's inhumanity to man. Strife, cruelty, had all been unnecessary—a terrible dream. Man knew better now.

See? There he sits under his own vine and fig tree with a bottle of wine and a package of Nabisco wafers at his elbow. He may let his whiskers grow or not, just as he likes.

At last he is honest.

Thrift and Conservation

(From page 53)

ture, apparatus, etc. In addition to this we also give them definite instruction in forest conservation and in other directions."

TWO years ago copies of the "Outline of the Course of Study in Thrift Education" were placed in the hands of every teacher in the elementary schools of San Francisco. Subsequently many additional copies went into the schools. A survey recently made in the schools by the superintendent's office showed that "most schools have copies for more than half the number of classes." The "Outline of the Course of Study in Thrift Education" is most frequently used in grades 3, 4, 5 and 6.

The extent and value of thrift teaching in any school is determined almost entirely by the spirit and understanding of the individual teacher, the report shows. The re-

port further shows that teachers look for thrift material to enrich the arithmetic work; they use poems, slogans and quotations which are readily applied in classroom work; the care and use of school equipment furnish basis for practical suggestions; materials are welcomed as a basis in oral discussion; the lives of men and women who exemplified thrift are excellent biographical studies. Other points of thrift contact are furnished in health studies, forest conservation, saving of time and energy, and care in the use of school supplies.

SUPERINTENDENT A. R. CLIFTON, of the Monrovia, California, Schools, will succeed Mr. H. S. Upjohn, recently resigned, as County Superintendent of Schools of Los Angeles County. Mr. Upjohn succeeded the late Mark Keppel. Mr. and Mrs. Upjohn leave soon for a European trip.

Los Angeles County has long been recognized for the excellency of her schools. It is gratifying that such leaders as Mark Keppel and Mr. Upjohn are to be followed by a man as eminent in his profession as is Mr. Clifton, who for nearly 20 years has been active in the educational life of Southern California. Mr. Clifton is President of the California Association for Education in Thrift and Conservation and heads an official department for that organization in this issue of the Overland Monthly.

While Principal of the High Schools, and later Superintendent, at Monrovia, Mr. Clifton has been active in state and national affairs, serving as a member of the State Council of Education, President of the California Teachers' Association, Southern Section, Director of the National Education Association, Director of the California Society for the Study of Secondary Education, and Chairman of numerous committees of the State Educational body. He is graduate of the University of Wisconsin and holds the Master's Degree from the University of Southern California. He is a natural leader, a splendid executive, and appears frequently on platforms in educational addresses. He assumes his new duties April 1 next.

Westward March

(From page 46)

celebration, was Utah's Pioneer Day, July 24. On this day in 1847, the famous decision was made that started the redeeming of the arid wastes. When the Mormon pioneers entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake, they paused at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. Their leader, Brigham Young, after looking over the sage-spread scene for a few moments, said, "This is the place." Then began the daring experiment of sustaining thousands of colonists in those regions by irrigation. On the remarkable success of that experiment now rests the basic prosperity of the states of the intermountain West. Utah's Pioneer Day was celebrated with added zest this centennial year by her sons and daughters over all our land.

Our Nation's birthday too was given enriched significance by the crowning celebration of the Centennial on July third, fourth, fifth, at Old Independence Rock in Wyoming. This mighty Plymouth Rock of the West, at that time was dedicated to the memory of the Western pathfinders and pioneers. The commemoration, under the auspices of the Boy Scouts of America, was attended by thousands of Americans from all parts of the United States. On the surface of Independence Rock on Sweetwater River, polished by glaciers aeons ago, are carved fully 4000 names of those early day emigrants who passed it on their way to the conquest of the West. More than 300,000 covered wagon pioneers with weary feet and grinding wheels wore that old trunk line, the combined Oregon-Mormon-California Trail, that may still be seen from the top of the Rock, scarring across the sage plain for miles and miles. Many thousands of these pilgrims lie in unmarked graves all along the way.

Shall the great work, launched with such fervor by Ezra Meeker, and carried forward with such high promise up to the present, go on? I feel that I voice your hearts when I say that it shall go on. The old pioneer trails will be marked. Strategic spots along them will be turn-

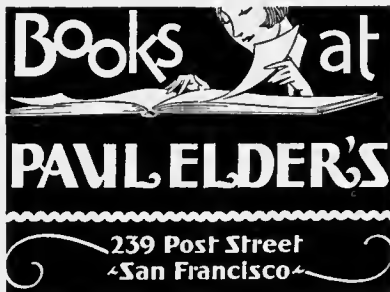
ed into historic shrines where young and old may linger and learn the story of America's making. A fitting memorial will one day rise in our Nation's capital to the memory of the heroes and heroines who won our West. The schools of our country will expand and enrich their courses to teach an All-American history. Artists and sculptors, poets and musicians will cast the vibrant epic of the westward march of America into forms that will make it reach and hold the heart of humanity.

Books and Writers

(From page 60)

voyage around the Horn with its pleasures and hardships—it tells of the days of prospecting with their struggles and successes and disappointments, of skirmishes with redskins, of murder and gambling, of the organization of vigilance committees with their power over life and death of the citizenry, of the overnight birth of cities and of his experiences as editor of the Sonora Herald. It is an intimate, authentic record of three adventurous years in one man's career, as well as a vivid picture of the turbulent life in old California.

In preparing her grandfather's papers for publication Miss Christman has taken care to preserve their authenticity. They have been condensed and freely edited, even the names of certain characters have been altered, but no changes have been made in the substance of the book.



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Determining National Boundary Lines

AN explanation of the eccentricities of State and National boundary lines and how they came about has just been issued by the United States Geological Survey.

An account of the way in which these boundaries have been determined, says the Survey, is a fascinating story that forms an essential part of the history of this country.

The peculiar irregularities of some of the State boundaries are due to compromises made to adjust differences between the representatives of the States. The "Southwick Jog," for example, which appears on the boundary between Connecticut and Massachusetts was established because in adjusting errors in the boundary as previously run by compass a long, narrow strip of land was given to Connecticut, and the "jog" ceded to Massachusetts was intended to be an equivalent area. The panhandle at the southeast corner of Missouri is said to be the result of efforts of a prominent land owner to have his plantation included in the new State. The projection on the northern boundary of Minnesota, which includes a land area of about 124 square miles separated from the main part of Minnesota by the Lake of the Woods, resulted from the use of inaccurate maps by the treaty makers and has been described as a "politico-geographical curiosity of a boundary that a glance at the map will show, that no one could have foreseen, and that would be inexplicable without some knowledge of the steps in the process by which it was brought about."

The Virginia charter of 1609 included the area extending west to the "South Sea"—that is, the Pacific Ocean, called Mar Del Sur (south sea) by Balboa in 1513, when he first saw it at a place where the shore line runs nearly east and west. Of course in 1609 no one knew how far away from the Atlantic the "South Sea" was, and some of the other colonies had charters stating the same western limit. The historical diagrams given for most of the States show the original areas and

the successive changes by reduction or addition.

Probably the most widely known boundary in the United States is the "Mason and Dixon line" between Pennsylvania and Maryland, run by two famous English mathematicians in 1763-1767. Their work was stopped by Indians, but they had run from the Delaware River to a point about 30 miles beyond the northwest corner of Maryland. The accuracy of their survey is shown by the fact that in a resurvey 130 years later with modern instruments and methods the position found for the northeast corner of Maryland differed only 180 feet from their position. The original stones for five-mile marks on this line were carved in England from limestone and are still standing, with Lord Baltimore's coat of arms on the Maryland side and the Penn arms on the Pennsylvania side.

The east-west part of the boundary between Massachusetts and Rhode Island was for more than 200 years a matter of dispute that was in some respects the most remarkable boundary question with which this country has had to deal. Twice the question went to the Supreme Court of the United States, and in one of these suits Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate were employed as counsel for Massachusetts. Choate, to illustrate the indefiniteness of certain boundary lines, said before the Massachusetts Legislature:

The commissioners might as well have decided that the line between the States was bounded on the north by a bramble bush, on the south by a blue jay, on the west by a hive of bees in swarming time, and on the east by five hundred foxes with fire brands tied to their tails.

The territory purchased from Russia in 1867 for \$7,200,000 and then called "Seward's folly" became of interest when its wealth of mineral and other resources was realized, and parts of the boundary were questioned by the Canadian authorities. The controversy was settled in 1903 by a tribunal of six commissioners, three from each country. A diagram in this bulletin shows that

Alaska is by far our largest possession, covering 586,400 square miles, and another illustration reveals the interesting fact that the area of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, if superimposed on the United States in true north-south position so as to touch the Canadian boundary a short distance west of the Lake of the Woods, would reach the Atlantic Ocean near the line between Georgia and South Carolina, cross the Mexican boundary in southwestern New Mexico, and touch the Pacific Ocean in southern California.

The highest point in North America is Mt. McKinley, in Alaska, 20,300 feet above sea level. The Geological Survey bulletin contains a view of this mountain, also views of the highest and lowest points on earth, Mount Everest and the shore of the Dead Sea. The highest and lowest points in the United States outside of Alaska are both in California—Mount Whitney, 14,496 feet above sea level, and Death Valley, 276 feet below sea level. These two points are only 86 miles apart.

The length of the tidal coast lines of the mainland of continental United States is 11,936 miles, and the total for the entire boundary, land and water, 17,936 miles.

The account of these oddities of boundary, is given in considerable detail in this Geological Survey publication, Bulletin 817, entitled "Boundaries, areas, geographic centers, and altitudes of the United States and the several States, with a brief record of important changes in their territory and government." Edward M. Douglas is the author. This bulletin, which may be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, for 50 cents, contains 265 pages and numerous maps and other illustrations. It presents a large amount of pertinent information, including extracts from many of the treaties and conventions by which the boundaries were established, a map showing routes of the principal explorers from 1501 to 1844, reproductions of two maps published in 1755 and 1847, and many general statistics relating to the United States. It is not only a reference book, however, but is packed full of items that are of interest to every intelligent citizen.

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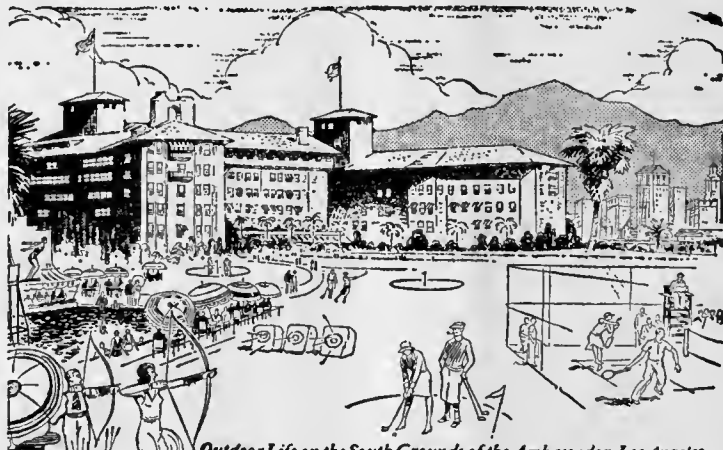
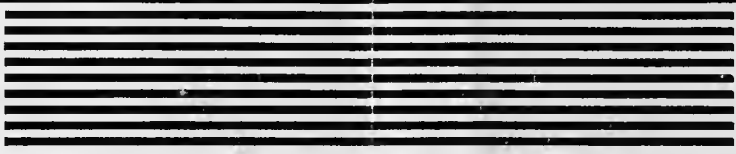
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MARCH

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CONTENTS

As The Editor Views It	68
Frontispiece, A Woodland Trail (Plate)	69
John Bunyan—Inspired Tinker	Carl Holliday 71
American One-Night Stands: Irun	Blanche H. Dow 73
Interior Decorators	Eleanor Grey 75
Young Poet (Verse)	Lucia Trent 76
Impressions of Italy	Cyril Clemens 77
Montara, The Scenic	Paul E. Springer 79
Kaleotaka (Verse)	Arthur Truman Merrill 79
Putting Progress on the Map (Illus.)—Courtesy	S. F. Examiner 80
Einstein (Verse)	S. Estelle Greathead 81
The Romance of Cripple Creek	Flora Scott Baumann 82
Luck—A Short Short Story	Roland Harold Kruger 83
The Blur	Carleton Kendall 84
The Lure of the Painted Canyon	Frances N. Ahl 85
A Page of Verse	87
Rocks in the Making	Helen Maring
Moon-Mist	Natalie P. Dobbins
Epicure	Francis Drake
The Pool	Laurence Pratt
Ballycotton	Nancy Buckley
Words (Rispetto)	Lawrence Pratt
White Magic	Vivian Stratton
Prophecy	Katharine Bowsher
John Joseph Casey—Soldier-Artist	89
California Association for Thrift and	
Conservation	A. R. Clifton 91
Terminus (Verse)	Irene Wilde 92
Books and Writers—	
As We Were	Reviewed by Lotus J. Costigan 93
Hula Moons	Reviewed by Lotus J. Costigan 93
Our California Home	Reviewed by A. H.C. 93
Southern California	Reviewed by A. H.C. 94
Our Times—Pre-War America	Reviewed by A. H.C. 94
Overland in a Covered Wagon	Reviewed by A. H.C. 94
Thirty Years War for Wild Life	Reviewed by A. H.C. 95
Ocean Parade	Reviewed by A. H.C. 95
Californian Indian Night's	
Entertainments	Reviewed by A. H.C. 95
Game Fish of the Pacific	Reviewed by A. H.C. 96
This is New York	Reviewed by Grace Talbot Hadley 96
This Our Exile	Reviewed by Grace Talbot Hadley 96

OVERLAND MONTHLY AND OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Editorial and Business Offices

1024 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California

Subscription \$2.50 per year; 25 cents per copy

Address all communications and manuscripts to "The Overland Monthly." Manuscripts sent without stamped and self-addressed envelope will not be returned.

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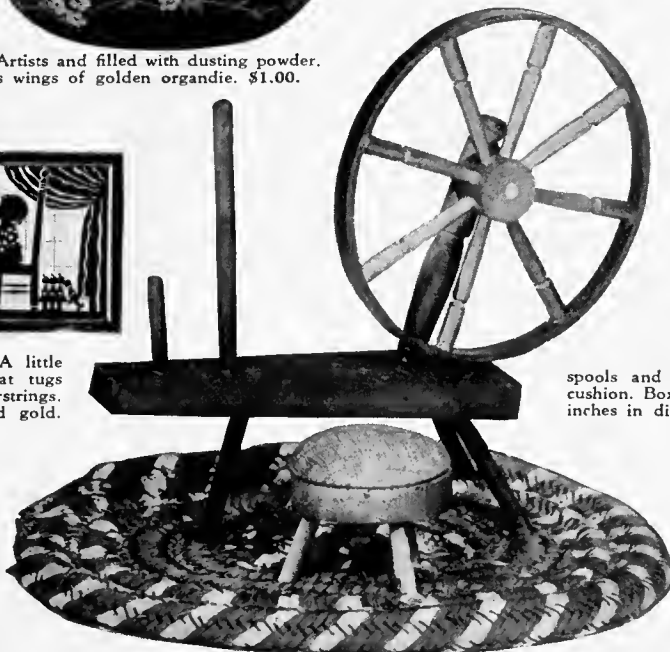
3413 In the window, the sun-parlor, over the doorway or on the porch, this bright poll-parrot in all his gorgeous colorings will form a vivid decoration as he swings away. He is natural in shape and size, and is painted on both sides. 14 inches, tail to tip of wing. \$1.00



3441 Any girl will love to receive my Vanity Powder Jar. Black Glass, Satin finish, hand decorated by Quaint Shop Artists and filled with dusting powder. The Butterfly Puff has wings of golden organdie. \$1.00.



370 The Whistler. A little silhouette picture that tugs gently at one's hearstrings. Framed in black and gold. 60c.



3434 My Colonial Spinning Wheel and Blue and White Braided Rug is an exact reproduction. Useful as well as decorative. Spindles hold spools and thimbles. Foot stool is a pin-cushion. Boxed in the Colonial manner. 6½ inches in diameter, 5¼ inches high. \$1.00.

3150 Clothes Sprinkler or Flower Vase. Hand-painted floral design — cork stopper and sprinkler. Without the stopper makes an attractive flower vase. 9 in high. 60c.



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As the Editor Views It

WHO IS WELL DRESSED!

IN measuring the greatness of a man, an item not to be overlooked is the number and character of the books written about him and around him. Judged by this and by all other standards, Abraham Lincoln grows constantly in fame as he deserves to do. Lincoln books have of late years been continually increasing. Now comes Edgar Lee Masters, of "Spoon River Anthology" renown, with a new conception of the great emancipator, as one "grotesquely dressed and unkept." Other things are said by Masters in his recent book, "Lincoln—The Man," that seems sadly out of keeping with beliefs and opinions commonly held by students and admirers of Lincoln.

Writers all too frequently make undue effort to attract attention to their wares by speaking in extravagant terms, by giving over-emphasis to an otherwise trivial matter, or by taking ground contrary to that generally accepted. Masters probably had something like this in mind: Lincoln seldom wore a dinner coat; his trousers were not creased to knifelike nicety, and when, under wartime stress, Lincoln assembled his cabinet, he sometimes neglected to wear his spats and carry his cane.

We are inclined to the belief that Masters is "straining at a gnat," and to agree with Mr. H. W. Fry, Custodian of Lincoln's Tomb at Springfield, Illinois, that "His (Lincoln's) clothes were neat, his hair well combed and his features pleasant." However, the attempt to introduce a bill in Congress, by Representative Crail of California, to declare the book "non-mailable matter" is in itself worse than useless. If Masters is looking for notoriety, he will surely get it through this means. Thoughtful persons know well that many books considered immoral and unfit for library shelves are read much more widely when attention is focused on them, as is always the case when they are suppressed through legislation.

THE ART OF MINDING ONE'S BUSINESS

AN all too common American trait is that of attending to the business of other people. How often have we seen American visitors in a foreign country disposed to criticize the prevailing manners and customs because these differed from those in vogue at home. Frequently an inordinate desire for publicity and to be featured on the front page, leads to mixing in the affairs of others. Many well meaning and intelligent people possess the deluded notion that their duty lies in pointing out their neighbors' defects and in calling others to account for their actions. Weakness lies too often in applying the measuring stick of personal standards to the actions, motives, manners and morals of our fellows.

The recent General Smedley D. Butler episode is a case in point. General Butler is no doubt a worthy officer. He has served with distinction. He is fearless and efficient. For these traits he should have our admiration, but all of this does not warrant his criticism of others on hearsay evidence. And his plea that in voicing a current rumor, it was with the understanding that his pronouncement would go no further than the members of the group he was addressing, is childish and puerile. There is no reason at all for withholding deserved criticism of one who occupies the exalted post held by the Premier of Italy. The argument that such criticism might lead to diplomatic entanglement is without point and not sufficient of itself for withholding such criticism. The fact, however, seems to be that General Butler evidently did not know what he was talking about. The incident calling forth the arraignment of Premier Mussolini may have actually occurred, although in light of Mussolini's attitude toward childhood, it seems doubtful. But General Butler had not the facts in hand. He indulged in a vulgar form of vicious, back-fence, neighborhood gossip. Nor is this the first time that General Butler has shown a

(Read further on page 70)



A Blossom Bordered Woodland Trail Leading Upward to the Green Slopes

remarkable capacity for attempted reform of other people and for meddling in other than his own affairs.

These observations are occasioned, not because of any animosity for General Butler but because of the increasing tendency, thoughtless many times, of would-be reformers to meddle and to state as fact that which may have no foundation in actuality. It is always permissible to take issue with the views of others, but it is a dangerous practice to carry rumors, especially when he who criticizes or repeats these rumors is a person of standing or authority. There is no surer way of injuring the character of an individual or of tarnishing the honor of a country than to repeat as facts, rumors that may be slander and without foundation whatever. The average person has quite a sizable order in keeping his own backyard swept clear of rubbish.

APPLYING WARTIME LESSONS IN CIVIL LIFE

WRITING from Washington, D. C., Mr. L. R. Alderman, Specialist in Adult Education, says, in speaking of the unemployment situation:

"In Massachusetts they are holding meetings in various parts of the state, calling the attention of the unemployed and others to the opportunities available for education which will help in placement. You will remember," he continues, "that this is exactly what we did in France and Germany. In reality the very nature of the work that we did is now needed all over this country. In many places there are educational opportunities which would materially help the unemployed in finding employment and in holding employment when once found."

The situation is indeed, as pointed out by Mr. Alderman, who, in company with this writer and other members of the Commission engaged in Occupational Direction, talked to thousands of men in France and occupied Germany, and held conferences in every camp and outfit overseas with officers and men who were "misfits" at home, and who were engaged in occupations for which they were unsuited by disposition or ability. Many of these men, through a process of education, both while overseas and on returning home, were able to re-adjust themselves and to secure and hold

employment much more to their ability and liking.

Many men and women everywhere in commercial life today are non-adjusted. Failure or partial success comes not so much from inability as from the fact that the individual is not adapted to the particular work he is attempting to do or for which he has inadequate training. Participation in extension classes, continuation schools, part-time and cooperative education and individual and group conferences, will help men in "finding employment and in holding employment when found."

SPEED AND ACCIDENTS

THE average motorist is the average citizen, both in common sense and in humanity. While regretting the increase in accidents and deaths, the average motorist will declare that most of these are caused by carelessness. Thus he sets up the time-worn alibi in excuse of the real cause — fast driving. During 18 months of the World War, 50,510 members of the A. E. F. were killed in action and died of wounds. During the 18 months just passed, 50,900 persons were killed in auto accidents and more than 960,000 were injured. Careful analysis by the Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., of accident statistics gathered from every state, demonstrates conclusively that most car mishaps are caused by three driving violations: Exceeding speed limit, operating on wrong side of road and failure to grant right of way. Exceeding the speed limit, or driving too fast for existing conditions, was responsible for 21 per cent of all automobile accidents. Driving on the wrong side of the road caused 16 per cent of mishaps, while failure to grant right of way caused 31 per cent of accidents.

Let it be noted in this connection that accidents resulting from the use of the wrong side of the road or from failure to grant right of way would have been comparatively few, and these less serious, if offenders had been driving at a more moderate rate of speed. A car on the wrong side of the road, if not at high speed, can usually be controlled. The

(Read further on page 92)

John Bunyan--Inspired Tinker

BY CARL HOLLIDAY

THREE hundred and three years ago, November 30, John Bunyan was born. What a birth was that! In that little, drab English town of Bedford occurred that November morning one of the greatest events in the history of religion. For the work of this man, who designated himself as "chief of sinners," resulted in one of the world's literary masterpieces, and, what is of far greater importance, such a "house-cleaning" of the churches of England and of British religion in general that to this city the beneficent effects may be felt.

It was a dreary, a sad England spiritually that John Bunyan looked out upon, and sought to leaven with his marvelous religious insight and his boundless enthusiasm for lifting men from sin. Constitutional government was coming to a British Empire totally unprepared for it. Within his lifetime the two main political parties were to become hotbeds of seething corruption. Votes were openly sold for a few shillings each. Defoe was to declare that seats in Parliament were shamelessly bartered for 1000 guineas. Bull-baiting was a favorite London sport twice each week; cock-fighting was officially permitted in the famous old schools and colleges; the theatres reeked with foul jokes and vulgar personalities.

The introduction of gin had resulted in a most violent form of drunkenness, and London's streets—mere unlighted alleys—were scenes of murderous assaults nightly. The coffee-houses, nearly 3000 of them in London alone, were to become within Bunyan's own day, not the old-time resorts of poets and dramatists, but the dens of card sharks, where women gambled away the fortunes of their husbands. Well-founded scandal was heard in every drawing-room, and, in the words of Pope, "at every word a reputation dies." Over the inns hung signs with the frank invitation: "Drunk for one penny, dead drunk

for two pence, straw for nothing." The very kings themselves acquainted their families with their outrageous love intrigues. A chaos of vulgar display, bestiality, riotous

"TO achieve what the world calls success a man must attend strictly to business and keep a little in advance of the times. The man who reaches the top is the one who is not content with doing just what is required of him. He does more. Grasp an idea and work it out to a successful conclusion. That is about all there is in life for any of us."

—Edward H. Harriman.

vice, and universal dishonesty existed.

John Bunyan saw a clergy seemingly helpless to stem the tide of national degeneracy. Montesquieu, visiting England, declared that everyone laughed if religion was even mentioned. Dr. Graves, a clergyman, author of widely read books of the period, wrote of a certain fat gentleman, "By his dress, indeed, I should have taken him for a country clergyman, but that he never drank ale or smoked tobacco." "Buck parsons," as preachers without churches were commonly called, kept low inns along Fleet Street in London, and sauntered up and down the thoroughfares, offering to marry couples—no questions to be asked—and to furnish with the marriage, supper, bed, and breakfast—all for three shillings! A curtain ring, carried conveniently in the buck parson's pocket, served as the wedding ring required by law in the marriage rite.

IT was upon such an England that the lowly mender of pots and pans came, calling upon the nation to repent. Born near Bedford in 1628, the son of an uneducated tinker, he early learned his father's trade, and busied himself, not so much with books, as with the arduous task of providing his own bread. In the midst of a class of workers whose blasphemy was so profuse that to this day we speak of a thing's "not being worth a tinker's damn," this laborer even in his youth began to know the fear of God.

His life from start to finish was one of intense spiritual conflict. In his book, *Grace Abounding*, he declares that in his boyhood he was a blasphemer, a liar, a ringleader in wickedness. It is highly possible that his constant effort to debase his soul before God caused him to exaggerate his early wrong-doing. As a mere boy he became afflicted with the psychological complex that the Almighty might permit the church bell to come crashing down through the tower upon him; and for many a fearsome Sunday he ran with all his speed through the door under that steeple to get into the church. And yet, when brought to the test, the chief of his sins seem to have been playing baseball on a few Sunday afternoons and whittling secretly behind the door on a certain Sabbath.

But the fact remains that here at last was a man to whom God was an ever-present reality, a Being so real that He could not be escaped. And when John Bunyan married, the height and depth of his piety, his consciousness of God, were but increased. His wife brought as her dowry simply two books, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven* and *The Practice of Piety*; but those two rudely printed volumes evidently had an influence upon him second only to his constant reading of the Bible. His life became almost saintly; he was a zealous church-goer; he gained commendation on every

side for the integrity, the outstanding godliness of his daily life.

And yet he was not happy. Something was lacking in his religious experience. He long sought in vain to discover that lack. Then one Sunday morning, when coming out of church, he heard an elderly woman speak of "the perfect peace of God." That was the thing—that was what he lacked; the drab fact flashed upon him like an inspiration. He inquired with humbleness, with childlike simplicity, of the woman how to get this spiritual gem, and was directed to a Mr. Gifford, pastor of the tiny Baptist Church of Bedford. Without regard to his Sunday dinner awaiting him at home, John Bunyan hurried to Gifford to seek this new bread of life.

It was in the study of this preacher Gifford that the tinker was that day "filled full of comfort and hope." "Yea," he declared, "I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God that I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home. I thought I could have spoken of His love and have told of His mercy to me even to the very crows that sat upon the plowed lands before me, had they been capable to have understood me."

"Beware of the man of one book." John Bunyan's one book was the Bible, and, as interpreted to him by Mr. Gifford, that Bible commanded him to go forth and preach the new religion, though all principalities and all devils should rise to oppose him. Wherever the spirit moved him he preached, whether in pulpit or in gutter. The Act of Uniformity was pointed out to him—the Act demanding that religious services be held in authorized buildings or places—but John Bunyan preached where he listed. And thus it occurred that in 1660 the inspired tinker found himself cast into Bedford Jail for "devilishly and perniciously abstaining from coming to church to hear divine service and

upholding unlawful meetings and conventicles."

Twelve long years he sat in the narrow-damp, half-lighted Bedford cell. What years they were of meditation and vision! Time has proved that this was the very trial needed to bring forth the latent genius of the man. Such spiritual insight, such power of visualization was developed in him that the things of God became as real, as concrete for him as the walls of his prison. With his Bible, his thoughts, his introspection he built up a startling vision, the vision of the human soul's journey through this life toward the Celestial City.

"As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where was a den; and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream." There in that Bedford prison he penned those immortal opening lines of *Pilgrim's Progress*—one of the most masterly symbolical pictures of the struggling spirit of humanity.

RELEASED from prison in 1673, he returned, as though nothing adverse had ever happened, to his preaching and writing about the things of God. Preaching almost daily either at Bedford or in London—where such throngs attended that he had to be lifted over their shoulders to the pulpit—he yet found time to produce other pieces of religious realism, nearly sixty in all. Without the slightest touch of pride or self-glorification he modestly presented to the English reading world such masterpieces as the *Holy War*, dealing with the mighty conflict of Shaddai and Diabolus for the fair city "Mansoul"; the *Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, one of the most vivid character sketches in English literature; and *Grace Abounding*, a piercing psychological study of man's conversion from vice to righteousness. And having been declared an impostor and not the real author of *Pilgrim's*

Progress by the learned, the humble tinker quietly set him down and wrote the second part of the classic, not so much to prove his own authorship, as to give England a further incentive for seeking God.

A born psychologist—this man John Bunyan. As an analyst of the human soul he has few equals in British fiction. He not only knows what man will do under certain circumstances, but why he will do it—the deeper inner causes and springs of action. Again, he sees images with a vividness vouchsafed to few men in the flesh. No haziness here; we are compelled to see the deed, the scene, the character standing clear and sharp before us. He built, not on dreams alone, but on the hard facts of this harsh world. His is the realism of his own day; the trial of Christian and Faithful in *Vanity Fair* is just such a trial as many a man had suffered in the English courts of the seventeenth century. Those people whom Christian met on his journey could be recognized in every street of London.

But there is a broader realism in this tinker's works—a universal realism. Here are the sorrows and longings and joys and defeats and triumphs of every mortal who has an aspiring soul. Who shall not moan in *Doubting Castle*? Who shall not climb the *Hill Difficulty*? Who shall not struggle in the *Slough of Despond*? Who shall not weep in the *Valley of Humiliation*? And who of us all shall escape the *Valley of the Shadow of Death*?

Universal—that is the exact term for this man who three centuries ago came to bring a new spiritual impetus to the Christian world in general. He reached down to the dregs of life; he reached up to the froth of it; and he cleansed and turned the current of English church life from an indifference that threatened to lead back, if not to national paganism, at least to a frozen, dead formalism. This the inspired tinker of Bedford did—through the pervading, contagious power of religious faith.



American One-Night Stands: Irun

O.S. IS AN artist, but an artist with a scientist's devotion to that which is methodically arranged, else we should never have known Irun; and to have been catapulted into Madrid without the transitional experience of Irun would have been like plunging into an orgy of main courses without the easing introduction of an aperitif.

No two Americans could have been truer to their national prerogative of efficiency than we, in our determination to waste no precious time on the meaningless formalities of passing the frontier. Spanish customs, the more experienced of our friends had told us, were slow; that time was something to be cherished was an idea entirely foreign to the Spanish mind; that the American who would know Spain must deny his tradition and turn a deaf ear to the nagging voice of his puritanical conscience which demands value received in the matter of accomplishment for every hour in the day. Good advice, no doubt, and well meant, but we were not ordinary travelers. Did we not approach Europe intellectually armed with artistic background and linguistic skill, not to mention the profound pedagogical conviction that an intelligent, educated American can accomplish what he will? We patted ourselves with pride and smiled indulgently at the paternal conservatism of the Paris agent who had pronounced third class in Spain impossible for ladies. Little did he know of the resources of the American woman. Kindly intent, that of the Spanish at Hendaye, who counselled staying the night at Irun. Not for us. We sat the unpadding benches of the third class coach with a pleasing sense of superiority to environment. A conversational dip or two into the vocabulary of college classes was sufficient to curb any too ardent enthusiasm for our acquaintance. As for spending the night in a frontier station, unnamed, unclaimed in the academic prepara-

By BLANCHE H. DOW

tion for our European experience, we had no such intention. Thirty minutes in Irun would be ample for the necessary inspection and the next day, with its purposed program of the Prado, was not to be disturbed.

IT WAS O.S.'s suitcase which was our undoing. So does the circumstance that chances change all the tenor of our way. A honking goose must have forever thrilled the heart of a grateful Roman. Even so, I lift my hand in deferential salute to the bulging lines and deep graven scars of that battered vehicle of travel when I stumble upon it in some dim corner of the attic. To me it spells Irun, and Irun means mountains that come down to meet the sea, little fishing boats with their squirming, gleaming catch, black-garbed fishwives, brown legs and arms of children playing in the streets, shouting in some strange polygot of Spanish and French and Basque, the soft translucence of a summer moon on the white plaster walls and rounded dome of the church of Nuestra Senora, coolness of morning when the air is washed clean by sea winds, early mass in the old Gothic church whose stones are worn by centuries of kneeling, whose air of peace and credulous faith is untouched by the press of modern doubt.

To the suitcase belong the laurels, or rather to the master mind that solved the difficulty of immediate discovery of what one sought within its depth by dividing its interior into compartments, separated by cardboards, neatly fitted, covered with dainty flowered print, a perfect ensemble, and to the Spanish custom officials, a fascinating one. A long, slender compartment for gloves and hose, a fat, square one for kerchiefs, large ones for the crushables, small ones for odds and ends. The dark Latin face of the douanier glowed with interest as he

fathomed the depth of every division, bringing out and putting back each article. His admiring attention may have rewarded the author for her pains but it cost us the train for Madrid and a hot four o'clock of a Spanish afternoon found us ensconced in a balconied bedroom where nothing was cool save the water marked "hot".

The most egotistical plans yielded to the inevitable and once having bowed, second submissions were easy. No thrifty professor ever planned to waste time in Europe napping, but Spanish siestas are as essential a part of the program as Spanish tortillas and hours of being buffeted about on a wooden bench, fatiguing encounters with foreign loquacity, and a thermometer that registered in the vicinity of a hundred properly paved the way for the deep sleep into which we fell, a sleep that persisted in spite of the buzzing of flies, the rancid smell of fish, and the constant babel of strange tongues that rose in a stream from the street.

INTO our consciousness broke suddenly a strange, high-pitched voice, rising in mournful cadence before it fell in a long lament. What was it? The same cry, the same syllables, the same inflections farther down the street. From different directions, clearer now and intelligible, came the monotonous chant, "sardinas frescas", low in pitch on the first syllable—sar,—mounting the scale on di and nas, reaching its peak on fres, with a long, falling diminuendo on the final tone. It beat on one's brain with the insistence of an aboriginal tomtom. One leap to the balcony and the explanation was clear. Up the streets from the wharves came the fishwives, tall, angular Basquaises, with long, full skirts of unvarying black, hair combed sleek into a firm knot at the back of the neck, arms raised as they balanced lightly on their heads the broad, flat baskets of rush, full of flashing fish. The long light touched the me-

tallic glint of scales to a faint rose and gold, and as they slipped and squirmed in the shallow baskets, they gleamed like jewels. Straight from the boats they came, these fishwives, their wares still wet with the sea and something of its spell upon them, while out of the doorways flocked the housewives to scoop up the shining fish in their hands.

But fishwives, housewives, eager children, curious tourists stepped suddenly aside as down the tortuous, cobbled street came the native equipage, a heavy cart with two enormous wheels, drawn by a pair of tranquil, yellow oxen, goat skins swinging over their eyes. Grave they were and patient under the burden of their heavy yoke. Steadily, soberly, they went about their work, work unchanged in centuries, untouched, uncontaminated by the whirr and hurry of a machine-made society. A little old woman from the hills came jogging along, astride an infinitesimal donkey. On either side her diminutive steed hung huge cans of fresh milk, from which she filled the dippers extended to her. Her tanned, leathery face was seamed and lined like a net but her shrewd eyes were undimmed and her shrill voice rose in defense of her own. Small boys approached her donkey's heels at their own risk for if, in the delightful lethargy of a moment's pause, the tiny creature refused to lift a foot in protest to their teasing, be sure the old woman's tongue carried a quirt as sharp in its lashing as any whip. The streets were full of human sounds, children shouting at play, a screaming baby too small to keep up with the others, hawkers crying their wares, the ox-driver with his throaty commands, the strident tones of the milk vender, a strange discordant symphony that drew as it repelled. The air was stifling. Hot oil and frying fish and sweating humanity exuded their odors in a staggering conglomeration. It was that moment at the end of a hot day when nature seems still, beset with a paralyzing lassitude. The sea sent forth no freshness. The mountains guarded their coolness jealously. Strange and aloof they seemed at the end of the wandering streets, like sentinels that frowned disdainfully on the suffocating little town.

NIGHT came and dinner, announced for eight, in true Spanish fashion was served at ten. A tortilla, a broiled chicken, fresh sardines fried in olive oil, roast beef appeared one after another. How long could American capacity withstand such an onslaught? Thanks to the spirit of Valley Forge and San Juan Hill and Belleau Wood, we rose to that dinner in the best form we could muster and achieved at least a partial victory.



The consequence was what might be expected, a sublimated, introspective melancholy, tinged by a sentimentalism that was wholly gustatory. The States seemed very far away. Land and language and people were strange. Why did one leave the known pleasures of home in quest of adventure? Madrid, Toledo, Seville, Granada, how uninviting they sounded and how impossibly remote they seemed. Into that reverie came without warning a confident voice, "Good evening, ladies, how have you enjoyed your dinner?" and one Ralph Simpson, once of Sherry's, late of the French Infantry, and now chef of the Hotel de France of Irun, stood before us. His American father spoke in his name and his speech, but nothing

less than a French mother could have accounted for the quirk of his mustache and the jaunty set of his cook's cap. He knew New York and Chicago. He knew Sherry's from the point of view of its holy of holies, its cuisine. We knew it by reputation and from having gazed with longing through its windows, but for the time being we communed in the democratic bond of a common tongue. For us the chicken, broiled to a turn! For us the fresh sardines! For us, too, the extra touches to the tortilla! No international delegate ever basked in the warmth of a greater importance than we in the consciousness of that culinary triumph, in our honor and for us alone.

Again into the street we went, but into a street transformed. Gone were the crowds, the noises, the smells. Irun was fast asleep and as she slept, the wind washed her streets with air that was sweet. The moon touched her with magic, veiling her old houses in softened light, giving them grace and beauty. A bedraggled, wrinkled old woman by day, she had become by night a lovely lady, enriched by her past, crowned by her age, hallowed by time. Dirt and ugliness had no existence here. Protected on one side by her mountain heights, lulled by the lapping of her ocean tides, brooding her ancient thoughts, she took us to her and made us hers.

MORNING meant market and mass, mass and market for the two were inextricably woven together. The day's provisions for spirit and body went hand in hand. The market teemed with thrifty housekeepers, baskets on their arms, sharp eyes peering here and there for coveted bargains. Practical people one would have said, with no thought other than the material one of the moment. One after another, however, they drew somewhere from the depths of their capacious pockets, little black veils, tied them quickly over their heads, lest the admonition of that woman-hater among the saints go unminged, and slipped into the candle-lit interior of the church for a little prayer to the blessed virgin. Saint Mark, Saint Peter, Saint John, Saint Ste-

(Read further on page 88)

Interior Decorators

"BUY a new gown for the opening dance of the new Francisco? You're flattering me, Alice from Wonderland."

Vivian's eyes suddenly twinkled mischievously. "I should say not—not when we go about all the time with the same crowd of beaux." Then she turned back to her dressing table in her lovely bedroom of the Masters' mansion in Burlingame, and contentedly applied her powder puff.

There was a far away look in Alice's eyes as she, somewhat hesitant, answered, "I guess you're right. We've really been led about like lambs, always carefully shepherded. It does seem as if we never meet any men really exciting."

With a petulant air and a kind of disillusionment in her eyes, which made her as matter of fact as an adding machine, Vivian retorted, "Miss Bolton's Parthian shot to us was entirely superfluous, Alice, I tell you. Can you picture her as she addressed us in that little 'private' talk on the eve of graduation?"

Vivian rolled her eyes expressively, as she imitated the principal of the Eastern finishing school from which the girls had been graduated just one year.

"If you stay out late at night, young ladies, you'll be considered a 'round around'; if you smoke excessively, you'll be thought wild; if you attend wild parties, you won't get the right kind of husbands."

"I'll tell you this much, Alice—if we keep revolving around in this crowd of futile swains, our modicum of good looks'll be gone, and we'll turn out to be wall flowers, who'll never get any kind of husbands at all."

"You may be right to some extent, Vivian." Her attitude seemed to be one of amused resignation. "I'll admit, though, that, like a lorelei, I've watched for the right man from my window 'in the best of San Francisco society' for what seems an eon already. I've even posed for the best painters here—

BY ELEANOR GREY

men who've had their work at the most swanky exhibits, too." Then tossing her head provocatively she added, with an undercurrent of cynicism quite foreign to her make-up. "Still the legitimate advertisement has not made the right purchaser bite yet."

Alice, however, had not been sworn to tell "the truth and nothing but the truth." So she kept an important secret to herself. She had not yet told the big, wide world that her cup of life was overflowing with happiness already, and that her tedium of quest was well nigh over. A worthwhile young Easterner was very charmed by her. An immediate marriage was out of the question, however, because her fiance had his way to make in the world.

"However, I think it's wise, Viva, to sheath the claws and hide the spears in our onslaught. I fear that if we're pushing and bold in our search for a 'date,' we might only land the stupid ones."

"Oh listen, Alice, why are you making a case for the swooning 'mid-Vic'?"

Alice Breck answered thoughtfully, "Never mind, Viva. She experienced her sacred right to romance at any rate. I'll wager they had some breath-taking thrills in the presence of the right man in those days."

With an impish grin Vivian retorted, "Which is more than you can say for the calloused damsels now-a-days." Then with an air of cynical finality she added, "At any rate, I'm for selecting a man of good habits, agreeable tastes and person, and most vital of all, of good income. Then let the little Love God tune in when the stage is all set."

"But seriously, Viva, there really must be scads of worthwhile men not necessarily in our set—men who don't just hang back," volunteered Alice.

"I suppose you vision the type that can skillfully be the aggressor," answered Vivian skeptically.

"The kind that, when he loves you, also makes you feel completely that you are his—that his very word is law with you."

"What a man you conjure up, Alice!"

"Yes," continued the engaged girl romantically, "the princely kind whose dominion o'er you, you'd never want to contest. N'est pas, Viva?"

"When you talk this way about a mere male," retorted Vivian, "you paralyze my intellectual powers."

Then exultantly she added, "I've a bright idea for once, though, Alice, and I'll 'speak up now, or forever hold my peace.'"

Alice simulated interest as she caught the spirit of the girl.

"When we go up to San Francisco next week, let's dine at some smart hotel. That'll be the night before the Francisco opening. We'll doll ourselves up for dancing. Then watch me produce new, handsome, eligible dancing partners, while I look innocent and propel 'come hither glances.'"

"Well, believe me, no one can look so innocent yet beguiling as you with your large, brown, baby-stare eyes. I'm game, Viva. When shall we stage the escapade?"

Alice Breck felt that Vivian needed to be disciplined somehow for her venturesome penchant for innocently flirting with the conventional code.

"Next Monday at dinner at the Palace," she promptly answered.

"All set then for the first grand stand play of the two innocents while abroad in 'the great big, bad city,'" repeated Alice gaily.

THE new Francisco Hotel was located on one of San Francisco's superb hills. It looked out over the beautiful city as from the canopy of heaven itself. Since it was the last word in hotel improvements and equipment, no expense had been saved in making it the finest in the West. Alice Breck's father was the hotel manager. Imposing in ap-

pearance, excellent in appointments, it boasted of the service which could be dispensed there. The help, gathered from the best known hotels of America and Europe, were thoroughly trained and experienced.

The thin, persuasive strains of music from the orchestra fell upon the girls' ears with a terrible suddenness of impact, as, unescorted, they entered the Palace Hotel on the night appointed for their adventure. Then, too, the rhythmic stirring of feet fascinated them as they passed through the lobby.

Vivian was too eager to suffer even the faintest compunction of conscience at her venture. No lurid mid-Victorian imagining that Madame Grundy would make them pay her toll bothered her. She did not worry that, if her plans were known to society, it would want to know everything, and then not condone or forgive.

As the two attractive girls seated themselves at the table, there was an intangible, thin air of inaccessibility about them. In their innermost hearts, they both longed for the assuaging sight of some loyal friend or suitor.

"Now I'm seductive, Alice," Vivian volunteered as she assumed a look of coquetry.

"You're to be doubly condemned if you don't make killings tonight, Viva. This is no sin of impulse on your part," proffered Alice tentatively. "You know. It's premeditatedly staged and, therefore, 'an offense intangibly related to a fault in character,'" simulating seriousness she tauntingly added.

"Listen to Mademoiselle Alice Breck, desolate but loyal member of the conventional squad, who's being stung by the prong of remorseful conscience as she sits unescorted at dinner at a fashionable San Francisco hotel."

As the evening progressed, a well-groomed, personable young man took the table immediately in back of Vivian. He appeared to be a foreigner, and carried himself with marked 'distingue'.

When the leader of the orchestra began Schubert's famous "Song of Love," Vivian turned to look at him. In doing so, she was conscious that the stranger's eyes followed her

glance. While arranging her chair to turn back again, she accidentally collided with the man's chair. Politely he murmured, "I beg your pardon, Miss. They do set these chairs so close." Then assuming a thoughtful attitude, he ventured, "Would you or the other young lady care to dance? The music's so entrancing."

Vivian begged Alice's pardon and proceeded to accept the stranger's

YOUNG POET

*LET the neighbors gossip,
Let the neighbors stare,
At her careless dress,
At her rebel hair.*

*Let the neighbors gabble
About her window-panes,
Dusky with dripping
Of snow and rains;*

*About her ragged garden
And unpruned trees.
Her eyes find glory
In each of these.*

*All the wide heaven
From her window-sill
Is hers for the asking,
And each green hill
Is a tall pine stairway
Up the windy street
Where stars are cobblestones
Under her feet!*

—LUCIA TRENT.

invitation. The man showed an arrested interest in her, as, with marked grace, she rose to dance, while her eyes shone bright.

Gradually she obtained the information that her dancing partner was an interior decorator, sent here to take charge of the work on the new hotel.

Upon returning to their seats, Vivian introduced the man. Turning to Alice, he deferentially inquired, "May I have the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Breck?"

Alice showed graceful poise. "Yes, Mr. Fournier. I shall enjoy it, I'm sure."

Upon parting for the evening, he turned to the girls. "May I hope

to repeat the pleasure of this evening on some other occasion? I've a friend who's out here on professional business with me, too. I think you young ladies would like him. He's a very gifted chap who's doing most creditable work in his profession."

AS THEY drove home, the girls while giggling about their experience, began to compare bits of information which they had gleaned from their conversation. Was their dancing escort of the evening all he had posed as?

Alice had a certain grim foreboding. "How do you know what may come of this innocent flirtation, Viva?"

"Oh he's all right, Alice. He may be one of the thousands who made a big killing in the stock market when it was going big, and wants now to grab a little share of social life."

"Pretty easy, Viva. This 'bear' stunt still continues to go over big with our imagination. Doesn't it?" "He went on it Ritz fashion when talking with me. I asked him if he ever played golf. He replied that he felt he was too much on his feet in his interior decorating work; said he'd only recently taken to driving his own car for exercise, because he'd let his chauffeur go."

"Oh, we're just scared of Madame Grundy, Alice. Of course he's all right. My heart of heart tells me I'm for this 'do or die' flirtation. My 'date' of tonight is some handsome, rich blade languishing in single harness."

Alice laughed softly. "I'm not so sure, Alice. All's not gold, you know. He may just have a fine 'line'. Let's wait until the night of the Francisco dance, anyhow. He says he'll be a guest there next week. So possibly we can date him up on Friday."

Vivian's budding gaiety and irresistible charm failed to inveigle Alice to carry on the unconventionally made acquaintance any further. So it was decided that they would not keep the "date" with the stranger until after the opening night of the hotel.

"Nothing for me to do but be-
(Read further on page 88)

Impressions of Italy

MILAN

THE train ride from Monterey to Milan is through mountainous country with much variety in scenery. At times our train followed some charming mountain stream and again passed through a tunnel black as night.

Arriving at our hotel in Milan; a large photograph of Mussolini greeted us in the hallway. Our bedrooms were charming with lovely Italian prints on the wall and Renaissance furniture. Almost immediately we set out for the cathedral, the Duomo, or Cathedral Square. The houses along the way are for the most part built of stone and are higher than those in Paris. Their fronts have many balconies, and the railings are of quaint and curious workmanship.

Milan more resembles an American city than do most cities in France: the street cars, for instance, are exactly similar to those of our cities. Many advertisements of American-made goods are displayed in the street cars: chewing gum, razor blades, and Ford cars. Italy has more American automobiles than France—and they are larger than those in France and England. The Italians are fond of speed and this is reflected in the rapidity with which their traffic moves.

The Italians seem to be less jolly and vivacious than the French, but much more so than the Germans and English. Some would have us believe that the present regime in Italy is depressing. I do not think this is at all true. The Italian strikes one as being more pleasant about bargaining than the Frenchman. If you do not give the latter exactly what he expects, he can be exceedingly gruff; the Italian, on the other hand, is more open to argument. He takes a keener delight in arguing even than the German, and is pleased with less accompanied by an argument, than with more in silence.

Fruit stands are very frequent along the street: such glorious piles

By CYRIL CLEMENS

of grapes we have never before seen. Coming in by train we passed countless vineyards, with thousands of country people picking grapes. Hill-sides everywhere were graded with what seemed to be giant steps, and on each step vines were growing.

More horses are seen along the streets than in England, France or Germany. We took a ride in an old brougham; just the kind of vehicle Benjamin Disraeli was accustomed to use. Our driver was a character out of Dickens. He affected an old top hat with streaks of white showing through the blackness; around his neck he sported a red bow tie. One eye was permanently closed, and the other only partly opened. His garments were indescribable; if they had been consciously arranged for a fancy dress party, the designer would have been called a costume genius. A firm guardian of his rights he was, and if any other vehicle encroached upon his right of way to the slightest degree, he became extremely irate and spared no verbal pains to make his opponent realize his trespass.

The squares in Milan are typical of those in other Italian cities. There is always a statue to some illustrious person—Garibaldi, Verdi, Leonardo, and others, are thus honored. The base of these statues is usually illustrated with scenes from the life of the famous one. The other circle of the square is planted with many varieties of flowers, shrubs, and frequently palm trees. These charming squares are delightfully restful to the city man.

NO description of Milan would be in any way complete without mention of the magnificent cathedral. A few impressions only may be permitted, in light of what so many celebrated travelers have written from John Ruskin down. There are a thousand and one pinnacles along the edge of the vast roof and each pinnacle is surmounted by a

statue most cunningly carved and of stone so white that it glistens in the sun. Looking up at the glorious temple you realize the truth of the saying: "Architecture is frozen music!"

"These are the most beautiful stained glass windows I have ever seen," you exclaim when you enter the church, "Cologne and Chartres not excepted!" These windows are so tall and immense, and the vast reaches of the huge edifice so dark that the light coming through the superbly beautiful stained glass stuns the beholder.

When one has again reached his normal poise after beholding the sublime windows, he notices that the central aisle of the church is one vast sea of stone. There are no pews or benches of any kind in Italian churches. During mass an old man came around with cane chairs to be rented for the sum of half a lire. It gave one a thrill to be hearing mass at an altar where without doubt a mass was being said the morning that Columbus discovered America! There is a certain indefinable charm and mellowness about an ancient cathedral which is extremely comforting and soothing to the spirit.

Passing from the spirit to the body, the Italian food is most excellent. An idea of it may be had by describing a typical Italian dinner served on a dining car between Milan and Lake Como. The first course consisted of sardines, sliced sausage, pickled beets and potato salad with boiled eggs; the second course was a heaping plate of macaroni sprinkled with grated cheese; then came excellent roast lamb with unusually good gravy, accompanied by potatoes peeled and baked with the roast, and peas of a most vivid green hue. Next came fine gruyere cheese, and the luncheon wound up with a bunch of glorious Italian grapes. We washed down the meal with red wine which cost three and one-half lira, or about twenty cents, the bottle. The luncheon cost twenty

lira or approximately one dollar in American money.

Italy is a country in which the work of nature, the work of man, and the charm of the inhabitants have all combined to make one glorious whole. Byron did not exaggerate when he wrote his famous praise of Italy. When describing Italy it is much easier to underestimate than to over-praise. If man had done nothing to Italy, it would still be well worth visiting; but when the result of art and the charm of the inhabitants are added to the beauty of the land, Italy becomes a bit of heaven here below.

Americans are especially liked by the Italians; it does not take us from across the water long to understand this, and the more extended our stay in Italy, the stronger becomes our first impression.

VENICE

ONE of the most interesting cities of Italy is Venice. We reached the historic place late at night and were taken to our hotel in a gondola. The entire distance as he plied his oars, our gondolier kept up a song. It was, indeed, an experience, traversing these dark canals, bordered on both sides by gloomy looking buildings with very few lights.

Early the morning following I was abroad to see the sights of Venice. The walk along the Grand Canal was crowded with people. Everyone walked leisurely, even though most of them were on their way to business.

Entering Saint Mark's Square, of a sudden thousands of pigeons flew up. The little creatures struck me as very jolly pigeons, and the men who sold bags of corn to be given the pigeons, smiled much and were happier than any men of wealth I have ever seen in America. Every visitor to Venice will remember the arcades all around the square. Under those arcades are stores where everything imaginable is sold: embroidery, jewelry, glassware. Should you, as you go along the arcade, so much as glance out of the corner of your eye towards a display window, the storekeeper will pop out of his store, like a jack-in-a-box and all but pull you into his establishment.

Leaving the square, a few turns found me again by the waterfront. Venice at that precise moment and particular place, presented a picture not easily forgotten by the beholder: the sun was shining merrily, scores of anchored gondolas were bobbing up and down with a rhythmic swish as the water laved the



Cyril Clemens

shore, some gondoliers were lounging by the waterfront engaged in talk broken by peals of merry laughter; another group not far distant was occupied in a rather heated controversy productive of much gesticulation and numerous exclamations of unutterable disgust. Along the walk were a number of stone benches; these were used by some men as checker boards who were playing the game with odd stones, and enjoying themselves immensely.

ACROSS the blue water, waves dancing in the sun, stood an island containing a long low building with a beautiful red tile roof and a superb tower. While drinking in this matchless view, I was reminded of what Venice must have been in the early days, during the romantic renaissance period, the days of her greatest glory. The fine museum facing the cathedral put me in the right spirit. The first room contained some portraits of old doges with their peculiar bon-

net-like hats. Their faces told much: stern men, fond of authority, able one minute to turn a deaf ear to piteous cries for mercy, and the next to sentimentalize over a dead bird or an impaled fish.

Many daggers, swords, and ornamented pistols were displayed in another case: how quickly and effectively did not these ugly weapons give poor mortals the quietus. Another case contained the robes which were worn by a doge, a senator, and an admiral. These were made from heavy red cloth, with gold lace collars and cuffs. Imagine a senatorial meeting in the doge's palace about 1530. The bell rings, the presiding officer enters with his magnificent velvet robes, a small page carries his long train, and after come all the other senators in stately fashion. Perchance there has been a plot against the state discovered only in the nick of time, and these men are assembled to pass the death sentence upon certain apprehended plotters.

One room of the museum was devoted to the memory of a great Venetian admiral. The huge figure-head of his sailing barge was there, some of the very heavy oars that the unfortunate galley slaves wielded until their hands sweat blood; the silver whistle with which the admiral set his ships against the enemy and many beautifully wrought swords used on board the boats. There was also the favorite cat of the admiral, stuffed.

Nor must we forget the admiral's prayer-book which looked innocent and pious enough, at first sight, the pages of the first third of the book like those of any other volume, but the remainder were glued together and the inside of all the pages cut out, thus making room for a small pistol! So when the book was closed or even partly opened, no one would have the least suspicion of what it contained. What a sidelight on the period of Renaissance!

In the afternoon we took a gondola ride down the Grand Canal. There were many gondolas plying back and forth and the whole Canal presented a most animated appearance. The gondolier pointed out a large five-story white stone palace and said: "That is where Mrs.

(Read further on page 88)

Montara the Scenic

MONTARA mountain, bold and rugged peak in San Mateo County lying at the edge of the sea, at last is to be conquered. Around its precipitous base and hanging high above the ocean, a boulevard is to be built that will reveal to the eyes of motorists numberless views not excelled anywhere upon the Pacific Coast. The survey stakes have been placed, contracts for the work let and soon mammoth shovels will begin to carve the curving line of the new road along these westerling cliffs.

Construction will follow the right-of-way of the old Ocean Shore Railway, beginning with the restoration of the tunnel at Pedro and following through the wide, clean beach at Montara. Since time's dim beginning these six miles of mountain, laid steeply down on granite knees into the Pacific, have seriously impeded the passage of humanity up and down our long coast line. The seaward facing is seamed with the cuttings of old roads tried and abandoned. These ancient excavations can plainly be seen from the bed of the new road, and where they followed canyon recesses away from the drive of winter's furious storms are well preserved.

BY PAUL E. SPRINGER

The taming of this mountain will restore to San Franciscans the coveted pleasures of Green Valley, and of the warm and protected beaches to the south, access to which was lost when the Ocean Shore Railway ceased to be. Green Valley is laid back well away from the sea in the steep folds of ridges lifting a thousand feet into the clear air. Entering this vale by the new boulevard one is so suddenly removed from the incessant, deafening roar of the ocean, hearing seems to have been lost. But a myriad of birds in willowy retreats or among the tall, waving grasses soothes wearied ears with tender melodies, and from his covert in a tiny dell the piping of a quail flutes on the sparkling atmosphere.

Strung out like gleaming pearls upon a string, wonderful beaches lie to the southward, now soon to be brought to within a little more than an hour's motor travel from San Francisco. Montara's high bulk bars from them the cold fogs of the northern coast. There the sun carries an added warmth and the cheerful strands, endlessly laved by the foamy wash of the sea, offer renewed and

happy relaxation to thousands of San Franciscan youngsters and their elders, to whom these blessings have been banned by distance and road difficulties in the past.

Water, the master carver, working here in all manner of rocks and earth, offers to the eyes of the curious a bewildering array of his softly rounded creations. Not to be outdone, the wind, able rival, has scarped upon the upper reaches of the hills and upon the naked walls of the old excavations strange creations in the opposite mode—myriads of cup-like holes with thin lips, tirelessly ground out with no tools than a flick of sand in her tiny fingers.

Completion of this road around Montara will permit of easy access to these beaches, and afford to the long-suffering people of the coast side the outlet to San Francisco they so earnestly desire. It is the conviction of those representing the Tri-County District in this road building operation the new boulevard will have such instant recognition of its importance to the public that the State will take it into the highway system. Those who have passed on foot over the wonderful route believe its scenic wonders will bring world renown.

Kaleotaka

(Mythical Personage of the Hopi Indians)

ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

CLIFFS of orange and madder and copper
 With scarves of gray,
 Sky of Oraibi-blue,
 Potrero pool
 Of orange and madder and copper
 And gray and blue.
 In the cool
 Of the day
 Cayuse, nuzzling white clouds by,
 Drinks long draughts of summer sky;
 In blanket of marino-gray
 Old Hopi chief
 Is thrown in relief

Against the desert hue,
 Face carved from the cliffs of copper,
 As detached and wrinkled and scarred
 As escarpment cumbre of clay,
 As old and proud and hard
 As the felsite scarves of gray.

I am told that the cliffs are what they seem
 But the chief, I am told, is only a dream
 As thin and as rare
 As Oraibi air,—
 Yet I swear by the gods that I saw him there.

PUTTING PROGRESS ON THE MAP

Extensive construction planned or under way in the San Francisco Bay region is shown graphically by this map—Projects in the city itself are shown in detail in the enlarged map at the left. Note table at extreme left.

\$258,000,000 BAY PROJECTS VISUALIZED AT EXPOSITION

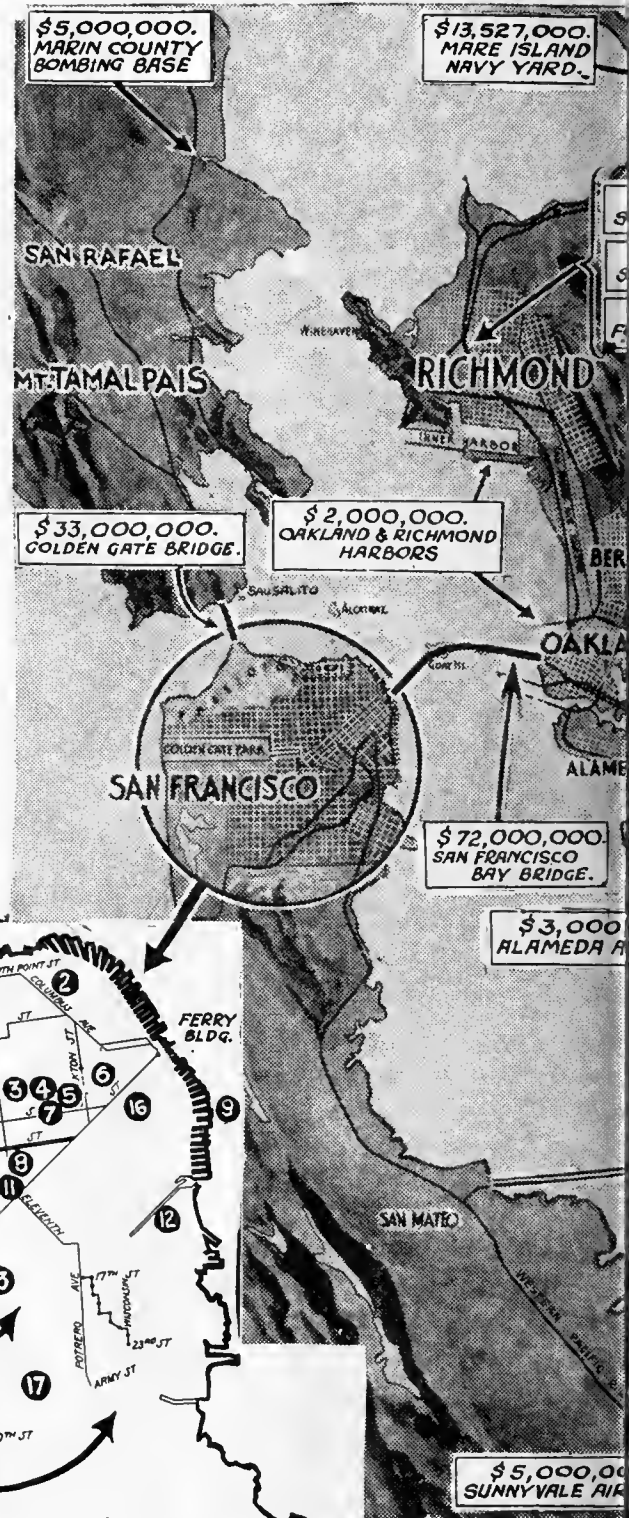
CONSTRUCTION projects aggregating \$258,000,000 for San Francisco and the metropolitan area of which it is the center, are visualized at the "Progress Exposition" at the Emporium and are being inspected by thousands of persons daily.

Many of the projects are now under construction, and contracts have been let for others, and work will be commenced soon. Others are being worked out by large industrial firms in the San Francisco Bay district, and have progressed to the point where their completion within a five-year period apparently is assured.

The San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce is sponsoring the exhibition, which consists of miniature bridges, model airports and air bases, exact in detail; photographs and architects' drawings. Altogether the exhibits constitute a graphic presentation of the immense strides which are being taken in the bay area.

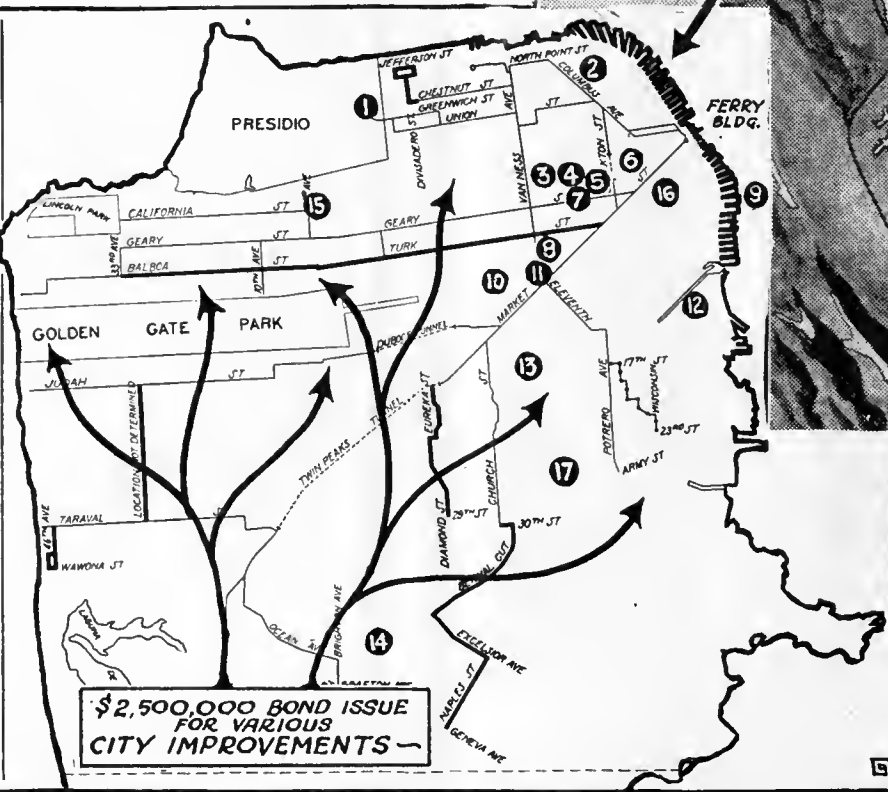
The exhibits include: The two proposed bay bridges, the air bases at Sunnyvale and in Marin and Alameda Counties, the proposed industrial

—Courtesy San Francisco Examiner

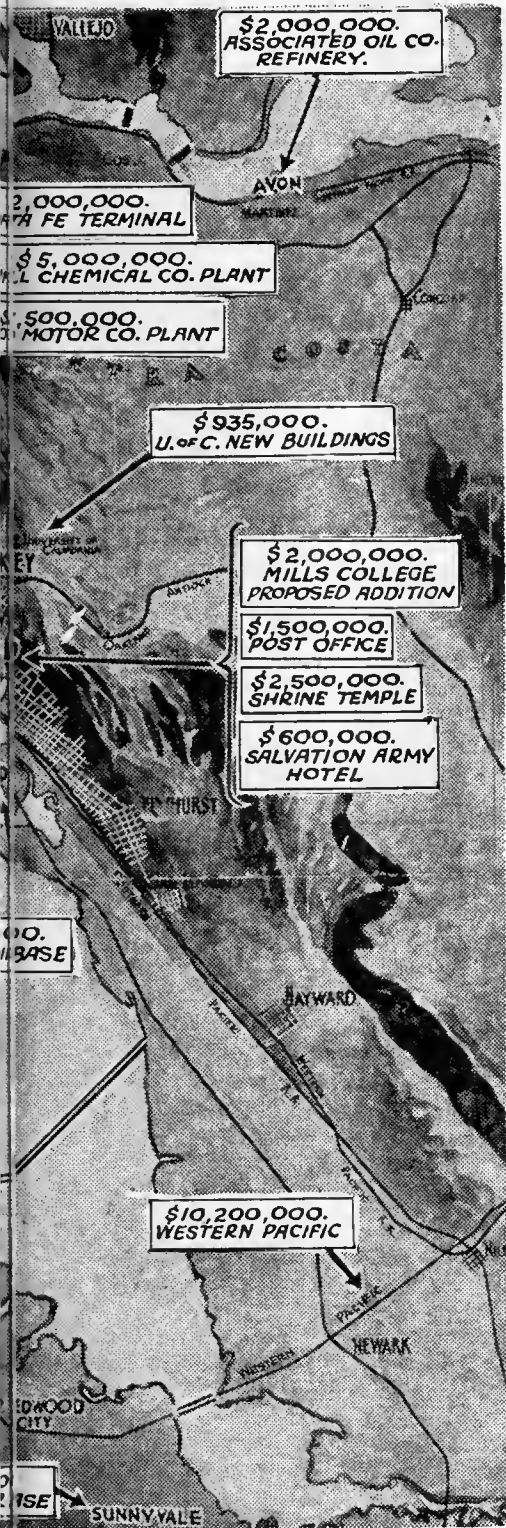


- LEGEND -
CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO
PROPOSED PROJECTS

- ① MARINE HOSPITAL..... \$ 1,500,000.
- ② GENERAL PETROLEUM CO. PLANT. \$ 1,000,000.
- ③ GRACE CATHEDRAL.... \$ 500,000.
- ④ BOHEMIAN CLUB..... \$ 800,000.
- ⑤ P.G.&E. \$ 22,000,000.
- ⑥ MILLS BUILDING..... \$ 1,000,000.
- ⑦ OLYMPIC CLUB..... \$ 5,000,000.
- ⑧ FEDERAL BUILDING.. \$ 3,000,000.
- ⑨ HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS \$ 10,000,000.
- ⑩ HEALTH DEPT..... \$ 3,250,000.
- ⑪ WAR MEMORIAL & OPERA HOUSE... \$ 4,000,000.
- ⑫ ISLA'S CREEK & WESTERN PACIFIC.. \$ 1,800,000.
- ⑬ PUBLIC SCHOOLS... \$ 4,000,000.
- ⑭ COUNTY JAIL..... \$ 850,000.
- ⑮ SEWERS..... \$ 1,000,000.
- ⑯ PAC. TEL. & TEL. CO. \$ 9,700,000.
- ⑰ MARKET ST. RY. \$ 2,500,000.



developments in San Francisco improvement projects. "In new construction the nation," Herbert Hoover, the Junior Chamber, of west of Chicago, and to a more beautiful community.



Einstein

By S. Estelle Greathead

BEHIND the curtained walls of space
 He peers
 Where phantom shapes reside
 Or fears,
 And from its unplumbed depths
 He flings
 A challenge to the world
 That brings
 To us who delve, or toiling dream
 And grope
 A hidden store of wealth
 And hope
 Which lifts us from the lower lanes
 Of thought
 To levels we, unknowingly
 Have sought.

The gold that men have sold their souls
 To gain
 Is only pitiful to him
 And vain!
 His mind envisions far-flung fields
 That gird
 A universe entreating
 To be heard,
 And starry orbits trembling wait
 His measuring rod
 That reaches to infinity
 And God.

San Francisco and its area and the larger civic and harbor
 and developments, San Francisco ranks fourth in
 H. Mitchell, chairman of the industrial committee of
 declared last night. "It far surpasses every other city
 by all means new payrolls, increased prosperity and
 activity."

The Romance of Cripple Creek

IN the waters of the little stream from which Cripple Creek received its alliterative name, a group of miners, grizzled and bent, can be seen, trying to eke out an existence by placer mining. It is a painfully slow and tedious process. Many pans of sand must be sifted to find the yellow particles, and many of these particles it takes to make an ounce of the precious metal. But these men at their work, are symbolic of the spirit which prevails among the few loyal souls who still remain in this spot, for they are ever hopeful that Midas may again touch it with his golden wand, transforming the quiet town into a beehive of industry, as in the days gone by.

Historic Cripple Creek, high up in the Rockies, nestling under the shadow of the old beacon mountain, Pikes Peak, was at one time famous the world over for its meteoric rise from a cattle ranch to one of the richest gold mining cities on the continent.

Now in sad contrast to its former glory it presents to the visitor a mournful picture of deserted homes, of buildings destroyed by wrecking crews, and of almost deserted streets. Once a city of 40,000, the last census shows a drop in population to 1,200 souls.

Here no summer hotels attract the occasional tourist, and no miniature golf courses can be found. Even the one picture show has long since closed its doors. All very different from the time when there were three railroads running into the city, with more than twenty trains daily; when there were three stock exchanges, 50 brokerage offices and 178 saloons; and the town knew no night.

Of course, here, as elsewhere, the new mingles occasionally with the old. At the usual hour the voices of Amos and Andy can be heard on the still, clear evening air. A chiropractor's sign is prominently displayed. Cripple Creek boasts a woman's club which struggles valiantly to survive, in spite of its steadily

BY FLORA SCOTT BAUMANN

decreasing membership. Modern motor buses, carrying a few straggling sight-seers, rush down the streets which once resounded to the clatter of horses' hoofs — horses which hauled the stage coaches, bringing gold seekers and camp followers by the thousands up to the glorious land of promise.

On one of the quiet street corners sits an old blind woman who sings and strums her guitar, and her quavering strains of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" echo among the deserted buildings. It is said that her husband is blind also as are his two brothers, all three having lost their sight through mine accidents. In the early days these blind brothers were in the habit of boarding the cars which ran to the various mining towns in the district and singing to the passengers, thus making a fairly good living, for the generosity of miners is proverbial.

Many of the log cabins which survived the disastrous fire of '96 are still standing — picturesque landmarks of a former day.

SOUTH of the town, in the heart of the busy district of the old days, is the house built by Carr, owner of the ranch near which gold was discovered. This was planned for the accommodation of early comers. Though constructed of logs, it was a pretentious building for the time, when the hills for miles around were dotted with the tents of familiar thankful indeed for their inadequate shelter.

Later this old house was owned by a miner named Thorn who invented a carbide lamp, which took the place of candles on the miner's caps. Thorn, however, did not succeed in securing his patent and because of grief and worry he lost his mind. Thereafter he became a familiar and pathetic figure standing on the street corner, giving out checks to the good natured passers-by who would humor him by accept-

ing them. It was only by promising that they would take him to interview the famous Stratton in Colorado Springs (who he claimed had first offered and later refused to back him in his enterprise) that the authorities were able to get him peaceably to the insane asylum at Pueblo.

Near the house is the old grandstand, weathered by time, and there is still evidence of the baseball diamond where the Cripple Creek highgraders once gave battle to the teams from Denver and Pueblo.

The old time miners fit perfectly into the picture of ruin and decay. They are gaunt, grizzled derelicts who failed to reach their golden goal. Many of them, husky and panting from miner's consumption, caused by inhaling fine powder from the granite rock, are spending their last days offering for sale curios and bits of ore. To hear them reminisce is to revive with them in fancy, the old days, the gold days.

MYERS AVENUE, the once famous red light district, is now suggestive in appearance of the ruins of antiquity. Here stands an old brown wooden shack, there the remnants of a crumbling brick wall. Not a sound breaks the stillness, not a sign of life can be seen.

It was of Myers Avenue that Julian Street, famous author, wrote scathingly when he visited the city and found that district enjoying its period of greatest prosperity. Without visiting any other section of the city, he wrote an article on Cripple Creek, dealing solely with the subject of its vice. It is said that the city fathers did not turn the other cheek to this insult; on the contrary they voted unanimously to change the name of Myers Avenue to Julian Street, a name which it officially holds to this day.

If the bricks and timbers, still standing, could speak, they might tell lurid tales of the days that are past, when this street was the scene
(Read further on Page 90)

Luck--a Short-Short Story

By ROLAND HAROLD KRUGER

TWILIGHT had faded into dusk as the reddish glow of the western sky gradually changed to a deep purple. Three hours of casting among the tules of Clear Lake had netted me not so much as a single strike. As I approached Charley Shroeder's cabin, I could discern its owner seated in his favorite chair, his feet hung lazily over the railing on the porch. Mounting the steps, I was soon engaged in stringing up my line for drying. This task done, I pulled up a chair beside Charley and made preparations for a smoke.

"Well," said Charley between puffs from his pipe, "I reckon them bass jest don't fancy yer bait none."

I grunted a reply of disgust. He continued:

"She's shore funny that some fellers kin go out there almost anytime an' bring in a coupla nice fish, while yo' don't even get a strike. It ain't 'cause yer a no good angler, either; it's jes' plain gosh-darned luck."

"Yes," I answered, my feelings somewhat consoled by the soothing effect of tobacco, "It's strange, alright."

"Yep," said Charley.

We lapsed into a silence born of long acquaintance. I had spent my last six vacations up here with Charley, and would probably spend as many more.

"Yep," said Charley again after a prolonged silence, "Lady Luck shore is mighty queer when she picks her playmates. Why, with some

fellers, she jes' falls all over their necks, and with some fellers, why she's jes' plain p'izen."

I instinctively sensed a story.

"**Y**A know," he went on, "I once knew a feller—we called 'im Spruce—who never had nothin' but hard luck all 'is life. Fu'st 'is wife runs away with a travelin' salesman; then he loses 'is job in the city. So he comes out here to Californy an' starts workin' in a lumber camp. That's where I run up ag'in 'm. Well, sir, he's there about a coupla weeks when a cable busts and a log rolls over 'is legs and puts 'im in a horspital fer some months. When he gets out, he gets in a fight an' looses all 'is teeth. A coupla days later, a dam' rattler takes a taste o' 'is leg, and he almost kicks th' bucket. An' them was jes' about half o' 'is troubles, too. He takes to gamblin', and looses all o' 'is wages fer some time ta come.

Well, sir, he finally pays off all his debts, and decides to kinda settle down an' save some money, which he does, until he's got a coupla hundred dollars to his credit. Then 'is luck kinda changes, 'cause he buys a half interest in th' local hotel, and from all that I kin see, he's a settin' kinda' pretty.

"But o' course, 'is luck don't last none. He all o' a sudden gets th'

gamblin' fever ag'in, so he goes ta town with a month's wages, set on gamblin' it away. Well, sir, jes' as we all was expectin', he loses it all in about a hour. O' course, that was when Spruce should 'a' quit, but he's jes' plum outa' 'is mind by now, an' kin think o' nothin' but gamblin'. So he goes an' puts up his interest in th' hotel ag'in' all the money on the table.

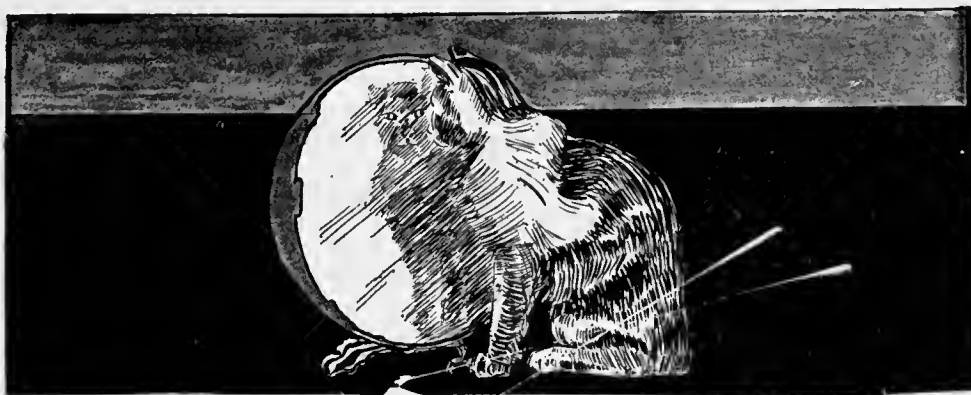
"Well, sir, I could jes' see by the white o' his face, an' by 'is shakin' hands, that Spruce was kinda nervous. Yes sir, an' ya cain't blame 'im none, either, 'cause that half interest was all he hed left, an' he was gettin' kinda old, too. It seems thet he kinda was a realizin' it after it was too late. I shore felt a heap sorry fer 'im, but there was nothin' could be done about it, nohow.

"Well, sir, th' cards was dealt, an', by Paul Bunyan's blue ox, I'll be a two legged horned toad ef Spruce didn't draw a royal flush right offen th' bat."

Charley paused to relight his pipe.

"So he got all the money, and kept his hotel," I finished.

"No sir," said Charley flicking out the match, "not on yer life. Pore Spruce died o' shock the minute he sees his cards, so his luck didn't do 'im no good, nohow. We burries him nex' day with thet royal flush still in 'is hands, an' I shore hope he kin use it ta some good where he is now, 'cause he shore deserves it plenty."



B. J. H. M. P. 44-

The Blur

A Story of a Man Who Could See Only His Nose

BY CARLTON KENDALL

PHILIP WILLIAMS graduated with honors from the University of California and took a position with the Oreintal Exporting Company of San Francisco. Keen, wide-awake and filled with ambition, his life stretched before him toward a great mountain upon whose snow-clad pinnacle rested success, fame and commercial achievement. His duties were those of a shipping clerk. His salary was not over-generous but the manager had taken a liking to him and stood ready to advance him as rapidly as his ability and knowledge of the business would permit.

Then, like a thunderbolt, it came!

One morning as he was preparing the manifests to accompany a consignment of goods to Seattle, a luminous cloud rose before his vision obscuring the distant corners of the warehouse. It came suddenly as if a vaporous object had risen before his eyes. He could see the figures on the manifests quite clearly, but the vast assortment of boxes and bales arranged in groups in accordance with their destinations were a blur before him.

The experience was as if the world had suddenly shrunken into a small circle of immediate objects, paramount among which was the luminous cloud. He could not take his eyes off it. It fascinated him. It rose before him like a pink-hued aura. It colored the objects near at hand with an invisible beauty and hit those more distant behind a veil-like curtain. When he looked up, it vanished. But the moment he looked down, it loomed before him.

That night he went to an oculist and had his eyes examined. They were absolutely normal but the oculist advised him to consult a physician, who pronounced the cause neurasthenia, advising a change of work and surroundings.

PHILIP gave up his position with the exporting firm and went into the high Sierras. For a time he seemed to recover. But gradually,

oftener and oftener, he found himself looking at the mysterious object. His life became centered on it. Its strange magnetism held him in a mystic spell. It affected, not only his sight, his vision, but his life energy. From a virile young man seething with vigorous emotions, he became a sloth, a ground-lizard, with no ambition but to bask in the sunlight of material enjoyment. The snow-clad pinnacle of success faded before his eyes until at last the snow melted and the mountain disappeared.

From an idealist, he became a materialist. Where he had once been a climber into the clouds of life, he was now a drifter in the scum of its eddying currents. His former college friends noted the change and tried in vain arguments to rouse his old spirit of ambition. Their efforts were of no avail and one by one they gave him up to the catalectism of his own shortcomings. He did not tell them of the strange phenomena. That he kept to himself for fear they would think him mentally deranged.

AS the years passed, Philip busied himself with the things about him, saved his money and spent the major portion of his time gazing at the object which obscured his vision. Floating from one occupation to another, he finally purchased a little grocery store on the corner of Eighth Avenue and East Nineteenth Street and employed one clerk, whom he paid eleven dollars a week.

At the end of two years, he was known in the neighborhood as old-fashioned and unprogressive. His store was fast falling into decline. He was foredoomed to fail—all because the peculiar blur stood before his vision.

One morning he unlocked the red-painted door and opened it twice to try the tiny bell hanging from the ceiling, he noticed a number of workmen gathered in the

vacant lot across the street. A wagon loaded with tools was drawn up in front. Men were depositing its contents on the wet grass—shovels, picks, stakes, two wheelbarrows and a quantity of heavy twine.

Philip looked at them uneasily. A vague feeling of fear crept over him. What could they be doing, he asked himself. Without stopping to put the two boxes of withered vegetables out on the side-walk, he went into the back room, got his hat and set forth across the street.

"What are you going to build?"

"A store," was the reply.

Philip returned to his own musty establishment. So he was to have competition. The thought sent a chill down his spine.

AS the days progressed, the store grew from piles of lumber into a neat, cheery-looking, one-story building with modern show windows and plenty of shelving. Philip watched the progress mournfully. On account of the luminous cloud before his eyes, he could not distinguish the building clearly from his store window, so every afternoon he put on his faded felt hat and crossed the street. For the space of ten minutes he would stand before the structure gazing into the clean-smelling interior.

Anxiously he inquired who the occupant was to be. But no one seemed to know.

After these daily trips, he would return to his own dusty, fly-bespeckled domain, gather a few loose papers together, dust off the antiquated packages of once-popular breakfast foods, rearrange his limp vegetables and mentally resolve to remodel and be up-to-date. The snow-clad mountain would again rise before him. The sunlight would dance merrily on his shut-in soul and he would experience a momentary up-surge of ambition.

But no sooner did he look around at the various counters, cases and antiquated furnishings to get down

(Read further on page 86)

The Lure of the Painted Canyon

BY FRANCES N. AHL

STRANGE, weird and mystic pictures are formed in the mind by the very name of the Painted Canyon—the Egypt of the West. Here is a land of enchantment unsurpassed by any fabled country, yet a highway runs within three miles of it.

A desert marvel that shines with vivid colors in the sun's rays, the Painted Canyon is one of the natural wonders of Southern California. Located in Riverside County, it extends for seven miles back into the mud hills of Mecca. In no other section of the state can be found the amazing formations in stone and the weird contortions that are to be seen here.

Leaving the Blythe highway a short distance beyond Mecca, I motored for nearly three miles through a rough and rocky sandwash, anxiously anticipating the opening of the canyon. Suddenly and almost unexpectedly, a sharp turn in the road ushered me to the entrance. One of the first and most powerful impressions made upon me was that of motionless unreality. And yet the Painted Canyon is truly a motion picture. There are no two moments when its appearance is exactly the same. The shadows are constantly altering—shortening here, lengthening there, appearing and disappearing. There is continual change.

The rich glowing red of its walls, the blotches of pinks, grays, greens, purples, yellows and browns all blend in a strange and grotesque fashion. The general effect attracted, awed and fascinated me. Just after sunset the reds deepen to dim purples, and the grays and greens and yellows are transformed to magical blues. When darkness comes with a moonless night, the very canyon seems to suggest weird and unimaginable mysteries.

The Painted Canyon is a bizarre study in geological structure. Its

thick, horizontal layers of sandstone of brilliant tints have been carved into definite architectural forms. The whole is a spectacular illustration of the accumulated results of erosion—of the combined action of wind and rain and running water, and the various atmospheric agencies that attack the separate layers of stone and sculpture them into the forms that give character to a landscape. As the individual layers of stone vary in their resistance to erosion, some being soft while others are hard, every butte and pinnacle is characterized by its own steplike alternation of cliff, slope and shelf. Gargoyles of amazing figures jut out from sheer cliffs, shrouded figures close together in long rows look forth from walls and crevices, Egyptian and Greek temple effects are all about the canyon.

As the tireless efforts of erosion have gone on year after year, parts of the canyon have become separated by the widening of ravines. The unusually steep sides and the great height of the walls give rapid fall to the streams, and enable them to cut deeply and powerfully. The erosion effected by these streams, although spasmodic—because streams are fed primarily by spasmodic rainstorms in an arid climate—is none the less effective. The sculptured figures are kept warm and fresh, while in a moister climate they would soon be dulled or obscured. The slopes are almost entirely bare of vegetation. I encountered an occasional scraggly tree on the floor of the canyon.

Three miles from the entrance I was forced to abandon my automobile and travel on foot. Although walking was strenuous because of loose gravel and sand and the in-

creasing warmth of the sun's rays, the freaks of erosion on either hand fascinated and lured me on to the end.

Wandering through a maze of carved and colored corridors, I came by way of the Hidden Spring road into a majestic amphitheatre adorned with rich batiks. Hastening through a little tunnel, I came upon a pool and a cluster of palm trees. An oasis in the desert! There they stood tucked away in the folds of the eastern side of this range whose entire length is cut every few miles with tortuous sculptured passages.

The presence of a wicket attracted my attention and testified to the fact that at some distant time these bright sandstone cliffs, piercing the sky with their stupendous heights, sheltered the Indians of this desert region. But the canyon has long been void of human habitation. Seldom is a bird or an animal encountered within its walls.

As I paused for one last view of this wonderful piece of earth's sculpture, majestic in its solitary retreat, before heading my motor across the dry and barren desert waste, I saw stretching to the south the greenish-blue expanse of an inland ocean—the mysterious Salton Sea, and to the north the Coachella Valley made famous by its date farms, its large yield of Egyptian cotton of the finest quality, and its luscious Calimyrna figs.

I thought of the romance of the desert, how the age of the desert, as desert, belongs to the past, how modern science and mechanical skill are stripping it of its mystery and wildness, penetrating its most secret and remote recesses, and transforming its desolate and barren areas into fruitful gardens and orchards.

How long I thought will the Painted Canyon lure, unchanged by the hand of man.

Frances N. Ahl, who frequently contributes to these pages, has prepared a most illuminating article on the Los Angeles Harbor, which article will appear soon in this magazine. Few well informed people appreciate fully the industrial and commercial significance of the Great Harbor at Wilmington. Readers should not miss this.

The Blur

(From page 84)

to the actual problem, than the strange object would slide before his vision. The scarred counters, the cracked glass in the show cases, the dilapidated scales—all appeared fine and serviceable under its peculiar spell. The expense and risk of remodeling rose to terrifying proportions in his mind. Shaking his head he would fasten his attention on the blur before his eyes and forget his momentary plans, spending the remainder of the afternoon splitting pennies with the customers.

But not so easy to forget was the competitor across the street. A young Norwegian proved to be the owner—a nervous, temperamental man, simmering with new ideas. Before he had been there a week, he printed handbills and distributed them throughout the neighborhood. He gave candy and apples to all the children who came to his store on errands for their mothers. He held special sales and advertised in the moving picture theatre two blocks down the street.

Philip realized that unless he did something the new man would get his trade. Yet there was always the amazing object before his eyes blurring his vision.

"If I could only have my health and youth again, like him," he said to his clerk one day, referring to the young Norwegian. But the clerk, being a wise man, said nothing. He merely looked at his employer's

surplus stomach encompassed by the greasy vest, at the fly-bespecked show-window and at the old yellow cat sleeping amidst a display of Wonder Stove Polish. The next week he gave notice he was leaving.

PHILIP was rather glad, for it would mean eleven dollars a week less to be paid out of the cash till. He had never particularly liked the fellow, anyway, for he always insisted on giving the customers the full weight of sugar. So, next morning when he saw him enter the store across the street, he felt a sense of relief. "Such a fellow will waste more than he sells," he said to himself.

As the fine autumn days went by, Philip became more engrossed with the blur before his eyes. "What could it be?" he asked himself. If he could only get rid of it, he would be able to proceed with his plans for the remodeling. But with it constantly before him like a veil of sun-haze, he did not dare take the step. His savings amounted to a little over \$2,000 and the remodeling would consume half this sum. Suppose he should be taken sick. What then?

As the years passed, he fancied that the blur was growing larger. If such were the case, in time it would completely destroy his vision. Then he would need his \$2,000 to

take care of himself. He resolved never again to think of remodeling the store.

As the year passed, Philip's windows became more fly-bespeckled, the deposit of dust thickened, the old cat died. What few customers remained were old fogies like himself who came to pass the day and talk over old times as much as to purchase a few groceries.

THEN one day something happened. Philip had climbed to the top of a cracker box to reach a package of the old-fashioned breakfast food. The box collapsed and he fell, striking his head on a quantity of stove-iron beneath the counter. The blow completely broke the bridge of his nose and rendered him unconscious. A physician was summoned while neighbors carried him into the little back room and put him on his bed. When he came to, his first words were, "It is gone."

The physician thought he referred to his nose. "Your nose is only crushed; it will be alright in time," he reassured him.

The old man's eyes lit up with a new light. "Then it was only my nose I saw?"

The doctor did not understand. Thinking Philip was out of his head he did not answer. With an effort Philip sat upright. "Yes—it is gone," he said, and died. Three days later they buried him.

Thus ended the story of the man whose life was thwarted by the vision of his own nose—the blur of maya.

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THE ONLY ONES OF THEIR KIND IN THE WORLD

A Page of Verse

ROCKS IN THE MAKING

THESE forms of clay beaten out of the cliff by the sea,
 These are the children of rocks, round-faced and merry,
 This one biscuit-shaped, and that one, very
 Like a plump turtle, a nob for the head. These three
 Are patty cakes for a play-day bakery.
 That broken one, a fan; and this, a hat. . . .
 Ridiculous for rocks, too round and fat
 And too symmetrical, newly made by the sea.
 Worn from the edge of earth, strange forms of clay,
 Here they lie among cobbles, bits of pride
 Rubbed to myriad shapes by the waves and tide,
 Strewn by the sculpturing breakers, day on day.

HELEN MARING.

MOON - MIST

THE dreams that drift across the vacant moon
 Arise from fragile breasts of mortals straying
 Who dreamed their dreams on this pale planet sphere
 And then to other dream worlds went a-playing.
 And we who wander here at midnight's noon
 Are captured in these trailing mists of blue;
 Entranced by mystic music's haunting tune
 We linger on through vales of silver hue,
 We dream their dreams and weave their webbed romance
 Enmeshed in drifting beauty they have left
 Until we too are swept on in the Dance,
 Until we too from moon-dreams are bereft,
 Forever seeking in a restless flight
 For brighter dreams that sail the distant night.

NATALIA P. DOBBINS

WORDS

(Rispetto)

SOMETIMES obedient words, like docile sheep,
 Will follow where the piping poet leads;
 Then phrases flow like rivulets of sleep
 And verses blend as winds in dulcet reeds.

Again, like striped tigers in a cage
 They snap and snarl. They bare their teeth in rage—
 Refuse to move—spring sidewise—slink—defy.
 Cease pipes! Out, whipstocks! Beat them till they cry!

LAURENCE PRATT.

WHITE MAGIC

LAST night the hills were drab, sage covered deserts;
 This morning like a bride, all clothed in white—
 Who'd dream a little snow could work such magic
 Within the short space of a winter's night?

VIVIAN STRATTON.

THE POOL

A HARSH cliff thrusts a knife edge at the sky
 To cut against the sunset's sombre red
 Or tear the smooth-spun clouds. Upon its head
 The demon horns of fire-dead firs point high,
 But gentle as the wind's whist lullaby
 About its base a violet pool is spread
 Wherein the cliff is mollified, and wed
 To dream skies veiled in lapis lazuli.

Beloved, near you tower unyielding years
 And bare, cold sorrows of my rigid life,
 With caves of hate in granite rocks of pain.
 But like a shimmering pool you drown my fears
 In beauty, till the sullen frown of strife
 Has vanished like a flash of morning rain.

LAURENCE PRATT.

BALLYCOTTON

"SURE, 'tis weary I am of this dull, dusty town
 And the turbulent tramping of feet;
 'Tis myself would be feeling the fog drifting down
 And the breath of the wind blowing sweet.

O the far, faintish smell of the salty old sea,
 And the foam of the waves on the shore! . . .
 Sure, I'd give the whole world for just one hour to be
 Back in dear Ballycotton once more!"

NANCY BUCKLEY.

EPICURE

BECAUSE I never had a use for pain
 And thought that lasting pleasure was my goal
 I hitched my wagon to a silent star
 And sought the calm tranquilities of soul.

The dippers did not shine like holy grails
 Where I went flying, and the milky night
 Was cold and hollow; even Saturn's rings
 Blended no rainbows' ends before my sight.

I found I could not live without the hurts
 That made my joy a thrilling thing to own,
 And so, earth-bound and shod with feet of clay,
 Like Pegasus unwinged I walk on stone.

FRANCIS DRAKE.

PROPHECY

THERE is no tempest that can rage forever!
 Behind gray skies play ever widening lines:
 Life-giving rays that pierce the embracing shadows;
 Behind each threatening cloud the sun still shines.

KATHERINE BOWSHER

Interior Decorators

(From page 76)

come a repentant Don Juan, and get myself shriven with penitential ashes for the dreadful mistake you intimate that I've made then, Alice."

THE night of the opening of the hotel came at last. The entrance floor was like a gleaming, old, California mission garden.

"I love the Spanish effect, father. It makes the place mysterious and romantic." Alice's face was flower-like as her large blue eyes looked out with engaging merriment and candor.

Vivian smiled slightly as she nudged Alice, and commented, "Yes, the interior decorators must have original minds to strike out with such unique, romantic ideas." There was a magnetic charm, the personification or illusion and romance about the girl as she spoke.

Meanwhile the thin, persuasive music of the orchestra fell upon their ears, as it mingled with the voices and laughter.

As the guests were all seated,

Alice's father turned to her. "I'll introduce you to our head waiter, Alice, so that he'll see that everything'll run smoothly for you tonight." Then he called to the waiter assigned to the table, "Tell the head-waiter to come to me, George."

Presently Vivian's dancing partner at the Palace approached. Alice looked at the man, their "date" of the night before. His amazement brought a flash of quiet anger into his eyes. Icily poised, however, he appeared impervious to sensation.

Alice, feeling like a fighter who was facing the enemy and getting ready to strike back, looked at Vivian, who was flushed and frightened. Then she saw her gaze steadily at her water glass.

"Arthur, my daughter, Miss Breck. She's my right-hand man, and is running this party tonight. She's very particular. So see that everything's 'A to Z' to please her." Then smiling he added, "We may need her patronage, you know."

The head waiter stiffened with surprise. A little gleam came into

his eyes which made them look as if they were smouldering. He thought that the manager's daughter would not betray him.

"She's plucky," he thought to himself. "Even if defeated, she'd not retreat. She'll not dare tell," he consoled himself.

Alice recognized the introduction. "Yes, I saw you at father's office last month."

Smiling disarmingly, she then looked from the man to Vivian. "I was in the inner office, and mistook you for the interior decorator of the hotel then, until father told me."

At the mention of the word "interior decorator," the sphinx-like expression on the man's face quivered for a moment only. A startled expression brought a swift flush over his usually pale features.

Alice's father laughed long and heartily. "Interior decorator—and then some. How about it, Arthur?"

As Alice looked again at Vivian, the girl seem to be concentratedly studying the vagaries of the pattern on the new damask table cloth.

Impressions of Italy

(From page 78)

Browning died!" Further down on the other side, the gondolier pointed out another house and said: "Do you see that stylishly decorated house? That is where Lord Byron once lived."

In the same section of the canal we passed a charming little house of only two stories and a red dormer roof, set in a lawn with not a few trees and shrubs—a thing most unusual for Venice.

"D'Annunzio the poet stayed there for many years," stated the guide.

Wherever one turns in Venice there will be found some interesting association.

America's One-Night Stands

(From page 74)

phen, before each altar they knelt impartially, pleading for intercession, to emerge with faces shining.

The market was a blaze of color, oranges and carrots, radishes and lettuce, great meaty cherries, red and yellow vegetables still bright with the water of their recent washing. They were yours for the asking, very nearly, if you could furnish a cornucopia hastily made out

of yesterday's newspaper, for paper bags are an unwarranted extravagance. Gentle and gracious too, these market women with their soft "Que quiere usted, Senorita?", and a "Muchas gracias. Vaya usted con Dios" after the most inconsequential purchase.

Such was the little Basque town we saw because of a suitcase. The lure of travel is the unknown adven-

ture that waits around the corner. Accidents prove golden and annoyances have an unexpected way of disclosing pleasures and treasures.

"Full oft 'tis seen.

Our means secure us, and our mere defects

Prove our commodities."

Thus it was with Irun where the mountains come down to the sea and the boats come in at evening.

John Joseph Casey, Soldier-Artist

SAN FRANCISCO will pay homage to one of its heroic sons on March 1st when the oil paintings and sanguine portrait drawings of the late John Joseph Casey, soldier-artist, are exhibited in the East-West Gallery of the Western Women's Club.

Casey was born in San Francisco and gained fame as a newspaper artist before he went to France in 1909 to devote himself exclusively to landscape and portrait painting. He was one of 200 Americans who enlisted on August 24, 1914 in the French Foreign Legion. He served three and a half years at the front and in his company of the Second Regiment were Alan Seegar, who wrote the memorable poem, "I Have a Rendezvous With Death," and Colonel William Thaw, one of the founders of the Lafayette Escadrille.

Edgar Bouligny, of New Orleans, sergeant of his company and himself a descendent of Gen. Dominique de Bouligny, who commanded Napoleon's troops in Louisiana, once said of Casey: "Jack has a charmed life. Imagine: Three and a half years at the front, one wound and four citations for bravery under fire."

Casey was decorated with the Croix de Guerre and was entitled to wear in uniform the decorations of his regiment, the fourrageres of the Military Medal and the Legion of Honor. When Jack Casey died in New York on April 26, 1930, only four survivors were left of the original band of 200 American volunteers.

Previous to his war service, he had exhibited in the Salon of the Societe des Artistes Francais (the Old Salon) in the years 1910 and 1914. His initial art knowledge was gained at the Mark Hopkins School here. He further studied at the Art Students' League and the Academy of Fine Arts in New York with Edmund Tarwell and Frank Weston Benson of the School of Drawing

and Painting of the Boston Museum.

When he first went to Paris, he was the pupil and crony of Charles Lasar, dean of American art instructors in France who numbered among his friends such widely sep-

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

An exhibition of paintings of the late John Joseph Casey of San Francisco will be placed on view at the East West Gallery, 609 Sutter Street, March 1, to show for two weeks.

Mr. Casey, who lived in New York many years prior to his death there last April, had never sent his work here for exhibition.

His first art training was received at the Mark Hopkins Institute here. Later he attended the Art Students' League and Academy in New York.

Serving three and a half years with the French foreign troops during the war, Casey was cited four times for bravery. He was a brother of Patrick and Terence Casey, San Francisco writers.

arated individuals as Henry James and Thomas A. Edison. Lasar was the teacher of our most eminent American women painters, Cecelia Beaux and Violet Oakley, and also coached at one time the novelist-artist, Amelie Rives. A red crayon drawing of Lasar by Casey will be included in the showing.

Though he endured the hardships and toughening experiences of years of trench life, Casey remained to the last a disciple and

leader of this "sunlight" school made familiar to us by La Beaux and also Mary Cassatt. His landscapes are mainly in gay colors—rich greens, light blues and dappled yellows—the sheen and reflection of sunlight, easy and encouraging to live with.

His figure work is a different type. His nudes have been highly praised at "shows" in the East for the verisimilitude of the flesh tints. In portraiture he was uncomplainingly honest, often to the annoyance of his sitters. He refused to make a "chic" creation, to beautify a plain woman or to robe in curves a form that was angular and bony. His greatest concession was to paint in three-quarter size and if this failed to assuage the displeasure of his patron, he was so much the artist that he felt repaid in being able to retain the portrait.

He was softly spoken, a handsome man and a cosmopolitan one, having traveled widely. He visited Italy, England, Ireland and Switzerland. He painted in Cuba, the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean, various parts of Spain and France, and in Florida, California and other sections of the United States. As evidence of the world trekking, the exhibition which will run till March 15th, will include such canvases as the study of a "Mallorquin Peasant Woman," "Cuban Siesta" (Havana); "Patio in Palma" (Majorca, Balearic Is-

(Read further on page 90)

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Cripple Creek

(From page 82)

of comedy and tragedy, of drink and revelry, and of throngs which the sidewalks could never hold, but which always overflowed into the street. Here was the famous Duffy Bill's place, Crappie Jacks and the Bon Don dance hall. Saturday night was mule skimmers' night and free for all. \$25,000.00 was not an unusual stake to be seen on the poker table, and a shooting was almost a nightly occurrence. Here a gambler might make a fortune in an evening, and a prospector could easily lose all the gold which it had taken him months to wrest from the rock.

One evening 800 or more soldiers of fortune were gathered in a gambling hall, but among all of the poker players only one was lucky. Repeatedly raking coins from the table he swept them into his ten gallon cowboy hat and started for the door. At this someone kicked the hat, the contents fell in a golden shower to the floor, the men with loud curses and laughter made a wild scramble for the money which they scooped up in handfuls, while the winner walked out penniless.

THESE incidents typify the spirit of utter lawlessness which pre-

vailed—the spirit of a time which has passed, and which can never return.

Most of the loyal souls who remain here will tell you that Cripple Creek is not, and never will be a ghost city. They explain that the World War hit the town a severe blow from which it has not yet recovered—that modern mining machinery makes less demand for labor. They point out that Cripple Creek differs from other mining camps, inasmuch as most of those have main fissure veins which produce all of the ore while this locality is filled with small fissures running north, south, east and west, making every acre a mining possibility.

But others realize that the history of Cripple Creek is the history of all mining towns repeated. They have their dramatic beginnings, soon reach the peak of prosperity, then decline as the yield of gold lessens, and gradually die, leaving only shanty towns.

Cripple Creek, once vivid and picturesque, is fast becoming a city of the past, and in a few years will probably be but a name and a memory.

John Joseph Casey

(From page 89)

lands); "Dressing for the Opera" (Paris); "Winter in Chelsea" (New York City); "Dejeuner" (interior of a Neuilly studio) "Hillside in Cabrera" and "The Blue Lattice," a French village scene.

Casey last visited his native city in 1923, at which time he sketched several sanguine portraits which will also be shown. Henry von Sabern, eminent sculptor here, made a bust of him at that time and has loaned the work to the exhibition. Von Sabern is the man who has been selected by Theodore Dreiser to make a head of him this year.

After the Champagne dash of September, 1915, in which Casey was wounded, he was convalescing in Paris when he married the Baroness Marie Berthe D'Aumont. She

died four years ago in New York.

The artist was the brother of Patrick and Terence Casey who collaborated some years ago on short stories which were published in The Saturday Evening Post, Colliers and other magazines. They are the co-authors of several books, among them, "The Gay-Cat," which was first published in the Post, and "The Wolf Cub." "Sea Plunder," another novel, is the single effort of Patrick Casey who is now drama editor of the San Francisco Examiner.

"Today is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole, we may not understand; but we are here to play it, and now is our time."—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

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OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION FOR THRIFT AND CONSERVATION

A. R. CLIFTON, EDITOR

The Thrift of Bank Deposits

TAKING issue with those who see in thrift an obstacle to business revival by withholding the stimulation of buying from the channels of trade, Joseph Stagg Lawrence declares in the current issue of the American Bankers Association Journal that "the more superficial of these diagnosticians deplore thrift because of a mistaken belief that money deposited in a bank immediately loses its function as a medium of exchange." The truth is, he points out, that it is put into circulation just as much by the banker as by the spender, only more wisely and with more permanent social benefit.

"The banker's success depends upon his ability to place in the hands of able and constructive spenders that part of income which the original recipients wish to set aside for the future," Mr. Lawrence says. "By doing so they do not sterilize its usefulness. It passes into circulation no less because the banker accepts it as a deposit. It remains a physical presence in the bank but temporarily before entering the channels of commerce. As far as the money itself is concerned the only difference between spending by the owner and saving is that the point of entry to the markets of the community has been changed. Is it not more accurate to say 'To save is to spend wisely'?"

"To appreciate the role of thrift in encouraging revival, consider increased savings accounts, building and loan association assets and new life insurance. What happens to this flow of funds?"

"Distress consists in large measure of the inability of basic industries to dispose of their output. Decline in consumption is evident in lumber, sand, gravel, cement, stone, all forms of steel and non-ferrous metals. Construction is sadly off and the entire steel industry is suffering from a low pulse beat. The decline is reflected in the drop in freight traffic,

and that in turn sets another vicious chain of cause and effect in motion.

"It is to be noted that all the materials mentioned are employed in the creation of the more or less permanent forms of wealth. How important thrift is in sustaining these vital basic industries is suggested by the fact that the building and loan associations of the country financed the construction of 500,000 homes in 1929. During the first eleven months of the year more than \$5,000,000,000 of bond issues have been floated and approximately 48 per cent of this total has been purchased by American banks from the proceeds of American thrift. A substantial part of the balance may be found in the portfolios of our insurance companies.

"Their sale makes possible the construction of thousands of miles of new highways, hundreds of new schools and state and municipal structures. In the expenditure of that sum, consisting in a final analysis of a million rivulets of thrift, hundreds of thousands of workmen will find employment and the demand for basic new materials will be stimulated."

Safety Education is Thrift Education

THAT safety education has become generally accepted as an important subject in the elementary schools is indicated in the results of a recent survey made by the Education Division of the National Safety Council. An inquiry sent to 2,900 superintendents of schools yields some interesting facts as to the extent to which safety is taught, and how it is administered.

"Eighty-six per cent of the school systems replying to the Education Division's questionnaire teach safety in the elementary schools, while only 56 per cent teach it in the secondary schools," according to the report of the survey. "This may be because there has been a stronger appeal made for the safety of young children and associations interested in

this problem have done more to stimulate the school's interest; or the elementary teacher may be more concerned with the physical well-being of her pupils than the secondary teacher; or the elementary curriculum may lend itself more easily to the inclusion of such subject matter as safety.

"The method most generally used for teaching safety is by correlation with required school subjects. These are listed as follows:

Subject	No. of Cities Reporting
Civics	1,278
English	867
Art	613
Geography	350
Handwork	330
Health and Physical Education	294
Auditorium	118
Visual Education	43
Mathematics	10

"In 386 cities safety is taught as a separate subject and in 760 cities it is taught as an extra-curricular subject. Two hundred and eighty-eight cities have separate courses of study for safety, a relatively small number in view of the 1,620 cities reporting safety teaching in the elementary schools. Many cities are using state courses and those prepared by other cities.

"Since the superintendent is the responsible administrative officer for all the schools, and the principal for the individual schools, it is expected that they would be responsible for the teaching of safety along with all other subjects. For special supervision by far the largest number of schools place responsibility with the supervisor of health and physical education, a natural allotment since the subjects are so closely related that it is difficult to make a definite line of demarcation between them. Also the technique of teaching safety is similar to that for teaching health. The fact that 36 cities report a "safety supervisor" is significant of the growing importance of the subject.

"Junior safety council organizations are reported by 163 cities; school boy patrols by 473; and 121 (Read further on page 92)

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W^M E. JOHNSTON - DIRECTOR

ADJACENT TO BEAUTIFUL WESTLAKE PARK

Thrift and Conservation

(From page 91)

cities have other clubs which do safety work."

While this survey is limited, of course, and does not by any means give a complete picture of school safety activities throughout the country, it serves to indicate the widespread attention which is being given to the subject. And the fact that child accidents are actually decreasing as a result of this educational effort should give encouragement to further activity.

Eliminating Waste in Farming

THE largest research agency in the world is that conducted through the activities of the United States Department of Agriculture and the several State Agricultural Experiment Stations. The work of these institutions has resulted in greatly increased production and in the improvement and betterment of crops and animals. Through the use of modern tools, increased efficiency in farm operations, and in added experience, great progress has been made. Through the data secured and passed on to the farmers, through bulletins, short courses, farm clubs, extension work and especially the college courses in agriculture, farmers are effecting desired economies, reducing production costs and eliminating waste, thus adopting the policy of industry. In agricultural circles, emphasis is given the greater need on the part of farmers for applying scientific information, in the application of thrift principles, reduction in waste and the practice of economies generally, with less attention to legislation and paternalism.

Terminus

IRENE WILDE

I LOVED all railway stations once
 For this—they held for me
 Wide open doors to everywhere
 That you might ever be.

In railway stations now I find
 No secret enchantment—
 There's not a road from any one
 That leads where last you went.

AS THE EDITOR SEES IT

(From page 70)

same is true many times of cars that fail to grant right of way. The greater the display of carelessness, the greater the need for moderation. An editorial writer admits that high speed involves the possibility of higher hazards but contends that it is the exercise of more "common sense" that is needed to prevent accidents. No doubt the greatest need of all of us, regardless of the activity in which we are engaged, is the exercise of more common sense.

Books and Writers

AS WE WERE—A VICTORIAN PEEP SHOW—By E. F. Benson. Longmans, Green and Co., 1930.

ONE of the recent books that seems bound to achieve success is this delightful volume of E. F. Benson's memoirs of the artists, poet, writers and churchmen, as well as the rulers themselves, both Victoria and the short-lived monarch, King Edward.

The style is remarkably vivid, humorous and sympathetically penetrating. The author does not take his valuations from others; he uses his own measuring-stick.

Greek students will be amused by the chapter on Cambridge, which is the author's Alma Mater. In this chapter he deals particularly with those Tutors and Fellows who had won scholarships at Eton at the age of twelve, and had lived on the bounty of King Henry VI, "in quiet scholastic competence, most of them without duties, to the end of their days" if they remained unmarried.

Chapter six, "Three Monumental Figures," deals with Gladstone, Queen Victoria and Tennyson.

The chapter on "Rebels" is interesting, as it deals with the pre-Raphaelites, with Whistler and George Moore and their near-duel, friendship of Swinburne and Burne-Jones, and much about Oscar Wilde.

The study of three artists, including the Duchess of Devonshire, the late Lady Londonderry, Lady Ripon (then Lady de Grey), all of whom are traditional "great ladies." The sketch of the philanthropic Lady Somerset is interesting to American admirers.

This book is one which will appeal to hundreds of true book lovers, and it will be with a sigh of regret that such will close this volume.

—Lotus J. Costigan.

HULA MOONS—By Don Blanding. Dodd, Mead & Co., 1930.

MANY who enjoyed Don Blanding's "Vagabond House" will take advantage of his book of travels, "Hula Moons."

The book is beautifully bound in blue and silver buckram, is illustrated copiously in particularly fine full and double-page black and white illustrations by the author himself, who has also furnished illustrations for all chapter headings.

Those who have been to Hawaii will find much of interest in this study of the natives, who gave to Mr. Blanding the name "Alohi Lani," and also gave him many opportunities for studying them at close range.

He says: "Eyes accustomed to soft greys and brown of temperate-zone scenery cannot believe that a land can be

painted entirely truthfully in pure color; that a sea can be real turquoise and jade; that mountains are viridian and emerald, or that masses of hillside can be splashes of pure magenta. These are the colors of Hawaii."

The book contains 290 pages of interest to all travelers or would-be travelers, and closes with the following verses:

One lei I'll wear; it will not fade.
 One lei I need not toss away
 When I go out to sea some day;
 A lei that Island memories made.
 A gorgeous lei . . . a golden lei;
 Aloha threaded on a string
 Of happiness. A lei to bring
 Me back when I am far away.
 Aloha.

—Lotus J. Costigan.

PHILIPPA—A STUDY IN DIVORCE—By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton, Mifflin Company; 546 pp. \$2.50.

WHEN in place of romance the reader is invited to consider the problem of divorce, he is fortunate in finding a writer with the wisdom and artistry of Mrs. Basil de Selincourt (Anne Douglas Sedgwick) to present real people in real situations in life. Herself an American, educated abroad, Mrs. de Selincourt has admirable ideals of personal and family relationship that one misses in some of the recent writers.

The scene of the story is laid in London, where Beth Wintringham and her scholarly husband, Aldous, are separated by his infatuation for Cosima Brandon. It is Philippa, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Beth and Aldous, who first notices her father with the smartly dressed woman at the concert. The girl is at once incensed at the contrast between the woman's strikingly handsome garments and her mother's dowdy dress. Philippa loves her mother. She idolizes her father, and her struggle to be with them both, to be fair to them both, is worked out in one of the best stories of recent years.

"When the newspapers in discussing divorce proceedings speak of the interested parties," said Doctor Charles R. Brown of Yale, formerly of Oakland, "they should always include the children." The book might be called "The Interested Parties," for Philippa and the quiet retiring little brother, Billie, are undeniably to be so included. Philippa is palpantly alive to every move made by her father in his efforts to estrange her from her mother. Beth Wintringham is poignantly real, the woman of sensibilities, whose strong sense of duty drives her to do her best, yet who, partly because of sensitiveness, fails to meet a crisis; Philippa, never.

The book is worthy of the study of those who are interested in the structure

of the novel. It could be read to illustrate a chapter of advice to writers on "What to Leave Out." The planning and completeness of the whole, the development and growth of each chapter, the effect of the book as a whole, these are deserving of high praise. The whole is divided into four parts, with chapter divisions. Those who have followed Anne Douglas Sedgwick's writings through even a part of her more than a dozen books, liking them better perhaps in "Christmas Roses" and "A Childhood in Brittany Eighty Years Ago" than in the more famous "Old Countess" and "Dark Hester," will find "Philippa" one to be placed with her best known novel, "The Little French Girl."

—Laura B. Everett.

OUR CALIFORNIA HOME—By Irma-garde Richards. Harr Wagner Publishing Company. 436 pp. Price \$1.50.

A MOST successful attempt to produce a reader for intermediate grades based on the social studies idea, is that which resulted in the book "Our California Home," by Miss Richards. This book contains a wealth of geographic material, as well as of other basic sciences, all told in a manner to interest the child and to lay the foundation for advanced work later. The approach by the author is unique—through the drainage or watershed route. The discussions of topography, climate, industry, resources, are all grouped around this central idea. In the same way, those portions of the book having to do with history and the peoples of the State, whether Indian, Spanish, Russian or American, are developed upon the same idea.

No more central or fundamental theme could be imagined than that of water, as the development of any country, whether economically, socially or otherwise, is largely conditioned upon water. This is particularly true of our Western United States and of California. The author shows clearly the influences played in the lives of peoples by the mountains, the valleys, the rivers, the barren regions. The whole fabric of the book, based upon the drainage idea, is given in story form and well adapted to the primary years.

There are in the volume 23 chapters. The children in the story, realizing the importance of water in the everyday life at home, visit, with their elders, the capitol of the state and thence follow up the river to the mountains, where is found the source of the water supply, and then downstream to the ocean. They learn about the early inhabitants; the settlers who came overland; the discovery of gold; the important industries of the state; and of irrigation, oil, development, and other important matters. They visit

Books and Writers

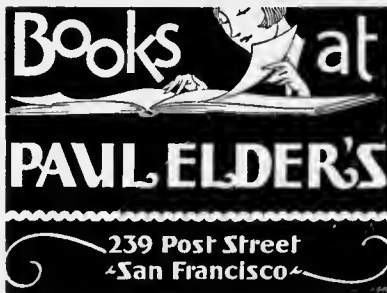


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The book is well illustrated and printed in attractive type faces. Each chapter carries a section devoted to work and study plans, and a list of books for further reading. There is a Spanish pronouncing dictionary, and a map showing the mountains, valleys, lakes, rivers and harbors, and another of the irrigated farm-lands. "Our California Home" is a distinct contribution and will undoubtedly be eagerly sought by those who want the most up-to-date material for school use.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: THE LAND AND ITS PEOPLE—By Harold W. Fairbanks. Harr Wagner Publishing Company. 345 pp. Price \$1.50.

DR. FAIRBANKS is well known as a writer of geographical books for children. The sub-title of this book is "A Reader for Beginners in Geography," and it is well named. It is significant, too, that the author recognizes the extent and importance of that region known as Southern California in preparing a volume especially for that part of the state. Nor is it to be imagined that because of its title, the use of the book must be restricted to Southern California.

Dr. Fairbanks emphasizes the value of nature study for elementary school boys and girls. He realizes that there is much more to be done than frequently is included in a so-called course in nature study. "Getting at the relationships," he says, "commonly introduced into a nature study course is *geographical nature study*. This is the transition from the mere observation of facts to their interpretation." The author goes on to show that real geography is a step in advance of nature study and "deals not only with facts open to observation in the home region, but with similar facts and relations in the world outside the observation and experience of the pupils." There are in the volume 31 chapters, of which the following are suggestive: An Indian Village of

Long Ago; How We Have Changed Our Land; Why the Village of Los Angeles Became the Largest City in Our Homeland; Why Do So Many Different Kinds of Plants Thrive in Southern California; Where Our Water Comes From and Why Some Parts of Our Land Have So Little; We Could Not Get Along Without the Mountains; The Ocean; The Desert; The Great Los Angeles Market, etc.

The illustrations in the book are selected with especial reference to their teaching value. The titles and descriptions accompanying each picture are in themselves information-giving and thought-provoking.

Each chapter closes with suggestions to the teacher, and with a list of new or unusual words. The colored cover is most attractive.

OUR TIMES—PRE-WAR AMERICA—By Mark Sullivan. Charles Scribner's Sons. 586 pp. Price \$5.00.

MARK SULLIVAN was one of our best known and dependable correspondents previous to and during the Great War period. In this book of the United States during the years 1900 to 1925, Mr. Sullivan has brought together a mass of material that it is difficult to characterize. The book is encyclopedic and a reference volume without being "choppy" or superficial. It is a veritable storehouse of facts, incidents, observations and reminiscences, all put in such readable form as to give a remarkable background for the student of history, biography, politics, industry, commerce, social activities, and development generally. This volume is divided into 13 chapters, with more than 250 cuts and pictures of prominent personages, cartoons and general illustrations.

OVERLAND IN A COVERED WAGON—By Joaquin Miller. D. Appleton & Company. 130 pp. Price \$1.50; Library Edition, 94 cents.

THIS is the first time that Joaquin Miller's story of the Overland trip in a covered wagon has been issued separately. The volume is edited by Sidney B. Furman, with illustrations by Esther M. Mattson. The story of his own life by Joaquin Miller should be read by every person who is an admirer of the "Poet of the Sierras." It treats of the experiences encountered in making the long journey overland to the Pacific Coast. Says Joaquin, "My cradle was a covered wagon pointed West. I was born in a covered wagon, I am told, at or about the time we crossed the line dividing Indiana from Ohio." Those less acquainted with Miller and his works than they can afford to be, sometimes imagine that he wrote nothing but poetry. Miller's prose is delightful, his phrasing gripping and dramatic. The book is in seven chapters, with an afterword and notes. The

Books and Writers

full-page drawings in black and white are most characteristic. Joaquin Miller's complete works are published by Harr Wagner Publishing Company.

OCEAN PARADE—Fritzhoff Michelson and Leon Byrne. Robert M. McBride and Company. 275 pp. Price \$3.00.

THE experiences of two authors who, as Mike and Leon, shipped on a freighter bound for the Orient. The book is the record of the ups and downs of their trip and gives graphically in story form some of the experiences to which they were subjected. While the book is written in collaboration, the authors handle certain chapters separately so that the name of the one responsible for the given chapter is indicated in the heading. Readers who are interested in the episodes that would likely befall such comrades as Mike and Leon, who saw life at its best and worst, both on land and water, will be glad to read "Ocean Parade," which is characterized in its sub-head as "A Tale of Hurricanes and Some Women Good and Bad."

THIRTY YEARS WAR FOR WILD LIFE—By William T. Hornaday. Charles Scribner's Sons. 292 pp. Price \$2.50.

SCIENTISTS and those who are interested in the conservation of our rapidly disappearing wild life need not be reminded of the great work that has been accomplished during the last few decades by William T. Hornaday. The present volume is a fitting companion to such books of the author as "Wild Animal Interviews," "A Wild Animal Roundup," "Tales from Nature's Wonder Land," etc. The book follows the vicissitudes of Hornaday in his determined fight for the conservation of many species that have already all but disappeared. As director of the New York Zoological Park and in his other official capacities, Dr. Hornaday has stood sometimes alone before legislatures or Congress in efforts to stop the destruction and wanton killing of animals and birds, and he has been eminently successful as shown by the laws that have been passed and the game preserves and sanctuaries that have been set aside. We wish every intelligent man and woman in America would read the author's famous book on "Vanishing Wild Life," as well as the volume under review. The book will be gladly received by libraries and schools.

LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET—By Clarence Edward Macartney. Charles Scribner's Sons. 366 pp. Price \$3.50.

THE student of Lincoln always welcomes a new volume having to do with the great emancipator and his achievements, whether in his early days as a country lawyer or later in the White House, and guiding the destinies of the country

at one of the most troublesome periods in the Nation's history. Mr. Macartney has to his credit other books under caption, "Lincoln and His Generals" and "Highways and Byways of the Civil War." He has made a most exhaustive study of various sources of documents and other materials, and has given us a volume replete with vital matters connected with the administration of Lincoln and centering around his Cabinet. In this book, therefore, we find much that is worthwhile touching the activities of Symond Cameron, Caleb Blood Smith, Edward Bates, William Henry Seward, Gideon Wells, Salmon P. Chase, Montgomery Blair, and Edwin M. Stanton.

Lincoln exhibited rare judgment in the selection of Cabinet members. He frequently chose for a strategic position one whose views were known to be opposed to his own, or who was outwardly antagonistic to him. He always selected men with ideas, and, if possible, those who were not afraid to express them. The title of the introductory statement is significant: "Of them he chose seven." There are full-page illustrations of the Cabinet members and an appended index.

CALIFORNIAN INDIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS—By Edward W. Gifford and Gwendoline Harris Block. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California. 323 pp. Price \$6.00.

MR. GIFFORD is curator of the Museum of Anthropology, University of California; and Gwendoline Harris Block, assistant in Anthropology in the same institution. The joint compilers of the book have brought together some unusual and valuable material covering the aboriginal stories of the creation of the world, of man, of the origin of man, of the sun, of thunder, of Coyote, the Land of the Dead; the Sky Land; monsters, animal peoples, etc. The introduction to the volume is most extensive and might well have been listed as part one, and in its more than 60 pages the authors set forth the background of their work. It is interesting to note that they find the 21 families of languages in the State of California contain 104 languages and dialects. The claim is made that in only two other regions in the world would there be found such diversity in the linguistic family. These regions would be the territory of the Caucasian Mountains lying between the Black and the Caspian Seas and forming the border country of Europe and Asia, and the vast Island of New Guinea in the South Seas.

Following the introduction are sections devoted to the origin of the world and of man, the origin of death, and additional chapters touching the ideas held by the aborigines relating to fire, the sky, natural phenomena such as thunder; the Yosemite Valley, etc. There are numerous illustrations, and the book is printed on beautiful tinted deckle edge stock in attractive



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Books and Writers

type. A most complete index is added. These Californian Indian Nights Entertainments are well selected from the many myths and tales related by the aborigines around their campfires and in their assembly houses, and a knowledge of this pre-Caucasian life is most valuable for those who would know California history.

GAME FISH OF THE PACIFIC—By George C. Thomas Jr. and George C. Thomas III. J. B. Lippincott Company. 293 pp. Price \$5.00.

MOST interesting and attractive is this volume, especially for the fisherman and lover of the out-of-doors. The two Thomases are experienced in all that pertains to fishing in the waters of Southern California and on the Mexican Coast adjoining. Both are medalists in the taking of game fishes with light tackle and in landing big game. They write of the waters of Catalina and show that there is less fear than formerly that the fish of these regions will be depleted as there has recently been an influx of certain kinds, and particularly as the waters of Lower California and of Mexico are rich fishing grounds. There are some splendid plates in the book; some pictures taken under-sea; others showing fish in action.

THIS IS NEW YORK—By Robert E. Sherwood. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$2.00.

THIS IS NEW YORK—a play in book form based on the "conflict between the City of New York and the rest of the United States." As a play it was presented by Arthur Hopkins at the Providence Opera House, November 17, and at the Plymouth Theatre, New York, November 28, 1930, with Robert T. Haines as Senator Harvey L. Krull. The drama and satire of the play develop from the arrival of the South Dakota Senator and his family into that social section of New York which flies high and lives "loose."

Emma, the Krull's daughter, becomes engaged to Joe Gresham, "a personable young man," but Mrs. Krull tells him plainly; "We've heard too many things that are not to your credit." However, Emma is ready to overlook everything, even Phyllis.

Act II is set in the living room of Phyllis Adrian's apartment on the nineteenth floor of a building in Central Park West. She was Joe's chief "entanglement." He paid her rent but having engaged himself to Emma, he wanted to break with Phyllis. Emma suggested that Joe pay her off, but Joe said she was a "tough baby" for she demanded one hundred thousand dollars!

Emma goes to see Phyllis in her apartment, without notifying her parents. A party, a raid, a suicide from the twen-

tieth floor. . . Clarisse, a crazy, unhappy girl in love with a rum racketeer, causes a crisis that eventually resolves into a satisfactory solution.

—Grace T. Hadley.

THIS OUR EXILE—By David Burnham. Charles Scribner's Sons. 423 pp. Price \$2.50.

THE most interesting factor about this new book is the author, himself. David Burnham is only four-and-twenty years old. Princeton University gave him his B.A. in '29. In this first novel he has produced a word-picture of a family, a wealthy American family who live in a Chicago suburb. It's a "stream-of-consciousness" novel interspersed with vivid vignettes, of the Eaton family, their neighbors, the Graysons, the races at Vernon Heights, a road-house on the Fox River, a week-end party at Princeton.

There is detailed character drawing of members of the family, "Mother," "Dad," brother "Fred and his fickle-minded wife," her sister, "Ruth Grayson," "James Eaton and Jackie," his youthful brother. Most of the book was written in Paris and right in the first chapter is a suggestion of Marcel Proust in the way James awakens in a hotel room, gropes for his bearings, remembers, and relates a dream. You suspect it's going to be psychological.

This family is a super-sensitive group and when "Dad" dies they show their grief by "fighting all summer," then they separate. What they call love, leads to bitterness, misunderstanding; they never seem to achieve that robust heroism of Walt Whitman who said: "Whenever I had a disappointment I always made a little song!" In other words, being a poet he felt the spirit's plastic stress and out of his disappointment he produced a bit of Beauty!

In the Eaton family there is too much tension and not enough elasticity. At the very end is a lament from "Mother" in a minor key, but even so, if it is not a cheerful-ending book, it may arouse such questions as: "Is life futile, fated or free?" "Do we receive our system of ethics from above or is it something in process of evolution?" "De we need more judgments and moral estimates or more knowledge?" In case, such questions are perplexing or give us a headache, then we can go see Mr. Otis Skinner in Kismet.

Grace T. Hadley.

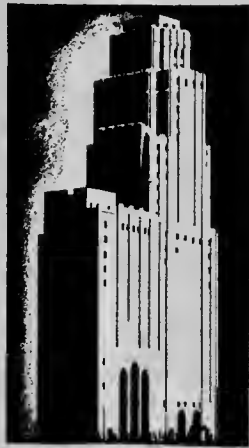
A. M. Stephen, of Vancouver, B. C., Secretary of the League of Western Writers, will issue soon a book of poems in a limited edition of 500 copies, under caption "Brown Earth and Bunch Grass." The book will be published by J. M. Dent & Sons.

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APRIL

1931

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CONTENTS

As the Editor Views It.....	100
San Francisco in the Early Days (Plate).....	102
The First Clean-Up (Illus.)..... Elizabeth Ingram Hubbard	103
A Day in History..... Carl Holliday.....	107
Easter-Tide (Poem)..... Orville Willis Jones.....	108
Impressions of Italy..... Cyril Clemens.....	109
An Epic of Six Frontiers..... Harold V. Hartshorn.....	111
Riding the Line (Verse)..... Ernest McGaffey.....	111
Stoic..... Jack Wyche-Feeny.....	113
A Touch of Picturesque Chinatown, San Francisco (Plate).....	114
Adventuring in Creative Writing (With Portrait)..... True Durbrow.....	115
Desert Sketches (Verse)..... Snow Longley Housh.....	116
California Association for Thrift and Conservation..... A. R. Clifton.....	117
A Page of Verse.....	119
Recurrent Rhythms..... Virginia Spates	
Three Bucks and a Doe..... Arthur Truman Merrill	
The Silver Freeze..... Walter Kidd	
My Garden..... Jean Steele Marlatt	
The Hands of a Famous Surgeon..... Ivy Jean Richards	
A Whispered Prayer..... Alla M. Forster	
At the Grave of Herbert Bashford (Poem with Portrait)..... N. J. Herby.....	120
Books and Writers.....	121
In Our Second Century..... Reviewed by A. H. C.	
Verse of the New West..... Reviewed by Grace T. Hadley	
Timely Novels..... Reviewed by Laura Bell Everett	
Harp Strings..... Reviewed by A. H. C.	
The Mountain in the Sky..... Reviewed by Lotus J. Costigan	
Reflections..... Reviewed by True Durbrow	
Woman's Life in Colonial Days..... Reviewed by Grace T. Hadley	
Red Heroines of the Northwest..... Reviewed by Grace T. Hadley	
The Illuminate of Gorlitz..... Reviewed by Edythe B. Urmey	
Beyond: An Anthology of Immortality..... Reviewed by Laura Bell Everett	

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Editorial and Business Offices

1024 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California

Subscription \$2.50 per year; 25 cents per copy

Address all communications and manuscripts to "The Overland Monthly." Manuscripts sent without stamped and self-addressed envelope will not be returned.

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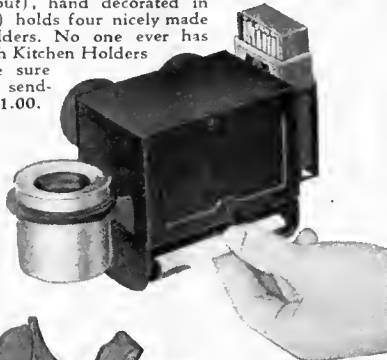
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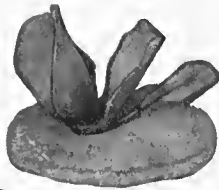


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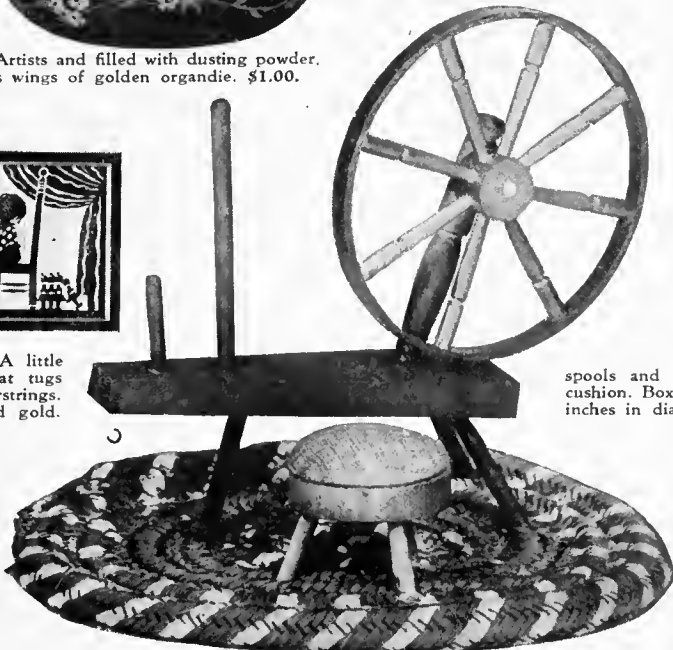
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As the Editor Views It

HEROISM GOES UNRECORDED

EACH day the press wastes quantities of white paper and printers' ink in featuring the sordid and criminal acts of society—murders, suicides, scandals, intrigues, arson, theft, blackmail. This is done under assumption that such acts or crimes constitute "news." An honest or upright act is presumed to be the ordinary, expected, everyday thing, and hence, does not fall under the head of "news." Much that is featured in headlines recording the misdeeds and private intrigues of individuals is not even news, its printing can accomplish no desirable end, and in the final analysis it is none of the public's business. A recent murder by a young boy was inspired, so a great daily surmised, because the boy had read in the same or in other papers a few days before, of a similar murder by a boy of like age. And still the second crime was featured in all its sordid details for the attention of other susceptible youth.

Why not give more space to acts of bravery, heroism and sacrifice, of which there are many, and of which all might read with interest and profit. Such a case is currently reported but without headlines or display. An infant of six months and a babe of two years were left in the house by the mother, in the charge of a child five years of age. In the mother's absence, fire destroyed the home and the two younger children perished, but the five-year-old sister fought courageously to save them, nearly losing her own life in the attempt. Such heroism would be worthy of comment and emulation in an adult. In one so young, it is almost beyond belief. The world is full of acts of heroism, the recording of which would be an incentive to good citizenship.

It may not be out of place to remark in passing that children of the age indicated should not be left alone, whether in the home

or without. More attention should be directed to the protection and conservation of human life.

PINE BARK BEETLE DESTRUCTIVE

IT is characteristic of national and state governments to vote without comment some measure carrying large financial appropriations and to delay enacting into law an imperative measure, when frequently the sum involved is small but the cause imminent. The failure of our Federal Government to make available sufficient funds with which to fight insect pests is resulting in the destruction of our most valuable timber in California. The pine bark beetle is making serious inroads on our timber in public parks and on watersheds. None of the entirely inadequate \$200,000 appropriated by Congress has as yet been allocated to California. Before there is sufficient appropriation, the State will have lost what can not be replaced.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN PRESIDENT AND SENATE

DR. DAVID P. BARROWS of the University of California, speaking before the Commonwealth Club on the contest between the President and the United States Senate, declared that the present situation at Washington was not out of the ordinary. There have always been such contests, he said, between the Chief Executive and the Upper House. The framers of the Constitution evidently intended that document as one of checks and balances—the President a check upon the Congress and the Congress a check on the President. The speaker further stated that for 100 years following the adoption of the Constitution, the Senate had conducted itself as a dignified body, but for the past few decades it had materially depreciated in this regard. That high standard of statesmanship which animated Senators of a half century ago is now too often lacking.

One reason for this, according to Dr. Barrows, lies in the method of election of United States Senators. The district represented is frequently so large that a Senator can be known personally to but a small part of his constituents. Hence they can not vote intelligently when electing a Senator and the latter can not carry his personal message to them. On the other hand, the office of President of the United States, Dr. Barrows characterized as the most powerful in the world. This power comes from the fact that the President feels he represents all the people, as he is elected by votes from every part of the country rather than from a restricted locality. We find it difficult to harmonize these two statements of Dr. Barrows regarding President and Senator.

The Senate has more and more encroached upon the prerogative of the Lower House in which originate all taxation and financial measures. It frequently happens that after a measure has been passed up to the Senate, it is so changed by the Upper House that nothing remains but the original title.

It would seem clear to the casual political observer that the financial interests and trusts, through their powerful lobbies and adroit manipulation, find it much easier to control situations today than formerly. In a democracy such as ours there is too much dependence in so-called loyalty to party lines. There may be differences of opinion between the President and the Senate but there need be no contest such as to stop the wheels of legislation. As truly stated by Dr. Barrows, the veto power is given the President in order that he may protect from encroachment by the Senate the rights accruing to him as Chief Executive and not in order to constitute him a "third House."

There is great need today for broad vision, sound statesmanship and training in diplomacy on the part of both the Chief Executive and the United States Senators. In both there must be flexibility combined with courage and determination, a more complete ignoring of selfish interests with consideration chiefly for the public good and loyalty to the people whom they represent. Before real constructive work can be done at Washington the "lame duck" system must be abolished, together

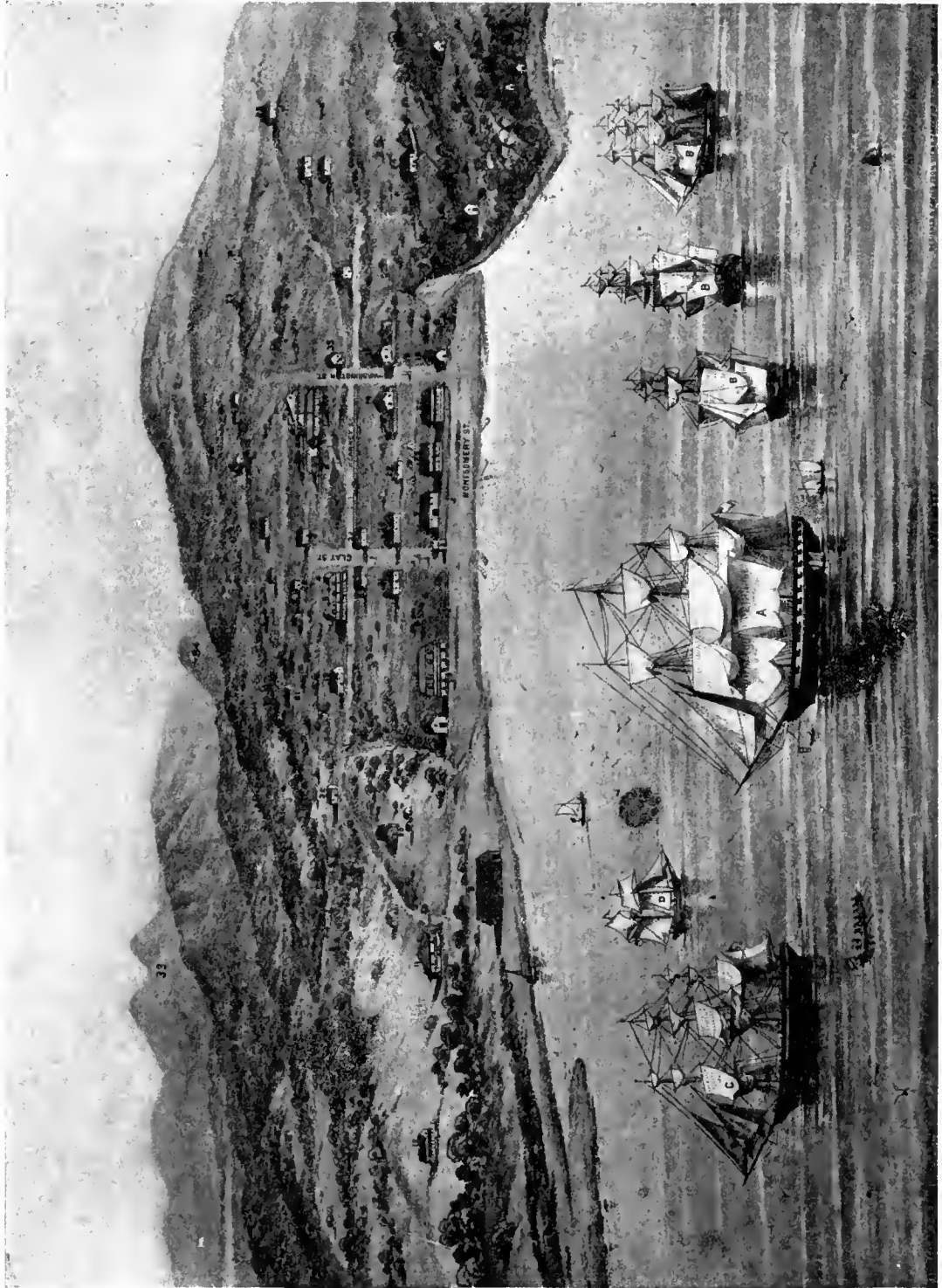
with the so-called "pork barrel" plan. Members of Congress and the President alike must think less of succeeding terms and the building up of political fences. Perhaps the present discussion of the third party is again timely. Certainly both old parties are nothing if not corrupt.

WHEN WERE THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"?

THE need for high ideals in the life of the day—of any day—can not be too strongly urged or too fully stressed. Sound citizenship is of the utmost importance, and to secure that type of citizenship in men and women, beginnings must be made with boys and girls. Too many of our zealous leaders make the mistake, however, of moralizing to the younger generation, and of pointing back to earlier days for models of excellence and decorum. In addressing a body of girls recently, in connection with the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Camp Fire Girls, a well known novelist and national leader, a woman of marked community influence, is reported to have said among other things: "When I was a girl I wore more clothing to go in swimming than the girls today do to get married or go to the opera."

The analogy could be carried still further. We cover as many miles today in an automobile as we formerly did with mules and buckboard in a week. The pastor of the local church today takes in the movies, whereas a member of said pastor's flock was "churched" a few years ago for going to see Eliza cross the ice. Our entire social fabric has undergone change, and without doubt, for the better. If young people today are to be brought to higher standards and finer ideals, it will not be by holding up to them the morals and standards of the "good old days."

History reveals that those of one generation have always contrasted the life and customs of the day with those in force when they were young, always to the discredit of the then present generation. Whatever may be the shortcomings of the youth of the present, it would be difficult to disprove that they have established a higher level than was occupied with those of us who are their elders.



In early days the waterfront of San Francisco came to Montgomery Street, now the Financial Center of the City. The entire territory between the present waterfront and Montgomery Street has been filled in

The First Clean-Up

AS EARLY as 1849 the bad element of San Francisco had obtained control, and an uprising of the people seemed necessary to startle citizens into the performance of their duty. The growth of the town had been rapid. In 1846 there were but 200 inhabitants; in 1847, the inhabitants numbered 459—375 whites, 34 Indians, 40 Kanakas, and 10 negroes.

The discovery of gold was made known in April, 1848. The following February there were in San Francisco 2000 inhabitants; in May, 3000; in July, 5000. But there was no government. The Alcalde was Chief Magistrate and his word was the

only law. Gambling, drunkenness, and their attendant vices were the order of the day. Human life was held cheap. Ex-convicts from Van Dieman's Land vied with thieves and murderers from "the States" in obtaining control of the new city.

There appeared in San Francisco in 1849 a gang of "Regulators," as they styled themselves, who might be seen at any hour of the day upon the streets, but who at night kept busy robbing men and destroying property. They were especially abusive to foreigners, although they invaded stores and houses without partiality. There was no police force, no court adequate to suppress them.

Against this combination of thieves and assassins the good citizens were forced to organize a band. Following the custom of using Mexican terms, they called the members "Vigilantes." This band arrested,

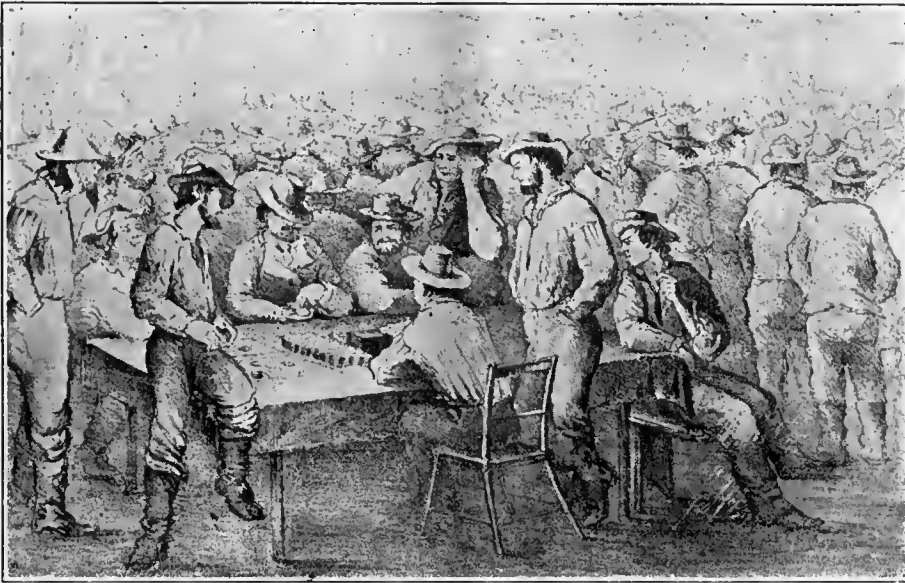
BY ELIZABETH INGRAM HUBBARD

tried, and sent to prison on board a ship lying idle in the harbor, about twenty desperadoes. Other renegados fled to various California towns. The band of Vigilantes then disbanded.

he is dead. Public improvements are unknown, and you are without a single requisite necessary for the promotion of prosperity, the protection of property, or the maintenance of order."

All that the Alcalde affirmed was true. The location of San Francisco, so remote from the rest of the civilized country, made it a rendezvous of the bad men of the world. Now that gold was to be had for the digging, adventurers from every shore flocked here.

The first body of men efficient in any respect to cope with these conditions called themselves the



A Typical Gambling Scene in the Gold Mining Days

Seven times before 1851 the main portion of San Francisco was destroyed by incendiaries. After each fire, it rose again, triumphant, a little better built, having a little more self-respect and considerably more of the spirit of resistance than before. It was as if the citizens had been dared again and again to found a metropolis. After the suppression of the Regulators, Colonel Geary, then Alcalde of San Francisco, said in an address to his council:

"At this time you are without a dollar in the public treasury, and the City is greatly in debt. You have neither an office room for your Chief Magistrate, nor for any other official; you are without a police officer and without a jail; there is no place to shelter, while living, a single stranger, nor a spot to bury him like a Christian when

"Committee of Vigilance" and was organized in 1851. They were styled Vigilantes, as if in perpetuation of the band of 1849. They proclaimed the right to enter all buildings where crime might be discovered or criminals found, and declared they would maintain that right by force. They hanged four men and banished many, after which a crowd of desperadoes fled to other towns in the state, whence they were again driven by committees similar to the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance.

II.

"HELLO, Capel. Step into my office a minute, will you?" called James Magoun to a passer-by.

"No time, Jim; the skies have been falling again out in the Camp; man robbed and murdered. I say! this thing has got to be stopped," replied Capel.

"The Lord only knows how that can be done," said Magoun. "No court will punish a crime, because the judges are bought up beforehand, or scared to death by threats against life and property. The Constable dares not make an arrest, and his jail would not keep the criminal safe after midnight. I hold out my vote to any man who will plant a second vote on it and say 'Let's hang the villains as high as Haman, and bide the consequences'."

"That's a go for me, Jim," was Capel's answer. "But where's the man to raise the scaffold? How can so few stop the flood of crime that threatens to wipe out our new and promising city?"

"We've got to make the few the many," Magoun replied. "This Mexic who killed the miner and stole his forty-five ounces of gold couldn't wait to celebrate until he got home; he was found by the roadside drunk, and with forty-five ounces of gold in his sack. Who cares if the evidence be circumstantial? It's convincing enough for hanging. I've seen the Committee. They have demanded a confession from the Mexic, and got it, by thunder!"

James Magoun's big frame expanded as he uttered these words; his face flushed, his fists tightened, his eyes glared with wrath and fury.

"What will the Committee do with him?" inquired Capel. "Have they the grit to do what the courts refuse?"

"I cannot say. But, Capel, somebody has got to start this thing. I'm for seeing every one of the Committee again, and stirring all the life there is in them to action."

"All right, Jim. I'm for seeing how much bigger I can make the Committee."

The result of Magoun's visit to the members, one by one, was that they met in session keeping the Mexican in their midst the while. They decided that it was necessary to hang him then and there. One of their number went to announce the decision to the townspeople who had gathered outside. Then the matter was put to vote, "Shall the man who killed the miner be hanged? yes or no?"

All but two voted "Aye," and the

matter was decided. The Court was weak; the Committee firm. The Constable was afraid; the Committee was determined. The jail would not hold a child of twelve over night; the stout Manila rope would rob the murderer of all hope of escape.

The Committee gave the accused man a good supper, a glass of brandy, and the means of confession. The next morning's sun looked upon him as he hung suspended between earth and sky. Nobody blamed the Committee. No man was told who tied the fatal noose or overturned the dry-goods box on which the victim for the good of the State had been compelled to stand. One thief and murderer the less; and one more emphatic warning to others who were of similar spirit. The Committee then went back to their customary business until they should be again needed.

III.

THERE can hardly be found a city more cosmopolitan than San Francisco. Only a few native California Indians remain in a locality where their race was old before the battle of Hastings, as we have witness in the shell mounds scattered here and there. The Spaniards discovered this country in the Middle Ages, although we have taught ourselves to believe that there were no Middle Ages on this continent between the parallels of 32°:30' and 42°. Yet Spanish influence has almost vanished. In 1834, the Mission Estates were confiscated by Mexico, and the visible work of the Fathers undone. The Fathers left. The Indians lapsed again into barbarism; fields grew wild. From very troubled and mixed conditions the whole state, in the early '50s, was beginning to breathe again. No wonder that the new city should be a mixed company of criminal, renegade and adventurer, with a very small sprinkling of patriot. Australian ships unloaded scores of convicts here. The Committee of Vigilance of 1851 had visited these ships and forbidden men of doubtful character to land. The Committee had also appointed men to sift the city and warn away evil-doers on pain of extermination.

The popular idea of a "Vigilance

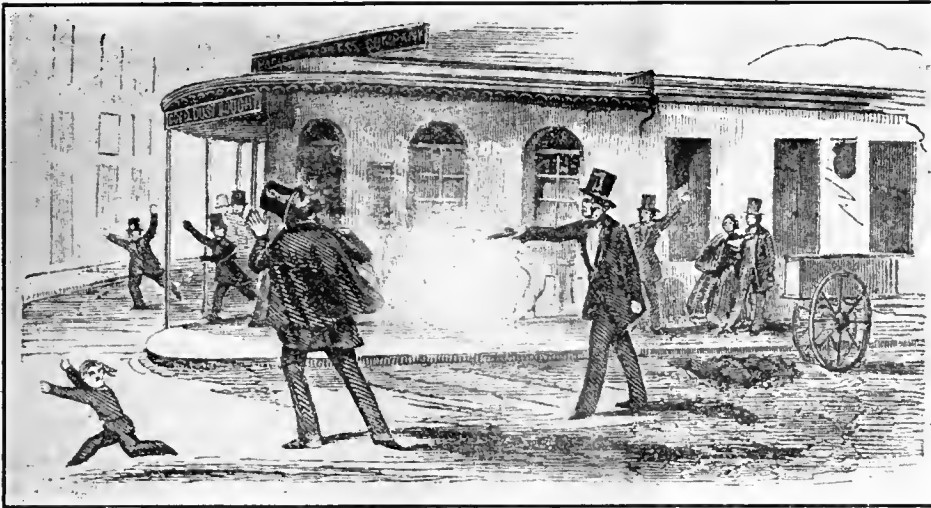
Committee" is, in most states, a gigantic Indignation Meeting with one or more lynchings to serve as a warning. This was not by any means the idea of the Committee of Vigilance of San Francisco, called May 15, 1856. This body was instituted to save lost rights of citizenship and to prevent further crime. In that year an honest man's vote counted for nothing; an honest judge had no power to enforce the decisions of the court; an honest juror was always suppressed; the polls were controlled by ward politicians led by bosses who devised by night schemes to rob by day. Reform in municipal affairs was scarcely to be hoped for. It was, however, to accomplish a reform of these conditions that the 1856 Committee of Vigilance was called, and not for a spasmodic hanging of felons as fast as they could be discovered and caught. The Acts of the Vigilance Committee were not considered as crime, but were looked upon by the whole community as a confession of past neglect for which present atonement must be made.

The Committee may be said to have had its origin in Miner's Justice, according to the code of which juries were hastily impanelled, the guilty man speedily tried, and, if convicted, hanged on the spot. And yet, miners never delighted in lynching. There was, however, no law adequate to the needs of the case, and order must be maintained.

There was authority for Miner's Justice. In 1851, the Second Legislature of the new state had authorized hanging as the extreme penalty for theft, and public whipping for an offense of second degree.

The crisis came in 1856. By that time there was plenty of Law for the State of California, but nobody was strong enough to enforce it. The Bad Ones had torn from the minds of the Good Ones all hope of holding an office for the betterment of public conditions, and criminals were allowed to run at large. Yet the respectable newspapers printed optimistic views of the State's future.

By May, 1856, San Francisco had passed a financial crisis and period of depression. There had been many



The Shooting of James King of William by Casey

Five days were spent in selecting a jury, ten more in trying the case, and then the jury disagreed. The leading papers lamented the condition of affairs, and predicted that the patience of the people would soon be exhausted, after which Lynch Law would step in and those who were merely suspected would be sufferers.

On October 8, 1855, James King of William had issued the first number of the "Daily Evening Bulletin," a paper about the size of the Sunday school papers of today and containing four pages. This journal declared itself for law and order. It attacked criminals in high places, gave

failures, and no man felt that his own business was on a safe foundation. There was no telegraph, no railroad connection with the Atlantic States. Mail twice a month arrived by steamer from New York. This had left the New York Post Office thirty days before. There was no State near enough to help California in case of need. She was compelled to be self-reliant. At this particular date, 1856, a great number of forgers, bank defaulters, and others, whose conduct necessitated their retirement from the public view, had assembled in San Francisco. If they were by good chance arrested, juries would not convict them. The sheriff, himself, was part owner of a gambling den; his deputies looked about for bribes and bullied honest men into dishonest measures. These were the officers who managed elections.

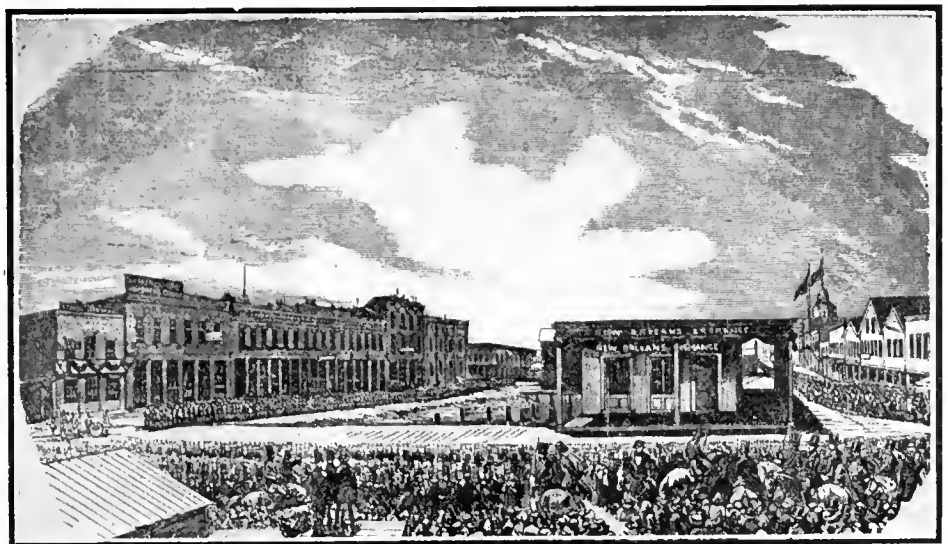
To make it appear that crime could be punished, three poor worthless Mexicans were hunted down. As they had neither money nor friends, they were executed according to law.

Two prominent men of Monterey County had been murdered on the public highway in 1855, for which crime no arrests had ever been made. In November of the

same year, United States Marshal Richardson was murdered. The deed was committed in the heart of San Francisco, on a public street, and the assassin was Charles Cora. Cora was arrested, tried by the courts, but not convicted, although two pistols were found upon him and there had been several witnesses to the shooting. Delays are fatal in such a case. Objections were raised as to the legality of the list of jurors, and time wore on until Cora had secured four of the best lawyers in the State as counsel, and the additions to the list of jurors to make it legally complete were all sympathizers of the accused man.

facts and statements, and made itself obnoxious to the grafters and murderers. The paper upheld the idea of the Vigilance Committee. This was just what Magoun and Capel had been working for.

Mr. King persisted and caused many who were criminally disposed to quake with fear. He denounced a certain Casey, editor of the "Sunday Times," as having been formerly an inmate of Sing Sing Prison in New York. He also accused him of having stuffed the ballot box for his own election to the Board of Supervisors, although he was not eligible to the office,



The Execution of Casey and Cora was Witnessed by a Vast Throng

having come from a remote district where he was not even a candidate.

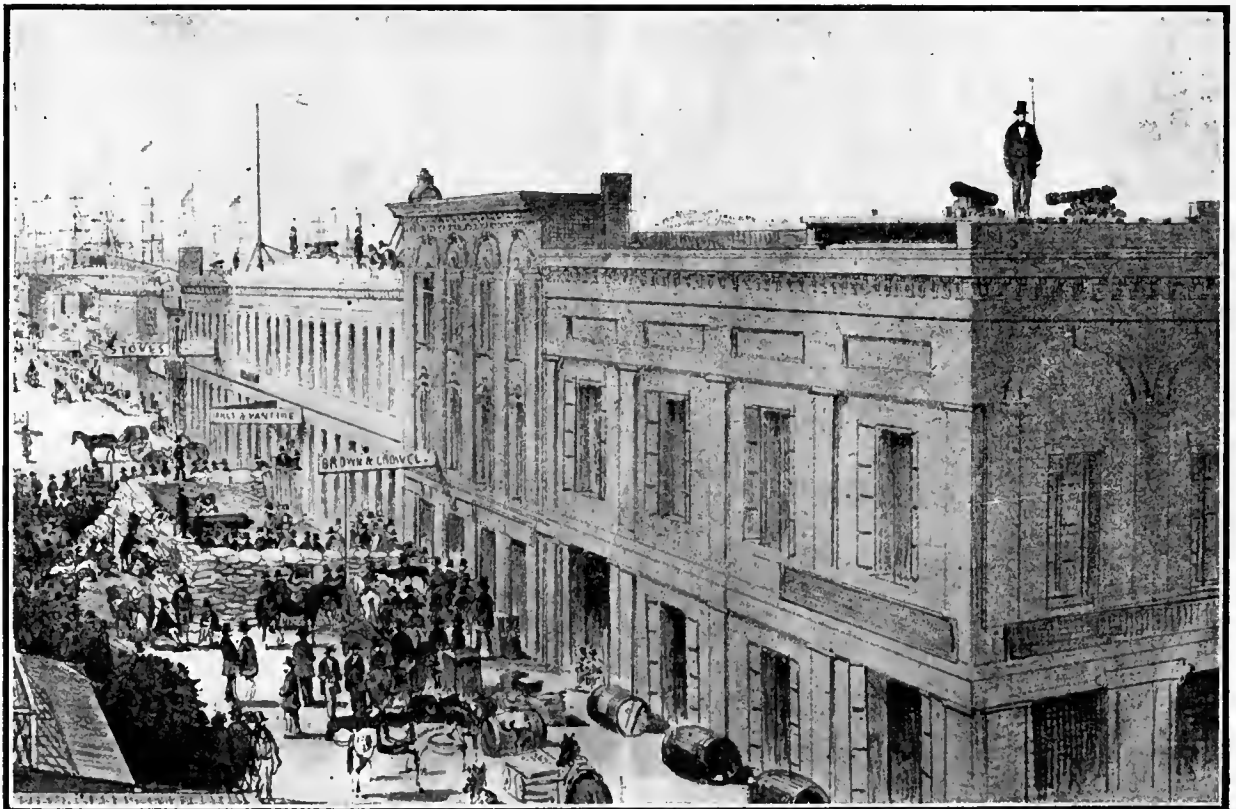
The facts were, however, established. He had by fraud won the election and had been made supervisor for the 12th District. The ballot box in his ward was later examined and found to have double sizes. The stuffing was thus made easy. Because the fact of the deceit had been exposed in the "Bulletin," Casey took revenge upon the owner of that paper. He lay in wait for him as he was on his way home from the "Bulletin" office on the 14th of May, 1856. As Mr. King drew near, Casey, from his hiding place behind a wagon, pointed a revolver at Mr. King's heart and fired. A crowd gathered about the prostrate man. Casey was joined by friends and together they made their way toward the City Hall. The people, however, were clamorous, and the police decided that Casey would be safer in jail. He was hurried into a carriage, and the posse succeeded in landing him in jail unharmed, although the mob followed all the way, shouting:

"Hang him! Hang him!"

The old Vigilance Committee of 1851 had simply gone about its business after hanging the Mexican robber and murderer. It had never disbanded. The events during the few days prior to the shooting of James King of William seemed to demand a meeting, and a notice was accordingly published calling the Vigilantes together. The Committee of 1851 numbered 700 and over. A small number of the old members responded to the call. After consultation it was decided to reorganize and take in new members. This was carried into effect, and several thousand new members were secured. The first 1000 of them assembled in the Turn Verein and formed into a regiment of ten companies of one hundred men each. Each company was provided with headquarters and drill room, and was required to drill and exercise in the use of firearms. At that time there were in San Francisco many officers who had served in the Mexican War, and many militia of-

ficers; thus, the companies were supplied with competent officers. There was daily and nightly guard maintained as in the regular army. Besides the entire list of army officers, there were suttlers, quartermasters, commissaries, and a board similar to a regular army board. Supplies were plenty, and rations were served to guards and others who were on duty. The headquarters of this Committee was named Fort Vigilance. It was at the southeast corner of Front and Sacramento Streets. The two buildings, one of brick and one of stone, were standing when the fire of 1906 took place. There were cannon on the roofs, cannon in front, in the rear, and in the alley-way in the middle of the block. A large alarm bell was hung on the roof. The fort fronted on Sacramento Street and was protected by a pile of gunny sacks filled with sand. At the entrance were always stationed several men with loaded guns. As many as a hundred men kept guard constantly on the premises and at the entrances. Ad-

(Read further on page 112)



Fort Vigilant, Where the Vigilance Committee Maintained Headquarters
Sacramento Street, Between Davis and Front Streets

A Day in History

BY CARL HOLLIDAY

THE Man toiled painfully up the steep street. He was bowed under a huge timber with a crossbar nailed to it. The veins in his temples stood out like blue cords, and the sweat fell in great drops from his face. He turned his blood-shot eyes toward the shrieking mob beside him. His lips were drawn in straining agony, and his white teeth could be seen tightly clenched back of his dripping beard.

Suddenly the Man fell. Luckily for him, a guard caught the heavy cross; otherwise it would have crushed the prostrate Man. A strange momentary silence came over the mob. Was the Man dead, and was their sport thus abruptly ended?

But he raised himself upon his hands and knees, gasped violently, and with his flesh quivering like that of a horse under the lash, staggered blindly to his feet. It was evident, however, that the Man could no longer carry the cross. Blood trickled from his nostrils, and flecks of crimson foam appeared at the sides of his mouth.

A military officer stepped forward, looked the Man over, shook his head, and then turned toward the mob. He beckoned toward a strong, rustic-looking fellow. "Here," he commanded in a matter-of-fact sort of way. "You're having so much fun out of this, suppose you furnish some of the amusement for a while. Bear his cross for him."

The mob burst into a shriek of merriment, and there were nudges and nods of keen appreciation of the grim humor of the official. With a wry face the peasant lifted the timber; he knew too well the penalty if he refused.

The Man turned and gazed at the rustic. "Thank you," he said softly; it shall be remembered of you."

Once more the whirling, jostling, riotous procession moved on. But slowly now. The Man evidently was dizzy with weakness. He lurched heavily from side to side, stagger-

ing first against one guard and then another. It was genuinely exciting sport for the mob. Several even bet among themselves as to whether he would live to reach the Hill of Execution outside the city wall.

The Man slowly raised a trembling hand to lift from his matted hair a crown of thorns that someone had placed upon his head when the procession started. The thorns had dug into his forehead, and the blood from the wounds thus made crept down into his eyes and blinded him. The shaky hand reached the crown, but a gray-bearded priest pushed forward and shoved the thorns yet deeper into the Man's forehead. The Man resignedly gave up the effort. The whole business, he thought, would soon be over, anyway.

As he stumbled along over the cobble-stones, the shrieks and whoops of the mob grew faint and seemingly far-off. The Man dimly remembered reading in some old medical manuscript that after just so much suffering the human body would refuse to suffer any more and the nerves would simply become dull and unresponsive. In a dazed sort of way he wondered if this meant to him the prelude to death. Certainly he was not in such pain as before—a feeling of drowsiness was coming over him.

His mind slowly reviewed his years of effort—the effort that had led to this. He had tried, he reflected painfully, to teach his people the greatest of all arts—the art of living. He had put it all before them in the simplest way he knew how, sometimes in bits of advice, sometimes in little stories, sometimes even in the form of jokes. And now he recalled that at times it had seemed that he was succeeding. Thousands had listened; hordes had gone away with a new light in their faces; many had come to him again to learn more.

He couldn't understand — this Man as he stumbled along among the jeering, vile-mouthed mob—why they couldn't understand. The one principle of all his talking and advice and story-telling had been so plain, it seemed to him—simply love, love for everything and everybody. He was astounded even now that they had not accepted his theory of living.

Indeed, so amazed was he that for the moment he forgot the blood trickling down into his eyes, the odd throbbing and roaring in his head, and the pulsating gashes on his back that continuously opened and closed like mouths. He straightened up and gazed keenly at the mocking faces of the people about him—his people whom he had helped and loved. He smiled upon them; he loved them still.

Just then a richly dressed young fellow stepped close to him and spat full into his face. The Man did not trouble himself to wipe the insulting saliva from his cheeks and eyes. He simply gazed upon his insulter with a mild sort of sorrowful surprise, and the young fellow slunk back abashed into the ground. The Man with the tortured, sweat-besmeared, bloody face had recognized him; it was a young scribe whose body the Man had cured by first filling the soul in that body with a sudden flood of love.

Had the flood of love, then, in the young fellow's soul ebbed out already? Was there no stability in mankind? For the first time in all his career doubt assailed the soul of the Man who plodded painfully along with the murderous mob. Was it all useless? Had he overestimated the capacity for goodness in men? Had the Inner Voice that had prompted him and goaded him on daily been simply a mockery, a delusion? Was he, after all, merely a visionary, a fanatic hearing voices that existed not, seeing visions that never were?

Bitter tears sprang forth, in spite

of the Man, to mingle with the sweat and blood and spittle. Was it after all a failure—a desolate, pitiful, tragic failure? His twelve followers—where were they? They had fled like sheep before the storm. And as they fled they had lied—had sworn that they had never known him! The very one who had always been considered the bravest of them all—an ex-soldier—had lied three times about him last night. Aye, one of these twelve bosom friends had even sold him, the Man, to this howling mob now storming through the city gate.

The Man looked among the crowd to see if any of the twelve were watching. He could find not one. A sense of great loneliness crept into his soul; he recalled those words in one of the sacred books of his land—"a stranger in a far land." Was this the fruit of 33 years of earnest preparation and unceasing loving service? Was he, after all, the Man muttered to himself, the foolish, self-deluded fanatic that his foes had declared him?

But the clatter of the great beam of timber falling upon the stony earth suddenly stopped the Man's grim reflections. The mob had reached the Hill of Execution. The moment had come. He saw three holes in the ground in front of him, and knew that they were sockets for three crosses. In spite of his weariness and drowsiness a thrill of horror shot through him. It meant death—his death!

A shriek of agony close at hand made him forget his own terror. He turned toward the repeated sound. The horror of it! The soldiers were driving spikes through the hands of a youth who was being held flat upon a cross! The Man's soul poured out in sympathy toward the sufferer, and he strained in prayer to God to spare the youth further pain. Strangely enough, the young man suddenly became silent.

A snarl and a curse from another

direction caused the Man to turn again. Another cross, another sufferer. But this time it was not the soft flesh of a boy; a fiendish-faced, scowling beast of a human being—a creature that once had been a man—glared malignantly up at the guards as they hammered the spikes through his calloused, dirty palms. His long, yellow teeth bit blood

ligaments in his shoulders and back snap loose; the blood rushed from his head. All the world seemed suddenly to spin sickeningly.

After a time, however, the keener agonies passed away, and he was able once more to think—slowly, laboriously. Once more the sense of the futility of it all crept over him. Why had he not been as other men?

Why had he not settled down at his father's trade, married, and begotten children? Why had he attempted this visionary, impossible task of bringing a new wisdom to his people? Or was it wisdom after all? Was not all the proof at this moment against any least sign of wisdom in his teaching and its outcome? Blank misgivings filled his soul.

The Man shut his eyes in despair. He wondered how long it would be before he died. He recollected having heard that people crucified thus sometimes lingered eight-

een or twenty hours before the final relief came. His pain was not so intense now, but fever burned his veins and a rasping thirst parched his throat and mouth. He wondered if those people gazing and jeering up at him would give him water if he asked.

"I thirst," he said thickly to a soldier standing near his feet. The guard put a sponge upon the tip of his spear, poured something out of a wine-skin upon the sponge, lifted it to the Man's lips, and clumsily swabbed them. He meant well, the Man reflected; it was the sour wine often given those tortured with this odd thirst in the hour of execution. The Man on the cross weakly nodded his thanks.

But it was strange how this malefactor on the cross at the right preserved his stoic attitude! Now and then a snarling curse escaped his lips, but for the most part he was silent. Suddenly the fellow turned his brutal face toward the Man on the central cross.

"Why don't you save us?" he

(Read further on page 113)

EASTER-TIDE

By ORVILLE WILLIS JONES

*THE morn has scarcely touched the frowning hills
When Mary with her spices seeks the place
Where He is laid. Her Lord, who could efface
By sign or quiet word her seven ills,
Lies dead. And dead is hope. The grey dawn chills.
How shall she lift the stone? Yet by whose grace
Is it thus thrust aside? She moves a pace . . .
The sun! and angels! and smiles on daffodils!
The Truth revealed!*

*And now I keep a tryst
Like Magdalena at a hallowed tomb,
And find the heavy stone a vanished fear,
And each dead hope alive, as is my Christ.
So shall I sing when flowers and old faiths bloom
And Spring proclaims the resurrection near.*

from his writhing lips; but no betraying shriek came from that determined, hideous mouth. The Man marvelled at the creature's will-power.

Suddenly rough hands seized the Man himself and began to push him backward. "It is not necessary," he said calmly to the soldiers. "I shall lie down." It was just as well to die like a gentleman, he reflected, as he reclined upon the cross.

One of the soldiers gave him a quick glance of secret admiration. "Whoever and whatever you are," the soldier whispered, "forgive me for what I must do."

The Man gave the slightest nod of understanding, and the hammers descended. Oh, the agony of it! How had the malefactor beside him ever stood it so bravely? As the spikes tore through the bones of his hands the Man could not restrain a smothered groan.

Then a sharp, cruel jerk; they were lifting the cross. It dropped into the hole. His arms seemed to tear from their sockets; he felt the

Impressions of Italy

I

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARCH ON ROME

TODAY was celebrated the eighth anniversary of the March on Rome. A vast concourse of citizens and soldiers assembled in the Borgahese Gardens where Mussolini reviewed the troops. The setting for the review was most charming: a natural amphitheatre with pine and cypress trees forming a sort of royal lace collar between the green hillside and the bluish white sky. The whole floor of the amphitheatre was filled with the military: the regular Fascisti in gray uniforms, smart felt hats, black shirts and ties. Then there were tall grenadier guards with high glittering helmets reminding one of Homer's description of Achilles; soldiers whose predominant color was red and whose hats were decorated with waving plumes. There were also troops dressed in blue uniforms and whose pointed caps reminded one of those that King Louis XI usually wears in his pictures.

In the middle of this vast concourse of soldiery and citizenry was erected a platform covered with red damask upon which was a handsome chair such as the Romans used. In front of this platform was an altar with six splendid gilt candlesticks; these flashed in the sun and added to the brightness of the scene. The chief colors blended well, the blue of the sky, the green of the trees and the gray of the uniforms.

An aeroplane appeared in the sky and wrote "Viva Il Duce" in large letters of white smoke. Another moment and there was a fanfare of trumpets and the great man appeared walking rapidly. Photographers darted in front at frequent intervals, reminding one of flies troubling a tiger. Mussolini wore a gray military uniform with a Fascist cap and a superb blue ribbon across his breast decorated with numerous medals. Every inch a leader!

After quickly reviewing the troops

By CYRIL CLEMENS

Il Duce mounted the platform. An official in a bright uniform began to speak, but his voice did not reach beyond those nearest him. He was followed by Mussolini, whose tremendous voice carried to all the great crowd. When Mussolini arose to speak a great hush came over the whole audience, and his words were as eagerly taken in as water is by a parched desert. Never before had I thought it possible for such a vast audience to remain so quiet. In the very brief interval between Mussolini's sentences I could hear the birds calling in a neighboring tree. And this silence on the part of the audience was absolutely voluntary: they were actuated solely by a desire to hear every word and every syllable uttered by their leader.

Mussolini spoke briefly with considerable oratorical ability and great fire, and many, but not too many, gestures. Amidst tremendous applause he finished, and stepped back a few paces on the platform.

Then a cardinal in flowing red robes advanced to the altar and pronounced a benediction. The prayer finished, the prelate mounted the platform and was formally introduced. He then descended, and Mussolini was alone on the platform. The band played a martial air, and in another minute Il Duce himself descended from the platform and the ceremony was over.

Rapidly but in an exceedingly orderly manner the different regiments left the field of review, and the magnificent trees, the soft grass and the peaceful blue sky again held their sway.

II

A GLIMPSE OF FLORENCE

THE first glimpse of the muddy Arno put me in mind of the Mississippi. This famous stream cuts Florence in two, and is crossed by a number of very old bridges, the most interesting being Ponta Vec-

chia, or the "Old Bridge." There has been a bridge at this spot since 966, when the Romans erected a pontoon bridge.

Stores are built on both sides of the roadway across the bridge; here all the silversmiths of Florence congregate. The stranger reaches the center of the bridge before he realizes he is over the water. In the middle of the bridge the stores abruptly end and the first view of the river is obtained. There is a fountain here where the thirsty shopper may refresh himself; and while he is looking around he will notice a fine bust to the great worker in bronze:

"A
Benvenuto Cellini
Maestro
Gli Orafi
di Firenze."

One is apt to rest upon the stone parapet of the bridge and watch the tawny current moving at a fairly rapid rate. On the wall of the last store on one side of the bridge is the following engraved on a small square of marble attached to the wall:

"In sul passo d'Arno.
Dante Inf. XIII—146."

At the intersection of almost any street in the business section you will find a quotation from Dante.

The old stores on the bridge are most interesting. They date back more than 300 years, and the walls are so old, in fact, that the separate blocks of stone seem to have grown together and become one solid whole. The wrought iron gratings in the windows are exceedingly charming and cause us to be grateful to all thieves and burglars who made such things necessary!

A little beyond the bridge, on the same street, stands the home of Macchiavelli. The tall brown stone house is like many in Florence, four stories in height, but each story is extremely high, equal to two in America or England. There is a green shutter to every window, and

although it is only three o'clock in the afternoon most of these are closed in typical Italian fashion. There is a small white stone above the doorway which contains the following legend:

"Casa ove visse
Niccolo Macchiavelli
e vi mori il guigno 1527
di anni 58 mesi 8 e giorni 19."

Translated this simply means that Macchiavelli lived in this house, where he died in 1527 at the age of 58 years, 8 months and 19 days.

Not far away is Piazza Santo Felice, where stands Casa Guidi, the home of the Brownings. It is just a large Florentine house of somewhat sombre stone and one would not notice it except for the following inscription beside the doorway:

"Qui scrisse a Mori
Elizabeth Barret Browning
Che in cuore di donne conciliava
Scrinxia di dotto e spirito
di poeta
e fue del suo verso
aureo anello
fra Italia E Inghilterra
pone questa memoria
fienza grata
1861."

So, it was in this house that Mrs. Browning died! She who had written so beautifully of Italy, was not forgotten by the city of her adoption: "fienza grata."—grateful Florence!

Just around the corner on the side of Casa Quidi there is a quotation from Mrs. Browning both in English and in Italian:

"I heard last night a little child
go singing 'neath Casa Quidi windows,
by the church,

'Bella Liberta, O Bella."
E. B. Browning, Casa Quidi Windows
Part I. 1-3.

Then follows the Italian translation, and after that,

"Per deliberazione del Commune
MCMXVI."

What one admires so much about Florence is that she never forgets her great men and women, no matter how short a time an illustrious person lived in one of her houses. It is always marked so that the passerby may be inspired,

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime."
In truth, one can't walk two blocks

in any direction in Florence without being reminded forcefully and intimately of several great men.

III

FLORENTINE VIGNETTES

AM exceedingly fond of wandering about the streets of Florence, the while I endeavor to study human nature as manifested in the local life. Last evening, going along one of the narrow streets, I came upon a book stall, or rather a pushcart such as is used in America for selling bananas. A light attached to a pole showed the wide stock of books on display. I recognized some American classics, Jack London's "White Fang" among them. Noting one of my favorite books translated into a strange tongue always makes me illogically cross; for I ask myself: "Why make unintelligible that which was perfectly clear before?"

The clerks, storekeepers and other business men stop at the store, or rather counter, on their way home. They choose some book that can be read in the quiet of the evening. Watching this bookcar has given me a better insight into the spirit of modern Italy than reading many treatises. An interesting scene: the century-beaten walls forming a background, the two candles of the bookwagon spattering and sputtering in the breeze, a group of well-bronzed faces devouring the titles and peeping at some of the earlier pages.

Further on I passed a street violin player. Earlier in the day I saw him playing at some street corner. The pennies he received were not many, but then he enjoyed playing, and are not a few pennies with music better than a hundred thousand with slavery? He smiled in such a carefree fashion that one greatly envied him. His music, now done for the day, he had visions of plenty of hot macaroni, perhaps a veal cutlet, and no end of bread, all washed down with an ample quantity of Sienna Chianti.

A few blocks further on a candy pedler and his wife were busy packing up their merchandise on a little pushcart. All the chocolates, the sugar candies and the ginger are carefully stored away in the hold of the small landboat. On the top of

everything the woman puts her big basket of knitting, which has held her attention all the day except when an actual purchase of a cake or a candy is being made. So man and wife start for home. The little store on wheels is just as important to this Italian pedler as is the huge department store to our modern merchant. The only difference between the two stores is that of size.

When everything is considered, perhaps the Italian candy pedler gets the more out of life. He goes home and forgets all about his worries until next day. He enjoys his wine and his tobacco just as much as any American millionaire, and perchance more because economy forbids him ever to take too much. So long as his little car of goods is safe, he has no worries.

The Carabinieri add much color to the street: invariably walking two by two and dressed in uniforms of the time of Napoleon, blue suits with red trimmings, and turned-up hats decorated by red cockades. Their arms consist of a short sword in shiny steel scabbard and a pistol in a leather holster. They arrest for serious crimes; whereas the regular city police deal mostly with the directing of traffic.

The bicycles of Florence interest me greatly. When in the United States I heard of a lady who, surviving the American automobile plague, reached Florence only to be knocked down and run over by a bicycle! Before visiting Florence, I laid the accident to the lady's carelessness, but now I realize that it is no child's play to cross a Florentine street without coming in more or less violent contact with two or three bicycles. After dark bicycle riders carry lanterns consisting of a candle stuck in a paper bag. They are too poor or too economical to buy regular lanterns. The illuminated paper bags remind one for all the world of so many fairy bicyclists.

Among others offering favorable comment on our censure of Edgar Lee Masters for his criticism of Abraham Lincoln is Mr. Tom White, of Alameda. He writes of our editorial in the March number, and says: "You are to be heartily commended on the tone of your editorial."

An Epic of Six Frontiers

A SERVICE of the first consequence was done for California, when George D. Lyman decided, as the result of a chance conversation one day with a pioneer neighbor, to investigate and write the history of John Marsh, earliest physician and first permanent settler of eastern Contra Costa County.

Here was a man of most interesting nature, with a character very complex, and a reputation which had suffered from his eccentricities and moody behavior, yet to whom the state was greatly indebted for his services in startling the overland movement of Americans to California, its separation from Mexico, and its annexation to the United States. Other contemporaries of his have been enshrined in our affectionate memories, yet Marsh has been neglected. Lyman has brought him to light and made him real to us, and a most intriguing personality we find him to be.

Incidentally one must observe how vast is the field yet awaiting the California historian, in the study of the lives of so many of her pioneers who have never been adequately treated—man like Lieutenant Cave J. Couts of San Diego County, or Willey and Pond and Dwinell, ministers who laid the foundation for much of the present religious and educational life of the state, or Chancellor Hartson and other political leaders of the first generation of her statehood. Now that the actors in her early drama have all passed away, they and their deeds, their characters, their strengths and their weaknesses, can be treated without reservations. Heretofore our students have liked to work on the Spanish and Mexican periods of California history, partly, at least, because of the impersonal manner in which they could approach their subjects. Now, however, a much wider field, with characters for the most part vastly more virile and

BY HAROLD V. HARTSHORN

worthy of study, is opening to our students and writers.

Also we must observe how well Mr. Lyman has handled his subject. He writes well. He makes Marsh a living creature, not a mere lay figure. He admits that there were defects in his hero, and so makes him real. He documents his story adequately, but puts his notes in an

RIDING THE LINE

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY

Bring out the horse and saddle up,
No more; I travel light.
Death hands to me this stirrup-cup—
I ride the line tonight.

I see ahead a specter pale
My soul is taking flight;
The wolves are howling on the trail—
I ride the line tonight.

It leads across the sandy bars
It curves to left and right,
Then disappears among the stars—
I ride the line tonight.

The moon above the Milky Way
Shines like a beacon bright;
Somewhere by now the east is grey—
I ride the line tonight.

A broken bubble, melting fast,
Life fades before my sight.
As one who treads a trackless vast—
I ride the line tonight.

As man may do, my task is done;
I've fought and won the fight.
I shall not see tomorrow's sun—
I ride the line tonight.

appendix where they will not interfere with the reader who is willing to take on trust what he has to say. His index, a thing so often skimpily made, is here full and intelligently compiled.

And what a picture we have, of

the career of a human soul! Born in the heart of Puritan New England, John Marsh was educated on picturesque and classic Andover hill, in the famous old Phillips Academy, an institution administered by the same board of trustees which managed Andover Theological Seminary, the oldest divinity school in America, and the stronghold of Calvinism, although in its milder and more human interpretation, thus bringing the boys in the preparatory school into close connection with the hundred college graduates who were on the threshold of the ministry, he went on to Harvard College. Then followed the sudden transition to the wilderness, where for twelve years he lived in the midst of adventure and intrigue.

Marsh expected his trip to the West to be merely an interlude in his preparation for a medical career. But event followed event, each leading him a little farther on toward an almost total severance from his family and the traditions of his youth. How strange it seems to us that he carried with him his Andover and Harvard diplomas, treasuring them as almost the only links with his dead past, while at the same time he was taking sides in Indian wars, conspiring with his friends and betraying his enemies, living a life totally at variance with that for which he had been trained! But perhaps here we have the clue to his strange and contradictory character. In fact he never was really "in character." He was a New Englander, a Puritan, with all the instincts native to one with such a background, and it was with a violent wrench to his moral nature, and aesthetic also, that he lived the life of a frontiersman, crass, cruel, destructive, quarrelsome. To this is attributable the steady deterioration of character which we may observe in him. Of this deterioration

(Read further on page 120)

THE FIRST CLEAN-UP

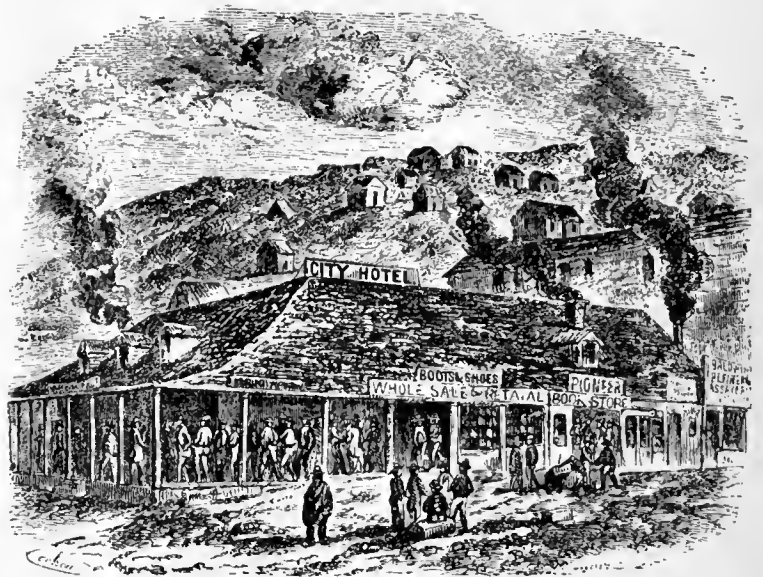
(From page 106)

ditional guards were stationed in the streets some distance away.

On the ground floor were cannon and men who knew how to use them. The arms were stored in other places whence they might be obtained in case of an attack on the fort itself. This was necessary, since there was a constant effort on the part of the so-called Law-and-Order Party to capture the leaders and members of the Committee and to suppress the whole movement, which was in reality a "Business Man's Revolution." The Law-and-Order Party designated the Vigilantes as "Pork Merchants Brigade," and the headquarters as "Fort Gunny Bags."

The Monumental Engine Company had its fire-house in the Vigilantes' building, and its bell was to be seen upon Brenham Place on Portsmouth Square until the fire of 1906. This bell was sounded four times for the purpose of summoning the Vigilance Committee: when Cora and Casey were executed; when Judge Terry struck Hopkins; when Hetherington and Brace were executed; when the Committee met to disband. The response to the bell was always immediate and unanimous.

The
Famous
Old
City
Hall

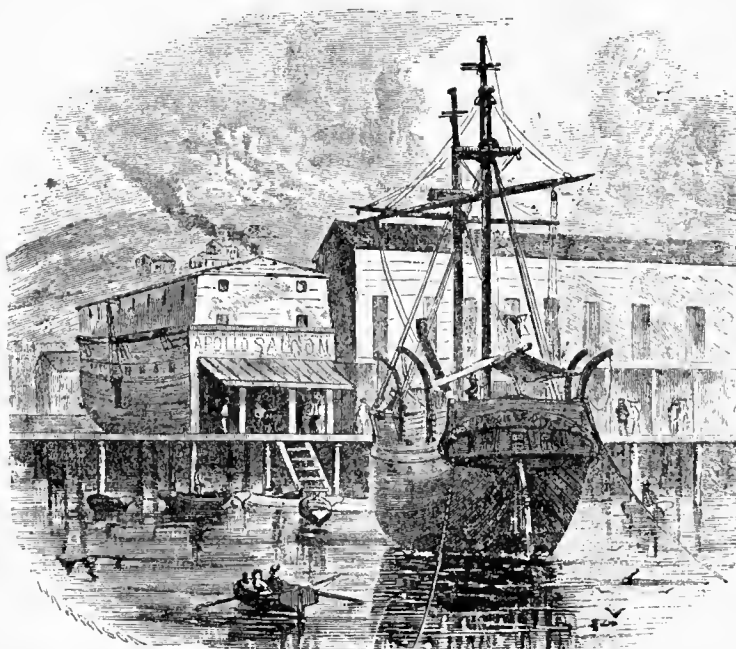


Sunday, the 18th of May, 1856, the Committee made the first effort. The men were all drilled and ready, and firearms and ammunition had been distributed.

At 10 o'clock that Sunday, guards surrounded the jail and demanded the person of P. Casey, properly handcuffed. After an hour's useless parley, the Committee was told to come and take him. Casey refused, at first, to go, but finally consented, and was taken to the Committee Rooms.

Soon the Executive Committee returned to the jail and demanded the person of Charles Cora. After a parley, he, too, was taken to the Committee Rooms. The seizure was an imposing sight, and all the hills and housetops were alive with spectators. There was no noise or confusion. All seemed to approve the action of the Committee. After the prisoners were safe in the Committee Rooms, the men returned to their armories in the same orderly manner in which they had assembled.

On the Monday following the arrests, the trial of Casey was commenced. The Executive Committee was the jury. The prisoner was provided with counsel; witnesses were summoned, and he was given every opportunity to prove his innocence. Cora was treated with equal fairness, but both were found guilty of murder, and were sentenced to be hanged. They were given time to arrange all business matters, and prepare for death. Spiritual advisers of their own choosing were allowed them. Both were publicly executed from the upper windows of the Committee Rooms, corner of Sacramento and Front Streets, on the 23rd of May, 1856. At the same day and hour the funeral of James King of William was being held in another part of the city.



First
Jail
in
San
Francisco

(Read further on page 118)

Stoic

Violet Mountains and Blood-red Rails

"WESTWARD HO!"
The soft breath of morning whispers good-bye to a fading moon . . . faint tints of old gold and ivory outline in bas-relief giant crags . . . steep slopes . . . covered with autumn flowers . . . wild vegetation . . . colors of rose, russet, red and purple . . . an antediluvian monster . . . the Overland Limited . . . gracefully winding its way toward a "land of dreams" . . . great stretches of train tracks are straightaway . . . fantastic tunnels, superimposed, pierce into masses of rock . . . afternoon sun, a white desert, surrounded by mountains strewn with brushwood rolled into balls and tossed about by the wind . . . unbearable heat . . . a road cuts into a country the color of ashes . . . wooden cabins here and there . . . an abandoned Ford standing nearby . . . the road disappears . . . clear horizon . . . a setting sun . . . shafts of copper and gold mines dimly discernable . . . curling mounds that look like Negro-heads . . . wooden huts, miners' cabins . . . bands of cattle herded by cowboys . . . the silver lines of the railroad track disappear into violet mountains . . . little gray houses suggesting children's toys dot the landscape . . . round poplar trees are chrome yellow . . . indescribable tones

BY JACK WYCHE-FEENEY

against a charred background . . . cattle enjoying the majesty of the evening appear like the gods of High Egypt . . . the sky is divided into two sides, one blue—the other green fringed with rose . . . a breach in the mountain—three eagles, gilded by the last reflection of day, become, in this unreal depth of the dying light, accents circumflex . . .

Night in Arizona . . . lambent tongues of fire in a pale azure sky . . . somber mountains spotted with reddish shadows . . . the shrill lonely wail of the locomotive . . . waste plains as far as the eye can see . . . blood red rails behind sink into shadowed trench . . . far off a red light shines . . . a mile away or a hundred? . . . darkness and desert . . . a green light races a red one on the horizon . . . Dawn and the Grand Canyon! terrifying, tremendous . . . thousands of feet below rolls the muddy Colorado . . . it resembles a dirty snake . . . across this ugly wound on the breast of nature, sun and clouds cast the most unbelievable tones—the plague of a painter . . . It is a quartering of bloody ground suggesting some terrible revenge—the carnage of a diabolical surgery . . .

Yonder a black caterpillar climbs

the bristling side of the precipice . . . it is a file of mules . . . a hundred or more . . . unbearable cold . . . sundown emblazons . . . the mutilated colonnades guarding dark ravines giving the appearance of a vast burning cathedral . . . snow falls furiously . . . a white light diffuses the darkening clouds—desolation of a lunar landscape . . . a great log fire . . . unearthly silhouettes . . . strange terrifying cries and shuffling of feet . . . the ancient Death Dance of the Hopi Indian . . . shadows reminiscent of Fenimore Cooper—Buffalo Bill, merge in the flame of the glowing logs . . .

Night and a whirlwind of snow . . . the dim outline of teepee huts . . . the train's shadow grilled by the window lights, casts a weird picture on the snow . . . a majestic figure—magnificent and silent . . . a face reflecting pain, courage and fortitude . . . civilization passing at a hundred miles an hour blows into his face fetid black smoke of the great god Speed . . . the eye that for ages has watched the eagle's light looks on unmoved!

The American Indian!

THE DICTIONARY SPEAKS!

STOIC: A Noun.

Origin: Greek.

Definition: A person of great fortitude.

A Day in History

(From page 108)

sneeringly inquired. "If you are the God or the Messiah, why don't you save yourself and us?"

The Man looked wearily at him and was silent. How could he explain to such a hardened soul? But the youth on the other cross had heard the words, and in a high, piercing voice cried to the Man in the center, "Master, Master, this day you shall be in Paradise. I pray you, remember me!" The Man quickly turned his head toward the boy and smiled upon him, and the

youth's face lit with a sudden peace and fell forward. The Man rejoiced that at least this one's suffering was over.

A sudden clash of angry voices attracted the Man's attention. The guards were quarrelling over his robe! They were battering one another with fists and spears, and one was even drawing a sword when an officer rushed among them and sternly quelled them. Then the officer drew from a pouch a couple of dice, handed these to a soldier, and

down upon their hands and knees went the whole motley crew to gamble greedily for the garment. The Man looked on with sorrowful disgust. The very thing that he had warned the people against—greed for the pelf of this world! Would they never learn? he muttered bitterly. Had all his teaching come to this—that they fought over his poor bit of cloth?

Someone was touching his feet. The Man looked down. His mother

(Read further on page 116)



Leouore Nothe

A touch of picturesque Chinatown, San Francisco

Adventuring in Creative Writings

I HAD a problem. It was concerned with creative writing, and I needed help with its solution. There were any number of ways to meet such difficulty. I might have called on some successful author friend for help. One dislikes, however, to burden friendship—too often. Given time an extension or a correspondence class could easily have turned the trick. But I was impatient to be on with the tale; I wanted to make the most of inspiration before enthusiasm waned and this brain child become just another stray in the limbo of lost literary aspirations.

So it was that I ventured into the Berkeley Evening High School seeking Miss Elizabeth Everett's short story class. And somewhat trepid, I must confess. Would they think me nervy? Perhaps I was, but they were a well bred lot and greeted my intrusion with friendly hospitality, giving assurance that problems of a creative nature were welcome laboratory material. My story was taken by Miss Everett and read aloud. Then presto! class dissection was in full swing.

Was my problem solved? It certainly was. And incidentally I found this class something of a revelation. Here, four nights out of every school week in the year, is being conducted a most fascinating experiment in adult education. Really no longer an experiment for Miss Everett has been engaged in this work for nearly twelve years now. It is interesting work, and they are interesting people, these neophytes out seeking the creative Muse.

All ages are represented; there is a sprinkling of youth in its teens, an occasional boy or girl fresh from high school, eager to continue an impulse to write; and there are mature men and women, a few well on toward the seventy mark, bent on catching up and overtaking Time, as it were. Some of these elders are college bred, others have been educated only in the University of Life, but with one accord they mingle in

BY TRUE DURBROW

a fine fellowship, helpfully critical, generous in their praise, vicariously happy in each other's success.

And school work here is anything but monotonous. Instruction includes everything of a creative nature and there is a constant proces-



ELIZABETH EVERETT

sion of thought-provoking ideas in the manuscripts and exercises brought for discussion or criticism. Manuscripts, by the way, are all well written and almost without exception show much real talent. Criticism, which takes the form of an open forum, is often frank and peppy but never unkindly severe.

The average attendance in any one of these classes is around fifteen each night, but the total enrollment during the year, counting all three of the different classes under Miss Everett's care, is usually about fifty. "Many," she says, "drop out for one reason or another; they are busy people to whom creative accomplishment must be sandwiched in between the real business of earning a living or raising a family. Often students get their impetus to more or less successful work in the class and then find they can carry on alone. Frequently I have had a

student come back after several years for further criticism and help.

"Enrollment is continuous throughout the school year and there is a variety of interest among those who come in. With some it is the novel, with a passing eye on serials and novelettes; with others it is the short story or, less often, the drama. Poetry is a side issue with nearly every student; occasionally it is the main issue. In fact we give a half hour of each Wednesday night's session to the consideration of student's poems. And if the poetic instinct does happen to be uppermost it doesn't bar one from doing worth while fiction. We had one highly successful poet who entered the class for help with his first short story; later he became quite a successful fiction writer."

Of the original class starting with Miss Everett twelve years ago there are some four or five who are now writing professionally. Two are marketing children's stories, and the others are contributing to the various magazines. In one of the recent classes there happened to be a personal friend of Belasco's who has found in the radio an outlet for his plays, and a retired sea captain has found the class a means of turning his seafaring adventures into salable sea stories. Another member has been successful with pageants, and the class in novel writing, which is a comparatively recent departure, has to its credit four completed novelettes of more than passing quality and interest.

During her years of high school teaching Miss Everett has had several students who have since become prominent in national affairs, but the most conspicuous writer so far to come under her tutelage seems to have been Thornton Wilder. However, since she had him only in Sunday school I'm afraid he can't be claimed for this article. It is interesting though to note in this connection that she could see in Thornton Wilder, even at the age of ten,

(Read further on page 128)

A Day in History

(From page 113)

was there. In the evening shadows he saw in her eyes mingled agony and mother-love. It was too much.

"My God! My God!" he cried, "why hast Thou forsaken me?"

It was but momentary—this weakness, this very human weakness.

He looked again. A close friend of his family had dared to come forth from the crowd and was standing beside the mother. The Man on the cross gazed at him and seemed to communicate with him mentally. Evidently the friend understood, for he nodded and gently led the weeping woman away.

A curious numbness was spreading over the body of the Man. Was this at last death? He looked to the right. The wretch there had silently died. The same sneer was on his hardened face; the unmoving eyes glared with hate upon the earth. The Man shuddered and looked toward the crowd. He wondered why he had outlasted the others.

But what was that black object out there between the Man and the setting sun? It was suspended from a distant tree and was swinging and revolving in a sickening, dizzy sort of way. A pack of dogs leaped upward as though attempting to snatch

it down. The Man strained his blood-shot eyes to see. Suddenly the red gleam of the sun fell squarely upon the twirling thing out there. It was the one who had sold the Man to the mob; he had hanged himself through shame!

The Man on the cross quivered and turned his gaze away. A soldier had just won the cloak and was bearing it away in triumph, while his fellows stood scowling and shaking their fists after him. Several persons, possessed of foresight, had brought their lunch with them, and they were now eating their fish and bread from small baskets. A woman yawned, looked up at the Man, and remarked, "I wonder how much longer he will last; I'm growing tired." Two curs began to snarl at each other, and part of the crowd, eager for a new sensation, hastily formed a circle and urged on the brutes. The yelps of the dogs mingled with the cheers of the onlookers.

The Man was very weary—weary of his pain, weary of the things he saw about him. The same ancient greed, the same sordid materialism, the same seeking for sensations of the flesh, the same low desires, the same earthiness—and that black ob-

ject out there twirling between him and the sunset.

An overwhelming pity for these misguided people swept through the Man. "Father!" he suddenly cried, "Father! Forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

And then, how strange! Out there in the glowing sunset the Man saw—a vision. It was a city. The spires and domes of a vast temple of worship arose in its midst. He saw people, happy, companionable people, passing hither and thither with tokens of love. He heard a strange harmony arising from the multitude who walked those glistening streets—it was the harmony of peaceful, loving brotherhood. And as he gazed, enraptured, he saw a figure like a spirit walking among the people, and they turned in admiration, aye, in adoration toward the figure. And suddenly the Man on the cross recognized the spirit; it was himself! Then slowly a hand began to write in flaming letters above the city, and the Man on the cross could easily read the words: "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

The Man on the cross smilingly closed his eyes and sank into death in confidence and peace.

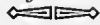
DESERT SKETCHES

BY SNOW LONGLEY HOUSH

WARNING

AMETHYST sky through veils of tamarisk,
Cloud fleeces softly white,
Wrinkled mountains blue with shadow
Gold of blossoms blurred with light—

But mirages lure to a false horizon,
Marked by a lonely cairn of stones;
A buzzard tacks through searing sunlight
Over a land of bleaching bones.



CANYON

*T*HESE straight cliffs have sought to prison Beauty
In stone-carved battlements of stony hills,
To bend her rainbow gleams of myriad loveliness
To the white austerity of their prised wills.

But Beauty will evade them with shining subtlety,
Will hide in yellow blossoms as spring comes by,
Will climb steep slopes with the flames of candlewood,
And escape to violet meadows of the sky.

SPACE

*T*HE world is drenched in golden splendor;
My eyes are sated with endless blue.
Immensity is a god to worship,
Boundless, changeless, always new.

This earth is not an eddy of stardust
Where man clings to a parched breast,
But a gold-blue bauble the heavens dangle
Infinity made manifest.



ROSARY

*B*LOOMS of the desert, I say them over,
Curving sprays of mesquite, incense tapers' gold,
Bright passion of cactus, pale, chaste lilies,
Desert holly, gray and old.

So I shall chant them softly when heat of summer
Binds scourged Beauty to a searing cross;
Lavender of sage flower, star-hung Palo Verde,
Rosary of loveliness in time of loss.

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION FOR THRIFT AND CONSERVATION

A. R. CLIFTON, EDITOR

THE Thrift Committee of Oakland Council P. T. A. and Elementary Principals Conference recently made a study of the expenditures of high 6th grade children from 21 elementary schools in Oakland. The findings were tabulated by Mrs. W. W. Williamson and Mrs. L. K. Beaver, State Chairman of Thrift, California Congress of Parents and Teachers. It was found that for 21 schools reporting, figures were obtained from 428 students who spent during the week a total of \$276.37. The average spent per child per week aggregated 65 cents. Further analysis showed that of this amount the average spent for entertainment was approximately 34 per cent; for lunch and food, 14 per cent; deposited in the Savings Bank, 14 per cent; for candy, 11 per cent; music, 6 per cent; car fare 4 per cent; clothing 3 per cent; church, 2 per cent; gifts, 2 per cent; school supplies, less than 1 per cent; miscellaneous, between 4 and 5 per cent.

IN TULSA, OKLAHOMA, the schools have long been in the forefront in Thrift Education, this work under direction of Mr. J. Turner Horner. A Thrift Bulletin recently issued to the boys and girls of Tulsa by the Superintendent of Schools, Merle Prunty, carries some excellent advice. He says, among other things: "Earn money yourself instead of asking your parents for all the money you think you need. Have a savings account and add to it each week. Never spend all you have. Spend carefully and wisely, not carelessly. Don't buy the first thing you see, but think over the things you want and need and buy the most worthwhile. Be careful with your clothes, books, papers, pencils, school equipment and other things that you use, for carelessness means the waste of somebody's money."

This communication to the students then goes on to ask the following questions:

1. What are worthwhile things?

2. Does thrift mean more than saving money?

3. What is careless spending?

4. Is it more thrifty to buy a bottle of milk than to buy a candy bar?

5. If you want to be thrifty men and women, why must you be thrifty boys and girls?"

Answers to these queries are found in one of the weekly Thrift Bulletins issued by the Tulsa Schools. These answers, in the form of a letter to the superintendent, are by the boys and girls of the 3B, 2A and 2B classes of Eliot School, and sent in by Rebecca Thomas, a 2B student.

"Dear Superintendent Prunty:

"We thank you for your interesting letter about thrift. We think it will help us to think more about saving and spending our money wisely. Here are the answers we thought out for your questions:

1. Things which make us better, happier and more useful are worth while.

2. Thrift means taking care of things which cost money.

3. Careless spending is buying things we do not need.

4. It is more thrifty to buy a bottle of milk than a bar of candy.

5. If we are thrifty boys and girls we will know how to save when we grow up."

WILLIAM L. STODDARD, Executive Vice President of the Council on Economic Education, is quoted in the Thrift Almanac of Boston, as saying that "the reserve of buying power of the American people has been a life saver in the present business depression. The public schools are beginning to appreciate that they have a responsibility in the forming of sound habits as to the usage of money. Nothing can more surely stabilize business than to stabilize the individual personal money habits, and no agency except the public schools can do the job so thoroughly."

Mr. W. Espey Albig, Deputy

Manager of the School Savings Bank Division of the American Bankers Association, gives answer to the question "Where does the reserve buying power come from?", in the following words: "Economists are authority to the statement that the expenditure of a relatively small sum of money by each person at the present time would bring a renewal of prosperity. The difficulty arises from the fact that in many homes reserves are not available from which such expenditures can be made. Those who insist that savings tend to slow up industry, overlook the fact that only as savings are made in times of prosperity, is money available for expenditure when industry lags."

THE Standard Thrift Bulletin prints some interesting essays on Thrift by pupils of the Pittsburgh, Pa., Schools. "We quote from the essay of Robert Liebendorfer, an 8th grade student in the Wurtenburg School: "Thrift is the backbone to success. Every great man that has achieved greatness, his foundation was built on thrift. Thrift does not necessarily mean saving your time and possessions. It pertains to budgeting your time and making it useful, also not to be careless. Thriftiness is a phase of character. It is something that not everybody does, but it is a voluntary development. No man is born thrifty, but he forces himself to make use of this free help if he wants to succeed in making his life outstanding and of benefit to his nation, or perhaps the universe."

Another quotation is from Robert Powell of the same grade and school: "Thrift is one of the principal essentials of the day and has enabled many persons to avoid financial want. It has become a part of many schools throughout the country. Its purpose is to teach the boys and girls to save and how to handle money in the future." Still another student, Anna Atkinson, says: "Spending money for good (Read further on page 122)

The First Clean-up

(From page 112)

The method of procedure of the Committee was to obtain, from any source, information in regard to the names or crimes of suspected persons not in custody of the authorities, to bring them to headquarters, hear all the testimony, give them a fair trial, and, if they were found guilty, to pronounce sentence of death, or banishment. If the sentence was banishment, the Committee placed them on board a vessel and sent them away. Steamers were the only means of departure from the State. These steamers sailed or arrived only twice in the month; hence, it was easy to see that the banished men departed, and to know if they attempted to return through the port. The penalty for return was death. Those who interfered in any way at elections were banished. When the Committee wanted a man for trial, punishment, or evidence, they sent an order under the seal of the Committee, signed by Number 33, Secretary, and a sufficient number of men had charge of the order to bring the person named to the Committee Rooms.

Every member of the Committee was given a number by which he was known to the other members.

Writs of habeas corpus were often issued against the Committee for the persons whom they had arrested and held in custody. The bearers of such writs were always treated with courtesy and permitted to search the premises, but the persons desired had been previously removed to another room or building.

All this assumed authority had, of course, its obstacles. The State declared San Francisco in a condition of insurrection, and commanded all volunteer companies to report to Major General William T. Sherman. Many members refused to obey the call, and chose rather to resign. The President of the United States was appealed to for aid, and the Governor sent a messenger to Washington to secure it. But the journey took more than a month and the messenger was compelled to wait long for a reply, so that he

did not return home until after the Committee had disbanded.

JUDGE TERRY hated the Vigilance Committee, spoke slurringly of them, and did all he could to obstruct their plans.

Police Officer Stirling A. Hopkins, agent of the Vigilance Committee, was sent to secure the person of a man wanted as a witness. The man was found in an office on the northwest corner of Washington and Kearny Streets, where were present Judge Terry and others. These resisted the arrest. Hopkins retired to obtain assistance. During his absence these men, taking firearms and knives, started for the armory of the State Militia. Before the Terry party had reached their destination, they were overtaken by Hopkins and a posse of Vigilance Police, who demanded surrender. This brought on a fight, in which a pistol was fired, and Judge Terry stabbed Hopkins in the neck, inflicting a wound which, for a time, was expected to prove fatal. The Terry party then fled to the Armory, at the corner of Jackson and Dupont Streets.

The Vigilance troops surrounded the Armory; cannon were placed in position, and the Executive Committee appeared and demanded a surrender of all arms kept there. All the persons in the Armory were marched to Vigilance Headquarters as prisoners.

The Law-and-Order forces had by this time assembled at their armories. But before these companies could arm themselves and get upon the street, the Vigilance troops had surrounded them and taken officers and men prisoners, thus securing their arms and ammunition. The arms and ammunition of these armories and what the Committee had stored, were all there were in the State, except those at the United States' Arsenal at Benicia.

Next day all prisoners, except Terry, were paroled and released. The arms were retained and Terry was held to await the result of the

wound he had inflicted on Officer Hopkins.

Meanwhile, the Committee had succeeded in arresting Philander Brace for the murder of Police Officer J. B. West on June 3, 1855. Brace had been in hiding since the murder. On July 24, 1856, Joseph Hetherington shot and killed Dr. Randall on Sansome Street. Hetherington was arrested by the regular police, but on demand of the Vigilance Committee, he was delivered to them. On July 29, 1856, Hetherington and Brace were hanged in the presence of the entire forces of the Vigilance Committee, on a gallows erected on Davis Street, between Sacramento and Commercial.

Meanwhile, Hopkins recovered from his wound. The would-be murderer, Terry, had been tried by the Committee, who examined one hundred and fifty witnesses in the case. Since Hopkins had recovered, Terry was released, although the Committee felt that he was unworthy longer to be an officer of the public. August 12, 1856, all the prison cells of the Committee were empty, and the Committee prepared to disband its troops. On August 16 there was a grand review and parade, at which time more than five thousand members of the Vigilance Committee appeared in line. This procession extended more than a mile in length. They marched through the principal streets, after which they gave up their arms and returned to their homes.

After the parade and the dismissal of the Committee, headquarters were thrown open to the public, and the fraudulent ballot boxes with their interlinings were exhibited and examined by all who chose to do so.

The Committee had been in session four months and two days, during which time they had banished twenty-six persons and executed four on the scaffold.

The author of this sketch is a sister of Rodolphus Hubbard who, with W. B. Keep, established the Santa Barbara Gazette in the early '50s. She has been a life-long teacher and has, in her own words, "taught all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

Part of the material of this sketch was furnished by a cousin, Giles Gray, a well known pioneer of early San Francisco.

A Page of Verse

RECURRENT RHYTHMS

THROUGHOUT each life a constant rhythm flows:

Diostole glides into systole;
Brave music of the restless inland sea
That thunders homeward till the port shall close.
This current, like a flaming message, goes
From unknown time to ages yet to be;
Always renewed by earth's virility,
It seeks a land that no man living knows.

Upon its tide are ships elate with hope.
Crowd to the limit all the eager sails—
O captain, reach the shore! Whoever fails
Is doomed straightway, and like one blind, must grope
Stark and alone, in black oblivion,
That dreadful country old before the sun.

VIRGINIA SPATES.

THREE BUCKS AND A DOE

WINTER-BLUE sky over hills carved in snow,
Evergreens, snow-bent, and taut as a string of a
bow;

Slow-creeping down the scarred ridge
And crossing a fallen tree forming a bridge
A crouching, tawny hell-beauty, no show
Of crawling, tense muscles like steel; below,
Hunger-driven, three bucks and a doe
Pawing the snow.

Snow silence—no wind to blow
The warning scent of a crouching foe,
No Little Brother to let them know.
Tell me, Deep Silence of carved hills of snow,
Tell me, Bent Saplings that are burdened so,
Was it Life or Death that warned them to go,—
Three stalwart bucks and a bounding doe?

ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL.

THE SILVER FREEZE

SILVER on the hawtree thorns,
Crystal on the milkcow's horns,
And an old man with a pail
Clomping through the sleeting morn
On the brittle brook for trail.
From his hut out to the barn
Twice he goes this wintry way
To the milking chore each day,
While his bleak heart warms at one
Slow repeated wish: for sun
Soon to make a thawing felt
That will shell the thorn of glass,
Crack the brook for flood and melt
Winter down to trail and grass.

WALTER KIDD.

MY GARDEN

THE neighbors call it friendship garden . . .

A Chinese vine, a rambling rose
A pot of Scottish heather . . .
A cascading plant,
A straight young pine
Growing all together.

Winding flag-walks around an old well,
Flowering quince and tall sunflowers;
A gurgling stream over mossy rocks
Under trellised bowers.

There's a curious plant with a long name,
Its leaves have a border of lace;
At dawn dew hangs like silvery threads . . .
It is a neighborly place.

JEAN STEELE MARLATT.

THE HANDS OF A FAMOUS SURGEON

WHEN God birthed Man from beauty's blinding
mold,

I think that He decreed this of your hands:
They shall have strength like thinnest tempered bands
Of steel, and precious knowledge, rare, untold,
To eager mortals seldom risked or doled;
They shall have tenderness like brooding wands
Of sweetest sorrow, memory-lured from lands
Forgotten in our youth; they shall be bold

And husband boldness as a sword of flame
To succor man. Like cooling winds that give
The desert's dream surcease, let them bring
The healing touch! And crowned be with fame,
And reap bejeweled praise from all that live!
For of My glory these god-like hands shall sing!

IVY JEAN RICHARDS.

A WHISPERED PRAYER

IDO not ask for harp of gold,
No crown nor robe of silver fold,
No task above me—this I pray
For little things of Yesterday.

The home where love enfolded all,
Where little feet came at my call,
Where twilight hour closed with a song,
And simple faith and hope grew strong.

Give me the happy memory
Of scenes I strain my eyes to see,
Not always prized, but now a lack—
It would be heaven to have them back.

ALLA M. FORSTER.

An Epic of Six Frontiers

(From page 111)

he himself was conscious. Thus to the end he hid from his family in Massachusetts the birth of his part-Indian son. Thus also, toward the end of his life, when he is marrying Abigail Tuck, and is asked by her if he is a Christian, we find him embarrassed, abashed, and after a long silence murmuring "I hope I am." What an agony of self-examination, possibly of self-reproach, are in that silence and those four words!

But not only are we drawn by the drama of his own changing character, but we are impressed by the recital of his objective experiences. Indian agent, and concerned personally and very vitally in the quarrels and wars of the Minnesota Indians; sharing in the Black Hawk

war, and having his trail cross that of Abraham Lincoln; fleeing from civilization, of the frontier sort, to escape arrest, and making his way by the southern route into California, then a Mexican province; seeking to practice medicine in Los Angeles, and presenting, in lieu of something better, his Harvard bachelor's diploma, which because no one in the pueblo could read it was sent to the clergy at San Gabriel to be translated from Latin into Spanish, and being given the right, after the diploma had been deciphered, to practice, even though his credentials never mentioned medicine, because "he would be very useful to the community," thus being decreed a Doctor by the town council; receiv-

ing his pay in hides and tallow, until his court looked like a tannery yard; and then, in disgust, selling out and striking to the North, to find a cattle range and settle down for the remainder of his days; in all this we have an epic of adventure such as the fiction writer dares not depict, lest his story should not have verisimilitude.

It so happened that Marsh found just what he wished in the Los Meganos grant, on the eastern slopes of Mount Diablo, which he bought from Jose Noriega. In order to have the right, under Mexican law, to own it, he, the Puritan, accepted Roman Catholic baptism, and took a Spanish name, until such time

(Read further on page 122)

AT THE GRAVE OF HERBERT BASHFORD

BY N. J. HERBY

AH! Gifted friend, how fit the sepulchre.
 On you no pompous marble might confer
 Your true renown. Upon your grave the grass
 Shall grow a fresher green; and they that pass
 Shall pause a time and bow a reverent head
 To feel you are as with us, not as dead.
 For now your soul breathes a diviner air,
 Lifted where binds no chain of clogging care.
 And as you lie, face to the sun, no haze
 Of mortal stuff obscures. Here you may gaze
 On water, wood, and hill, and flower, and all
 That to your soul in spirit-accent call.
 Here to your ear attuned the nodding trees
 Waft from eternity their mysteries.
 Here you may watch Night's telic tapers shine
 As dance "the Moon's white feet beneath the pine."
 Here twilight's breezes, Morning's diamond dew
 With "immemorial voices speak to you"
 Who loved to hear "the feathered lyrists sing
 Soft as a rose-breath on the lips of Spring."
 When Time in wisdom ripened shall have laid
 And "fringed with music as a silver braid"
 A wreath of merit on your boastless brow
 And filled your cup of honor more than now,
 Then, "on the heights where brooks rejoice"
 Shall ring the "epic thunder of your voice."
 True poet, there beyond the silent bars
 Your lyre is hung among the greater stars.



HERBERT BASHFORD

[Herbert Bashford was the author of "At the Shrine of Song," joint author with Harr Wagner of "A Man Unafraid," The Story of Fremont, a dramatist of note, and for years Literary Editor of the San Francisco Bulletin.]

Books and Writers



JEROME A. HART

IN OUR SECOND CENTURY—By Jerome A. Hart. Published by Pioneer Press, San Francisco. 454 pp. Price \$3.50.

MR. HART, an experienced newspaper man and editor, has given us a book divided into 20 chapters, that is packed full of history, reminiscences, details of stirring events and of developments and happenings on both sides of the Atlantic, and covering the period from 1876 to the present.

It is possible for an author of a book of this character to deal in trivialities and to overemphasize the personal pronoun; not so with Mr. Hart in his *Second Century*, which uses the sub-title "From an Editor's Note-book." Mr. Hart reminds us that it was in the mid-summer of 1776 that the 13 original colonies began their forward march and that in 1876 great developments were taking place on the Pacific Coast. It is significant, too, that while civilization first began on San Francisco Bay in 1776, at the time the American Revolution was in progress.

Mr. Hart, a keen observer and a vivid writer, portrays the life and development in and around San Francisco, particularly. He treats of the Gold Ring and the Tweed Ring, of political situations throughout the nation, the development of industry and finance, the building of San Francisco from a village to a metropolis. He shows special familiarity with all that pertained to the early newspapers of San Francisco, the club life and the music and theatrical atmosphere

that was world-wide known. During this second century, many notable people visited the Pacific Coast and with these Hart was on familiar terms. He also writes entertainingly of the great inventions and inventors—the telephone, Edison's incandescent light, phonograph, motion pictures, the linotype, etc.

Those who are interested in the progress of events and in following the movements on the Pacific Coast that have made for progress in all lines will do well to read "In Our Second Century." Mr. Hart has a number of volumes to his credit. The Pioneer Press is to be commended for this splendid service.

—A. H. C.

VERSE OF THE NEW WEST—By Irene Welch Grissom. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. Illustrated by Spurgeon. 112 pp. Price \$2.25.

A VOLUME of lyric poetry by Idaho's poet laureate, Irene Welch Grissom, a sympathetic interpretation of life in Idaho from the "Clearing of Sagebrush" to "Homestead Homes." Several poems have been previously published in *Overland Monthly*, "Aspirations," "The Desert Dead," "Leaving the Dry Farm," also a "Home in the Desert." Other poems have appeared in *The Frontier*, *Outdoor America*, *The Poet's Scroll* and *The Westerner*. A verse or two from "Ridin' Home" is suggestive of the author's out-of-doors philosophy:

Oh, I was ridin' fast and free
Across the open space,
The great wide sky was over me,
The west wind in my face.

I found a truth along the trail—
No more I long to roam
Folks sometimes win, that seem to fail,
For I was ridin' home!

There is a dash and a touch of the spirit of Robert W. Service in her "Inland":

When the corn blades curl as the hot
winds whirl
Across the wide flat space,
And the dry earth gasps as the great sun
claps
The fields in fierce embrace,
I idly dream of the sails that gleam
On whitecaps running free,
Where the forest creeps to the tide that
sweeps
In from the sounding sea.

The Inland Empire and the great Northwest are making a distinct contribution to the literature of the wide open spaces. Irene Welch Grissom is finding favor and the publishers of this volume

under review deserve the support of readers everywhere.

Part II of the volume includes the charming "Indian Summer," "A Hymn Without Words," "The Night Dancers," "Beyond the Peaks," "Friendship" and "Memories." Many illustrations add interest to the book; the pen sketches are by Spurgeon, a staff artist with Caxton Printers. There are also some interesting full-page half-tones.

The Caxton Printers, Ltd., are doing a splendid work for western literature. It is a fine thing to have books written by Idaho authors published by an Idaho publishing company. It shows high courage and a fine faith in the authors of the West. We cannot refrain the comment that this volume is as well printed and bound and shows as high typographical skill as do many volumes issued by the large Eastern houses. We commend Mr. Gipson, manager of Caxton Printers, and express the hope that Irene Welch Grissom will soon send out a companion volume. Her interpretation of the spirit of the West is to be complimented.

—Grace T. Hadley.

TIMELY NOVELS—"Forever Free," "With Malice Toward None," "The Last Full Measure"—By Honore Willsie Morrow. Willam Morrow & Company.

TO know the America of the North West, to know the America of the South West, to know the heart of this country in the struggle that decided that it should remain one country indivisible forever, to know and so to present one's knowledge that it becomes available to all—this is the achievement of a woman who found romantic story appeal in the far spaces toward our Pacific Coast as well as in the story of the early temperance reformer, John B. Gough, in the life of the pioneer missionary, Adoniram Judson, and most notably in the life of Abraham Lincoln. The list of her books is long when one considers the comparatively few years since, as Honore Willsie, she wrote "The Heart of the Desert," "Still Jim," "Lydia of the Pines," "The Forbidden Trail," "The Enchanted Canyon." As Honore Willsie Morrow she has written the absorbing story of Marcus Whitman and his devotion to his country in his effort to save the territory that is now the state of Washington for the United States. "On to Oregon," with its appeal to younger readers, as well as older, is of perennial interest.

One of her several biographies, "The Father of Little Women" (published by Little, Brown and Company) is of interest from a variety of angles: It introduces the reader to the home from which

(Read further on page 123)

An Epic of Six Frontiers

(From page 120)

as he could repudiate both under American rule. The story of his growth to affluence is too long to be told here. It is enough to state that with the coming of separation from Mexico, for which he conspired and intrigued, his opportunity for wealth arrived, and was taken advantage of. The gold rush of 1849 brought him further fortune. He became the baron of a well-stocked domain, princely in extent and value.

We now come to the troubled close of his days. He had wealth, and married, only to lose his wife in a few short years. He recovered the son who had been born to him by the French-Indian mate of his youth. He builded him a stone mansion, the finest in all inland Cali-

fornia. But labor troubles, and the jealousies of those who envied him, and the attacks of those whom he had angered by his closeness in financial dealings and by his brusqueness, and the burden of several lawsuits, clouded his happiness. And finally, on the road to Martinez, he was murdered by a group of Mexican cut-throats.

Today the great estate has been alienated into a multitude of other hands. The fortune has been dissipated. The stone mansion stands, ruinous, with a part of it destroyed in the earthquake of 1869. No county or city or mountain bears his name, in this state where even petty real estate dealers have, in some cases, great municipalities named after them. Only a lonely creek,

rising in his beloved Mount Diablo, flowing past the mansion and the old adobe in which he spent so many years, finds its way into the San Joaquin, and at last comes to rest in the great sea, outside the Golden Gate. So after all his troubled days this cultured soul, lonely in the crude society of the wilderness, has found his rest, unfortunately in near oblivion. It should be the pleasant task of all true Californians to see that after two generations of forgetfulness we at last give him his due measure of regard and honor. In the company of the founders of California he will always have an important place.

John Marsh, Pioneer: The Life Story of a Trailblazer on Six Frontiers. By George D. Lyman. 394 pp. Illustrated. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1930.

Thrift and Conservation

(From page 117)

books is not wasting it, because reading good books is both educational and beneficial, which is a great essential in these modern times."

IN the schools of Contra Costa County, William H. Hanlon, superintendent, Thrift and Conservation is emphasized in the curriculum. Mrs. Edna W. Jamison is greatly interested in the movement. There issues from the superintendent's office each week, an instructive bulletin under title "Thrifty Thoughts." This bulletin carries to the teachers

of the county many valuable suggestions and items. We can quote a few only. A practical demonstration of Thrift and Conservation is that at the Ambrose School. Owing to increased attendance, an additional teacher was necessary for 3rd and 4th grades, which brought into use the old building, a large barren room. Here was a problem to be handled by the students to make the room attractive.

"As an English composition," says the Bulletin, "the students wrote

stories on what they could do to fix up the room. For drawing, they drew pictures of how the room would look when they finished fixing it over. The problem of measuring the windows for curtains was taken up during the arithmetic period. The children under the guidance of the teacher are transforming the huge room into a cheerful classroom. To date, they have curtained the windows with green crepe paper on which they have applied

(Read further on page 127)

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Books and Writers

(From page 121)

came the greatest writer for girls, Louisa May Alcott, one who has a following such as few writers of the nineteenth century retains. It sets forth the philosopher, Amos Bronson Alcott, friend and neighbor of Ralph Waldo Emerson, as a prophet of the best things in present-day education. Far from declaring the work a definitive biography, Mrs. Morrow modestly insists that the rich material in the 70 volumes of his journals is yet unknown and invites attention to its treasures.

Those who like stories of intrigue read and re-read "Forever Free," in which Miss Ford, the attractive Confederate spy, plays so large a part. As a story, if it had no historical significance, it is successful. The pictures of the home life of Lincoln and Mary Todd Lincoln are charming. Both "Forever Free" and "With Malice Toward None" show the ability to make the past live. Without travesty, without melodrama, Mrs. Morrow presents the scenes of the crucial days of the Civil War. "The Last Full Measure" completes the trilogy of novels dealing with Lincoln's life in the White House. Readers are fortunate in finding an author whose historical imagination is buttressed by careful investigation, an author whose artistry prevents the introduction of unassimilated material. She keeps the proportions of life on her canvas. She touches our emotions with glints of humor, with moving pathos. We hear Lincoln say:

"Neither Non-Union nor Union men want their homes destroyed nor want to continue the war. . . .

"It was hate that made this war! The war is over. Let no man come to me asking me to express his revenge or his hate for him."

In these days of gangsters with machine guns and of inert citizens too busy to vote and of Spoon River discoverers who proudly present campaign scandals of the past as authentic history, the American spirit needs such tonic as "We Must March," "On to Oregon," "Forever Free," "With Malice Toward None" and "The Last Full Measure." They are, in the best sense of the often-misused words, timely books.

—Laura Bell Everett.

HARP STRINGS SWEEP BY MANY HANDS—Compiled and edited by Emmy Matt Rush, Hollywood, 1930. 175 pp. Price \$1.50.

THIS is the first Hollywood anthology of verse, a preliminary of which appeared in an earlier issue of this magazine. The compiler, Emmy Matt Rush, has brought together a striking collection of verse from men and women whose names are well known in Hollywood and Southern California circles, as well as in the country at large—such writers as Carrie Jacobs Bond, Walt Mason, Orra Eugene Monnette, Ernest

McGaffey, Bertha Lincoln Heustis, Edwin O. Palmer, Benjamin F. Field, James Daniel Derby, Ruby Archer Gray, Emilia Mann Timerhoff and many others.

The quality of the work included in "Harp Strings" would warrant extensive excerpts, did space permit. We here include, however, the first verse of the famous poem, "Camulos," by Charles Fletcher Lummis, which is the lead poem in Mrs. Rush's Anthology. Students of Mr. Lummis, who appreciate the product of his pen, will recall the following lines:

The stars above Camulos,
How tenderly they shine!
The wind that woos its groves at eve
Is like the breath of kine.
But tenderer and sweeter
Than starlight or than breeze
The deep, dark eyes that glisten
Beneath the whispering trees.

Mrs. Rush herself is represented in the Anthology by a number of her well known verses. As a writer of both prose and verse, she is an authority on Indian lore and legends and is a lover of the desert. The final stanza of her "Desert Wind" reads thus:

At dusk, at dawn, her low voice constant
calls;
Mournfully wailing—weeping—sighing.
Who is she, then?
Shrill echoes pierce the desert walls.
Whence came the desert wind? And
why? And when?

Mrs. Rush's poem titled "My Mother" has been commented upon favorably in many quarters:

Her beaming eyes of gentle blue
Filled with the luster of morning dew.

"Hills of Hollywood" sets forth clearly the great admiration possessed by Mrs. Rush for the charming surroundings of the city of her residence:

Within these verdant, green-clad slopes,
The heart is revived with youth long
flown,

And life's fast, fleeting vagrant hopes
Ushered back to claim their own.

For there upon these sun-drenched
heights,

With vibrant inspiration winging,
The soul soars forth on glorious flights—
In all the world new song is ringing.

Hollywood and California may well be proud of the character and quality of its verse, indicated in this little volume. We understand that the demand has already been made for a second volume, and Overland Monthly looks forward with anticipation to seeing the companion book of the one under review. Mrs. Rush

(Read further on page 124)



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Books and Writers

(From page 123)

has done an admirable piece of work. The book is attractively printed and bound and issued in a limited edition only. The volume is dedicated "to the early pioneers of California in Land and Literature," to Junipero Serra, Bret Harte and Charles Fletcher Lummis. Copies may be had by writing the compiler at her address, 1533 Fairfax Avenue N., Hollywood, California. The price of the book is \$1.50.

—A. H. C.

THE MOUNTAIN IN THE SKY—By Howard McKinley Corning. Metropolitan Press, Portland, Ore.

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING is one of the best known of the "younger poets" of the North West. His first volume of collected poems, all of which has appeared before, was published by Harold Vinal in 1926. "The Mountain in the Sky" is the title poem of this new volume, and is worthy of attention from "poet and pioneer" alike:

The creak of leather, the grind
Of ox-cart wheels, the despair. . .

Sage . . . and a splash of red
Where the day sank into the sand.

Days . . . and low in the west
Glimmered a drift of snow
Shot with fire at the crest,
And lit with their own dream's glow!

Westward . . . what once was a mote
White in the eye became
A passionate cry in the throat,—
While the proud heart breaks aflame.

That always the dream burns first,
Whether poet or pioneer;
For the mountain that rose out of thirst
Has completed a hemisphere.

The tale of Joaquin Miller as he crossed the mountains in 1863, through McKenzie pass to the interior of Oregon where he "started the first apple orchard, in that vast dry-land area of the state" is given in "Joaquin Miller Crosses the Mountains," excerpts of which follow:

Joaquin Miller with seven head
Of valley cattle climbs toward the pass;
Shadows about him like the dead,
Weariness on his feet like lead,
Climbing the sun up out of the east,
Driving his cattle from grass to grass.

"Hi! Hi!" he calls. "Go 'long, go 'long!
It's twenty miles to make the grade
And put the valley back in shade."
His cattle lumber, his rawhide throng
Curls out to touch them up the dawn.
. . . And Joaquin Miller keeps coming on!

This long poem is among the three "Historical Documents" of Mr. Corning. Portions of the closing stanza are included:

Joaquin Miller comes out of the sky!
Joaquin Miller pushing his cattle
Down through the pass as the day goes
gray;
Stones of the high trail struck a-rattle;
Half of the journey tramped away.

"Hi! Hi! Go 'long. It's the old glad tale:
The dream outlives the laborious trail.
And half of our trail is gone . . . is gone."
. . . And Joaquin Miller keeps coming
on!"

Mr. Corning's sonnets have commanded much attention of critics, and among the best-loved of these is the following:

Pruning Vines

In February, when the sap's below
The inattentive earth, I take my shears
And prune away the too-audacious years.
It's grapes I want and not mere leafy
show.

I trim the trailing year's growth to a
span,
With only laterals intact for crop;
A snip or two and I know where to stop
To bring a harvest where my hooks began.

It takes some fortitude to cut a vine
Half into dead ends for the cloying mold,
Where growth takes profit as the shears
take hold,
Cutting the heart a little . . . as I cut
mine.

But since it's grapes I want, I understand
How to rebuke the heart to fill the hand.

Forty-eight poems, all good, comprise this volume, which has drawn praise from Wm. Rose, in his article on "Recent Poets" in the "Saturday Review of Literature" for January 17, 1931.

All the poems have appeared in national publications and many have been included in Braithwaite's, Untermeyer's and other anthologies. Clara Catherine Prince, in "American Poetry Magazine," says: "His excellent work, his sustained effort, his unflinching enthusiasm, deserve high praise."

—Lotus J. Costigan.

The Fireman's Fund leads all insurance companies in premium income—fire, marine and automobile—in Pacific Coast States

BOOKS AND WRITERS

(From page 124)

"REFLECTIONS" (Harrington-McInnis, Oakland) is the significant title under which Sarah C. Burnett publishes a collection of twelve of her poems. The verse for the most part is quaint and full of piquant humor, but underlying the whole there is also a deep and thoughtful observation of life.

"The Pioneer and His Wife" is redolent of sweet sentiment, yet expressed with the charm of dignity. One wonders if the inspiration here may not have been the author's own grandparents, two of California's intrepid pioneers, Peter H. Burnett and his wife.

I'm thinking often now, Mary,
Of the days that are no more,
When we left dear old Missouri
For California's shore.

I see the men of iron
Who made California great,
And the mighty cities rising
Beside the Golden Gate.
My life's procession passes
In a long and grand review,
But my sweetest dreams, dear Mary,
Are those I dream of you.

Miss Burnett is a native San Franciscan, a member of one of California's distinguished pioneer families, her grandfather being the first American Governor of the state. Her people have always been closely associated with the social, civic and educational life of San Francisco, her father, John M. Burnett, the first student to receive a Master of Arts degree from a California college, was connected with the Board of Education in the early seventies; her mother taught in the old Union Street school at the foot of Telegraph Hill before her marriage, and Miss Burnett herself was a teacher for many years in the city's night schools. Many organizations claim her active membership, among them the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, the Ina Coolbrith Circle and the Auxiliary of the California Society of Pioneers.

—True Durbrow.

WOMAN'S LIFE IN COLONIAL DAYS—By Carl Holliday. The Colonial Publishing Company. New Edition, 1930, 314 pp. Price \$2.00.

THIS highly interesting book made its initial bow about eight years ago, dedicated to the Daughters of the American Revolution, and appears now in a new edition with attractive binding. Almost every phase of woman's activities in early America is revealed in this volume—love, courtship, marriage customs, family life, church life, feasts and festivals, funerals, literary and artistic efforts, woman's attempts to engage in business and to obtain the vote, their rebellions against unjust laws, their heroism in war.

The charm of the colonial home is dwelt upon, domestic love and confidence as revealed in the letters of Governor Win-

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throp to his wife Margaret, the letters of Abigail Adams to her husband, all furnish evidence of the affectionate relationships existing between man and wife in colonial days.

It is a revelation of early American life, ideals, aspirations, social and intellectual endeavors, a veritable storehouse (Read further on page 126)



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Books and Writers

(From page 125)

of valuable information adding a great deal to one's knowledge of the manners and customs of that period. While the book is intended mainly for the lay reader, it is admirable for use in colleges and universities.

Many illuminating sidelights are thrown upon the activities of some of the colonial women, Anne Hutchinson's use of brains, Mrs. Franklin in business, Eliza Pinckney's busy day, Martha Washington as a manager of a large estate, the astonishing career of Margaret Brent, Catherine Schuyler's valiant deed, how she treated Burgoyne.

"That the colonial woman had the love and appreciation of husband and child cannot be doubted," the author concludes. "From the yellow manuscripts, and the faded satins and brocades of those early days, comes the faint flavor of romances as pathetic or happy as any of our own times."

—Grace T. Hadley.

RED HEROINES OF THE NORTHWEST—By Byron Defenbach. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 301 pp. Price \$2.50.

A VIVID account of the life stories of Sacajawea, the Dorion Woman and Jane Silcott, three of the most important Indian women in the history of the Pacific Northwest. The author, Mr. Defenbach, was formerly with the Indian Service, thus bringing an intimate knowledge to the telling of these stories which have a strong appeal to the imagination, more so to the rising generation than the prosaic chronicles of the early explorers. The author points out that "the three great landmarks of Idaho's history are its discovery in 1805, the exploration of the Snake in 1811, and the finding of placer gold in 1860. That there was one and only one woman with each of these expeditions is of itself a picturesque fact." The memory of one red heroine is perpetuated in marble or bronze—Sacajawea has a statue to her credit at Portland, Oregon.

The Dorion woman was born in the same year as Sacajawea, and at the age of eighteen she became the mate of Pierre Dorion, who could speak the Indian languages, which made him valuable as interpreter. Pierre and his squaw accompanied Wilson Price Hunt on his land expedition that crossed South Dakota and Wyoming, en route to Henry's Post on the Snake River, reaching it October 8, 1811. The arrival of the Hunt expedition at the present site of Boise, November 21, 1811, marks the discovery of this locality by white men, and the author feels that the even should be commemorated by a monument and that a feature of the proposed monument should be the Dorion woman, whose hardihood and endurance won her the respect of the white men with whom she made the painful journey. An interesting account of

this woman will be found in the Overland Monthly for April and May, 1930—an article entitled "The Dorions," by Chauncey Pratt Williams.

Jane, the third red heroine, was a Nez Perce squaw, born in 1842. Jane could follow a trail invisible to the whites. She became first the wife of a half-blood of the Nez Percés; upon the death of this man she married John Silcott, the government contractor.

The book is illustrated by original drawings and photographs and has a map of the great Northwest showing early trails blazed by the pathfinders in their efforts to dot the whole western area with trading posts. The Caxton Printers have done another excellent piece of printing work in this very interesting volume.

—Grace T. Hadley.

THE ILLUMINATE OF GORLITZ—By Herman Vetterling. 1500 pages. Published at Leipzig, Germany. Edition exhausted.

NO spotlight will ever pick out Dr. Herman Vetterling, author of "The Illuminate of Gorlitz" if he can avoid it. Many of those honored by his acquaintance have known him only as an Animal friend, the very generous patron of the Humane Society. To only a few is he known as the scholar, the physician, the man of letters whose name and fame have touched both Orient and Occident. These friends have kept his secret well, for he is almost a recluse.

Dr. Vetterling is a Scandinavian by birth but a very true American and a lover of California, where he lived for many years. He came to California in 1885 and made his home in the Santa Cruz mountains. Here he studied, worked, wrote and helped edit a Buddhist magazine, "The Buddhist Ray," that had a large circulation in Asia and other countries. This brought him the acquaintance of many Buddhist scholars, some of whom visited him. Among his treasured possessions is a letter from the Lord Abbot of Ceylon thanking him for his work for the Good Law. After seven years he gave up the editing of the Buddhist magazine and left his mountain vineyards and came to San Jose to make his home.

Who is "The Illuminate of Gorlitz"? There are few readers to whom the name of Jacob Boehme is known but fewer still to whom his philosophy is known. For it may be said of Boehme as of Plato, "Though there are not in the world at any time more than a dozen men who read him with understanding, never enough to pay for an edition of his works, yet to every generation these have duly come down for the sake of the few."

The works of Boehme have the philosophy of the spirit preeminently and

(Read further on page 127)

Books and Writers

(From page 126)

though difficult and obscure as to language, have a vision which transcends the power of mere words to adequately express. He has conveyed that which commends faith and the feeling of deeper secrets yet to be revealed as man unfolds his inner potentialities.

It was from the hands of a simple peasant that Dr. Vetterling received the first of Boehme's works. From another later, he got the loan of the complete set. These simple folk almost worship their illuminator. They would not sell but they would give his books to the scholar that might reveal his mystery.

With his change of residence to San Jose, Dr. Vetterling concentrated all of his efforts on the interpretation of the works of Boehme. He had discovered the secret that has confused so many readers. Baffled by apparently irreconcilable statements it had taken him five years to discover that there were two Boehmes as opposed and incompatible as the elements of fire and water. Twenty-five years were given to this work. He has not translated. He has interpreted, and not this alone, he has interpreted in the light of all the great religions and philosophies, ancient and modern, and in the light of modern science. For Truth is One.

On its appearance in Leipzig copies of "The Illuminate of Gorlitz" were presented to some of the principal libraries of Europe and America and to a few noted individuals. The French astronomer Camille Flammarion wrote: "You have done Spiritual Science a great service."

Those who know Dr. Vetterling are longing to see an American edition of the book, since the first is exhausted and the few library copies are not adequate to satisfy the demand for it.

—Edythe B. Urmev.

BEYOND: AN ANTHOLOGY OF IMMORTALITY, Edited by Sherman Ripley D. Appleton and Company. Price, \$2.50.

"THIS expedition to the rim of the Hereafter has been an inspiring adventure" says Sherman Ripley in the foreword of his Anthology. Originally planned to include only the poetry of England and America, the collection at the suggestion of the poet, Henry Morton Robinson was enlarged to include the poets of all ages who have spoken of the future life. Here we find the words of Victor Hugo, Francis Villon, Baudelaire, Ivan Bunin, Callimachus, Euripides, and Lucretius, most of whom do not suggest the subject of immortality, as well as Shakespeare, Dryden, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, the Brownings, Matthew Arnold, Arthur Henry Clough, Walter Savage Landor, Coleridge, Scott, Byron and Tennyson. Were the list to end here one would think of the book as one that might have been published years ago. Instead the collection includes the poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay,

David Morton, Margaret Tod Ritter, Struthers Burt, Lucia Trent, Leonora Speyer, George Sterling, Dorothy Parker, and Howard McKinley Corning. There is the poem, "Strange Splendor," ending with the lines.

"I stand upon the citadel of wonder
And shout the miracle—I am! I am!"
by Ernest Hartsock, the gifted young poet and publisher who went on to the Beyond a few months ago.

Wilfred Gibson's tribute to Rupert Brooke is here; it ends with that memorable line:

"Fresh from the uplands of eternity."
Here, too, is Louise Ayres Garnett's "The Prodigal" with the couplet:
"God has such a splendid way
Of tempting beauty out of clay."

The book will be welcomed by many who will find in it just the quotation, the thought, for which they are seeking. Mr. Ripley has made his selections with taste and discrimination.

—Laura Bell Everett.

THRIFT AND CONSERVATION

(From page 122)

designs; coffee tins covered with crepe paper make ideal hanging flower pots, and wrapping paper applied with cutouts covers old stained walls."

Students of the Clayton Valley School have written articles in their English class on how they earned money. Fruit picking and cutting seemed to be popular vocations. Some of the letters are printed in "Thrifty Thoughts" and these are followed by this paragraph:

"After reading these articles, what evidence do you feel that money which we earn ourselves is much more appreciated than money for which we do not have to work? Have you had any interesting experiences in earning money? If so, write them up and send them in to us."

The Pleasant Hill School put on a broadcast program on Thrift. The teachers of the Rodeo Grammar School have submitted outlines of how the Thrift program is handled. "Thrifty Thoughts" also carries from week to week, instructive material on how to invest savings, how to organize a savings bank, etc., etc.

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Creative Writing

(From page 115)

qualities promising success. And it is equally interesting to note that she quite emphatically disclaims any responsibility for his present idea of Providence, albeit he was her Sunday school pupil.

"In these classes, as in all creative work," says Miss Everett, "there is the subconscious desire for self-expression and for an audience, but there is also a very conscious desire to make money by writing. Need we wonder at this when our present measure of literary success is so patently the financial one? All are ambitious, too, to write eventually for Harper's, Atlantic and The Saturday Evening Post. They find, however, on their way to this ultimate goal, as in the study of any art, a definite satisfaction in their own power of achievement and self-development, as well as in their efforts at creation. And much benefit to their own reading is also gained through a knowledge of structure, whether it be of fiction or drama or poetry."

But it isn't altogether the material gain gleaned that makes these classes most worth while. A city is often a lonely place, and here, out of a common interest, have developed many fine and lasting friendships. Out of these classroom contacts three flourishing writing clubs have grown and are today maintaining a lively existence, each with a membership of something like twenty.

The first of these, the Everett Club, named in honor of Miss Everett, was started about ten years ago when the students, not wanting to give up writing through the summer, decided to meet at each other's homes. This group has since become a strictly professional one in which the members are either selling or doing work of professional standard. The second, the Scribblers' Club, had its beginning in a similar manner a few years later; and the third, Los Escritores, is only recently past its third birthday.

That a mutual interest in writing tends toward a delightful camaraderie between husband and wife is one of the happy discoveries made

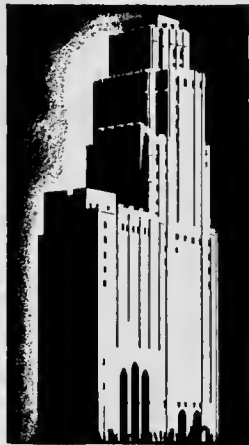
by Miss Everett in her work. "A wife or a husband," she says, "is often the means of bringing the other matrimonial partner into the class." In the Everett Club there are seven couples six of whom have taken up writing because of the wife's or the husband's interest, and their pride in each other's achievements she finds one of her greatest pleasures. It is quite a common thing where both husband and wife want to attend a class, and there are children at home to be cared for, that they divide the care by coming on alternate nights.

But what of the teacher who keeps the creative spark active over a period of years? And among such heterogeneity. Well, it is just another case of like begetting like, one imagines. Miss Everett is deeply interested in her classes. A writer herself, she knows the sweating effort necessary for even meager results. And so to her deep interest she brings also a deep sympathy and understanding—a rare combination for a teacher's success.

Concerning her own work Miss Everett is extremely modest, but we happen to know that she has contributed fiction and verse to some of the best magazines and anthologies. However, her largest audience has come, not from her fiction or verse, but from a series of articles on Uncle Sam which appeared in the New York Independent when Hamilton Holt and Edward Slosson were its editors some years ago. These dealt rather humorously on different phases of government affairs; the first, "Uncle's Gift," was a story of homesteading government land; suffrage, we remember, was treated under the heading, "Uncle Sam and Aunt Samantha," while another of the articles bore the arresting title of "Uncle Sam Chooses a Chauffeur."

The Third Annual Convention of the Western Division, American Booksellers' Association, will be a three-day trade conference of Booksellers, Publishers and Publishers' Representatives in San Francisco April 23, 24 and 25.

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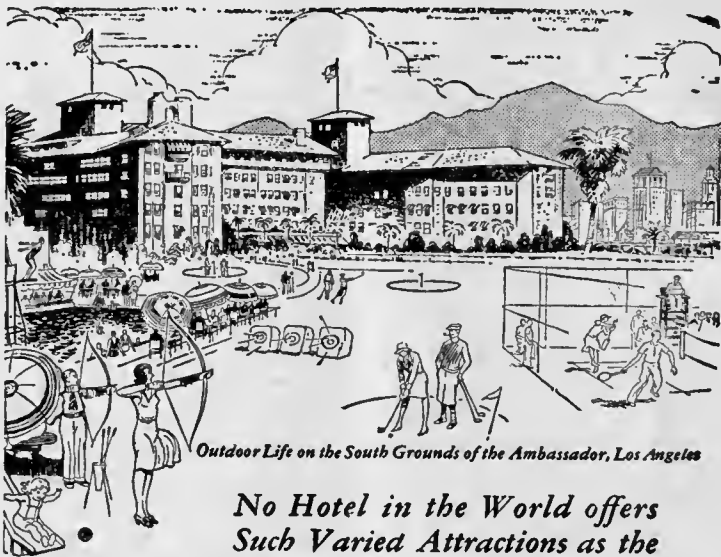
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MAGAZINE

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IN 1868
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MAGAZINE
OF
THE WEST

63rd YEAR

IN THIS ISSUE:

The Donner Party

Mexican Immigration

Nomads of the Southwest

Old Foster's Daughter

Destiny — The Sun Worshiper

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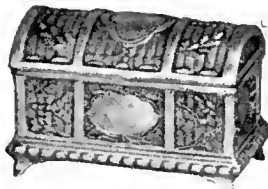
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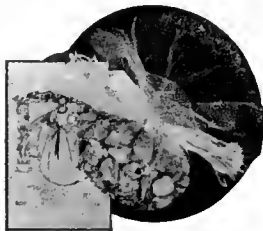
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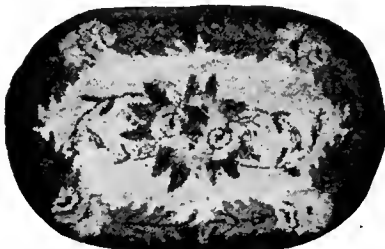


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OVERLAND MONTHLY

Established in 1868



and Out West Magazine

MAY

1931

DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY

Arthur H. Chamberlain
Editor

Frona Eunice Wait Colburn
Archibald J. Cloud
James Franklin Chamberlain
Associate Editors

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THE Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine receives occasional complaints from subscribers because of non-receipt of the magazine. Error may lie with our circulation and mailing department, and in such event a letter of complaint will have our immediate attention. The error lies usually in the fact that the subscriber has moved and has not informed us of the change of address. The Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, in common with other periodicals, is sent out under second class postage and is not forwarded by the postmaster, as are letters, to an addressee whose address has been changed.

CONTENTS

As the Editor Views It.....	132
In the Mountains of California (Plate).....	134
The Donner Party (Illus.)..... Lewis F. Byington.....	135
Problem of Mexican Immigration..... Alvin Edward Moore.....	137
Spring Magic (Verse)..... A. M. Stephen.....	138
Destiny—The Sun Worshiper..... Jack Wyche-Feeney.....	140
Midget : "El-L"..... Ada Kyle Lynch.....	141
To Shakespeare..... Grant S. Housh.....	142
The Black Geordie..... Ethyl Hayes Sehorn.....	143
The Author of "Angel Pavement"..... Cyril Clemens.....	145
Betrayed (Verse)..... Flora J. Arnstein.....	146
Old Foster's Daughter..... William Allen Ward.....	147
Harr Wagner Honored (with Portrait).....	148
Nomads of the Southwest..... Florence A. Brunke.....	149
The Mountain Play on Tamalpais.....	151
Books and Writers—	
The Book of Roberts..... Reviewed by Lotus J. Costigan.....	153
Threatening Shadows..... Reviewed by Grace T. Hadley.....	153
Light Horse Harry..... Reviewed by Grace T. Hadley.....	153
Exhibit of Western Writings..... Jeannette E. Maltby.....	154
The N. E. A.....	157
League of Western Writers, Fifth Annual Convention.....	158
The Homesteader (Verse)..... Helen Wilde Alexander.....	158
Post Office Statement.....	159
American Booksellers Meet.....	160
League of Western Writers, San Francisco Chapter.....	160

OVERLAND MONTHLY AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Editorial and Business Offices

1024 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Publisher

MABEL B. MOFFITT, Secretary-Treasurer

Subscription \$2.50 per year; 25 cents per copy

Address all communications and manuscripts to "The Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine."

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As the Editor Views It

PRESERVING NATURAL RESOURCES

THE State Park Board of California has acted wisely in planning to meet through bond issue, one-half the purchase price of the Calaveras North Grove of Big Trees. "The Save-the-Redwoods League" has actively cooperated. Provision has also been made for acquisition of 1600 acres of timberland in the Humboldt State Redwood Park. To cover these two purchases a bond issue of \$202,000 is authorized, this to be matched by an equal amount from private benefactions.

Fortunate indeed is California to have upon the State Park Board, such a militant conservationist and public spirited citizen as Major Frederick R. Burnham. We have known Major Burnham over a long period of years. In a recent conversation he showed a masterly grasp of the needs of the nation and state through the preservation of its wild life and especially of the food fishes, of which our waters are being rapidly depleted. There is need enough for the heroic services that Major Burnham and his associates are rendering in saving to us and to posterity, some semblance of those natural and economic resources and places of scenic beauty that threaten to be swept forever from us.

SHAKESPEARE REVIVED

UP to the present day, no dramatist has been able to wrest the mantle of supremacy from William Shakespeare. Whether in tragedy or comedy, Shakespeare depicts the sunshine and shadow of life in its every phase as has no other writer. It is heartening to know that the plays of the great master are as popular today, perhaps more so, than ever before. The Stratford and other players, following in the wake of immortal stars of the stage, are carrying on. Now the Shakespeare Guild of America is rendering valiant service.

Mr. William Thornton and his company, now in a repertoire of plays of Shakespeare in San Francisco and Los Angeles, is a young man of marvelous ability. Born in San Francisco and educated there, he gives tremendous

promise. Thornton possesses that uncommon ability to enter fully into each part and character he portrays. His renditions of Hamlet and of Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew," for example, make it difficult to believe that the different characters are portrayed by the same man.

The entire cast is well chosen. The members play with a freedom from affectation that is refreshing, an affectation that is today the bane of the stage, and is so noticeable in most of those who speak professionally over the radio or from the public platform.

Mr. Thornton says: "People have been starved for these plays and I think that the development of the Shakespeare Guild will do for this country what the Stratford-on-Avan players have done for England, to keep alive seasonal tours of classic repertory." On Mr. Thornton's executive staff are Mr. Charles Burke, manager, Homer Drake, business manager, Hortense Reed, educational director and Richard Obee, press representative.

The Shakespeare contests and festivals held during April are bringing forward in the schools, not merely a healthy interest in the finer things of the stage but are revealing much talent that will be turned to good account.

SKY WRITING TABOO

NO great forward movement or invention is an unmixed blessing. Even air transportation may be abused in the uses to which it is sometimes put. It is now quite common to notice, as you cast your eyes aloft, "sky writing" in which all sorts of commodities are advertised. Even worshippers in the church on Sunday morning are called to divide their attention between the reading of The Word from the pulpit and glancing through the window to learn in the glowing heavens of the bargain sales on Monday.

Advertising is a good and worthy thing. There are times and places, however, for the carrying on of legitimate advertising. Little by little we are doing away with unsightly bill-

boards that prevent an unobstructed view of the countryside. We have even succeeded somewhat in curbing those blatant and overzealous propagandists who wish to keep us constantly informed via the loud speaker of things which should not concern them or us. And why should there not be proper legislation to do away with that nuisance, the sign-writer of the heavens? Neither the blue sky nor the fleecy clouds should be polluted on Sunday or any other day with smoke scrolls, advertising anything and sold by any one, anywhere.

150 YEARS OF PROGRESS

IN celebrating the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of its founding September next, the City of Los Angeles will be the magnet for thousands of visitors and the theatre of numerous interesting events. The Fiesta will begin on September 4th. It is a long cry from 1781, the date of the city's founding, down to the present. The growth of the city from a Spanish pueblo, a village of 46 persons, to the fifth city in the United States, constitutes one of the marvels of this modern age. There will be a revival of scenes and circumstances illustrative of the transition of Los Angeles from Spanish to Mexican rule. Next the Bear Flag of the Republic of California was recognized before the state entered the union in 1850. This 150th anniversary will bring before the present generation something of the color and glamour of the old days. It will also serve to show the remarkable progress made in subduing the soil and in making it produce; in the development of industry and the growth of commerce; in marvelous feats of engineering. This magazine will do everything possible to make known and advance this great fiesta event.

We sometimes think of Southern California as a new region and of Los Angeles as a city of most recent development. Any true account of the history of the Southwest must give important place to the "City of the Angels" and to those early days of Spanish supremacy. Such history is as interesting as the most compelling fiction.

FRONT DOOR OF THE CONTINENT

SENATOR Hiram W. Johnson is quoted in an interview as follows:

"The last census revealed California as sixth state in the union in population. It reveals the coast as an expanding area in commerce, riches, development and national importance. The mild Pacific washes the shores of more than a third of the earth's surface, it touches the lands of 70 per cent of the earth's peoples."

In commenting upon this statement editorially the paper remarks that it was less than a century ago that senators in Washington sneered at the West and predicted that it would always remain a wilderness. It will be recalled that the purchase of Alaska was considered by otherwise well informed legislators at Washington as a most foolish move on the part of our government.

Certain it is that California and the Pacific Coast are strategically located. We have often had occasion to remark that the future theater of world activities is western United States and across the Pacific, which is now in fact the front door of the continent.

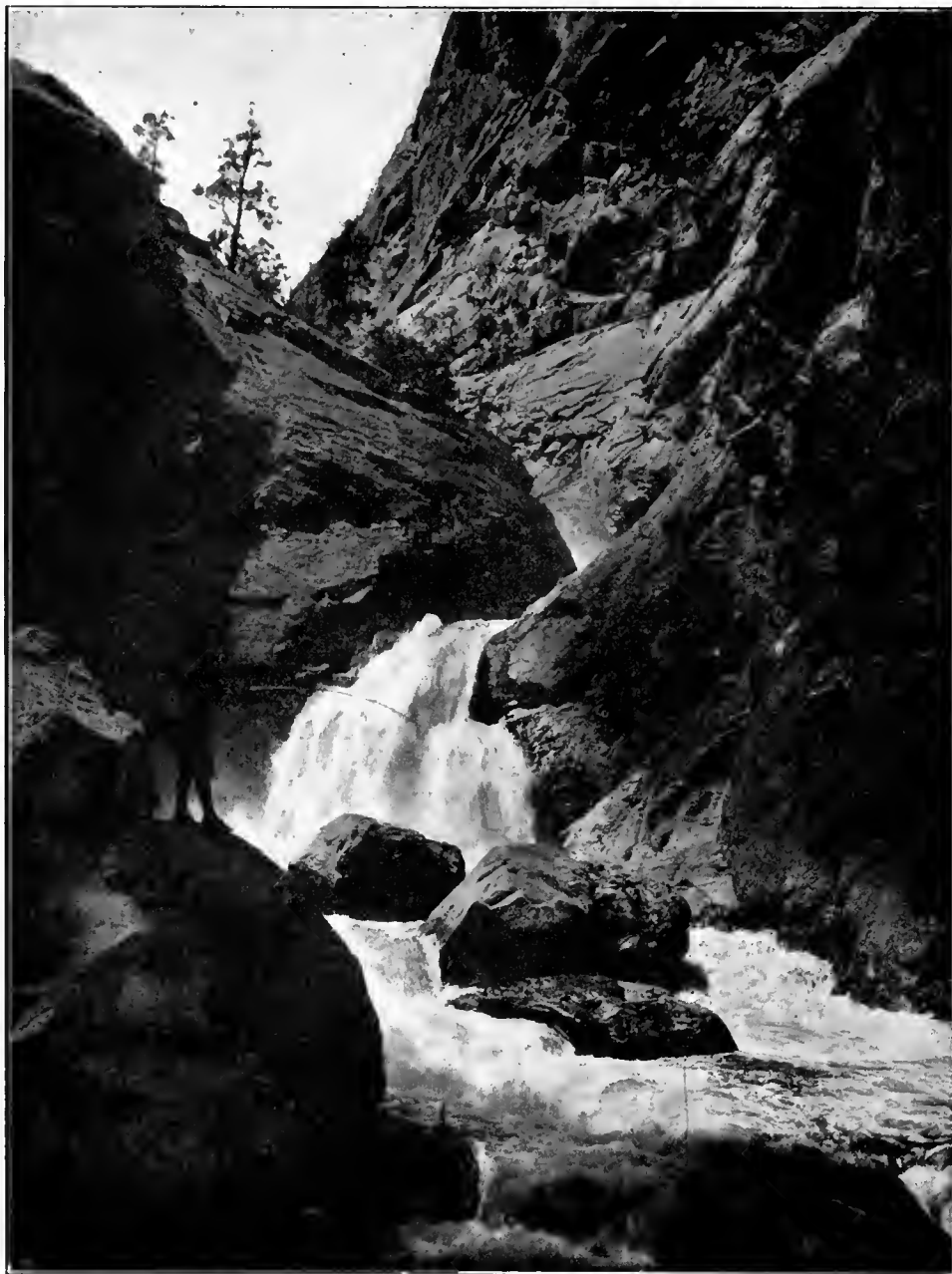
HENRY MEADE BLAND

WE here extend tribute to the life and work of Henry Meade Bland, whose passing we sadly record as our final word as the magazine goes to press.

Mr. Bland died on April 29 in his home city of San Jose. He had for some days been at the Edwin Markham Rest Cottage on the grounds of the State College there, where for years he has been an honored member of the faculty.

Henry Meade Bland was more than a poet; he was a trainer of poets. Himself highly accomplished in the field of literature—both poetry and prose—he was a natural teacher. Hundreds of young men and women have been inspired and enthused to worth while accomplishments while working under his guidance and careful training.

Mr. Bland was made Poet Laureate of California by Legislative act of March 19, 1929. He has made a lasting impression upon the cultural life of the State.



IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA

Where the snows of winter to the depth of many feet, melt under the power of the spring sunshine, the canyon streams are swollen and the waters thunder down to swell the rivers below. Here is the hunter's paradise and the fisherman's haunt. For inspiring and dramatic scenery, and for hiking and camping, the high Sierras are unsurpassed

The Donner Party

BY LEWIS F. BYINGTON

ONE of the most interesting and yet tragic journeys in the history of the civilization of the West was that of the Donner Party, which started across the plains from Independence, Missouri, in the Spring of 1846. Some 2000 emigrants, mostly from Kentucky, Illinois, Iowa, Tennessee and Missouri, gathered at that point and there remained waiting for the grass on the plains to attain sufficient growth to feed the cattle and other animals on the long journey to the Pacific. Some were bound for Oregon and the rest for California. A large company under command of Lilburn W. Boggs, ex-governor of Missouri, started about the first of May. The party was found to be too large for convenient travel, and, when three or four days out, divided into smaller companies with various commanders.

In one of these companies, headed by Wm. H. Russell of Kentucky, was the party known as the Donner, or Reed and Donner, party, consisting of 88 persons, men, women and children. The party was well equipped, and some carried stocks of merchandise for sale in California. The weather was delightful and the country between the Blue and Platte rivers a beautiful rolling prairie, covered with grass and wild flowers, with game in abundance. The In-

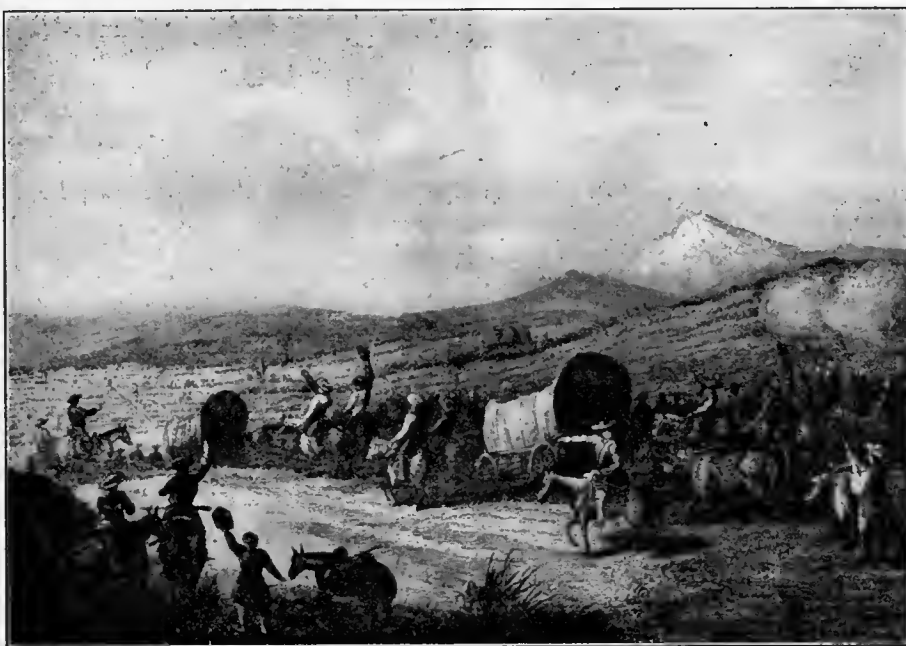
dians they met were friendly and at night the emigrants gathered around their campfires and with singing and the accompaniment of musical instruments made happy the passing hours.

unfortunate choice for them. The mountain canyons were found impassable and weeks were wasted in building roads. By great exertion they succeeded in reaching Salt Lake September 1, 34 days from Fort Bridger. They had been told it would take but six. From September 9 to

15, they were crossing Salt Lake desert. Many of the oxen, driven by thirst, disappeared in the desert and the emigrants left helpless with wagons, and compelled with little children to pursue the journey on foot.

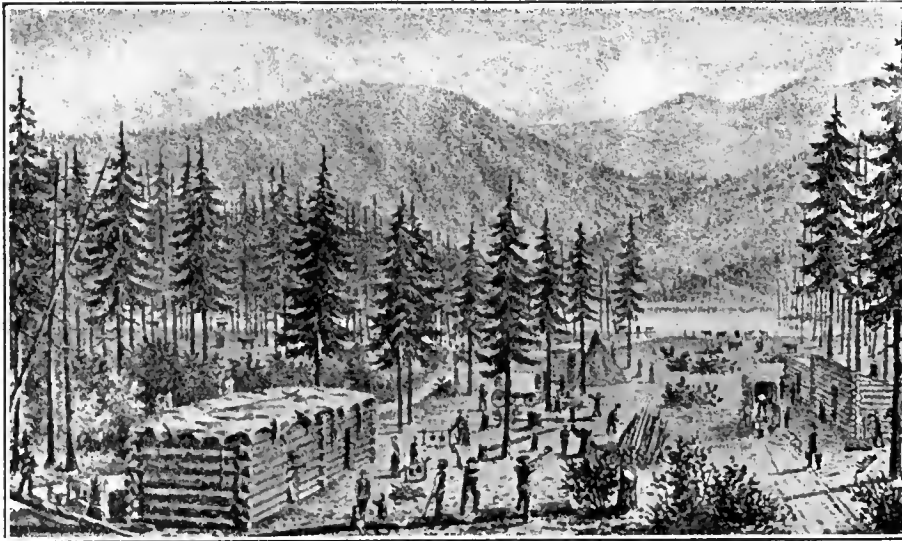
When they reached the Humboldt river, a storm came on and they noticed the tops of the mountains covered with snow, an appalling reminder of the lateness of the season.

The days of merrymaking and song had passed. The poor animals were also in a pitiable condition. They reached the Humboldt sink October 12. That night 21 head of cattle were run off by the Indians. Men, women and children were forced to travel on foot with seven nursing babes in the party. At the lower crossing of the Truckee, now Wadsworth, the starving emigrants met Stanton, who had gone on ahead of them, now returning with seven mules loaded with flour and beef, relief that Captain Sutter, without compensation, had sent them.



Hardships were interspersed with light-hearted merrymaking at the beginning of the long Western journey

The route was the usual one, up the North fork of the Platte, along the Sweetwater, through the South Pass and down the Big Sandy and the valley of the Green river. Arriving at Fort Bridger, they were advised by a man by the name of Lansford W. Hastings, who had taken a party of emigrants across the plains in 1843, to abandon the usual route and take a new one he had discovered around the south end of Salt Lake and striking the Humboldt 150 miles above the sink and thus save 250 miles. It was an



The Donner Party at Donner Lake, preparing for what proved to be one of the most tragic events in early California history

If the party had now pushed resolutely on, they could have crossed the mountains, but with lack of decision they concluded to rest three or four days at Truckee Meadows, now Reno. The delay was fatal. On October 23 a storm gathered and they pressed onward, but at Prosser Creek they found six inches of snow. Some reached Donner Lake and stopped; others pushed on up the canyon where wagons were abandoned in deep snow. The emigrants decided to kill all the animals, preserve the meat, and cross the mountains on foot, but that night a heavy storm swept down upon them. Ten feet of snow fell; mules and oxen strayed away and most of them perished in the snow. The lake was covered with thick ice preventing fishing for trout. The remaining oxen were killed, the meat buried in snow and the hides used to cover their dwelling places. Of the company, the women were the bravest and most resourceful in enduring the struggle with cold and hunger. Of 15 unmarried men only two survived.

On December 16, a party known as the "forlorn hope" started on improvised snowshoes to cross the mountains. There were nine men, five women and a boy. On the sixth

day they had consumed the last morsel of food. On Christmas they reached the "camp of death" where a snow storm held them for a week. Three of the men and the boy died. Their starving companions fed upon the bodies and ate their moccasins and the strings of their snowshoes. A few days later a deer was killed, and on January 11 they passed out of the snow, reached an Indian rancheria, where they were supplied with bread made of acorns, all the food the Indians had. January 17,

after 23 days coming from Donner lake, they reached safety. Of the 15 that started, eight had perished, seven men and the boy. Every one of the women survived.

In the meantime, snow continued to fall at the lake until the cabins were buried and steps had to be cut in the snow to reach the surface, now 20 feet above the ground. Their only food was the hides of the animals they slaughtered. They also gathered up the bones that had been cast away and boiled or burned them until they crumbled, then ate them. Mrs. Murphy's little children used to cut pieces from a rug, toast them crisp on coals and eat them.

On February 19, Captain Tucker arrived with a relief party of seven. Coming down from the summit he found a wide expanse of snow covering forest and lake and a stillness, he said, like the silence of the grave. The rescue party gave a loud shout. The cry was answered and around the party came the weak and trembling forms of little children and delicate women and what had once been strong men. The pitiful sight was too much for the men of the relief and they sat down on the snow and wept.

(Read further on page 151)



As the desolate winter continued food became scarcer and hunters returned heart-broken and empty handed

Problem of Mexican Immigration

I.

BY ALVIN EDWARD MOORE

AT Nogales, Arizona, only a wire fence divides Nogales, Mexico from the town of the same name in the United States. When I first went there, as a new immigration inspector, this fence was in a state of disrepair, with holes every few yards all the way up the barren hills that flank each side of the canyon, to where the fence dies on the semi-desert. Well-beaten paths led to these holes from both sides of the fence. Aliens—men, women and children—sneaked through them from Mexico and smugglers of liquor, narcotics, dutiable goods, and aliens came and went, delivering their contraband to each side of "The Line." Many a time have I seen Mexican sentinels standing on one of the high mountains to the East of town, signaling to their compadres hid near the Line, that the coast was clear. To the Nogales smuggler, the pastures were always greener on the other side of the fence.

But now conditions are not so lax. Our immigration Border Patrol and Customs Border Patrol, working day and night have changed the smuggler's trade from a profitable business into an extremely perilous adventure. Uncle Sam has built an excellent new high fence along his back yard, in which there are no holes. And the airplane is luring the smuggler from his mole-like tendencies into the ways of a bird.

If you were to cross from Mexico at this border point you would be met in military fashion at the line by an official in green uniform and cap. If you resembled a Chinaman, a Hindoo, a Spaniard, a Frenchman, a Norwegian or even a Canadian, you would be asked your nationality. Then, like most Americans and a few foreigners, you would become angry, or at least a little nettled. No one likes to have his nationality questioned, and no one likes immigration restrictions, when applied to himself. Our immigration

officers need to display more diplomacy than officers of the Foreign Service; I judge from experience on the inside of both services. I remember . . .

Several years ago, I was standing near the *garita*, or guardhouse, on The Line, examining the never-ceasing throng of Mexicans, Chinese, Americans, and what-not, when I saw a woman veering to the right to cross the gap without being questioned. I called to her in Spanish. She came, a Mexican woman, as usual rather short in stature, and pretty, although of dark skin that indicates a high percentage of Indian blood.

When I demanded her immigration identification card, she broke into a veritable flood of angry Spanish. She spoke for several minutes, gesticulating madly in Latin fashion, and gave me a thorough "ear-full" of the Mexican's opinion of our immigration service. Most Mexicans will not tell Americans what they think of us, but this woman was an exception. I gathered that all immigration officers were cruel, inhuman despots. Naturally, being Mexican, the poor woman did not blame our laws. In Mexico, the officer interprets the law just about as he pleases.

I said nothing, merely waited for her to become calmer.

She changed to English, with a musical Latin accent that was not drowned even in her anger. "I am American—more than you!" she said. "You Immigration know me. My husband is American. We live—here!" She pointed to the American ground.

"When were you married?" I asked.

She named a date prior to the passage of the so-called Cable Act. Any foreign woman who married an American before September 22, 1922 became an American citizen; after that date, marriage does not confer

citizenship. The question now was whether to believe her word. Thousands enter illegally by falsely making just such statements.

"I have a card," she continued, still angry. "But you know me! I pass here all the time."

A line of automobiles by now was drawn up for inspection, and pedestrians were crowding together at the gate. I could waste no more time. "All right, get the card," I said. "And bring it back, please. I want to see it."

About an hour later she returned. Her husband was with her—a Nogales business man, large frank-eyed, of the Anglo-Saxon type. He was red-faced with rage.

For perhaps five minutes he roared at me, during which time I said not one word. At length, perceiving that he might as well be addressing a stone wall, for all the reply he received, he stopped, out of breath.

"If you have finished," I said, "then you may go. We are here to do our duty. Mine was done when you showed me your wife's papers. That is all, sir."

He left, still grumbling. A few hours later, he returned and apologized in admirable fashion. "I'm sorry I lost my temper," he said. "I realize that you men are up against a terrible problem here. The law's pulling you one way and we want you to go another. Anyway, I'm downright sorry."

"That's all right," I replied. "I can see your point of view. If I did not, I wouldn't tolerate the abuse that's so often heaped on me. I realize that where there's smoke there is fire. Just forget it."

Incidents of this kind could be multiplied. For instance, there is the big bluff Irish-American who transformed himself into a raging bull when I asked him if he were an American.

"I'm a Chinaman!" he roared. "Born in Shanghai. And I'm coming in. What are you going to do about it?"

He found out soon enough. I held him in Mexico until his citizenship could be investigated. I knew he was not a Chinaman, of course, but I did not know but that he was an Irishman or Englishman trying to bluff his way inside the gates.

The feeling between the Chambers of Commerce of some Border towns and the immigration officers runs high. The Nogales Chamber of Commerce has fought the gradual tightening of enforcement at every turn. The inspector, in the office or on the Line, is continually working under pressure from this organization.

The man stationed at the Line, of necessity, must use common sense. The instructions handed down from the officials at Washington, who usually are unfamiliar with actual working conditions, can not be rigidly carried out.

For instance, there is an instruction that each Line inspector must examine the card of every alien who crosses during his watch. This is all right in theory but in practice its execution is impossible. So many people pass during some rush periods, that it would take a force of ten men to examine the papers of all aliens who cross. All the inspector can do is to trust in his memory of faces combined with a sort of sixth sense, acquired through long practice which enables him instinctively to detect the appearance of an "illegal entry."

One inspector, transferred to Nogales from a small station in Texas, took his instruction seriously. He dammed the flow of automobiles, until waiting drivers were honking half a mile back in Mexico; and to examine even half of the pedestrians he was forced to speak in an abrupt and apparently angry manner.

The Chamber of Commerce kept the morning wires to Washington hot with their protests, and before his time came to go off duty the inspector was dumbfounded by orders

from the high authorities demanding an explanation of his conduct.

In Mexico, one of our best friends was a splendid patrician woman, representing the very highest type of Mexican. When we knew her, she had not been to the States for several years, because of her dread of

SPRING MAGIC .

By A. M. STEPHEN

*I HEARD the bells of Spring tonight
Ring out, and all the stars
Made answer in a sudden chime
Across their golden bars.*

*Within the dusk, sweet voices joined
The blossoms' low refrain.
They swept the deserts of my heart
Like showers of April rain.*

*Each bush and tree had friendly hands
That pointed to the way
Love passed a few short hours before.
They would not have me stay.*

*The fairy music, in my brain,
Was like the footfall light
Of wind on leaves or hidden streams
That rippled through the night.*

*A crimson currant swayed somewhere
Within the fragrant dark,
And maple buds, on whisp'ring boughs
Shone like a candle's spark.*

*The hollow gloom was stirred by sound
Of rustling silk and lace
Where, on the shoulder of a fir,
A cypress hid her face.*

*And then the bells rang out again.
Love took me by the hand
To show me all the joy that lies
In Spring's bright wonderland.*

the ordeal of examination under our complex restrictive laws. In former years she and her mother had come annually, during the long hot season, and returned to Mexico with many American goods.

II.

THE foregoing incidents indicate but one or two winds in the storm centering about Mexican immigration to the United States.

Even on the Border, there is some sentiment for a quota, and in the interior there are extreme restrictionists, moderate restrictionists, anti-restrictionists and sub-groups without end.

The Department of State, realizing the adverse effect of a Mexican quota on our Latin American diplomatic relations, has fought the proposed restrictive legislation at every turn. Early in 1929, the Consulates in Mexico received instructions to apply rigidly all existing provisions of law in order to cut to a minimum the number of Mexican immigrants. A number of documents were demanded of each applicant, such as a report of a physical examination and a certificate of good conduct from the mayor of his town. These cost money, more than the average emigrating peon has to spare. Also if the applicant did not have sufficient funds to guarantee against his becoming a public charge in the United States, he was denied a visa.

The State Department desired to reduce drastically the number of Mexican immigrants, in order to establish an argument against the necessity of a quota. It succeeded. During the last of 1928 an average of 4152 Mexican immigrants per month were granted visas by the Consulates in Mexico; in the same period in 1929, 1354, or less than one-third of that number, were given visas. These figures represent a very drastic decrease. Of course 1354 immigrants, 14.9% were going to school; 21.1% were residents of the United States who voluntarily desired or were forced by the immigration authorities to legalize their status; 14.7% were aliens who at some time in the past had resided in the United States; 21.1% were wives and children of alien residents; 28.2% were of miscellaneous status.

In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1930, only 12,703 Mexicans were ad-

mitted for permanent residence, or about one-third of the 40,154 who were admitted in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1929. At the same time the number of immigrants from England increased from 8008 to 12,884. Thus 181 more Englishmen than Mexicans were admitted to this country in 1930. In the same year 26,569 Germans and 22,327 Italians were admitted — almost twice as many Italians and over twice as many Germans as Mexicans. Yet Mexico is more than twice as large as England, Germany and Italy, combined, and, furthermore, is our next-door neighbor.

Considering statistics alone, no quota on Mexico would seem at all necessary. Let us, however, ascertain just who is fighting for and who against the Mexican quota, and why.

In addition to the State Department, there are several great interests that for economic reasons are contesting the quota. The vegetable, fruit, beet and cotton growers of the Southwest and West and the Southwestern industrialists, who are represented chiefly by the railroads, are emphatically against it.

Arrayed on the other side, is an incongruous group which demands the quota. The Allied Patriotic Societies and The Key Men of America represent the so-called "Nordic element" of our population, which desires "to keep America American". Some leaders of this element are: F. H. Kinnicut, Edward R. Lewis of Chicago, V. S. McClatchy and C. M. Goethe of California, and John B. Trevor of New York. By far the most important proponent of quota restriction, however, is the American laborer, represented by the American Federation of Labor and the Department of Labor. He argues, with reason, that if his employer is to be protected against foreign competition by means of the tariff, it is only just that he be protected against such competition by means of quota legislation.

III.

OUR present wide-spread unemployment is sure to revive at this next session of Congress, the storm of controversy centering about this problem. In the last session four important bills on this subject were

introduced. The Bacon bill and the Harris bill placed a quota only on immigration from Mexico. The Box bill restricted the entrance of "those immigrants who do not habitually speak the English language". The Johnson bill divided the Western Hemisphere into immigration units and admitted from each unit four times as many immigrants as the number of Americans who departed for that section each fiscal year.

Each of these bills failed to pass Congress, primarily because each discriminated against Mexico, or against Latin America. It hardly seems fair to debar our Southern neighbors and admit freely Canada, our Northern neighbor. And yet we cannot afford to debar our Canadian friend. He is already incensed enough by our rigid border restrictions, ten times as severe as his own. As an instance of Canadian feeling on the subject, I quote below a passage from a recent speech before the Canadian Parliament, by Colonel S. C. Robinson, who represents a constituency on the border across from Detroit:

"A man was a lifesaver at one of the bathing beaches at Windsor. A friend of his from Sandwich desired to cash a check in a Detroit bank and this lifesaver just took out his rowboat and rowed his friend across the river. As he was about to let him off, the immigration officers arrested him and put him in jail. Prominent men from the Golf Club at Sandwich, the Mayor of Windsor and other leading citizens gave the man a splendid character and asked that he be released, but the United States authorities would not release him, their excuse being that they were going to investigate. These investigations take from one to five months, and the man had to stay in jail.

"Another man went to Arkansas to visit his uncle and made up his mind to live there. He married a Scotch girl, and they had one child. Some fellow who wanted his job laid a complaint before the immigration authorities and this man, his wife and child were arrested and put in jail. He had been born in England, by the way, but came to Canada when he was three years old. After three or four

days they were let out of jail but were kept under guard for several months. He was not allowed to work or to communicate with his family. They were shipped to New Orleans to be sent to England. Ultimately they were shipped to New York where the immigration authorities were persuaded to deport them to Canada. *I contend that if Canadians were to treat Americans in that manner the people of the United States would feel like declaring war against us on the ground that we had committed an unfriendly act. But these are only two examples of what is going on all the time*".

If we place a quota on Canada, our diplomatic and economic intercourse with Canada will suffer. If we discriminate against Mexico or Spanish-America in quota legislation for this hemisphere, our Latin-American relations will suffer. And yet we must, in justice, protect labor from foreign competition, *if our protective system is to survive*.

Here, perhaps, is the crux of the entire situation: whether or not our restrictive and protective politico-economic system is to survive. If it survives, in so far at least as internal revolution is concerned, it must be adjusted to be fair to all classes of our people.

The ever-mounting industrial tariff wall has protected our manufacturers from cheaper, foreign-made goods, providing them a monopoly on the sale of manufactured goods in this country.

The farmer has called for equal aid from the Government and tariff legislation at last was secured for him. But with what result? He learned that the manufacturer's wall was not the proper shell for his protection. His trouble was that he had to sell a great deal in the world market—much more than the manufacturer. The latter could advertise and artificially create a home demand, but all the advertising in the world will not increase the capacity of the national stomach. Thus, with a definitely limited home market, forced to sell in other countries—which, also afflicted with the tariff mania, have levied high duties on food-stuffs—and compelled to compete

(Read further on page 152)

Destiny--The Sun Worshiper

BY JACK WYCHE-FEENEY

MORNING . . . the cerulean blue of an African sky . . . flashes of pink, flame and saffron herald the awakening of a day . . . a road . . . olive trees on either side . . . the soft hush of falling water . . . birds calling to their mates . . . a negress—native, colorful . . . a child. An abrupt turn in the road . . . the child glances back and trots after the mother . . . the waterfall crystal clear in its primordial beauty . . . on the woman's head is a carafe . . . slowly, softly, she ascends the pebbly approach to the spillway . . . she fills her pitcher . . . ceremoniously she climbs to a crevasse in the rock . . . kneeling down, her face to the rising sun, she pours the water into the opening . . . the child in awe watches the woman's gesture—a Sun-worshiper's obeisance to her God.

Furtively the child slips back to the roadway which they traversed . . . out of sight she increases her speed . . . 'the carafe, the opening—she must find where the water goes' . . . With the instinct of the savage she reaches a cove . . . the opalescence of the sea, brilliant in the sunlight . . . suddenly her little body is bending in an effort to loosen the iron hands of two men

. . . her strength not sufficient . . . slave traders . . .

A three-masted schooner . . . an open sea . . . a dull haze surrounds Madagascar . . . a jargon of tongues . . . from the hold of the vessel, weird, unearthly noises—tribal chants and songs of savages, pierced by intermittent screams of terror dreadful to hear . . . the slavers lash their impotent victims . . . deep groans—of souls being devoured . . . a sense of gradual sinking . . . the boat plows the waves of the angry sea . . . insensibility . . .

Consciousness . . . ominous forebodings . . . food—a piece of stale bread, a cup of water . . . remembrance . . .

Faint rays of morning sun shine through the porthole . . . the child carefully crawls forward . . . kneeling, she faces the light . . . raises the cup . . . pours the water into the opening! . . . involuntarily she bends lower until her head touches the rosined beams of the ship's side . . . darkness . . .

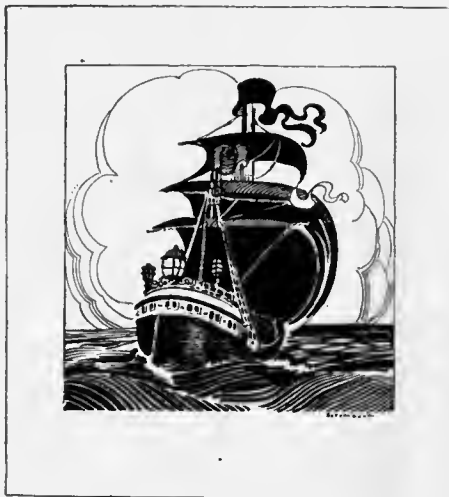
The coast of Virginia in the Americas . . . The James River . . . Richmond . . . the slave market

. . . ebony-bodied humans . . . bewigged and perfumed gentlemen in knee breeches . . . the auctioneer . . . a child of twelve, the perfect symmetry and satin smoothness of her body suggests black-amber . . . a stranger from Boston-way . . . critically he examines, and takes a pinch of snuff . . . "A fine wench, my Dear." . . . "Yes, Cabot, and exactly what I want . . . What an excellent color!" . . . The bidding starts . . . the gavel falls . . . "Sold!"

A New England mansion . . . its mistress . . . a negro girl being taught to write . . . precocity . . . strange thoughts bordering on the occult . . . dreams . . . moods . . . absorbing the white man's gift . . . retaining and nurturing the heritage from a continent of the ages . . . a desire to write the emotions she cannot understand . . . the soul of a poet! . . .

The Boston Transcript . . . a vision of hope fulfilled . . . "The Sun-worshiper', A poem . . . By Phyllis Wheatley."

This biographical sketch accurately presents the interesting life of the first negro poetress in America



The Dictionary Speaks!

DESTINY: A noun.
ORIGIN: Latin.

DEFINITION: The fate, lot, doom or fortune predetermined for each person or thing.

Destiny is distinguished from fate, lot and doom in the following way: Destiny is worked out; fate is fixed; the lot is assigned; the doom is passed.

"Midget: EL-L"

BY ADA KYLE LYNCH

A BABY plane, amber colored, gold-barred and banded—bars and bands picked out with startling black and vivid sea-blue, bore the legend: "M i d g e t : E L - L".

Dextrously guided, the plane landed between the rows of sweet-scented blooming magnolias, within a few feet of the side veranda of the Courtney home.

From the cock-pit sprang Robert Laurence, pilot and owner of the air-bird. Bounding up the veranda steps he called out: "Hello, Eb, old scout". Turning, he planted a resounding smack on old Mammy Uni's black cheek, and snatching off his helmet and his goggles he swept a low bow to the occupant of an easy chair—Rose Marie Courtney, the young mistress of "The Magnolias".

Rose Marie gave a startled gasp and grasping the arms of the chair, started to rise, then with a sort of smothered sigh, she relaxed. The blood drained from her face for an instant and then flooded up in scarlet waves.

"Missy Rose Marie" exclaimed Mammy Uni, dropping the roses she held and was just going to give her young mistress when the plane swept to the landing.

"It's all right now, Mammy Uni" said Rose Marie as she smilingly turned to her husband.

Courtney, who still stood beside the chair as he had stood when the flyer ran up the steps, now came forward.

"Rose Marie" he said, "this cometh is Red. Red, this is Rose Marie, my wife. You have each heard enough about the other to know that no further introduction is necessary".

"We certainly should know each other, Mr. Laurence" said Rose Marie. "Eleanore and Richard talk of you so much, and Mammy Uni never wearies of telling of Massa Richard and Massa Robert and of their childhood escapades. We are indeed glad to welcome you".

"I am honored" answered Laurence. "To my regret that I could not come to your wedding, is now

added the knowledge that I can only have the pleasure of about fifteen minutes with you all" and he turned to Courtney.

"Eb, old pal" he said "May I have Eleanore? I would not ask until I knew my book was a success. Now, not only is it a book-success but screen rights are sold and I must be in Hollywood in three days to oversee the production. El and I can be married in Washington tomorrow, take our Honeymoon a la Lindberg and be in Screen Land at the time set in the contract. Will you and Rose Marie come to Washington and see us married and on our way"?

"Old Man, this is sudden" answered Courtney, "and yet not sudden!" He smiled and held out his hand. "I can willingly give my sister into your care. Shall we go, Rose Marie?"

"No, you may not go" emphatically stated Mammy Uni. "Missy Rose Marie should not take the trip, and you, Massa Richard, must not leave her. Massa Robert, you and Missy Eleanore must get along without them".

Laurence grinned. "Guess we ain't neber gwine grow up, Eb. What say?"

"Mammy Uni knows what's what, Red," smiled Eb. "Guess we got to mind her same's ever!"

"I am sorry" said Rose Marie, "but promise that just as soon as the picture is finished, you and Eleanore will come to The Magnolias. Mammy Uni will oversee the arranging of your home under your direction and prepare for the house warming when you move to The Laurels."

"I think I can vouchsafe a 'Yes' from Eleanore to that proposition" asserted Laurence. "Now I have just ten minutes. Any questions and suggestions, Eb?"

Every moment was tense with the knowledge of the immediate separation, but essentials were covered in the brief interval of time before Laurence must leave them.

Like a golden god he stood, the

auburn hair lying in tiny ringlets all over his head. Glints of dazzling lights flashed from the amber eyes that were pented by a forehead denoting intelligence. Tall, broad-shouldered, well-formed; kindness strengthened by forcefulness — a man to win the adoration of women, and, what is not always true in such a case, the friendship and fidelity of other men.

Standing beside his friend, paradoxically the contrast and the similarity were startling. In physique they were so nearly alike they might be twins, but Courtney's hair was so black it had won for him the nickname Ebony, more often contracted to Eb, and his eyes were like the blue on Laurence's car, vivid in one's memory but difficult to describe.

Laurence's auburn locks had brought him the sobriquet "Red", and as children, living on adjoining plantations, as chums at college and now as men established in the activities of men's estate, Eb and Red they still were to friends and probably would so remain to the end of their lives.

Laurence's forceful vivaciousness found its counterpart in Courtney's self-contained reserve force. There was the same culture, the same intelligence, the same reaction to environment. They were two fine young men, tried and true friends.

"Time's up!" exclaimed Laurence, donning helmet and adjusting goggles as he cleared the veranda, calling back "Adios", and soon the Midget : EL-L was out of sight with its nose pointed toward Washington.

"BOB, Eb and Rose Marie have lost their little son. Isn't it too bad? He only lived a few moments, and Eb nearly lost Rose Marie. She is trying to get well and strong to comfort Dick and he is hiding his disappointment in his gratitude that Rose Marie was spared. They both say they are trying to be brave, for Mammy Uni seems heartbroken, and acts so strange they are worried about her."

Eleanore laid aside the letter from which she had been reading and looked at her husband for comfort. He had never failed her, nor did he now.

"And" he concluded "the picture will be finished in two weeks and we will fly back post haste. It will help them all to have us there, and getting things in shape at The Laurels will keep every one busy."

"MASSA RICHARD, Junious Altezander and Luke's Jemima are suspectin' to get married. May they have that cottage down by the Old Bayou?"

"Of course, Mammy Uni, if you wish it. But I thought Junious was going to marry that nice little Letty he has been going with so long", answered Courtney.

"Junious and Letty has had a unagreement" said Mammy Uni, turning away as Courtney looked at her inquiringly. He knew well that something was amiss, for Mammy Uni, usually as punctilious in her social relations as her former mistress had always been, was now arranging for the marriage of her favorite son with the disreputable daughter of the ostracised Voodoo Man, Luke, but her abrupt departure precluded questioning by her young master.

Mammy Uni went down the trail toward the Old Bayou, muttering as she went.

"O, Lord, isn't there any way out? Cain't the Bressed Jesus unform a miracle and free me and my boy from this incubation of wickedness? O, Lord, I couldn't let them innercent chilluns suffer for something that nobody was to blame for. I know newfangled doctors says you cain't mark a baby, but what is that mouse on my Nebu-could-nebber's arm but a mark made when his mother was scared. And sure if you can mark a baby with something unpleasant just so sure if you are

startled enough something pleasant can leave its mark.

"Now, Red's beauty is so unusual that having it brought before Missy Rose Marie so very unrespectedly and exciting with the plane, it gave her a start, and that dear little innercent lamb, she gave that beauty to her baby that was just as inner-

TO SHAKESPEARE

By GRANT S. HOUSH

GOD SAID: "I seek a spirit dipped in fire
And steeped in beauty; one who sees the flowers
And mountains; hears the sea, the friendly showers,
The lark of heaven, the woods—the westwind's lyre;
Knows everyone's chameleon desire,
Knows life and death; can paint the God that towers
In man, in tints of gold; the beast that cowers,
With pigments black from ugliness of mire.

*Before my throne, you spirits, all appear
And answer. One I dowered beyond the rest,
The perfect measure of a master seer."
The hosts of genius passed; Bach, Bonaparte,
Laplace; last Shakespeare, bearing on his breast
A lyre, a lark, a rose, a human heart.*

cent as she, or as Massa Richard or Massa Robert or as I am.

"Only, O, Lord, I'm not innercent any more. But what could I do Lord, when that baby looked up at me with those amber eyes, just like Massa Robert's and I saw the little red curls all over that baby's head? And that little innercent baby would carry its fatal beauty out into a cruel world where slyly people would say to each other: 'Looks more like Laurence than like its own father'.

"O Lord, I asks you *could* I do anything but what I *did* do? O Lord, hab mercy! tell me in *some* way that I can be forgiven! But *why* did de Debbil let that Luke's Jemima come past that open window just as the baby gave a lusty cry? Wasn't it better that a new born babe should stop breathing than it should live to make all them innercent people suffer the tortures of the damned all through their lives? Tell me, O Lord!!"

And with tears streaming down

her black cheeks, she knelt in the path and reached up her arms to the blue shining sky.

"What's the matter, Mammy Uni?" came in sneering tones from just back of a tree beside the path, and as she spoke, Jemima stepped out in front of the weeping woman.

Rising, Mammy Uni started to speak, then screamed as she tried to warn the leering, sneering young woman.

As the deadly moccasin struck, Jemima's shrieks of horror were added to Mammy Uni's screams as she called for help, and struck at the snake. Because of the isolation of the Old Bayou trail, help was late in reaching them; too late to save Jemima.

THAT night Mammy Uni lay staring wild-eyed, out of the window, at the stars and the placid moon. As a fleecy cloud floated across the path of the moon she rose and knelt by her bed.

"Was that your answer, Lord?" she whispered: "and now no one knows but you and me? And none of them innercent chilluns will suffer, cause *we* won't nebber, NEBBER tell?"

"O, my bressed Lord and my dear loving Jesus, Amen."

Getting back into bed she noticed that the fleecy cloud had floated away and the placid moon seemed to smile at her.

Then she slept the sleep of exhaustion, encircled by unseen but comforting Divine Arms.

IN a recent issue we reviewed in these columns Dr. Carl Holliday's excellent book, "Woman's Life in Colonial Days" and named as the publisher, The Colonial Publishing Company. This should have read, "The Cornhill Publishing Company of Boston, headed by Dr. Brookes More, as president."

The Black Geordie

I

JAIMIE McCAUGHEY had finished his noonday meal. Looking at his watch he arose languidly, stretched long in genial satisfaction, then tossed his sooty cap upon his head and turned to bid his Margaret goodbye.

But Margaret was nodding out the window at a trundling bear-like creature in her nasturtium patch below.

"'Tis Davy, the faithful heeart, weedin' my posies again," she remarked, happily.

"Aye," Jaimie commented, "whin the accident happent to him 'twas company's oarders he was always ta have wurrk o' some kind at the mine; tha chanct ta make a pittance ennyway. But tha boss gi' him scant occupashion lately. Davy wobbles himself around like a puur tumblin' Puck, an' Glaister wants none o' that."

Outside Davy looked up from his weeding. Suddenly, with as much speed as he could muster, he hobbled to the rear of the house.

Margaret lifted her head, eyes afright on a figure striding up the hilly street.

"Hoo's that?" Jaimie asked.

"'Tis your John Glaister! And oh, Jaimie, how every day amore I hate the verra feace o' him."

"An' wat's that for?" Jaimie chuckled.

"Aye. I have reason." Then she added hastily, "Why do all the foaks hate him? The beast! Ye hates him, toa, Jaimie."

"As hard as enny gud Geordie coat hate a man. I canna' talk o' him without tha use of sweear wurrd; and tha dooan't like them, Margaret, so I'll spend no langwidge on him but get to wurrk. Until eight o'clock, and goodbye, my bonnie."

Margaret turned to pick up the dishes, but her mind was not on the littered table. Twice had John Glaister knocked at her door this morning, and now to pass again when he

By ETHYL HAYES SEHORN

knew Jaimie was home for his meal! Insolence, and to show his power. Soon he would come back down the street, and stop again. Davy knew. Davy Wall, the poor crippled half-wit, knew that John Glaister was tormenting her. That was why Davy lingered about her garden. But

A strong story of the British Columbia coal mines. Glaister, the mine superintendent, is the Black Geordie hated and feared by the workers. Davy is the "Puur Tumblin' Puck" injured in a mine accident.

Glaister puts Davy to work in a fearsome hole and one day when Glaister is making an inspection tour there is an awful explosion and Glaister becomes a cripple, a wrecked creature, and all the others whom he has tormented say—"All's well wit tha wurrlt—Aye?"

what could he do? John Glaister, like a cruel autocratic czar, ruled the town. Margaret shuddered at the name. Unreasonable fear gripped her, and she ran blindly up stairs to huddle before the window.

It was a perfect day. Before her the Straits of Georgia shimmered in the noonday sun. Far up the Sound, the North Pacific boomed out its ocean thunder, and below her, just a stone's throw down the hill, the cables at the mine ground out their sullen roar. Coal from the bowels of the earth and from the bottom of the sea. Up and down the great steel tube which led into the ocean's bed, shot the rattling skips, bringing up trams of coal into God's sunshine and bearing men down to dark tunnels hundreds of feet below the sea.

Jaimie was down there now, with his pick and the little carbide candle on his cap, down in some dank cavern digging out coal. Dear Jaimie! Then Margaret sighted a slight movement down the street, heard Davy scuttle down into the

basement. It was Glaister returning! John Glaister, superintendent of the British Columbia Coal Properties, and destroyer of men. Margaret McCaughey held her breath. Would he stop again to torture her? Dear Father in Heaven, no! She watched the man, fearing. He swung along with a powerful gait. The pebbles beneath his booted feet seemed to shriek out in protest as he ground them into the earth.

"The Black Geordie," the miners called him. Honest of name but murderous of heart.

Glaister's mackinaw whipped with the wind; his black brows were snarled in an ugly scowl; his loose lower lip sagged at one corner. The man breathed power. He strode with the firm swinging step of an arrogant master. Margaret gasped. The man was opening her gate. Now he was pounding at the door. She made no response. The thumping became louder. Timidly she opened the window.

"Go away, ye!" she cried breathlessly.

"Ah there, pretty filly. Come down and open the door."

"Niver. And this verra night I'll tell my Jaimie. Ye'll not torment me amore."

"Aye? Look, Goldy Hair." Reaching into his pocket, he threw into the air a wallet filled with coin. "And I have only to promise some monkey-headed Sardinian half this purse and your Jaimie will never come up the skip again. What then, Blue Eyes?"

"Boaster! The Good Father will see that ye and the knifing Sardinian haarm not Jaimie," she defied him. "I'm not afeared o' ye."

A confident laugh came from the Black Geordie's lips, but caught in his throat by the shriek of a whistle—three sharp blasts. Glaister gave ear. "My call," he said. "I'm away till next time; and the while I'll be remembering I've never seen a beauty like ye." And down the hill he hurried.

II

TO the mouth of the shaft and down he went; a tart command, a gruff word, a brutal movement. Never a touch or a contact but each man's shoulders cringed as they filed by him. The invisible whip, he was, as real as though he held it in his hand and lashed them. Supercilious touching of caps, weak, ingratiating smiles when the miners met him; muttered and terrible curses when he passed by. Through the acrid tunnels, into pits malignant with deadly vapors Glaister strode fearlessly.

The Black Geordie seemed always on duty. The men asked, "When does he sleep?" Day and night found him in action, directing, commanding, roaring orders through the black caverns. Aye, he was a stickler for detail, checking up on every shift. Through the tunnels, on the trams, up and down the skips, to the bins, to the docks, he strode. He was everywhere and bearing with him the action, the will, the vigor of a determined wind.

That evening Jaimie was down-cast. On questioning from Margaret he admitted, "Glaister changed me doan to Tunnel 22 today. That is, to a durrtty little arm tunnel offen 22."

"An wat's that for?" Margaret breathed anxiously.

Jaimie shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't seen much a' it, but its oald an' looks badly timbered ta me."

Ye aren't to go doon again, Jaimie," she wailed. "Oh, let us go back ta my Keswick hills with the green land an' the seascape wurrk. Ye've nivver seen it, Jaimie, not the lovely yellow blossoms of the whin. Taeke me hoame, Jaimie."

He looked at her in wonder and perplexity, then a light dawned on him. A bairn in the spring, he thought. "Why didda I tell tha this? 'Tis nothing; nothing at all. lamb. Me imagination, tha's all. 'Tis probably timbered safely; I saw it in verra puur light. I couldna see the beams well. Glaister be toa wise toa put men in danger. We've ne'er 'ad a bad explosion nor cave-in since 'is time. I shouldn't a mentioned 22."

"Yea, Jaimie," she retorted, "he means to kill ye, I know! I know,

an' now he's actin' toward it! He'll mangle and crush ye an' make ye batty-brained like puur Davy!"

Jaimie threw back his head and laughed. "Rose uv a gurrl! Where's my Margaret's wits? Must I smack tha hand uv tha to make tha act ordinerry?"

"Wen will the directors get a noa superintendent, Jaimie?"

"Niver. An' wat for? Why shoul't they knock Glaister doon? 'E does their biddin' e'en before they think uv it. If they shoul't try ta make arrangements like 'e do, they couldna. An' hoo knows shaft extension, shaft system, approach, veins and leads, water troubles, better an' Glaister?"

"And hoo can grind blood an' wurrk out a men like 'e? Yes, till miner's flesh yool for mercy! 'E'll stay forever, I doant wondert, darlin'."

"Be persuaded not to worrit, Bonnie," he soothed.

Then, one day, Glaister walked into Margaret's garden and found her. "Ah, I've found you at last without that lop-sided devil leering at me over a shovel," he exulted. "And what makes you feard o' me?" he laughed with mocking red-brown eyes. "Why can't we be friends, Pink and Cream?"

Oh, if Davy, the lop-sided devil, were only there! Margaret shivered but she was brave.

"It wud noa be possible ta notice ye are wicked!" She shook her golden head savagely. "I'll noa be forgettin', ever; ye mean ill by me."

"I love you, Blue Bell. Think the honor, John Glaister loves you."

"I have a husband an' ye know it. And I'll not gaa up for a son o' darkness like ye."

Glaister winked, and laughed his coarse laugh. "How does your Jaimie like 22?" he asked softly.

"Murderer! When will ye take Jaimie from out 22?"

"When I put him in 17."

"An' wot is 17?" she cried.

"An extension, but he need not go down there. He can come up out of 22, if you see to be friendly."

"I hate ye! I'll take my Jaimie back to my Cumberland hills across the Solway Firth."

Your Jaimie's never set foot out the Dominion—an never will."

"Boaster. If I were a man I'd fight ye. Bully! God'll punish ye. Ye'll see!"

Glaister laughed louder. "Is that a threat?" he teased. "A little golden, gauzy gnat trying to sting an elephant! But you're a cocky filly and I like them that way! I say, here comes that damm', twisted, side-stepping Wall. What does he do here all the time?"

"Wurrrks in the garden, ye wickd man. Ye know ye shouldt give him employment. 'Twas the company's promise ta him when he was all but kilt in 17. How'd ye like ta float around in pitchy darkness with five dead men about ye—an' ye waitin' an' waitin', hour after hour for rescue. Wouldn't the mind of ye even be turned? An' wat's more ta tha point, wouldn't tha whole lower chambers o' tha mine been flooded had it na' been for Davy's bravery? An' wat ha' ye done for him? Let him starve! Ye are the meanest man in tha worl'd. Whyn't ye give Davy a job?"

"There's enough head-headed imbeciles down there already without adding him to the collection. It takes all my time and energy now trying to get a decent amount of work out of them. I've put that side-swiping crab in the shaft time and again, but the big hulk's too slow. He make me nervous. The sight of him makes me sick."

"Canna ye use tha imagination o' ye and remember when he was quick an' strong? Ye're oald mine murdered his body but his heart is still beautiful an' loyal."

"You like that tangled-up dog?" Glaister asked savagely as he turned hate-filled eyes on the slowly approaching Davy.

"I like him as much as I hate ye," Margaret retorted with bitter mettle.

Glaister thought for a second. Then he said, "I'll give him a job. Yes, I have it. Here, Wall, appear for work tomorrow. First shift, skip Two."

Davy looked at the superintendent through blurred, listless eyes. Swaying from the left side of his body was a shriveled arm, dangling in the sleeve of his brown coat, like a curled-up leaf. Then because he must have work to live, Davy made

(Read further on page 146)

The Author of "Angel Pavement"

BY CYRIL CLEMENS

AS I entered a charming study, a young man came forward to meet me, a man unusually young for his many achievements; dark hair, pleasant features, and smoking a pipe. We shook hands, sat down, and while he was refilling his pipe I took occasion to look around me. There were books on three sides of the room, and on the fourth were large windows. A number of excellent colored reproductions of the Dutch school were on the walls above the bookcases. In the center of the room was a splendid writing desk with pens, ink, paper and reference books—in fact everything that an author needs. By the door there were some old playbills describing just the kind of performances Charles Lamb used to attend. Mr. J. B. Priestley told me later that he had picked up these in a grocery store in the country for about a shilling apiece.

Mr Priestley began to talk: "I have often thought of doing something on American humor; I was going over to America last fall to gather material, but something prevented me."

I asked Mr. Priestley what he thought was the difference between English and American humor.

"I think your humor is a little more barbed, ironical than ours."

"Do you think it is more subtle?" I asked.

"No, I would not say that," answered Priestley, "it is merely a difference in flavor, just as Scotch whiskey has a different flavor than Irish. We cannot say that one is better than the other."

"That reminds me," I remarked, that it was an American humorist, Sam Haliburton who said: "Too

much of anything is bad but too much whiskey is just enough."

Mr. Priestley laughed most heartily at this; laughed in such a jolly fashion that it convinced me, if conviction was at all needed, that all the humor in "The Good Companions" and "Angel Pavement" was spontaneous.

Mr. Priestley went on to say that his book on humor, "The English Humorists" confines itself strictly to the humorists of his country. He thinks that the best way to make the English and Americans understand each other is through humor.

"One of our best English humorists is W. W. Jacobs," continued Priestley. "There are some of his stories which I read over and over again. He is such a fine craftsman, and his stories contain so many inimitable touches. The unfortunate thing is that he is little known in America. Your society should use all its influence to make such a man well known in America as he deserves to be. The stories of Jacobs have been translated into practically every European language!"

As I was leaving, I admired the fine model of a sailing boat on the mantel piece. Said Mr. Priestley: "A sailor made that out of one piece of wood. I like to look at it as I am writing. It carries my thoughts away from the humdrum of everyday affairs."

Then I showed Priestley "The Misfortunes of Elphin" by Thomas Peacock, and remarked: "This I am sending to John Galsworthy to introduce him to the delightful stories of Peacock."

"That is his best," said Priestley. And I took this as authoritative, for Priestley has written a splendid life of Peacock for the English Men of Letter Series.

"Peacock is a rare and delightful humorist," remarked Priestley, "and he deserves to be much better known than he is. But a taste for him has to be acquired just like a taste for certain kinds of wine. Some kinds of sherry, for instance, you must learn to enjoy from practice. Peacock is just this kind of sherry!"

In his entrance hall Priestley has some old prints of scenes contemporary with Hogarth. One can see that he is an admirer of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Just before leaving, Priestley presented me with his "Angel Pavement" as his favorite book for the library of the Mark Twain Society of which he has been a member for several years.

I told Priestley that on visiting G. K. Chesterton I had found him reading "Angel Pavement." The celebrated author remarked: "Yes, it has been rather popular. The publishers told me that they had sold 40,000 copies in two months."

"Almost every author I have visited had 'Angel Pavement' on his reading table," I added.

To which the author modestly replied, "That is because the book is new."

"Mere newness does not insure the reception of a book into the homes of such literary figures as Galsworthy, Chesterton, and Drinkwater," I replied; "it is the worth of the book!"

As I bade goodbye to Priestley, he sent heartiest greetings to all his friends in America!

A FEATURE of the summer session at the University of Montana at Missoula will be a conference of writers under the direction of Dr. H. C. Merriam, editor of *The Frontier*. Among the visiting lecturers will be Dr. Frank B. Linderman, well known to readers of *Overland*

Monthly, who will lead on Indian and Western materials; Mr. Frank Ernest Hill, author of *Stone Dust*, who will lecture on verse writing. The drama and the stage will be handled by Mr. John Mason Brown, and fiction writing by Mr. Struthers Burt, author of *Festival*. Dr. Mer-

riam and the English staff of the University are to be congratulated upon their progressive interest in the promotion of literary thought. Estelle Holbrook, head of Holbrook Writers Colony, will have her group on the campus of Montana University.

The Black Geordie

(From page 144)

a serf-like gesture with motion toward cap and bending of stiffened back in obeisance to the master who favored him.

Glaister turned burning eyes again upon Margaret.

"See what I've done for you," he cajoled. "Now can't you give me a smile? No? Oh—so! You hate me like the devil hates holiness, eh? Never mind, some day you're going to love me."

"On that day tha sun will niver come up," she sneered, moving toward the house.

Davy edged nearer Margaret, his ferreting eyes filled with suspicion and dread. And Glaister, passing out of the gate, glared back speculatively at Davy.

III

FOR the next few days Margaret saw nothing of Davy. Then one evening Jaimie came home and Margaret knew that he was worried.

"'Tis nothin'," he kept answering.

In a frenzy of fear Margaret threw herself upon him, beseeching, "'Tis! 'Tis, an' something bad! Oh, tell toa me, Jaimie, before I die!"

"I'dna a lot to wurry tha, Margaret, an' noat need. Nerves, I guess. Twenty-two worridt me for nuthin'—now 17."

"Seventeen!" she screamed, rising to her feet. Then she fell weakly to her chair again. "Oh, tell me, Jaimie, wat o' 17?"

"Nuthin', bonnie. Doan't cry tha blue eyes out."

"Wat o' 17, Jaimie? Wat o' 17?"

"Nuthin', just an oarful seepage o' water. Glaister put us down there to prospect today. I canna git the screechin' and shiverin' o' Davy outa my ears, when the ski landed us at 17."

"Davy doon in 17!"

"Can tha fancy that! Noa wan but Glaister could do tha cruel, durty trick." Jaimie pounded his fist on the table in burning wrath. "Ta put that puur cripple doon in that filthy gut o' tha earth where tha strong young body o' him was blont ta hell, his brother kilt an' his pals pizened wit stinkin' gas and drowned like rats—"

Margaret began to scream. "'Tis oarful! 'This terrible—but tha lang-widge o' ye, Jaimie—I canna bear it."

Jaimie's eyes still blazed. "I shouldt na' menshuned it, but tha brain o' me is still on fire ta think wan human could treat another wan so. An' as for tha coal doon in that rotten pit, it's noa wurrth a bit, an' none know that as well as Glaister."

"An Davy, wat did he do?"

"Do? Acted like a madman. The oald tunnel ha not been entered

saw a woman act so. Seventeen and the water? Just my imagination."

Gently he shook her. "Dooatn't keep bodderin' me, silly gurr! Niver take the skip again? An' how would we eat? An' where sleep? An' how keep warrm? An' your own old Gran right now in the Vancouver hospital—'ow's to keep 'er there? I must wurrk every shift o' tha winter. It won't be but a day or two 'til Glaister'll pull me out o' 17 and put me back in me own oald Tunnel 12. Tha must listen to my toakin', Margie."

Her hysteria was interrupted by Davy's fumbled rap on the door.

"How's thoo?" the cripple inquired of Margaret. "Wat fettle?"

"Puur—puur," she began to wail. "the news o' 17—"

By means of a few quick jerks, Davy adjusted his crooked body into a chair.

"Aye, 'tis punishment," he offered with the finality of an old sage. "Punishment for me for livin'—an' for wurrkin' in your garden—"

"An' why that?" Jaimie demanded attackingly.

"Every time he saw me wit tha shovel he swort at me. He niver cum up tha hill widout ballying gud at me."

"He dinna want ye to gitten a penny to feed on—nair one. That's wat angered him," Margaret ventured.

"Sence I ben great friends wit Jaimie and thoo, Margaret, he hates me mair fierce thin afore."

"Ah," Jaimie said disgustedly, "he's meade that way. He hates us all the seame. He's a wicket bully, but I sees the day when he wiggles in tha iverlastin' flames."

"Neither o' ye must iver go down in that hole again—"

"Dooan't thoo worrit," Davy soother, "tomorrow I won't mindt it so much."

"There's noa use retallyatin'," Jaimie declared. "Hangt if we don't have ta live—an' tomorrow Glaister's liable ta pull us up to 12. There's nothin' ta keep us in 17—we won't be lang."

An unusual gleam of light bright-

(Read further on page 148)

BETRAYED

BY FLORA J. ARNSTEIN

I WROTE a letter to the moon,
I sent it by the sun;
There was no secret in it
To hide from anyone.

And yet I think the sun should not
Have read it on the way,—
How could he understand the things
The moon light makes one say.

since tha accident. Davy ne'er was much o' a swearer but all day he cursed an' cried an' jumt around like a crazy divil adancin' on a string. I begt him to gi' up an' ride upstairs, but he wouldna do it."

"He wants to meake puur Davy ravin' insane instead o' merely batty."

"Nay, he wants only ta punish tha puur creature because he's a cripple. I ast Davy up ta have tea wit us to-night. It's up ta tha to make us forget about 17 on tha morrow."

Margaret beat with her hands and wailed. "Ye'll niver put afoot doon in that channel again, niver! Promise me, promise!"

Jaimie heard the great mine fans pant in their unceasing pumping of fresh air down into the foul labyrinth below. Panting—panting—existence—life. The fan must never stop, never for a minute or death would come. And neither must Jaimie stop work. It meant existence—life.

"How silly we're gettin', Margaret," he said. "Hangt if I ever

Old Foster's Daughter

A Short, Short Story

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

SIX cow punchers had ridden a long distance in silence. They belonged to the Triple-X outfit in the Big Bend district of Texas, land of the rattler, cactus and sand-storm. Red Kennedy, a cow puncher with a wide reputation for straight shooting and hard riding, slowly rolled a cigarette. He broke the silence by saying in a drawling tone to Bob Jeffries, a comrade of the range: "Ol' Foster's got a kid . . . a girl, 16 years old!"

"That so?" queried Bob in a surprised manner. "Didn't know he had any children—too bad he's dead."

Dick Roberts, who rode near Kennedy, also heard. He turned to three horsemen behind and repeated to them what Kennedy had said. There was a whispered conversation and a moment later Dick Roberts said to Kennedy: "Red, we've been discussing this matter, and, bein' you seem to know this 16-year-old daughter of Old Foster, we've decided for you to break the news to her about her father's death . . . you've got a way of breaking bad news in such a gentle manner that you can turn sorrow into laughter!"

Kennedy was silent for a moment. Then he said: "Sorter tough job to give a fellow . . . you punchers goin' along with me?"

The other riders agreed to accompany Kennedy on his mission.

"She lives over yonder," said Red, pointing with his extended arm to a range of low hills to the south. "Lives in the Wild Horse range . . . lives in a dugout."

Two hours later the six cow punchers halted before the dugout of Old Foster's girl. Red Kennedy wore a grim countenance, while the five other cow punchers were silent with melancholy thoughts.

Dolores, brown-eyed daughter of Old Foster, came to the door. She was barefooted and her long black hair told of Mexican blood given her by her mother, who had died years before. Dolores was beautiful. Hers was the type of loveliness that one admires in a wild flower; for Dolores Foster was a wild blossom

of the sun-burnt canyon and the arroyo—a partner of the Southwest wind.

"Good morning," said Dolores.

Kennedy's face was grim with silence. Other cow punchers were equally grim with the silence that betrayed a deep emotion.

"Old Man Foster's girl?" questioned Kennedy.

"Yes . . . w-h-y-?" the girl replied and questioned in a tone denoting great uneasiness.

Kennedy was rolling a cigarette. Several seconds passed . . .

"Mister, please," Dolores plead, "What's happened to my daddy?"

"He's dead," Kennedy said abruptly, for he knew no other way to talk.

The girl sobbed. Kennedy's face was drawn with a deep melancholy.

"Dead," he added as the girl grew hysterical and other cow punchers suffered in silence, ". . . and he died a hero! Little lady, you'll never have cause to be ashamed of your daddy . . ."

"He was the best dad a girl ever had," Dolores sobbed. "He was a good daddy."

Kennedy was warmed by emotion and spoke in firmer and quicker tones. "Died fightin' a pack o' wolves," Kennedy continued. "Died shootin' it out with a gang of outlaws in the Davis mountains. Little woman, your daddy was the bravest man who ever faced a robbers' nest . . ."

"My five friends here'll tell you the same story I have related . . . they'll tell you your Dad, Old Man Foster, was a brave man and died up there in the mountains fightin' outlaws."

The cow punchers held a conference. A few minutes later Red Kennedy gave Dolores a roll of greenbacks.

"We've agreed the best thing for you is to come to Loboville," said Kennedy. "Here's money to last you

a while and we'll be givin' you more at other times."

Then Kennedy and his comrades rode away.

DOLORES FOSTER grew into a beautiful woman. She was considered the most lovely woman in Loboville, and many were her suitors. The small holdings of her father had been leased to an oil company and the profits had made her wealthy. But still she remembered the cow punchers from the Triple-X who told her that Old Man Foster died a hero's death fighting outlaws in the mountains.

One night a fight was in progress in front of the Ace-in-the-Hole saloon. Knife Gomez, gambler, had been severely beaten and ordered at the point of a gun held in the hand of Red Kennedy to leave Loboville.

The crowd gathered and wild excitement prevailed. Gomez sneered like a wolf as Kennedy shook him by the neck. There was a poisonous look in Kennedy's eye and his voice, sinister with unusual softness, denoted a murderous hate.

"Listen, pole-cat," Red said. "I'm letting you down easy . . . next time you put your foot in Loboville . . . get this straight . . . next time you stop in this town, I'll start shooting, and I'm reckoned as being a pretty sure shot with a six-gun."

Knife Gomez knew when he was beaten. He sulked from the Ace-in-the-Hole saloon and disappeared.

Bob Jeffries led Kennedy to the rear of the saloon.

"What was the trouble?" asked Bob in a confidential tone.

A dangerous glint was in Kennedy's eye.

"The pole-cat heard about Ol' Man Foster's death," Kennedy snapped as he fingered his six-gun, "and he threatened to tell just what happened . . . threatened to tell about us hangin' Ol' Foster,—Ol' Foster, the rustler!"

Bob Jeffries was silent for a moment.

Then he walked from the room, nervously fingering his six-gun.

Harr Wagner Honored



Harr Wagner

TO serve for a quarter of a century as president of any organization is something of which any man can well be proud. For that length of time the Sequoia Club has had the efficient and devoted services of Mr. Harr Wagner as its president.

The event was celebrated on the evening of March 19 with a banquet and speeches in the club rooms in San Francisco. Coupled with the quarter century anniversary, honor was paid Mr. Wagner, the occasion being his 75th birthday. This double event drew a crowded house of club members and friends and admirers of Mr. Wagner.

Following the banquet, there was a symposium of speeches arranged under direction of William E. Monahan, as committee chairman, with Arthur H. Chamberlain as toastmaster. The responses were given under heading, "Here's to Harr Wagner," in the following order: As Maker of Club History, S. M. Haslett, long-time member of the club; as Club President, Elliot M. Epstein, vice-president; as Host, Ethel Whitlock; as Educator, James Ferguson; as Friend, Ethel Cotton; as Author, Thomas Neunan; as LongTime Californian, Frona Eunice

Wait Colburn; as Editor, Vaughan MacCaughy; as Publisher, Sam G. Mortland; as Harr Wagner—for the membership, William E. Monahan. Ella Sterling Mighels (Aurora Esmeralda) graciously acknowledged introduction by the toastmaster.

Mr. Monahan presented to President Wagner, on behalf of the club and in recognition of his long and valuable services, a gold chain and fob, the latter embossed with a Sequoia tree and on the reverse, a suitable inscription. Response by Mr. Wagner was in his characteristically graceful and modest manner. Mr. Wagner was the recipient of other handsome and useful gifts and also a huge birthday cake from the California Club, and one from the Sequoia Club, both bearing birthday candles. Both cakes were cut by Mr. Wagner with due ceremony and distributed to the many guests. Dancing until a late hour followed.

Mrs. John Bean served on the Committee on Decoration.

Many greetings and telegrams from notable people were received and read during the dinner.

The Black Geordie

(From page 146)

ened Davy's dull eyes. "Nay, it won't be lang doon there."

Oh, the fear that gnawed at Margaret's heart, and overwhelmed her entirely when Glaister knocked at her door, next time. In a panic, she locked the door and talked aloud to herself. "He means to kill Jaimie and then destroy me!" So, through the long hours of the day.

Jaimie knew, too, and fretted. "Tha's ben listenin' ta the wag uv foolish oald women," he soothed her. "Tha must stay oot o' hearin' o' them. Oot side a' wurrkin' the smithern oot a' his men, Glaister doon noa killin'. Tha is bloomin' silly cry-baby, rose girl."

"He's a power o' darkness," she retorted, and pleaded, "Dooan't go doon in 17 amore from today."

"Git a holdt a' your nerves, bonnie, nor the bairn'll ha noa sinse."

"I have naught ta do with a bairn,

Jaimie, so dooan't git yourself disappointed on that."

IV

HE left her with a teasing laugh. The sea was somber, and heavy clouds scowled low over the water while the breakers rolled anxiously in. Listlessly, Margaret gazed far out. Below that brooding sea Jaimie toiled and fought back the seeping water. Suddenly the sun broke through. It seemed to push the black clouds off the horizon. Now the sea smiled with iridescent blue. Ships and little fishing smacks took on a new identity, springing to life with light and color. Life on the bay took motion like a brilliant, flickering panorama.

It was then that Margaret heard the whistles at the mine.

"An explosion an' cave-in doon in oald 17."

"Ennywan hurrt?"

"Aye! Aye!"

Darkness closed in on her. Her Jaimie was gone! Then excited voices seemingly far away, halloaing.

"Hoo's hurrt? McCaughey? 'E was doon there?"

"Nay. Nay. Nair McCaughey but the bullyin' divil hissself—tha Black Geordie! The Black Geordie's spoilt. He'll lash noa mair!" the crowd echoed.

Someone shook Margaret, and said, "Jaimie sends uv wurd 'e's safe an' not hurrt enny. 'Ee got Glaister up to First Aid Station, an' tha drill team's feightin' tha gas in the pit. Glaister's blown to blithers, but tha doctors say 'e'll live!"

"And wat o' Davy?"

"Davy doon there? I nair a wurd o' him."

He was doon there!" Margaret declared positively.

(Read further on page 150)

Nomads of The Southwest

AN elderly man set up his camp beside ours in the county free camp at Lakeside, California. It was a model equipment. Ford coupe. Brown umbrella tent. Gasoline stove and oven. Folding cot bed. Gasoline lantern. High-backed folding camp chair. Folding table. Aluminum cooking utensils, and a big tarpaulin that covered the car and extended over to the roof of the tent, providing the protection of a double roof for all kinds of weather.

On a wire stretched from two lower limbs on the shady side of a wide-spreading pepper tree were three thick canvas coolers. One contained a bottle of fresh milk, another canned milk, the third a jar of butter. A canteen hung on a limb close by. By wetting the sacks morning and evening he kept things cold.

Everything he had was for one person only. A small meat chopper, waterless cooker in which he could cook an entire meal, including dessert, a muffin, a pie tin for biscuit or pie and a toaster. It was one of the most complete, miniature equipments I had seen. He was mighty proud of it.

"You know, lady," he said, "times have changed. Today, a man's tent is his home." I have a married daughter in San Diego. She wants me to live with her. I do visit her occasionally," he smiled, "but I always pitch my camp in the back yard and keep house like I'm doing now. And . . . I'm always welcome."

The number of men of all ages one meets on the Rainbow Trail is increasing year by year. Some are independent financially and have factory built house cars, luxuriously furnished; others are what we know as Tin Can Tramps, earning their living as they go. The number of these modern nomads is vast and constantly increasing.

Some of the men are over sixty. Many of them have a dog or cat for company. They are optimists chasing the gold on the Rainbow Bridge. There is a freedom and independ-

By FLORENCE A. BRUNKE

ence in their nomadic existence that they would not find as unwelcome guests or helpless dependents at the fireside of their relatives.

The mild climate of Southern California during the winter months favors this mode of living. The counties throughout the state have set aside certain tracts of land adjacent to the main highways called county free parks. They have shade and water. Some have caretakers appointed by the counties who keep the parks in a sanitary condition and conduct small stores for the convenience of the traveling public. Motorists can remain as long as they please.

There is a friendliness among the Brothers of the Trail that is truly admirable. If one has difficulty in starting their car or is overhauling it there are always willing hands to help. Evenings they gather around the campfire, swap yarns and give the latest news of other nomads they have met.

Most of these men work part of the time during the fruit season or doing odd jobs. Some have a little business. For instance, one old man in a tiny house car, equipped with a radio, files saws; another sells silver polish; another makes key checks. One sells small flags on holidays. A young man and his wife make willow baskets. A consumptive World War veteran makes willow baskets; his wife makes paper dolls. They all have a way of getting by, and gladly share what they have with those less fortunate.

They all have their hobbies, too. One likes to hunt, another to fish. Another goes prospecting up side canyons or out on the desert. An old doctor hikes long distances in the hills.

Those who cannot afford automobiles have other ways of traveling. We met an old man pushing a two-wheeled cart containing his few belongings. Another pulled a small express wagon. Yesterday we passed

a long-whiskered patriarch marching along beside a shaggy burro pulling a two-wheeled cart piled high with odds and ends. An old prospector.

The man who displayed the greatest ingenuity rode a bicycle. He camped beside us. He unfastened a roll from under the seat. It was a tiny tent, a blanket and two brass rods: He fitted the rods into slots on the frame, dropped the tent over the bicycle and nailed the canvas to the ground, leaving the rear end of the tent open. From a box fastened to the handle bars he took two loaves of bread, cheese, hamburger and a can of fish. Out of these he made thirty sandwiches, which he put back into the box.

In the morning he crawled out, ate a sandwich, rolled up his tent and blanket and tied them behind the seat, waved to us and disappeared. At noon we overtook him—18 miles away.

We have been traveling for the last four years through California, Arizona and Nevada. We have slept under giant redwood trees; on the banks of clear brooks where the deer came down to drink; under the whispering pines, big oaks, spicy peppers, tall palms and fragrant eucalyptus; on lofty mountain peaks and down by the Salton Sea 200 feet below sea level; in auto camps, among grotesque mud buttes and painted deserts. Always something new to interest us.

It's a great life!

THERE will appear soon the revised "Union List of Periodicals in the Libraries of Southern California." This is an alphabetical catalogue of general periodicals and technical and business magazines to be found in the libraries of Southern California. The book is the result of the combined efforts of all these libraries; the new edition includes more than 5000 titles, and will sell for \$5.00. Mildred E. Schear is chairman, Union List Committee, 740 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.

The Black Geordie

(From page 148)

"He wa' na' brung ta tha Aid Station," they informed her.

"Are quite certain Jaimie's safe then?" she pleaded again.

"O' that there's noa doot, sence he hisself seint up tha message ta tha."

Miners, their wives, children and dogs ran pell-mell down the street toward the shaft. The commotion was too much for Margaret. She sank limply against a post of her stoop, oblivious to everything about her until a mud-caked Jaimie stumbled his way through the old creaking gate.

"Jaimie."

He wiped a trembling hand across his dripping forehead and declared, "God! It was terrific!"

Margaret put her arm across his shoulder and wiped the gritty coal dust from his red-fringed eyes.

"But ye air alive, Jaimie!" she cried in grateful exultation.

"Because I was in 18 whin the blast went offen!"

"An' whir was Davy? Whir is Davy?" Margaret demanded.

"Kilt!" Jaimie answered stoically, through a dry and aching throat.

Margaret began to sob. Jaimie looked about him to see if any one was within earshot. Then he said, "Bonnie! Davy wilt it so. It was noa accident!"

"Noa accident?" She opened her blue eyes wide.

"Nair. I'll tell tha. Davy puttered doon there last evenin' after I came up. He was thir afore me this mornin', adiggin' in a little black cove by hisself. Each mornin' prompt at tin o'clock the great Caesar Glaister meaked a inspectshun an' cussin' tour o' 17. This mornin' a few minutes toa tin, Davy yells owt his lamp ain't wurkin' an' ast me ta run through to 18 near tha skip shaft an' git him another lamp. He's cramp't in whir he's drillin' an' it's easy for me, wit me two gud legs, he says—"

"'Twas so harrd for Davy ta git up," Margaret sympathized.

"Niver can I do an easier wan for tha, Davy, I sed an' start outten

tha tunnel, wantin' ta git back afore tha arrival o' Glaister. Just as I meaks the turn Davy yells, 'I been a babby too lang. It'll be gud for everywan but best o' all for tha an' Margaret.' 'Wat?' said I. 'Evirythin' said he. 'Hurry alang!'

"I rounded the bend an' just thin heeard Glaister git owt o' the skip. I hurrit ta tha shelf for tha lamp not keerin' for tha extra dressin' I knew he'd be chippin' in ta me—"

"The beast, tha black beast—" blazed Margaret. "Did tha temper o' him set off tha dynamite?"

"I just picked up tha lamp," Jaimie continued, "whin tha earth seemed ta tie herself up in a knot under my fut,—an' bang goes a turrible explosion! Smoke an' dust an' gas comes a rippin' owten 17."

"Hivenly Father!"

"I waits a minute for tha air ta clear—thin yellin' at thim wurkin in 18, I ran around tha bend an' doon into oald 17—" Jaimie continued dramatically. "It was oarful! Flyin' dust, gas, water. Davy blowd ta atoms an' Glaister, half-burried 'neath a ton o' durrt a-yellin' like tha big cowardt he is. I couldna find a shovel in that hell an' tha gas was gettin' me. I runs back to 18 screachin' for gas masks and shovels. Davy's blast opened up another oald tunnel under there full o' gas. By this time tha drill team was doon. Whin we got back Glaister was quieter. Tha gas all but had him. And tha floodin' water couldta soon drown't him."

"An' tha drill team got him owt alive?" Margaret urged.

"Alive—yea," Jaimie conceded, "but niver tha same Glaister that came doon tha shaft. Only tha part o' a man we carried owt. Wan leg is gone, bonnie. His face is peppered wit black coal splinters like a tattooed Indian. The fella is handsome noa longer. His back is hurrt. Wan mangled arm look faer ta be paralyzed. Whin he gits owt agean he'll be a sight for crows ta laugh at. Aye, tha water'n powder an' rocks an' gas thresht him. Davy spoilt tha bully's body but God spared his mind."

"I'm glad o' that," Margaret decided. "He deserves ta have his full senses ta dwell on his black past. Ah, who's *more* desarvin' o' a 'long death' than that Neero! Aputin' Davy doon in 17 was too much!"

"They say he's treated eithers even worse, Margaret. They heave it he's been cruel ta young girls," Jaimie exploded. "He meade fun o' tha cripples an' hated tha sight o' Davy—an' why? Davy was hurrt before Glaister came, it was nair his accident. Well, he'll be Sultan no longer, but tha worm that he always was. Whin he comes a crutchin' doon tha street tha brats'll spit at him; they've always wanted ta. Tha miners'll cuss him ta his face an' the dawgs bark at him. An' the Almighty knows 'tis his desarts."

Margaret nodded her head. She held no brief with this.

Jaimie arose stiffly but valiantly. "A new superintendent, Margaret. Back in oald safe Tunnel 12. A new cap, bonnie, a new drill an' hoo was it sed, 'All's well wit tha wurrlt—aye?'"

For a second Margaret did not answer. Her blue eyes were following the far-reaching ripple of the sun-lit sea, a requiem in her heart and her mind travelling for a second with the intrepid spirit of Davy. God smile on his loyal, martyr soul.

After another second she arose, too, and breathed, "Aye, aye, Jaimie, all's well—all's well iverywhere."

World Federation of Education Associations

THE Fourth Biennial Conference of the World Federation of Education Associations will be held in Colorado July 27th to August 2nd. Extensive preparations are now going forward for the meeting. Following as it does, the N. E. A. Convention in Los Angeles, many eastern visitors will prolong their stay on the Coast and start on the return eastern trip in time for the Denver conference. Dr. Augustus O. Thomas is president; Charles H. Williams, Columbia, Mo., is secretary.

The Mountain Play On Tamalpais

"THE TRAIL OF THE PADRES," an original play written for the Mountain, by Frederic Stuart Smith, has been chosen as the vehicle for the 1931 production by the Mountain Play Association, and will be given in the amphitheatre on Mount Tamalpais, Sunday, May 24.

Based on actual happenings in early California history, "The Trail of the Padres" is aptly suited to production on the mountain, not only because of its romantic and colorful background but also for the fact that the author, long familiar with the physical aspects of the Mountain Theatre, has planned his play particularly for this unique setting.

The story is one of young love, in old California, a tale of romance and adventure, replete with the pageantry of fiesta and village folk dance and affording opportunity for

brilliant costuming and the interpolation of incidental entertainment features.

Everett Glass of Berkeley, whose work as a director is well known on the west coast, has been chosen to direct "The Trail of the Padres," and is now engaged in selecting a cast.

The costuming of the piece has been given careful thought and, in order that the players may be dressed in entire accordance with the period, special costumes are now being made, under the direction of the author.

"The Trail of the Padres" is the 18th annual production to be given on the Mountain. The Mountain Play Association is composed of a group of out-of-door enthusiasts, whose plan is the development and perpetual enjoyment of the vast natural resources for pleasure which California offers her people.

Annually some 7000 persons climb the slopes of Mount Tamalpais for the Mountain Play. The occasion calls for an all day outing, picnic clothes and lunch baskets. The audience gathers from all parts of the bay district by way of the early morning ferries for Sausalito, and climbs on foot or by motor to the site of the theatre in time for the performance in the early afternoon.

The Mountain Play is the work of a group of amateurs, who long ago discovered the acoustic properties of the amphitheatre on Tamalpais. The site of the theatre is owned by this group through a deed of gift from the late Congressman William E. Kent of Marin County. R. F. O'Rourke is president of the association and Mrs. D. E. F. Easton is secretary and treasurer.

The Donner Party

(From page 136)

"Bread! Bread! Bread!" was the cry of every child.

I wish to speak of another of the relief parties from Sutter's Fort, for in the experience of this relief party was typified the dauntless spirit, the undying courage and fortitude and the Christian soul of the Pioneer Mother of California. The second relief party was under James F. Reed, with nine volunteers, carrying 1700 pounds of flour and the dried beef of five cattle. They started from Johnson's rancho, about 40 miles from Sutter's Fort on the way to the mountains, on February 22, and reached Donner lake March 1. On the 3rd they started on the return with Mr. and Mrs. Breen, their five children, nine other children and Mrs. Graves, 17 in all. Many of the younger children had to be carried and all were weak and emaciated.

On the evening of the second day they had reached the lower end of Summit valley when a furious storm burst upon them. Their provisions were exhausted and when they

reached a cache a few miles further on, where food had been left, they found it destroyed by wild animals. At this point the storm was so fierce they could not proceed. For several days the storm raged and it required the utmost exertion of the men to keep a fire alive and protect the children with a wall made of boughs. Mrs. Graves and her little son and the boy, Isaac Donner, died from exhaustion the first night. The men realized that unless they could get help all would perish. They could not carry all the children through the deep snow, but they started with three, leaving in the desolate camp in Summit valley, Patrick Breen, a feeble man worn to a skeleton, his wife Margaret and nine children—two being nursing infants.

There was no food save a few seeds tied in bits of cloth, a few lumps of loaf sugar saved for the babies, and a little tea. Mrs. Breen waited on all and attended all. She fed the babies on snow water and sugar, and when she found a child

sunken and speechless, she broke with her teeth a morsel of sugar and put it between his lips. She watched by night and day, gathered wood and kept up the fire to prevent them freezing. The fire melted the snow until it was on the bare ground, 20 feet below the surface. By great exertion she got all the helpless little ones within this snow pit where they would be sheltered and constructed a ladder from a tree top by which to ascend and descend. Above, on the snow, lay the bodies of the dead. Eight days passed with Margaret Breen, her husband, and these nine children within and near this cavern of snow. On the ninth day she ascended to the surface for her daily supply of wood. Human endurance had reached its limit. She felt that succor must arrive that day. She descended to the helpless little ones and together they knelt in prayer. Then she climbed again from the pit to resume her watch for the hoped relief. She was so faint and weak from starvation that her brain

(Read further on page 159)

Mexican Immigration

(From page 139)

with industry in the employment of relatively high-priced labor, the farmer found himself, to put it plainly, in one more devil of a pickle. He has been caught between the millstones of international competition; and has been singularly unlucky in that the only ways in which a willing government could aid him have been methods against our traditional policies.

The government could aid the farmer in two ways: (1) by outright subsidy; and (2) by indirect subsidy. The first could comprise giving each farmer a certain amount of money each year, preferably in the beginning of the growing season. The second could comprise a considerable extension of the province of the Department of Agriculture, allowing it to farm actually rather than experimentally. This would entail the employment of many thousands of poor individual farmers, who cannot survive under the adverse circumstances of our protective system, and at the same time the products thus grown could be distributed free in the form of seed to every farmer throughout the land—so much seed given for each acre ready for cultivation. Fertilizer could also be distributed free. This aid would enable the farmer to sell his surplus at a profit in the cheap world market. As conditions are now—and have been for sometime past—he is forced to buy in a closed market and sell in a world market. As a consequence, farmers have migrated to the city in ever increasing numbers, only to complicate our unemployment situation in times of industrial depression such as the present.

Their farms are idle, and they—or those they have displaced in manufacturing industries—are also idle, in part because of the fact that we have put a premium on industrial labor without an equivalent premium on farm labor. The country is full of once-efficient farms now growing weeds. Take New England, for instance; and I know one county in Texas that is literally dotted with abandoned farm-houses, the few farmers having the courage (or the

lack of courage) to remain, being on the point of starvation.

IV.

IN this discussion of the farm problem. I may seem to have deviated from the main subject of Mexican immigration. I have found, however, that the quota question not only is linked directly with the farm problem, in that the growers of the Southwest and West demand Mexican labor, but also indirectly, in that the crux of both questions seems essentially the same, namely: will our government extend its protection to lines of work outside of manufacturing?

Labor calls for such protection in the form of restriction of immigration. The worker proposed an artificial limitation of European and Asiatic competitive labor. The proposal was accepted in the passage of our Chinese exclusion law and Quota Act of 1924. But immigration proved to be a hundred-headed snake; kill one head and ten others seem to spring up in its place. No sooner did we stop the excessive legal importation of Asiatic and European labor, than alien smuggling on a gigantic scale began, and Mexicans began pouring over our Southern boundary in an unceasing flood.

In 1922 our Border Patrol was established. At first it was a mere creature of the Labor Department, without Congressional authority, subject to being obliterated at a moment's notice. Ex-soldiers and cowboys formed in the main its complement, green uniforms with leggings and Sam Browne belt that is so familiar to travelers on the border today was adopted. Officials, of the highest character were appointed who would tolerate no bribery or chicanery of any sort. As a consequence of the pride taken in its organization and personnel, it now has, in these times of reputed official inefficiency and corruption, an enviable record of upright performance of duty equalled only in this hemisphere by the Northwest Mounted Police. Through its untiring zeal,

the smuggling of aliens across our borders has been reduced to a very small minimum.

But although the illegal influx of workers was halted by the department charged to look after the interests of labor, the legal flow of immigration continued unchecked. We had merely exchanged the peasant of Central and Southern Europe for the peon of Mexico.

Labor, at last, awoke to this fact and demanded restriction of the Mexican influx.

Despite much thought to the contrary, I am of the opinion that our government is still run for and by the majority of the people. For the simple reason that labor and the united groups advocating better citizenship stock comprise the majority of the voters, restriction of Mexican immigration is inevitable; indeed, it is the only course fair to labor that we can take under our protective system. Therefore, the question, it seems to me, is not, shall we restrict, but rather, how shall we restrict?

The first and most definite method is, of course the quota. But as has been seen, if we pass quota legislation, in order not to discriminate against Mexico, or Latin America, we must make the legislation applicable to all countries in this hemisphere, which includes Canada. Canadians are practically the same stock as that of most Americans, and have about the same standard of living. Furthermore, Canadian labor tends to stay at home rather than search for greater pastures on the other side of the fence. Canadian restriction, therefore, is neither needed nor demanded by those clamoring for quotas.

We would seriously damage our international relations, not only with Canada but with the whole of Latin America, if we enacted a law at this late date, setting a rigid limit on immigration from our neighbors of this hemisphere. Our pan-Americanism is already being assailed to the right and left on this continent as a mere instrument of commercialism which means nothing to us except where our own exclusive interests are concerned. Immediately upon the passage of such a quota, the papers of the 22 other nations of the two Americas would break out in violent denunciations. *Our isola-*

(Read further on page 154)

Books and Writers

THE BOOK OF ROBERTS—With a Foreword by Basil King, an Intimate of Their Haunts—By Lloyd Roberts. Ryerson Press, Toronto, Canada.

“THE BOOK OF ROBERTS” should be placed upon the list of essays which are exquisitely written and worth while in themselves, aside from the biographical interest which they bear.

Lloyd Roberts, son of Charles G. D. Roberts, leading Canadian poet, novelist, historian, best known in the United States as the author of stories of animal life, is a poet in his own right. The poem “Shadows” preceding the essays is quoted in part:

“Dear yesterdays,
I love you, love you still,
For all your foolish ways
And headlong will;
Your laughter, and your tears
Cling to the years,
Your whisperings
Are ever in my ears.”

His style is delicate, whimsical, impressive by its sincerity, as well as its beauty of phrase and thought. The atmosphere of “Old King’s College” and College Woods permeates the boyhood memories surrounding his family as his father was for ten years a Professor of Literature there.

The essay “My Father” is among the finest. “We not only loved our Pap tremendously,” he says, “but also respected him, a rarer emotion. . . . We were sure that he possessed no frailties; he never lost his temper, or grumped, or nagged, or talked loud, or swore, or did any of the things that lesser mortals did. . . . If a lion had attacked us he would have dispatched it with bare hands. . . . I fear that we loved him as children are supposed to love God.”

Bliss Carman, cousin to Charles G. D. Roberts, was known to the children of the family as “Uncle,” which was a purely honorary title. “He stalked into our home,” says the essay, “like an etherealized Lincoln—huge, gray and quiet—made droll remarks at long intervals, now and then smiled with his eyes, and lived in the study. . . . His bulk was there, his true self haunted some half-mystic realm between Arcady and Acadie. . . . One day another poet arrived, who in no wise resembled the first—was quite an antithesis in fact. He was broad, black and bearded; he roared in the gale of his own exuberance; he was inevitable as the other was elusive.” Thus is the reader introduced to Richard Hovey, co-author with Bliss Carman of the three volumes of “Poems of Vagabondia.”

Ten years later Lloyd Roberts was in New York sharing a studio with his father,

and Bliss Carman was in a studio down the hall. “When Bliss would stalk into our studio, with his head in a nimbus, his great feet in bath slippers, his Demosthenes robe about him, a long damp manuscript trailing from his fingers, I too, would crouch on Mount Olympus and watch some immortal lyric being laid on the lap of the Gods.”

Tributes to his grandfather, who was a loved and revered rector, his grandmother, his “Uncle Theodore,” also a poet, and at present editor of a Canadian poetry magazine, his beloved “Aunt Jean,” also a poet and writer, follow.

One overhears the games, and merry-making at the “gathering of the Clans,” sometimes at home, sometimes around the camp-fire, and stops to listen to the singing of old songs beloved on both sides of the imaginary line which separates the States from Canada.

Some of the most beautiful word pictures are found in the three sketches of the author’s present home, “Low Eaves,” in “Autumn,” in “Winter” and in “Summer.” The book is dedicated to his daughter Patricia.

—Lotus J. Costigan.

THREATENING SHADOWS—By Victor Vecki. The Stratford Company. 262 pp. Price \$2.50.

DR. VICTOR VECKI, of San Francisco, has written several medical books and a number of treatises for medical journals, but he has long desired to reach a larger reading public and impart to them something about glaucoma, an insidious disease of the eye that comes stealthily, impairing vision, until ultimately the patient sees nothing. As Nemir expresses it in the book: “My eyes are fine, thank you; the only trouble is that I cannot see.”

Threatening Shadows was written last year while Dr. Vecki was en route to San Francisco from Belgium via the Panama Canal. This book might also be titled, “The Love Affairs of Dr. Nemir,” since they make the story. Dr. Ivan Nemir, a man of many “affairs,” is separated from his wife and adrift from the Catholic Church, when Victoria enters his office and his life. Now the doctor was about to keep his daily tryst with a beautiful sunset out on Ocean Beach, when the convent-bred girl came in for repairs to her ribs. . . . the nurse took the girl into the dressing room and placed her upon the surgical table, where the doctor found her when he came in to make the examination. Victoria and Dr. Nemir become lovers, but of course there were obstacles and Victoria, remembering the teachings of the mother church, leaves him; they are finally reunited after a series of exciting incidents which remove some of the obstacles. Victoria is moved to pity

by news of Dr. Nemir’s impending blindness and hurries back to him with these words: “Heaven itself gave me a sign. I now see clearly I am yours forever. Where you go, I go.”

In December, 1931, Dr. Vecki will celebrate his fifty years of medical practice, and almost forty of these years in San Francisco.

—Grace T. Hadley.

LIGHT-HORSE HARRY LEE—By Thomas Boyd. Charles Scribner’s Sons, New York. 344 pp. Price \$3.50.

THE name of General Robert E. Lee is well known to every school child but under the title of Light-Horse Harry Lee, the father of Robert E. Lee is presented by the author in a vivid picture, together with a fascinating panorama of stirring colonial days. Chapter headings are very stimulating. “The Walls Come Tumbling Down,” “The Legion Rides to Georgia,” “From Ninety-six to Yorktown,” “The Dramatic Sixth Congress.” Lee married his cousin Matilda of Stratford on the Potomac and became a gentleman farmer, occupied with fields, fisheries, mills.

Meanwhile the treaty of peace with Great Britain had been signed and General Washington returned to his Mount Vernon plantation, where Henry and Matilda sometimes visited him. Later he lost Matilda and on June 18, 1793, he married Ann Hill Carter, whose fifth child was to become the famous Robert E. Lee.

Light-Horse Harry was elected to Congress and he took Ann with him to Philadelphia, where they settled themselves in rooms close to John Marshall. However, when Lee took his seat in the House, his interest in general public affairs was pushed aside by news of the death of Washington, which to him was a personal tragedy. He sat down at once and wrote a set of resolutions embodying those famous words that are so glibly recited by school children,—“First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.” Henry Lee was a good soldier, a devoted friend and he could pen immortal words, but he was not a successful business man. His Congressional term ended in the spring of 1801 and Robert Morris, who owed him well over \$40,000, was unable to pay him any of the sum, so in the following year, Light-Horse Harry could not meet a debt of \$15,000; angry creditors increased in number. . . . that he would ever regain anything from investments he had made seemed unlikely, and he became more and more involved. Ann Hill was grieving over the death of her father and the illness of a dearly loved sister, when on

(Read further on page 159)

Exhibit of Western Writings

A UNIQUE feature of the meeting of the Inland Empire Council of English in Spokane, Washington, April 8, 9 and 10, was an exhibit of Western writings. The books for the most part were very recent, in fact, one volume, an anthology of Northwest verse and poetry, by H. G. Merriam of Missoula, Montana, arrived fresh from the press the day of the exhibit. The display consisted of some 200 volumes of novels, short stories, drama, essays, poetry, criticism, and some books of history and biography. In addition there was an attractive exhibit of copies of some eleven magazines from Western publishers.

The exhibit which was mainly from the four Northwest States, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Washington received much favorable comment.

"Do you know that is a fine idea," commented a Spokane librarian, "The Northwest writers have needed

BY JEANNETTE E. MALTBY

recognition. The situation is beginning to improve."

"I never realized that there were so many interesting books published by Western writers," declared a leading English teacher.

"This gives us a fine opportunity to get acquainted with our own writers," said another.

Many visitors made list of the books. One librarian copied the whole group of titles. Where prices were not indicated on the books, it became necessary to supply them.

High School students who had access to the books while they were being accumulated and exhibited were particularly enthusiastic. Many came voluntarily during their vacant periods to read poetry, history and essays.

By an oversight one book, "Red Heroines", went back to the Caxton Press, Idaho, containing a series of paper markers placed where inter-

ested student-readers hoped to continue reading after a forced interruption. Needless to say this book was placed in the school library.

A young high school girl who was assisting at the exhibit asked if she might be allowed to take a volume of essays, "Black Cherries", home over night, for she was able to read only half of the book that forenoon. No little amusement was caused by the puzzled looks of those who attempted to examine the dummy of "A History of the Pacific Northwest" by G. W. Fuller, head of the Spokane Library staff. Only the blurb was accessible as the books will not be off the press until May.

A committee of the Council has been appointed to compile an authentic list of the Northwest writings of a high literary level. Mr. H. G. Merriam is chairman of this committee. There was a request that the magazines in this collection be exhibited in the High School library.

Apparently the exhibit was worth while.

Mexican Immigration

(From page 152)

tion policy cannot be carried into our relations on this hemisphere.

Our neighbors are our best customers and in the past, at least, have been our friends. We *must* take them into consideration when enacting legislation which so definitely concerns them. We have consistently contended that immigration is an internal problem, to be settled by each nation, without regard to the opinions or desires of other nations. But this, like all other rules of governmental action, should not be iron-bound; when rules traverse common sense, it is time they were altered.

Shall we place a quota on Mexico alone? This would, I fear, be almost as disastrous in its ultimate consequence as a general quota for this continent.

Latin-America is so inter-connected, socially, economically and even

quasi-politically that discrimination against one link of the chain affects every other. I have read editorials in Cuban periodicals denouncing our tariffs on tomatoes from the far-distant Mexican west coast, and thousands of scathing editorials in Mexican papers denouncing our intervention in Nicaragua, as well as an occasional article condemning our treatment of Santo Domingo, Haiti, the Philippines and even Cuba. It may seem strange to most Americans how anyone can denounce our role of protector of Cuba, but the fact remains that much of Cuba itself and Spanish-America in general thinks that we have interfered in Cuba's interior and exterior relations to the extent of reducing that nation to a mere vassal of Uncle Sam. We know, of course, that our protection and tutelage has been the

making of Cuba; but it will not harm us to look at the point of view of the Little Brother for a change.

The fact of the matter is, Latin-America is utterly weary of our role as Big Brother. Those readers who know Spanish can peruse any Spanish paper of the 20 Spanish speaking countries to our South, and the proof of this statement will be staring them in the face. Our neighbors question our alleged altruistic motives in intervention. Why give them one more and definite ground for ill-feeling by the passage of a Mexican quota?

V.

It is my opinion that the restriction which labor and certain other elements demand as a matter of justice can be secured by means other

Mexican Immigration

(From page 154)

than quota legislation. All we need do is to apply one law already on our statute books, enact a brief amendment to one other, and make a treaty with the Mexican Government.

Our naturalization laws provide that only persons of the black and white races may become naturalized citizens of the United States; and the Quota Act of 1924 provided that no person ineligible to citizenship would be admitted to the United States for permanent residence. Under the authority of these two interlocking provisions, we debar all members of the brown and yellow races. But for some reason, we have never applied the law to members of the red race, or in other words, to the aborigines of the two Americas.

While in Mexico, I pointed out these provisions to my immediate superior in the Consular Service who referred the matter to the Department of State. No steps, however, were taken to apply these laws to check the influx of Mexican peons, all of whom are eight- or nine-tenths Indian and many are of 100% Indian blood.

During the debate of the last session of Congress before the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, the matter was discussed, and Chairman Johnson and all the members seemed to agree that the lowest type of Mexican peon would be excluded by merely applying these two provisions of existing law. At the same time, Mexico would have no quarrel with such discrimination against her peasant type of people. Mexico is ruled by that part of its population which has a percentage of one-half or over of Caucasian blood. The members of this class, of course, could not be debarred as being of the red race.

In fact, I do not believe the provisions would need to be applied to any but those peons who admit that they are wholly of Indian stock. All others, those for example who have more than one-fourth of white blood, could be deemed to be eligible to citizenship. Thus the cheaper, very ignorant type of laborer would

be excluded, without any condemnation whatever in Latin-American opinion. Mexicans themselves do not associate with the Indians. "*Esos Indios!*" they say, meaning "those Indians!" Of course, the Indian is not to blame for his undeveloped state, but our own Indian problem is difficult enough to solve, without complicating the situation by admitting Mexico's Indians.

A second method of cheap labor would necessitate the passage of one simple law: namely, an amendment to that provision of the Act of 1917 which debarred all aliens who could not read. An alien under examination should be able not only to read but to explain in his own words the meaning of a reasonably simple test card.

By way of illustration, note part of a typical examination of a peon. He is swarthy-featured, stolid and so slow-witted as to be not far removed from an animal in brain power. He sits before my desk, in a room crowded to overflowing with his countrymen. His examination is already under way. The Public Health Medical Examiner has looked him over, given him the first bath he has taken in months and signed his manifest, while the poor man's mind has not even had time to wonder what it is all about. Working under pressure, I have been firing questions at him in Spanish. It usually takes a full minute for the import of each question to sink into his dull brain. To many queries, he replies "*Quien yo?*" (who—me?), just to gain time to think.

Perhaps, he has a dark-featured wife, or rather woman (for they often do not marry), sitting on the bench behind him with numerous dirty children, crying and begging for this or that. Or mayhap he has left them behind to starve until he can send them some money.

All in all, he is an extremely pathetic specimen of the human race, from our point of view. But after dealing with his kind for many years, I do not pity them as I did at first. All things are relative; this poor peon's life contains no more

(Read further on page 156)



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Mexican Immigration

(From page 155)

suffering and worries than yours, or mine. His troubles are no more real and serious from his point of view than are ours from our advanced state of understanding. Nature has protected him by endowing him with the stupidity and apparent insensibility to pain of a mule. He lives a life that we left behind many centuries ago.

So, I regard him as a mere machine, or a clod of clay, to be examined. That is the only way to keep the horde moving on. I come to the reading test and hand him a card with a very simple text taken from the Bible. All my sentences are short and distinct, as to a child.

"Read that," I say in Spanish. "Read it aloud."

He looks at the card blankly for a moment. "Read it?" he repeats, as though he does not understand.

Then my meaning dawns upon him. He remembers that his brother-in-law told him about this queer *Americano* custom of demanding Mexicans to read. He takes the card and bends over it, studiously. He begins to spell the letters one by one, with an exasperating slowness.

The details of the next five or ten minutes may be omitted. Suffice to say that after so long a time, he has managed to pronounce the Spanish words of the following selection from a Psalm: "He shall be like a tree, planted by the side of rivers of water, which gives forth its fruit in its season; his leaf it shall not wither, and all that he doeth shall prosper". The foregoing is a literal translation: this particular Biblical passage I have never read

save on an immigration test card. The Spanish text is beautiful, flowing, like real rivers of water.

I now ask the applicant to tell me what the text describes; for instance: "Where is the tree?"

He favors me with a blank stare. He does not have the slightest image for a single word he has uttered. He merely has pronounced the syllables. I waste no further time, for I am forced to pass him under the present law, even though he obviously is of the type that is causing all this quota agitation.

If, on the other hand, he had to answer simple questions about the text, he could legally be debarred. He belongs in Mexico, anyway, not in our complex, machine-operated scheme of things.

One other point: We made a "Gentlemen's agreement" with Japan, and thus effectively damned the flow of Japanese immigration to our shores; why not a like agreement with Mexico?

The Mexican Immigration Service, a fairly efficient organization, now requires all Mexicans to register their intention of departing to the United States. The Mexican emigrant must have an identification card called an *afiliación*. It would be a simple matter for this Mexican Department to limit the number of these *afiliaciones* to a monthly quota.

An understanding could be reached with the Mexican Government without the necessity of resorting to a treaty, with its attendant delay and uncertainty of Senate ratification. Under international law, such simple problems can be solved by a mere executive agreement between the two administrative heads of government. Such an executive agreement would relieve our overworked Department of State from the herculean task of administering another quota; and even though the Mexican officers did not rigidly enforce the agreement, our Immigration Service would secure further, and selective, restriction, by applying the other two means of limitation to which I have referred.

By using these three simple means, we should avoid all this
(Read further on page 159)

The Fireman's Fund leads all insurance companies in premium income—fire, marine and automobile—in Pacific Coast States

The N. E. A.

THE Annual Convention of the National Education Association will be held in Los Angeles, June 27th to July 3rd. Mr. W. C. Conrad, assistant superintendent of Los Angeles schools, is chairman of the local committee. The general sessions will be held in Shrine Auditorium. President Willis A. Sutton, Secretary J. W. Crabtree, Mr. Harold A. Allen and others of the headquarters staff are leaving no stone unturned to make this one of the greatest educational meetings ever staged. An attendance of 20,000 is not unlikely.

An entertainment feature of particular interest to those who attend the convention will be the famous Mission Play to be offered by the hostess city.

John Steven McGroarty, well known author of the play, has presented it for many years at San Gabriel and has consented to enlarge the cast with several hundred additional persons, and adapt it to the natural amphitheatre in Hollywood, which is expected to form an unusually colorful setting. This theatre is known throughout the country for its "Symphonies Under the Stars."

Included in the plans for the elaborate spectacle are a score of horsemen who will ride down the hillside to the stage, depicting range riders of the Old West. The scenes of the pageant are taken from early California history. This will be its first out-of-door presentation.

Only members of the National Education Association will be admitted to the play in Hollywood as the Bowl will seat but 20,000 persons. There will be no charge for admission other than the presentation of a membership card as the entertainment is the complimentary gift of Los Angeles city teachers.

Although the Mission Play will be the main entertainment feature, many other events are now being planned. The Shrine Auditorium will be the scene of many attractive and unusual exhibits showing the work of the various departments connected with the city school sys-

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Those who are planning to attend the convention are asked to make reservations well in advance in order that they may be adequately provided for on the opening day.

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League of Western Writers-Fifth Annual Convention

UNDER the leadership of President M. Ellwood Smith, Secretary A. M. Stephen and Treasurer E. A. Lucas, and their associates, the fifth annual Convention of the League of Western Writers at Vancouver, B. C., promises to be a worthy successor to those epoch-making meetings that have gone before.

The convention will be held at Hotel Vancouver August 5 to 9, inclusive. The recent League Letter, the official Bulletin of the organization, sets forth some of the preliminary plans. In the letter, the president embodies one of his characteristically optimistic and pithy messages and suggests lines of endeavor looking forward to development of the League.

Arthur H. Chamberlain, chairman

of the Board of Directors, contributes a page on previous accomplishments of the organization, with a thought as to the function of the League and what it might properly seek to do. The Letter carries news from the various Chapters—Los Angeles Chapter, San Francisco, Tacoma, Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria. The Bulletin closes with a statement regarding the Marketing Bureau, the Bureau of Criticism and Notes on the coming convention by Arthur P. Woollacott. The general officers of the League and the Vancouver members deserve the hearty support of members and other Chapters. Undoubtedly there will be a good attendance at the Vancouver session from the various California Chapters, as well as from the Pacific northwest.

THE HOMESTEADER

BY HELEN WILDE ALEXANDER

THERE they lay, the Prairies, vast stretches of desolation,
Repellant and forbidding, spurning Man's consolation,
Yet compelling, engulfing, a measureless cruel Dark,
Terrifying as the Sea, barren, dread and stark.

No Mountains, no Valleys, and no leafy welcoming Trees!
Menace and treachery lurking in every fitful breeze;
A lonely colorless unhappy land, pinned to the rim
Of skies brazen molten brass, defiantly hot and grim.

In time the wretched acres might glow with the yellow wheat—
Each golden grain a Promise rich, all my desires to meet:
But the years were aging spaces, red Lava beds between,
To wither my Soul, tear from me the beauty Life should mean.

I could not bear it, and with face pressed to the tent's thin wall,
A swooning smothering madness drowned joys I would recall;
Tears, scalding tears of regret, of longing and bitter pain,
Fell heavily upon the dust that held them as a stain.

At last the soft treading shadows of Night, subtle and cool—
Alluring as the starlight in a limpid mountain pool,
Or Love, after long absence, whispering of Life, not Death,
Beneath far strange heavens—then stars were born; I held my breath—

Forces invisible, stronger than myself, drew me close,
To lie enraptured of the Prairie Night, till Dawn arose
In flaming thundering glories I had not known before—
I ran to meet the Morning, asking God to give no more.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, published monthly at San Francisco, for April 1, 1931.
State of California, County of San Francisco.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur H. Chamberlain, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

- Publisher, Arthur H. Chamberlain, San Francisco, Cal.
- Editor, Arthur H. Chamberlain, San Francisco, Cal.
- Managing Editor, Mabel B. Moffitt, San Francisco, Cal.
- Business Manager, Mabel B. Moffitt, San Francisco, Cal.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given).

Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Consolidated, Inc., San Francisco, Cal.
Arthur H. Chamberlain, San Francisco, Cal.

Mabel B. Moffitt, San Francisco, Cal.
James F. Chamberlain, Pasadena, Cal.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state). None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (this information is required from daily papers only).

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN,
Editor, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of April, 1931. (Seal)

MABEL BOGGESS-MOFFITT,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(My commission expires July 31, 1931.)

DONNER PARTY

(From page 151)

whirled and her eyes grew dim, but she thought again of her tender wards in the pit who had only her to rest upon and her nerves grew stronger and steadier. She thought that in the distance she heard the sound of voices, but her eyes were blurred and she believed that it must be the delusion of an overtaxed brain. However, the sound came again and she heard the words:—"There is Mrs. Breen alive yet. Thank God!" At last the relief had come.

You, who in this peaceful, favored land dwell in happy and comfortable homes, think tonight of that courageous woman endowed with unflinching hope and faith; hemmed in by the winter snows and threatened by storms and icy blasts and beset by the countless dangers of the mountains for nine long days and nights; huddled in this cavern of snow and gathering to her side and to her bosom this brood of nine freezing and starving children and babes and preserving the life of every one. Is she not typical of the mother who settled the West, and should there not be reared for her by the side of the great transcontinental highway now marking the trail of the Pioneer, and at the very spot where it crosses the summit of the Sierra Nevadas, a memorial monument,—the bronze figure of a young, dauntless, loving, unconquerable Pioneer Mother?

MEXICAN IMMIGRATION

(From page 156)

furor of argument about Mexican immigration, legally securing the result of a reasonably restrictive quota without the necessity of insulting our Southern neighbor. Thus we would be fair to Mexico, to our future citizenry and to American labor, all at one and the same time.

Of course the farmer would still be left out in the cold, with half his supply of cheap labor gone. To be just, we should also extend governmental aid to the farmer. This problem, however, although connected with that of immigration, should be worked out separately, with a separate set of laws. At the moment of this writing, Congress seems to be blindly groping for its solution.

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BOOKS AND WRITERS

(From page 153)

January 19, of 1807, Robert Edward Lee was born.

Meanwhile there were numerous court orders for the father of Robert Edward on account of his debts, but he was either not at home or securely barricaded behind closed doors. There is a charming story told . . . when Lee was visited by a creditor and a deputy sheriff he entertained them with such "a delightful social hour" that "they left without saying a word about the writ and the creditor was indifferent as to whether he should get his pay or not," but by the spring of 1809 he surrendered to his creditors and became an inmate of the county jail at Montrose, where he was as indomitable in defeat as he had been in glory and with a sudden triumph he began to write his "Memoirs of the War," to live again the breathless days of the Revolution when the South had rung with his fame.

—Grace T. Hadley.

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American Booksellers Meet

AN outstanding feature of the Third Annual Convention of Western Division of American Booksellers' Association, April 23, 24, 25 in San Francisco, was the brilliant dinner and program given by the San Francisco Bay Chapter, League of Western Writers in honor of the Booksellers, at Hotel Bellevue, Friday, April 24th.

The speakers included Mr. Miner Chipman who represented the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce; Charmian London who spoke of Jack London's growing popularity, long after his death, in Europe; Dr. Albert Guerard, professor of English, Stanford University, who made a most interesting talk on "Our Raw Material, Language," discussing the problem—to what extent is literature determined by language.

He was followed by Dr. Carl Holliday, professor of English, State College, San Jose, who gave a delightful verbal preface to his new book, "The Dawn of Literature." Judging by the close attention given Dr. Holliday's talk, his book will be awaited with much interest by those who desire to delve further into the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt or to decipher a cartouche of Khufu.

Laura Adams Armer, winner of Longmans Green Company's \$2,000 prize for a juvenile story told about "Waterless Mountain" and her experience among the Navajo Indians where she collected material for her

book. Dr. Eugen Neuhaus, professor of art, University of California, discussed American art and artists with reference to his latest book, "The History and Ideals of American Art."

Mr. Redfern Mason, music critic of the San Francisco Examiner, acted as toastmaster.

Anna Blake Mezquida presided and introduced visiting leaders of other organizations who gave greetings to the booksellers. Former Senator Charles P. Cutten responded on behalf of the California Historical Society, Mr. John Hamlin for the California Writers Club, Josephine Hughston for the Santa Clara County Branch of the League of American Penwomen, Sophie R. Newmeyer for the Berkeley Branch, Mrs. Charles E. Curry for the San Francisco Branch, Mrs. Katherine Northrup for the Speech Arts Association.

Much credit is due Jessie Ross de River, program and publicity chairman of the San Francisco Bay Chapter, League of Western Writers, for the excellent program.

Notable among the several sections of the Booksellers' Convention was the luncheon on April 23rd, presided over by President Harr Wagner of the Booksellers' Association. The principal speakers were: Dr. George D. Lyman, author of John Marsh, Pioneer, and Armine von Tempski.

LEAGUE OF WESTERN WRITERS, S. F. CHAPTER

ANUAL business meeting and election of officers of the San Francisco Chapter, League of Western Writers, occurred on the evening of Tuesday, April 28th at Hotel Bellevue in San Francisco. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: For president, Dr. Carl Holliday, professor of English, State College of San Jose; first vice-president, Miss Eleanor Gray; second vice-president, Jessie Ross de River; secretary, Grace T. Hadley; treasurer, Dr. S. L. Katzoff; librarian, Miss Anne M. Farrell; historian, Alma Jacobs.

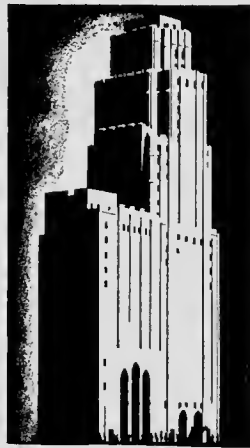
Dr. Holliday, the new president, recently addressed the Chapter, his presentation being most favorably commented upon. He is the author of a number of books, the latest being "The Dawn of Literature," dealing with the period preceding the Greeks and Romans. His election, the reelection of Miss Hadley as secretary and the naming of the other officers assure the organization of a successful and progressive year of literary achievement. From the beginning the San Francisco Chapter has made a distinct contribution to the literary life of the region and has presented from month to month, speakers of note and programs of merit.

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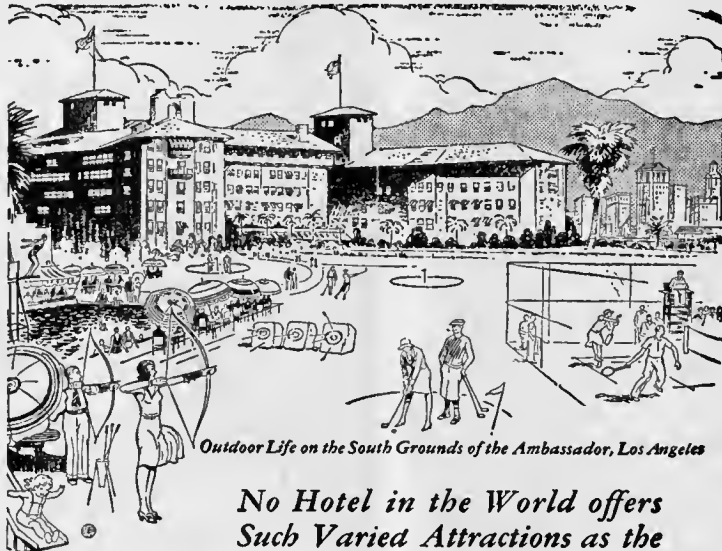
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Founded by CHARLES F. LUMMIS—1894



IN THIS ISSUE

What of the United States of Europe?

High Diplomacy in Alaska

Digging Up Buried Cities

James Rolph, Jr., Governor

Mussolini---a Close-up of Il Duce

Comments On Business and Finance

Vol. LXXXIX

JUNE, 1931

No. 6

VIRGINIA TAYLOR



National Thrift Corporation of America

Established 1922

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JUN 17 1931

Across the Editor's Desk

DR. ALBERT A. MICHELSON

SAID Professor Albert Einstein, of Dr. Albert A. Michelson, famous scientist: "Dr. Michelson was one of the greatest artists in the world in scientific experimentation. His investigations were of decided significance in the field of relativity."

Dr. Michelson was a great artist-scientist. His scientific work was artistic. He was thorough, painstaking, consistent, tireless, enthusiastic, joyous in his work. Quoting from an editorial in the *Christian Science Monitor*: "For it is on research of the careful and exacting type of which Dr. Michelson was capable that the progress of physical science depends. The gift of a cosmic yardstick was but one of his achievements. From his measurement of stars to his experiments in ether-drift, Dr. Michelson applied his talents over a wide range. Yet nothing in his work will transcend the inspiration which his example gives to those who seek to penetrate the innermost walls that guard the secrets of the physical world." His monumental service in experiments on the speed of light had, fortunately, reached the point where able assistants under directions left by him, may carry on to full completion.

The newspapers of California and throughout the nation were generous in devoting space, on Dr. Michelson's passing, to his contributions to science—generous if we make comparison with space used to feature the work of other leaders in the world of scientific achievement. It is however a sad commentary upon our newspapers and magazines and, as well, upon the reading public,

that the space devoted to Dr. Michelson is so small in comparison to that used recently to chronicle the passing and achievements of a great football coach; or, some months earlier, to a famous star of the screen. The lack of ability of the average American to properly apply the yardstick of relative values is appalling.

* * *

ACTIVITY OF LEISURE

A YOUNG woman graduate of the University of California truly said from the commencement platform on occasion of receiving her bachelor's degree, that the American is uneasy in his moments of leisure and finds scant repose from his activity. He is constantly rushing along in an effort to make money in order to be in position to make more money. In her enthusiasm however,

aided possibly by her English professor and the department of expression and by others who perhaps lack understanding of the psychology of the human mind, she says:

"He (the American) goes to the movies to watch others dash about, or participates in a football game from the bleachers. If nothing better offers he hangs over a fence and watches a steam shovel work, or stands on a bridge and gazes at the moving stream."

The young lady has unknowingly stumbled upon one of the most fundamental traits in human nature. Boy or man, American or South Sea Islander, movement, color, sound, action will arrest and hold the attention. The merest incident or circumstance involving action will attract a crowd immediately. The person who is not in-

CONTENTS

Across the Editor's Desk.....	1
Briand, Germany, and the U. S. of Europe	<i>Felix Flugel</i> 3
Arrest Yourself, Sir (Illus.)....	<i>Beatrice B. Beebe</i> 5
Digging Up Buried Cities (Illus.)	<i>Fred Lockley</i> 7
Californians Place Their Own Laurel Wreaths (Portrait of Governor Rolfe)....	<i>Mary Goodrich</i> 9
How Old Is Young?.....	<i>Will T. Fitch</i> 11
Mussolini: A Close-Up of Il Duce—(With Portrait)	<i>Cyril Clemens</i> 13
Our Public Schools Should Teach Thrift.....	<i>Thomas F. Wallace</i> 14
Camping Out in California.....	<i>J. A. S. Wells</i> 15
Century of Progress Exposition (Illus.).....	<i>F. B. McCagg</i> 16
Melody Lane.....	<i>Ben F. Field, Editor</i> 19
Not a Sparrow Falleth.....	<i>Ralph Cheyney</i> 19
You Walk Erect.....	<i>Anne Harley</i> 19
Will and Testament.....	<i>Ben Field</i> 19
Comments On Business and Finance (With Portrait)	<i>Nathan T. Porter</i> 20
Horizons (Verse)	<i>Florence Fisher</i> 22
Books and Writers.....	23

terested in the working of a steam shovel has something wrong with his mental anatomy. One who, under average conditions is not minded to pause on a bridge and gaze at the turbulent stream or the traffic moving on its surface, is less than normal.

But the young lady bachelor is correct when, in reply to those who hold that times of stress and restfulness are the only times which foster new ideas and lead to new developments, she says: "It is equally true that tranquility and repose, time for meditation and reflection are necessary for creative thinking."

* * *

THE BIBLE A MODEL OF ENGLISH

THOSE who would reach the best in style, diction and choice of words will not hesitate to use the Bible as a model. An editorial writer points out the accuracy in translation of the King James version and says:

"The scholars appointed by King James to render the Bible out of the original tongues produced a masterpiece of English. For all the changes of fashion in speech which have occurred since then, their version of the scriptures is still the best model of English style. As such it has had an immense influence upon the language."

We have long advocated the study of the Bible by all writers and especially those who desire to be terse and succinct in statement and lucid in expression. Nowhere else is the English language used with greater clarity and more telling effect and charm than in outstanding chapters of the Bible.

The editorial referred to says that the King James Version "unlocked the puzzle of obscure pages," and thus throws light upon the original meaning. Unfortunately the average individual thinks not so much of having an accurate narrative, as that the phrasing should mean to him the idea he himself desires to read into the sentences.

One is much safer in commenting upon that part of the editorial statement which touches the quality of English involved than in developing a controversy anent the accuracy of the scriptures in fact and meaning. It needs be recalled in this connection that however accurate and scholarly were the King James translators, they themselves worked upon originals that were passed down by word of mouth long before being recorded; and even then there were few copies of originals.

In any case, the Bible is an inspiring book. When

studied as literature or otherwise the flavor of English is glorious.

* * *

PRESERVE ORIGINAL NAMES

MOST modern changes are for the better. This can not always be said of the change in geographic names, of historic spots and the like. Yerba Buena Island in San Francisco Bay was so called from the time of the founding of Yerba Buena, as San Francisco was called up to the year 1847. About the year 1860, Yerba Buena Island was named by many Goat Island and, from that time on, the latter name clung. The Board of Geographic Names in Washington some 30 years ago made the name Goat Island official.

At numerous times in recent years strong effort has been made to bring back to general use the original name of Yerba Buena. The soft flowing Spanish word, Yerba Buena, is the name of a white flowering vine which presumably used to grow profusely upon the island. Now under the able advocacy of Admiral Cole, who occupies the position of commandant of the 12th Naval District, and of others, including the Native Daughters of the Golden West, it may be hoped that appeal to the Board of Geographic Names will result in a return to the more desirable designation of the picturesque island. It may be expected that success in this venture will be the prophesy of a return in California and the Southwest to the use of many old Spanish and Indian names that the present generations have forgotten.

* * *

AN "OLD SPANISH CUSTOM"

A CUSTOM that should be discouraged as unbecoming a dignified, democratic people is that of grooming young ladies against the time when they may be presented at the Court of St. James. For the most part and in many ways Great Britain is in reality more democratic in her institutions and government, her manners and customs, than are we who pride ourselves on having come a long way since the Boston Tea Party. But it savors of snobbery and class distinction to put a premium upon securing a bid to parade before Royalty at Buckingham Palace; to bow and scrape and courtesy, and be featured in news prints thereafter as of the socially "arrived."

These remarks are occasioned because of public announcement of certain estimable young ladies who "will be presented at Royal Court." It is

Read further on page 32

Briand, Germany, and the U. S. of Europe

By FELIX FLUGEL

Associate Professor of Economics, University of California

THE World War, instead of settling the affairs of Europe, actually multiplied its troubles. As in pre-war days, political hucksters occupy many seats of power which should be tenanted by enlightened statesmen. Nationalism, in the guise of self-preservation, stubbornly and selfishly continues to manifest itself everywhere.

What have the nations of Europe done or attempted to do to diminish the impact of the clash of economic and political interests? At best the results have been disappointing. Suspicions have not been allayed, honesty has not displaced diplomacy based upon chauvinism. Almost without exception both victors and vanquished in the last war are dissatisfied with the distribution of the spoils. Herein lies the real tragedy and the underlying danger of the situation in which Europe finds itself today.

On the surface most of the difficulties which have beset the labors of inter-allied and other conferences held since 1918 have been settled amicably. But friendly gestures cannot always be regarded as a good omen,—nor on the other hand is political brusqueness to be taken too seriously. When two opposing nations, equally strong in their convictions, are confronted with the necessity of settling a dispute, the one supported by the force of superior arms is usually in a position to inflict its will upon the weaker nation, though not always to its ultimate advantage. In the peace negotiations following the Armistice, only the victors were consulted, with the result that ever since Germany signed the Treaty of Versailles she has been manoeuvring to bring about some modifications of the terms imposed by the victorious allies. This could be accomplished not by open resistance but by pursuing a policy of *fulfillment*. It has been a thorny road for German statesmen; to whittle away the sharp

edges of the treaty has taxed their ingenuity to the utmost. From the German standpoint, the results attained have been gratifying in some respects, in other respects disappointing.

Every move on the part of German statesmen has been watched with the gravest concern at home and abroad. Dissatisfaction with



Dr. Flugel is a thorough student of economic conditions both in this country and abroad. He is familiar at first hand with the Germany and France of pre-war times and the Germany and France of today. His knowledge of the historic background of European centers and of world conditions enable him to speak with much semblance of authority. Dr. Flugel is now in Europe.



the results of international conferences has found forceful expression in election returns, in occurrence of street riots, in political assassinations and in other deplorable acts of violence. Mutual distrust, aggravated by vaunting personal ambitions, has shattered the German electorate into fragments.

Most of the difficulties encountered in the process of liquidating the World War have centered around reparations. As long as the solution of this problem remained for all practical purposes in the hands of politicians unaware of the economic implications of their decisions, little headway was made in overcoming the obstacles encountered. With appalling consistency the issues were clouded by political venom. How much *should* Germany pay? Eventually the question simmered down to: What *can* Germany pay? The estimates ranged all the way from nothing to tens of billions of dollars. Conferences held in London, in Geneva, and in Locarno

actually yielded meager results. Finally out of all this groping came the Young Plan and the recognition that political issues cannot be settled with a disregard of the underlying economic factors. The recognition of this truth came only after irreparable damage had been done to the European economic structure. The highly sensitized machinery of production had been struck blow after blow until it threatened to collapse. That professional statesmen overlooked the fact that the destruction or weakening of one economic unit would endanger others would have been less annoying had they not been forewarned. It is, of course, by no means a foregone conclusion that had the European powers liquidated their affairs on a basis a little more compatible with reason, the present economic disaster could have been averted. But no matter what the outcome, the experiment would have been worth trying. The serious blunders made by European statesmen stare us in the face. Have they impressed us sufficiently?

MORE than verbal or written assurances are necessary if Europe is to lead a peaceful existence. Locarno and the Kellogg Pact may be forerunners of great events to come. Certainly without general reduction in armaments they are meaningless gestures. It is this fact that has directed the attention of statesmen of every civilized nation to the disarmament conference called for February, 1932. Upon the success or failure of this conference depends to a large extent the future of Western civilization. To assume failure is to contemplate further international rivalries and alignments which can have but one result—the painful repetition of the tragic experiences of the past. From the standpoint of anyone interested in furthering the cause of peace, sovereignty must play second fiddle to interdependence, economic as well as political. Competitive armament of land, sea

and air forces and international cooperation are incompatibles. That a general reduction in armaments was contemplated after the World War is indicated in pronouncements of the late M. Clemenceau; it was reaffirmed in Article 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations—an integral part of the Treaty of Versailles—and in the final protocol of the Locarno Pact. The calling of the disarmament conference for 1932 is therefore merely a step toward fulfillment of treaty obligations. In the face of the complexities of the situation it would be unreasonable to assume that the top of the ladder will be reached in one jump. Each rung must be carefully ascended. Viewed in this light the various disarmament agreements already entered into have accomplished a little more than gloomy pessimists willingly admit.

How to allay unreasonable suspicions and modify national policies not in accord with the spirit of international cooperation remains the principal task of European statesmen today. That no important results can possibly be secured without concessions to national pride and ambitions hardly needs repetition. Pettiness, greed and vindictiveness must be displaced by magnanimity of spirit and unselfish devotion to the cause of international understanding.

As long as the real issues involved in an international dispute are not openly admitted to debate, misinterpretations are unavoidable. An illustration of this is found in the recent suggested trade agreement between Austria and Germany. In the case of both of these countries, and therefore for the rest of the world, economic prosperity depends upon the creation of an economic unit containing greater resources and larger unrestricted market areas than are found in either Austria or Germany. The proposed treaty between these countries may actually prove to be a welcome forerunner to similar treaties with other countries. M. Briand, according to the press, interprets this economic alignment as a political threat. A threat it is, undoubtedly. Whether or not the

Council of the League of Nations gives its approval will in no sense alter the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the action taken by Germany and Austria. Is it their intention to refuse similar trade alliances with other nations? If so, the present determination of the two most important central European powers might be looked upon with suspicion. On the other hand if Germany and Austria willingly accept the premise that their agreement is only the beginning of economic unification of the entire continent there can be no cause for alarm. Briand's indignation, his veiled threats and his insinuations, are based upon the assumption that the Austro-German agreement is to be an exclusive treaty, forestalling a general economic alliance of European states. Otherwise his attitude is incompatible with the policy he has advocated with such eloquence. If Germany is to pay reparations her existing economic structure must not only be safeguarded, but her sphere of economic influence must be legitimately expanded.

OBVIOUSLY, European affairs have reached a climax. But two alternatives are left—either Germany and Austria are to be economically ruined and politically emasculated or they are to be assisted in their attempt at rehabilitation. Since the Armistice a policy half way between these two extremes has been followed. Beyond any reasonable doubt this policy has failed. If a runner in a two-mile race is tripped every time he outdistances a competitor he may sooner or later break a leg and become incapacitated. The same holds true of the economic life of a nation. Put too many stumbling-blocks in its path and eventually it will collapse. If Briand persists in his present attitude the *immediate* consequences may not be serious, but the *ultimate* results are certain to be of an extremely dangerous character, since Germany may thereby be forced to seek assistance elsewhere, presumably in Russia. Effective resistance cannot be offered at present by the German government, much less by the Austrian. Both will be compelled to abide by the decision of the Council of the

League of Nations, whether they approve of the decision or not. Herein lies the strength as well as the weakness of Germany today. Geographically she commands an advantageous position. Situated in the heart of Europe, she is able, display military force, to command the sympathetic ear of some of her neighbors who look with suspicion upon the foreign policy of France. Everything considered, it would be wise to approve of the Austro-German trade alliance and to make it the opening scene in the final act of the European drama—the culmination of a dream long cherished—the effective organization of an United States of Europe. Not only the sincerity of Germany in her expressed desire for peace, but the sincerity of France (in fact of all European countries) would be brought to a test.

No settlement of the European chaos can be final unless the more important nations openly recognize that national ambitions must be brought into harmony with the larger programme of a United Europe. This proposal has met with stubborn resistance on the part of those who frankly object to a perpetuation of conditions established in the Treaty of Versailles and subsequent agreements. They fear that the acceptance of the Briand proposal would close the doors to reconsideration of boundary line adjustments and many another subject of controversy between the European powers. Undoubtedly it would accomplish this result. But at the same time it would dry the stream of international rivalry at its source; in any event it would remove the cause of contamination and would go a long way toward the final pacification of Europe. On the assumption that the economic motive is the one that dictates national policies, the significance of such a union becomes quite apparent. A United States of Europe would do much to strengthen the League of Nations; it would be complimentary to most of the existing machinery for settling international disputes. In fact many of its present opponents would be the very ones who in the long run would benefit the most

Read further on page 27

Arrest Yourself, Sir

An Incident of High Diplomatic Nature in Our Alaskan History

By BEATRICE B. BEEBE

THIRTY-ONE years ago (June, 1900) there took place in the bustling town of Skagway, Alaska—which then boasted a population of 1000 white citizens and was the first port of entry toward the gold fields of the Klondike—an event that brought about mingled consternation and applause.

News of this reached Washington and Montreal by wire and at Bremerton Navy Yard stimulated unusual activity tending to speedy preparedness for the probable consequences of an American's rash act.

The American was George Melvin Miller, who had first gone to Alaska in 1897 for gold and remained, a captive to the scenery. Poetic by nature, as was his renowned older brother, Cincinnatus Hiner Miller—better known to the literary world as Joaquin Miller—George Melvin Miller had found his wealth in the gorgeousness of colorful sunrises and rainbow sunsets, in the majesty of snow-towered mountains and awesome glaciers, in the dazzling brilliance of crystal waters and shimmering icebergs. To him Alaska was an Eden of unrivaled splendor.

His intention upon arrival at Skagway had been to continue his journey over the White Pass, where he expected to join Joaquin. The poet made the hazardous trip when almost 60 years of age, having been commissioned by newspaper interests to contribute re-

ports, such as only a Joaquin Miller could pen, on the progress of the gold rush.

Doubtless, the hardships encountered sufficiently explain why only one poem—"Chilkoot Pass" received inspiration from that journey. In it occur the following significant lines, which also express the reverence felt by George Miller.



Many lost their lives on the treacherous Alaska trails into the interior

"And you, too, read by the North Lights
Such sermons as never men say!
You sat and sat with the midnights
That sit and that sit all day;
You heard the silence, you heard the
room,
Heard the glory of God in the gloom
When the icebergs boom and boom!"

As George Miller neared the Pass, there occurred a terrific slide of such force and extent that some 300 persons were buried beneath the sweeping avalanche of snow and ice. Further progress being impossible, Miller returned to Skagway. On a later trip, in the summer of 1900, in company with others, his destination became the Porcupine Mining Camp, located about 60 miles north of Haines Mission on the Klathena River near the boundary line between Alaska and British Colum-

bia. The "Cottage City" made a most satisfactory voyage and finally stopped at Haines Mission, the site of a Presbyterian Indian school, 16 miles below Skagway.

At this point Mrs. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, his traveling companions, disembarked. Mr. Miller continued with the vessel to Skagway, where he planned to attend to some necessary items of

business in time to make the return trip to Haines Mission on the same boat the following day.

II.

THE question of the American boundary line in Alaska had for some time been occupying the diplomatic attention of interested circles in Canada as well as in the United States.

When our nation purchased Alaska from Russia in 1867 for the relatively small sum of \$7,200,000, neither America nor the Dominion of Canada considered the territory to be much more than a wasteland of snow. In fact the United States Government had immediately become the target of vicious attacks by politicians, who charged it with a useless and insane expenditure of the nation's funds for such a wild and worthless stretch of country.

So valueless was Alaska regarded at this time, our country made no survey to determine the boundary line between our territory and the Dominion of Canada. Not until the discovery of gold at Dawson and other points lying well within the Canadian province

had fired the imagination of venture-loving souls, and there followed such a stampede as had not occurred on this continent since the days of '49, did Canada and the United States awake to the potential value of the possession sold us by Russia.

In an early Russo-British treaty of 1825 there was found a statement to the effect that the Canadian boundary line was to be determined at a point 30 miles from the coast. With the discovery of gold and the consequent influx of seekers after wealth, Canada sought a technical interpretation of the boundary clause to be taken as meaning 30 miles inland from the outermost projecting points of land in contact with the ocean water. The treaty being so construed would give to her the title to many important indented ports, including Wrangell and Juneau, and, chief among them at this time, it being the nearest inland to the gold fields, the town of Skagway.

The United States was also awake to the value of retaining this port as a terminus for the collection of customs and passport duties. She, therefore, sought another interpretation of the treaty and contended that the 30 mile point should be measured from the most interior reach of salt water, which, of course, was the port of Skagway. Even Juneau our country could not afford to lose. Most of the land surrounding that town was highly mineralized—the largest gold mine in the world was located at Treadwell, a short distance from Juneau.

With the increase of migration to the gold fields, Skagway assumed an important position and became the center of the international controversy. Since the Klondike lay wholly within Canadian territory, the Dominion was insistent on such enforcement of the treaty as would permit her to acquire the chief port of entry to the rich gold fields of the Dawson country.

For some time prior to 1900 a temporary boundary line, called the "modus vivendi," was agreed upon, 30 miles from Skagway. There the Canadians established

their customs' offices and proceeded to tax all gold brought out from and all supplies taken into the Klondike region. The Canadian boats, of course, had to be left at anchor at Skagway, in American territory.

By degrees, however, the Canadian police, doubtless because by far the greater number of those passing over the 30 mile boundary line were headed for Dawson and other Canadian points, moved their camp continuously and systematically closer to Skagway.

At length, for the sake of amicable convenience, they were granted permission by the American officials to pitch their tents and conduct their business not far from the point where the boats were landing their hundreds of gold-crazed passengers. However, this arrangement did not prove entirely satisfactory to the Americans in Alaska, who feared that such a concession might eventually cause the Canadians to enforce their claim to a title to Skagway. The topic was given considerable publicity and discussed freely in the Alaska papers. By the time George Miller had returned north in the summer of 1900, feeling was running high with both Americans and Canadians.

III.

WHEN he landed at the dock Mr. Miller was met by A. W. Andrews, American Customs Officer, who rushed excitedly to meet the newcomer.

"Look, George! See there what those Canadians have done!"

Following the direction indicated, Mr. Miller saw about a half mile away and directly in front of the group of Canadian tents, an immense pole which reared itself stark in the summer sunlight. It certainly had not been there when he left Skagway some months previous.

"It is my belief that the Canadians are planning to run up their flag in token of possession," Andrews continued, greatly perturbed.

"Oh, I doubt that," Miller replied, "and if they did, it would not stay there long. I don't believe there is anything to worry about."

"It will mean trouble sure if they do," Andrews predicted, "and those fellows have been growing bolder every day. I want you to look up the law and see if you can't evolve some peaceable method whereby we can restrain them from flying their British flag here. Surely you can find some treaty or ruling that will serve as a precedent for our order to remove their emblem, should they raise it. And I have every reason to believe that is just what they intend to do, else why the erection of the pole?"

"All right. Since you are so concerned, I will see what I can find," and Mr. Miller continued on his way to the hotel.

Concluding his matters of personal business, he spent the remainder of the afternoon and evening in a vain search through the legal books for some sort of ruling that could apply to the case in point. But he was unable to unearth any authority that would answer the questions as to whether the Canadians could acquire any sort of valid title merely by running up their flag. There seemed to be absolutely nothing available that could be interpreted as possible of direct application to the situation that might confront the American officials. Late that night Mr. Miller gave up the search and retired for a few hours' rest to be ready when the Cottage City should sail on the following morning.

As the hour for departure drew near, he sauntered leisurely along from the hotel toward the landing. Suddenly he found himself passing the group of tents housing the Canadian officials. This brought back to his mind the meeting of the day before with Mr. Andrews, and his eyes sought the pole and traveled to its top. There, true to the prediction of the American Customs Officer, the British flag floated gaily in the brilliant morning sunlight.

IV.

A SURGE of patriotic indignation swept over George Miller. So those Canadians had dared it, after all! He quickened his pace and in a few moments had reached

Read further on page 24

Digging Up Buried Cities

By FRED LOCKLEY

DR. WILLIAM FREDERIC BADE has a most fascinating job. He digs up buried cities. We sat down together recently and in answer to my questions, Dr. Bade said: "My father, William Bade, was born in Hanover. He was one of a considerable group of Germans who wanted a more liberal government. When their efforts toward this end were defeated, he with many others, came to the United States. Among those who came here at that time was Carl Shurz. Although my father was a scholar, he, on arrival in this country, took the first job which offered, which was working on barges and steamboats on the Mississippi River. My mother's maiden name was Anna Voight. I was born in Minnesota on January 22, 1871, the first of a family of ten children.

"When I was a little chap, I learned English, German and Latin simultaneously. After graduating from high school I went to the Moravian College at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, graduating from the classical course in 1892. I earned my way through college by giving music lessons and serving as organist. After graduating I took two years in a theological seminary. My desire to know more about the Bible led to the study of Hebrew till I could read the Bible in the original tongue. In order to know more about the early sources of the Bible, I went to Yale and studied Arabic, and the Babylonian, Assyrian, Ethiopic and Aramic tongues. Though I can read 14 languages readily, I can converse fluently in but seven,—English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch and Arabic. In Europe I studied in various universities but principally in Berlin and Paris, earning the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy, Literary Doctor and Doctor of Divinity. In 1925 I made my first trip to Egypt. (As you probably know, I am director of the Palestine Institute and professor in the Frederic Billings Foundation for

the Old Testament and Semitic languages at the Pacific School of Religion at Berkeley, California.)

"The more I studied the old testament, the more convinced I became of the importance of excavating the old buried cities as a means of historical and biblical research. There are scores of cities mentioned in the old testament,



The story of Dr. Bade's archeological work in the Holyland rivals in interest and holding power the most compelling fiction. Those who have heard him describe his experiences will bear testimony to the vividness of his word pictures. Mr. Lockley has, in the present article, given an accurate reflection of the man and his work.—Ed.



whose sites are unknown. Many of these ancient cities were repeatedly sacked and burned during the Crusades. There are five different Mizpahs mentioned in the Bible. I was particularly anxious to locate the Mizpah of Benjamin. Turn to the first verse of the 20th chapter of Judges, and you will find it reads as follows: 'Then all of the children of Israel went out and the congregation was assembled as one man from Dan even to Beer-sheba, with the land of Gilead unto Jehovah at Mizpah.' The 20th and 21st chapters of Judges you will find contain constant reference to Mizpah. The word Mizpah, when translated literally, means 'a commanding view' or 'a fine outlook.' Throughout the west you will find places called 'Fairview,' a translation of the word 'Mizpah.' From biblical records, I knew that Mizpah was north of Jerusalem. I also knew that it was not far distant from where Saul lived and that it was a famous ancient place of prayer.

"One morning I started out afoot from Jerusalem, to investigate the various hilltops within a

range of ten miles. It was spring and every hillside was abloom with wild flowers. Although I live in California and am loyal to my state, I will have to confess that I have never seen any country in which there are such a variety and such a profusion of wild flowers as in the Holy Land. On the summit of a gentle hillside I found some broken fragments of pottery. An archaeologist can tell from a fragment of pottery, the approximate time it was made. I knew that the Germans, with their usual thoroughness, must have taken photographs during the World War, of the country in and about Jerusalem. I secured some air photographs, made during the war and, in a photograph taken from an altitude of 8,000 feet, I found a picture of this very hillside. I noticed slight contours which were visible in the picture, which I thought might indicate the presence of a city wall. I learned that the original plate from which this photograph was taken was in Stuttgart. I wrote to a friend in Germany and asked him to go to the War Department and request that they make a two foot enlargement of this hillside. The German War Department made this enlargement and sent it to me without charge. The enlarged photograph showed that there was a wall which enclosed about 12 acres of land, the wall being shaped very much like a coffin. This hillside was covered with barley, which was just starting to grow. I leased the land, paid the farmer the approximate value of his matured crop, and secured permission to excavate.

"**T**HE day before Easter, 1926, we started to dig. Within half an hour we had struck the corner of the wall, which we found was 18 feet across and about 15 feet high. The upper part of the wall had been torn down, probably by the Crusaders, and the stones taken elsewhere, probably to be used in some wall or building. Later we struck a tower 39

feet across and 20 feet high. The wall which we were uncovering was built 400 years before Abraham came into that country, and he came there about 1,650 years before the birth of Christ. We found there the tombs of people who had been buried in Mizpah 5,000 years ago. These people were PreSemites. We have no definite knowledge about these people. In two tombs that had been excavated from the limestone bedrock, we found 150 complete specimens of what is considered the rarest pottery in the world. Originally baskets were made by primitive people, from reeds or roots, smeared with clay. I suppose one of these baskets happened to get in the fire, probably by accident, and it was discovered that even though the reeds in the basket itself were burned, the clay vessel held water, so the making of fire-burned clay vessels resulted from this accident. The pottery we found in these two tombs was so close to this period that it had painted on it the basket weave.

"Pottery is the chief artifact industry of these early ages. Each age and each people had its own peculiar degree of firing, individual type of vessel and decoration. Consequently, to an archaeologist, a piece of broken pottery is like a page of written history. When these earthen vessels were broken, they were tossed to one side and mingled with the soil, so that, while digging through the various strata, the discovery of these pots determines the age of each level through which you pass. Another way in which we can determine accurately the age of the various levels excavated, is in the finding of lamps. In digging on the site of Mizpah, we found lamps of the Canaanite period. These lamps were shaped like a shell and the hands that formed them had gone back to their original dust at least 2,500 years before the time of Christ. These lamps had the merest suggestion of a foot, and a slight notch in the side for the twisted wick, which went down into the olive oil. We also found

Israelitish lamps, crudely formed on a pottery wheel. We found 23 cisterns within the walls, which proved to be regular treasure houses. These cisterns were shaped like huge jugs, with narrow necks. In these cisterns we found lamps and jugs which were made about the time of Isaiah. We also found a jug made at the time of Amos, on which some householder had scratched his initials, 'L. H.' We determined the period of the making of this jug, because the 'H' has so many variations. This jug proved to us conclusively that the people who lived at the time of Amos could read and write. Otherwise an ordinary householder would not be able to scratch his initials on his household pottery.

THE Canaanites with their Phoenician learning had a much higher culture than the Israelites. These two great peoples lived together for more than 400 years, for in these cisterns we found Canaanitish and Israelitish pottery covering a period of more than 400 years. When the Israelites came to the land of Canaan, they adopted the language of the Canaanites, which we now term Hebrew. Read the first chapter of Judges and you will find in verse 33 as well as other verses, proof that the Israelites dwelt among the Canaanites. In verse 28 of the 1st chapter of Judges, it says: 'It came to pass when Israel waxed strong. They put the Canaanites to task work and did not utterly drive them out.' If you will read verse 29, you will find that Ephriam did not drive out the Canaanites and in the following verse you will find that Zebulun did not drive out the inhabitants of Kitron nor the inhabitants of Nahalol but the Canaanites dwelt among them and became tributaries. If you will read the whole first chapter of Judges, you will get a most interesting picture, the truth of which we are proving by our archaeological discoveries. In our excavating we found a large amount of Roman material, under which was the evidence of Greek occupation of the city. Below this we came to evidences of the Persian period, after the Babylonian exile. We

Read further on page 30



◆
 DR. BADE
seated
(golf suit).
On his right,
seated,
 DR. CLARENCE
 S. FISHER
now in charge
of Yale
Expedition
at
Jevesy,
Palestine
 ◆

Californians Place Their Own Laurel Wreaths

James Rolph, Jr., Governor

By MARY GOODRICH

AN amazing demonstration of personal friendship was given at the California gubernatorial elections in November last. It was the result of a lifetime of generous actions, of warm-hearted greetings and of sincere affection for his fellowman that gave James Rolph, Jr., 19 years mayor of San Francisco, an overwhelming majority in the race for governor of the western state. It is, perhaps, the single instance of a candidate for so high an office being chosen entirely and freely by the voters, for no machine or newspaper was behind him. For once in the history of politics, personal affection for the man placed the wreath of victory.

For nearly two decades the friendly attributes of mind and heart exhibited by San Francisco's mayor have fixed the sobriquet of "Sunny Jim" upon him, and if the new office to which he is called—the highest honor his native state has in its bestowal—endows him with a more dignified cognomen, the old affection will follow Governor Rolph into any field he elects to enter. San Francisco will miss its long-time leader; visiting royalty will adjust its monocle more securely to be assured that the genial mayor pridefully recounting the glories of his beloved city is actually *not* James Rolph, Jr.; scientist and scholar turn with regret to musty tomes for topographical data so easily garnered from the ex-mayor whose mind has been found to be well charged with the early western-American scene.

Minna Street in the old Mission district produced Mr. Rolph in 1869, his birthplace not far removed from the site of his present family home, and his education was begun in the public schools of the western city. That it was concluded in the European college founded by Henry VIII was more in compliment to the ancestral loyalty of a London father and an

Edinburgh mother, for James Rolph, Jr., finds all things American to his unreserved liking. His early enthusiasms were divided, for there were hosts of interests in the golden city for a young fellow with an aptitude for civil government, people and social affairs; but in the rapid development to which western youth is prone, it was his fellowman who charmed

already been created by 1906; it was upon these accomplishments that his political fitness was based.

Rolph's *métier* always was shipping and his first connection with the industry was as office boy. The next step was a long one, for it carried him to cashier, a post that offered as great a change in salary as in mental requirements. Energy and ability led him gradually through the lower reaches of shipping and, as his interests became secure, he was attracted to banking. In 1903 he established the Mission Bank at 16th and Julian Streets.

The unprecedented upheaval of Nature in 1906 called out all of the potentialities of initiative and resourcefulness in the young shipper's being. The tremor that wakened San Francisco in the dawn of an April morning two and a half decades ago, created by the cruel havoc that it wrought, a line of march for the unwitting Rolph that has just ended in the governor's seat.

The destruction of the great main that shut off San Francisco's water supply rendered all aid to its complete devastation and roused the constructive pity of every able-bodied soul near the scene. Rolph, like a modern Paul Revere, urged his townsmen from the back of his saddle horse to gather for a citizens' meeting in the barn on his home property. The stalls were hastily converted into offices, and counters for the reception of supplies that at once began to pour in were constructed. The response was immediate and the efforts so efficacious that soon 7000 refugees were being provided with food and clothing from that point. The originator became its efficient chairman and when the Mission Relief, as it was known, grew into the Mission Promotion Association, he was named as its president. The latent power of leadership was developed from that time on—from trustee of the



HON. JAMES ROLPH, JR.,
Governor of California

him most. This earnest interest in other people cost the alert lad many a crosstown errand of which he took small account after its conscientious performance, and, although he has forgotten them, many such unselfish "lifts" have in the last year been remembered in the general summing-up of virtues.

To those who have followed Rolph's career closely—lived it with him as his friends have done—the appealing feature of the man's success is in the fact that politics was not an early consideration. His character was already built upon a sunny inner quality, his mind was already developed by a fairly well-rounded education, and experience of a commercial and industrial nature had



State Capitol at Sacramento

San Francisco Chamber of Commerce he became its president for three consecutive terms. The year of the earthquake and fire the Mission Savings Bank was organized with Rolph as president, and on it went. Navigation interests received his attention and when he realized the importance of an expansion program, wooden steamers and barkentines were constructed by his company on Humboldt Bay.

The long service in the mayoralty began in 1912 and for five terms San Francisco kept its dean of mayors. Upon his retirement to take the higher chair of governor in January, 1931, Rolph was made "Mayor Emeritus For Life," an office created for him, and the order engraved on a scroll of gold plate was presented to him.

Because of the unusual enthusiasm of the in-coming governor for pioneer California, his inauguration included a revival of trophies and customs that recalled the romantic past. This was, perhaps, the greatest possible compliment to its new executive, parading before him the disused forms of early life, for Sutter's Fort was denuded of its cherished relics for the occasion. And an exchange of compliments was in the quick appreciation of the governor. His eyes brightened,—swiftly his thoughts raced back to early rule in Las Californias, suggested by the ox-drawn cart passing before him, to its first governor, Gaspar de Portola in 1768; the lazy figures of serape-clad Mexicans conjured up a vision of Pio Pico, governor

of California during the Mexican rule six decades later; by a torn flag blowing from a float depicting a later period when Commodore John D. Sloat was governor under military rule; by the lanterns and picks on the shoulders of marching miners to the first governor of the State of California, Peter H. Burnett, 1849! To the Johnsons, to Latham, to Leland Stanford, all of them, numbering, first to last—the new recruit—sixty governors of California.

Finding himself in so august a company is as amazing as it is gratifying to California's new governor, though the people of the state have experienced no surprise. James Rolph, Jr., has builded better than he knew.

THE Annual Convention of the National Education Association occurs at Los Angeles, opening on June 27 and continuing until July 3. For months local committees have been at work and plans are nearing completion for the entertainment and comfort of a vast army of delegates from every state in the Union. The general place of meeting will be the Shriners Auditorium. Departments, sections and conference groups will find meeting places throughout the central part of the city. Not least among the plans in progress are those for recreation. The committee is headed by C. L. Glenn of the Division of Physical Education who is working on plans to properly absorb the leisure time of visitors.

This magazine issues in July as a Special Souvenir Complimentary N. E. A. Edition. Copy will be placed with our compliments in the hands of each delegate when registering at Headquarters. The magazine will carry interesting and attractive matter relating to schools and education in California, and to the industries, commerce, trade relations, scenic attractions, out-of-door activities and other interesting and instructive material such as may be used by the teachers "back home" for reference work in their classes.

How Old is Young?

By WILL T. FITCH

GRANDMA CROWLEY, who had lived an exemplary life up to her 86th year, had suddenly become a problem.

She had married young, raised a properly spanked, sufficiently educated, adequately admonished family; then, after the passing of her husband, settled down to a likewise exemplary old age as mentor, nurse and vaudeville performer for her grandchildren.

The old lady had her troubles too. Muriel, her eldest grandchild, had, against the earnest counsel of everybody, gone to and come back from the church with George Brophy, who was one of the easy-going sort who couldn't hold a job over Sunday.

Muriel had undoubtedly been color blind when she picked George, for if ever there was a lemon in the garden of love, he was it. And Grandma had told Muriel in plenty of time, but the poor kid couldn't see it, being "the safest of the family" herself—a soft little thing with a string for a backbone, as Grandma said.

After the wedding, while everybody else was kissing the bride and bidding George goodbye—so far as the future was concerned—grandma, who lived all alone in a big house, promptly turned it over to the impecunious couple and fixed herself up a room in the attic where she could be near Muriel but not in the way.

But George just couldn't keep a job. He sort of slumped when he found out that he ate whether he worked or not. That the checks came from grandma, did not seem to disturb him at all.

You would think that at that point grandma would have I-told-you-so'ed all over the place. But she did not. It was, of course, no use to work on George, so grandma quietly went about working up a tempest in the soul of Muriel.

And to prove that you never can tell about these soft, cuddly little things, the upshot of grandma's psychology was that Muriel

finally blew up and scared George almost to death.

At first he was sullen. He couldn't believe it. He had always feared his bosses, but now he was more afraid of his wife. He had to please somebody or run away. And really, he wasn't that yellow, so he sort of took hold of himself and soon found that it had been mere laziness all the time.

He got a job and stuck to it like a DX nut to his radio set. You may be sure that took a load from grandma's mind as well as transforming Muriel's spine into as stiff a vertebrae as anyone need have.

Now, whether it was the battle for George's soul or something else, grandma suddenly turned in an alarm which set all the tongues for miles around, to wagging. It began like this:

A neighbor told Muriel that grandma had been seen to enter a picture show after nine o'clock—alone. The neighbor's husband had seen it with his own eyes.

Muriel laughed at the very idea. The fact was that grandma had never approved of such things and consequently had attended few theatricals—and always sat rigid and in tight lipped disapproval. It most certainly could not have been grandma. Some other grandma with looser morals, perhaps.

But a few days later a veritable cloud of witnesses testified to having seen grandma Crowley and none other, enter the same movie. Some had even spoken to her. Doubt fled and consternation entered.

This could not go on of course, so Muriel tackled grandma about it. Grandma laughed, then explained:

"I wasn't sneaking in, honey. I didn't want to disturb anybody, so I went late."

"But what . . ." Muriel began, but grandma, much amused, went on:

"I just took a notion. I've been reading some exciting stories lately and seeing pictures of the moving

picture folks, so I . . . just took a notion."

"But everybody is talking . . . you should have someone with you. Anyway, why must you do it?" Muriel wailed.

"I feel this way about it: I'm alone. I have all the time there is, nothing to do. I've never had many experiences or met people outside of a small circle. From now on, I'm going to *live*. And if I can't do it here without folks having cat fits, I can go someplace else."

"But you'll let some of us go with you," Muriel urged.

"I will not," grandma said firmly. "I don't need a chaperone. I won't have people following me around. Just forget about me."

"Oh, lordy, lordy," Muriel mourned, "this is going too far for a woman of your age. Why can't you be your age and not disgrace us all?"

"Listen, child," grandma said soothingly, "I don't intend to disgrace anybody. I know what I'm about and, after making a man of your husband, you should understand me better. I'm going to have my fling at life and nobody can stop me."

A FEW days later it seemed that Nature was about to take a hand in subduing grandma, for in the dead of night Muriel was awakened by a vigorous tapping on the ceiling under grandma's room.

Muriel shook George. "Wake up. Grandma must be having one of her spells. I'll go up and see."

She found grandma in great pain, calling for Doctor Holmes, the family physician, whom Muriel immediately phoned. Meantime, she did what she could with hot water bottles.

The doctor came and administered a shot of morphia, which brought almost instant relief. Then he got out of grandma the information that she had eaten a late supper downtown. He seemed much amused as grandma told him frankly, what she had been doing

—and proposed to do in the future.

Muriel said plaintively:

"I wish you'd warn her, doctor. She'll be having you out of bed right along. I've said all I can."

"You let her alone," the doctor said to Muriel. "She has had these spells about once a year. Guess I can stand that. And I admire her grit. You let her alone. It will do her good to get around. In fact, that's my advice to old folks—get out, take an interest in life."

After he had gone, grandma went peacefully to sleep.

Next morning grandma was up and around as blithe as ever. George had not yet gone to work, so he took his turn at remonstrating with the old lady:

"Muriel is terribly upset about you, grandma."

"Georgie, you just take yourself off. I'm my own boss and . . . what is it they say now? . . . Oh, I'm going to work at it."

"You'll make yourself sick again," George prophesied. "The doctor'll be over here half the time."

"Listen to me," grandma said sternly. "I'm having a telephone put in my room so that if I want a doctor I can call him. But I won't. I need the phone to call up people. Beat it now; I'm going to be busy."

George gave it up.

THEN it seemed that grandma had not started yet. What had happened so far was only preparatory. Up went grandma's skirts and off came her hair. Boxes of new clothes, a smoking stand, reading lamp, new furniture went up the stairs to her room. Muriel cried and George swore, but it was no use.

It was not long before grandma knew where all the best shows were, the Lonesome Clubs which specialized in dancing, the best shops. She joined a lodge and a woman's club.

Soon visitors came to see grandma—total strangers to the neighborhood. Often, the clatter of late parties kept Muriel and George awake. They had sort of settled down to the quiet of middle age. It was most disturbing to hear

grandma and her friends whooping it up at all hours.

But there was nothing to do about it. The young folks had all been up to grandma's room, but instead of making her see the light, they came down and reported that grandma was the best old sport ever. They had had a simply mar-velous time.

THINGS went right on getting worse. Grandma's prediction that she would not need a doctor or other outside assistance, proved true. Every day she seemed more spry and peppy.

One thing she finally agreed to do: to get another and larger apartment. Anyway, the attic room, although delightfully bohemian, was getting to small to accommodate the guests who came to grandma's parties.

Among those who came most frequently was a Captain Bentley, a Civil War veteran as well as a veteran in matters marital, having had several wives. In fact, he came puffing upstairs to see grandma every day. Some days he came twice—having forgotten that he had paid his daily call.

It seemed too, that the white-haired captain had made a hit with grandma, for she grew kittenish whenever he came or his name was mentioned.

Then she made a mistake—you know how girls are—she wanted to find out if the captain really loved her, so she stepped out with a rival, knowing that the old soldier would hear about it. He did.

Of course grandma merely wanted to know how far she could go, and she found out. It seemed that the doughty warrior wouldn't stand any nonsense like dating up with another guy, so he sent grandma a formal note, breaking their secret engagement and demanding repossession of his first, second and third wives' engagement ring.

Grandma took it hard. "He jilted me, the old fool. I will not give him back his ring. He—he'll use it to deceive some other trusting woman," she sobbed to Muriel.

The fit of weeping brought on the old trouble again and the doctor had to administer another hypodermic. Grandma remained

in bed all day, but got up in time for a theatre party.

NEXT morning grandma came downstairs in a thoughtful mood. Evidently she wanted to talk. Muriel hoped for a moment that grandma was about to reform, but it was nothing of the kind as was evidenced by her first words:

"I have decided to show that old fossil that he can't get away with it. Park his whiskers in my place all the the time, will he? Whiffer about love, will he? I'll show him. I just called up a lawyer and I'm going to sue him for breach of promise."

"You're going to . . . what?" Muriel panted.

"Sue him for breach of promise. Why not?"

"But, mother," Muriel yelled, "at your age . . ." it was a scream of agony.

"Tut, tut," grandma said, waving a manicured hand, "he thinks he can ditch me. It isn't being done."

Muriel sat down with a feeling that she never could get up again. Her hands were convulsively twisting a dust-cloth she had been using.

But grandma, undisturbed, went on:

"I know now that I don't want the old galoot. I'd have to listen to his war stories the rest of my life. I know all his stories now."

"But a lawsuit . . . the papers," Muriel quavered.

"Silly kid," grandma said affectionately, "what difference does that make? I'm the one to make a noise. I'll show that antediluvian . . ."

The doorbell rang. Grandma went to the door. It was the attorney who had been called to fix up the papers in grandma's breach of promise suit, as Muriel could hear as she sat slumped where she had been.

THE next day grandma was skittering around getting up a party to prove that she wasn't going to be bothered.

Then Captain Bentley, to the utter bewilderment of himself, his children, his grandchildren and great grandchildren, received notice that he was being sued for breach of promise to grandma.

Read further on page 28

Mussolini: A Close-up of Il Duce

By CYRIL CLEMENS

FIVE o'clock afternoon found me at Palazzo Venezia, the magnificent palace constructed by the Venetian Pope, Paul II, for my audience with Mussolini, the savior of modern Italy. There was a brief wait in a pleasant anteroom with a gilt ceiling, a tiled floor, and two old masters on the walls: a portrait by Van Dyck and a scene depicting the martyrdom of some saint. The quaint furniture lent an air of serenity and charm.

A bell tinkled, a soldier appeared, who conducted me through many winding passages, and left me at a large door. On entering I found myself in a vast room with magnificent frescoes, and a glorious inlaid marble floor. These details were only recalled later, because at the other end of the immense room sat Mussolini.

As I reached his desk, he gave me his hand, a pleasant handshake, and I stood face to face with Il Duce! Mussolini is a man of medium height, but of stocky and solid build, with a lion's head, luminous, penetrating eyes and a mouth exceedingly expressive and indicative of humor when the occasion should arise.

In front of his desk were several small Roman stools with sides but no backs. Motioning me to be seated, he asked me about the Mark Twain Society, of which he has been for over three years the Honorary President. It pleased him to know that we now have members in 30 countries and that our purpose is to make the literature of each nation known in all the other countries. Mussolini addressed his questions in excellent English with hardly a trace of accent.

"I know all the works of Mark Twain that have been translated into Italian, and some others that haven't yet been translated," said Mussolini; "I like them immensely."

"So you know 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huck Finn'?" I said.

"Those are my favorites," he replied.

Mussolini then mentioned a number of English authors and when I said that I had recently met Shaw in London, he replied:

"Shaw came to see me when he was in Rome; his works have always greatly amused me."

After saying that he enjoyed the novels of Galsworthy, Mussolini continued:

"I also relished a book by G. K.

now and then at some signature that especially interested him.

When he came upon the greeting of Ramsay McDonald, "I endorse all the good things expressed here," he said:

"Why, that is the English Prime Minister!" After reading, "Greetings and best wishes to the Mark Twain Society, R. Poincare," he exclaimed, "That is interesting, Poincare writes in English."

Papini's message caused Mussolini to say,

"Papini is an old friend of mine. How is the title of his book translated in English, 'Christ's Life'?"

"It is called 'The Life of Christ,'" I answered, "in order to make it more dignified; 'Christ's Life' sounds too familiar."

"Ojetti says that America is still to be discovered," commented Il Duce when he read the remarks of that well known Italian journalist, and pausing a moment at the page containing Marconi's name he exclaimed, "A great, a very great man!"

It was most inspiring to hear one world figure praising another in such a warm and whole-hearted manner. It showed that Mussolini is truly great, and has not an ounce of jealousy in his whole make-up.

Taking up his old-fashioned steel pen, he inscribed his own greeting in his large striking hand. He wrote first in English:

"I am an old and great admirer of Twain," and then added in Italian, "All good wishes to the Society that bears his name."

Then it was my privilege to present the medal of the Mark Twain Society to Il Duce in recognition of his outstanding work for education. The medal was simply inscribed:

To Mussolini, Great Educator. "Your Excellency has," I said, "made education a living factor in the world today. You have shown that education is something that

Read further on page 29



PREMIER MUSSOLINI

Chesterton; it was called—I forget the title—ah yes, 'The Man Who Was Thursday,' it was most amusing!"

When the conversation drifted to biographies, Mussolini stated, "Captain Liddell Hart's 'Scipio Africanus: Greater than Napoleon' especially appeal to me."

Judging by the knowledge Mussolini had of English books and authors, it was evident that he not only read widely, but weighed and digested what he read.

Next I showed Mussolini the book of our Society, and said we would be highly honored if he wrote a greeting. Taking the book with a smile, he began to look through the pages, stopping every

Education in Home and School

Our Public Schools Should Teach Thrift

By THOMAS F. WALLACE

President National Association of Mutual Savings Banks, President Farmers and Mechanics Savings Bank, Minneapolis, Minn.

HIGH wages or unemployment — inflation or deflation — alike seem unable to teach very much wisdom to the majority of our people in respect to the fundamental principles which underlie the management of their personal affairs. More of our people today may have a superficial acquaintance with shares and stocks, rights and margins, than before; but the education thus gained was at a cost which in most cases was painfully expensive.

Nevertheless the number of men and women of all classes who find themselves on the verge or who are already involved in serious financial trouble, does not seem to lessen. Why is this? Well, if I should hazard a guess, I would say it was largely due to the fact that although our present system of public school education undertakes to teach our boys and girls almost everything under the sun, little or no attempt is made to inform them how to manage money, even as to the simplest plan for the management of their personal and household expenses.

Some communities with public spirited bankers and progressive educational leaders have installed school banks and school savings systems which encourage thrift and illustrate how money creates money where they pay interest on such accounts. When supplemented by intelligent voluntary instruction from the teachers, these efforts undoubtedly accomplish some good.

Such plans, however, are conducted mainly in the lower grades, and seldom does the teacher receive official credit for work accomplished along this line, and thrift education still more infrequently gains a place in the regular curricula of the schools.

We cannot improve this situation to any great degree by trying to educate the average adult in the management of his finances. Large employers of labor, savings institutions and other organizations for the promotion of thrift have all tried and failed, because experience has shown that we can teach a budget plan to only one out of a thousand "grown-ups". The habit of planning expenditures to fit incomes must be formed—if at all—during the school years, and this can be done only when adequate courses in budgeting, saving and spending are included in the regular study courses of our public schools.

These courses should be very simple in the beginning. For the first four grades it probably would be unwise to go beyond a school banking and savings system. Then, at the beginning of the fifth grade, introduce rudimentary instruction in budgeting and spending.

In a town near Boston, school officials have followed a plan for two years which seems to work well. Each pupil receives an account book with three headings, "Save"—"Give"—"Have," and is taught that any expenditure can be put under one or the other of the last two words. It is interesting to notice that where "outgo" is considered, the educators in this town thought "giving" should have priority in the child's mind over "having."

Never would there seem to be a better time than now to emphasize the importance of thrift and management in personal affairs. In a country like our own the prosperity of the nation depends upon the prosperity of the individual, and this in turn depends upon his or her knowledge of those primary rules, the observance of which

means success in personal and home management.

The fact is that today we have no place where the mass of young people may obtain the simplest kind of personal training or education in money or property management. It is also a fact that the lack of this training is enormously costly not only to the individual but to society at large. Practically, there is but one place where such training can be instilled during the habit forming years, the only time it will be effective, and that is as part of the regular course of education in our public schools.

When will our educators awake to the importance of this work? There is no more fruitful field for study and experiment than that which embraces the establishment of satisfactory courses in home and private property management, teaching the millions who yearly graduate from our public schools how to spend their earnings. How much of their income, if they get married, can they afford to pledge toward the purchase of a home? What proportion should go for furnishings? What is the minimum percentage that should go into a reserve fund or be paid out for life, accident or health insurance to take care of emergencies? What is a reasonable rate of return from an investment where the investor's own brain or brawn is not enlisted in the enterprise?

If our public schools will do this service for our children, they will have rounded out their magnificent work in popular education in the elementary principles governing literacy, morals and health by introducing similar courses in home and personal affairs management, and will have made a continuously progressive contribution to the happiness, social and political sanity of our people and our nation.

Big
Bear
Lake
via



"Rim
of
the
World"

J. A. S. WELLS

ONE bright morning in June, son Junior, just out of high school, came in from the garage where we kept our Ford touring car, familiarly known as Betsy, and said:

"Well, Mom, she's ready. I've got her so she don't wheeze—much, nor buck when she starts—much, nor knock—Oh, well, not very much, but you know you can't take *all* the knock out of a Ford, because——"

"For goodness' sakes, Junior!" I broke in as I wiped the dishpan and hung it in its accustomed place. "What are you trying to tell me, anyhow? You're always tinkering with that old car. There's nothing new about that, is there?"

"No, but Mother——" he began excitedly. "I'm ready to go and we'd better get off as soon as we can, hadn't we?"

"Go?" I repeated. "Go where?"

"Now, Mom," he cried, "if that ain't just like you! You can't remember over night."

Seeing that I still looked puzzled he continued, "Didn't I hear you tell someone yesterday at the depot, when Daddy was leaving for the east, that you decided not to go with him because you wanted to see some of the beauty spots of California, and that we were going to camp out most of the summer?"

"Oh," I said, taking a moment to catch my breath. Then, looking him straight in the eye. I retorted, "There isn't anything the matter with your ears, son, if your mother has lost her memory."

"I've got the campaign all laid out," he rattled on. "We go to Big Bear first. You'll like it up there, Mother, for it's like the lakes back east. And——" not giving me a moment in which to say no, "I've got the tent and camping

things looked up and about all we have to do now is get into our plus-fours, fill the grub box and hit the trail!"

"You're so sudden!" I said, lifting my hands in protest. "Why, child, you fairly take my breath away! But anyhow," I cried as I suddenly remembered an important matter, "we are not going on these trips alone. I'll say not! There will be at least two cars—maybe more—so you see——"

I did not finish what I was saying because it would have been the same thing as talking to myself, a thing I scorn to do as I am told it is a sure indication of approaching old age. Junior was gone.

In spite of my protestations, however, I began making preparations to be away from home for a few days. Knowing Junior as I did, I had a premonition that in the end he would have his way.

"All right, Mom," he panted a few moments later. "Uncle Phil and Aunt Hetty are going with us, and it won't be *no time* till they are ready, so we've got to hurry!"

Without wasting any more time or words arguing, I poured hot water over the eggs I had gathered and set them to boil while I began slicing bread and meat for sandwiches.

"Fix a plenty," he ordered, "for we won't have time to do any cooking before tomorrow."

"Junior, listen!" I cried as he was about to dash away again. "Isn't there something I have heard about the Bear Lake trip being dangerous and scarey? Mountain roads, narrow and high? Really, dear, I think we had best go some other——"

"Now, Mom, there you go again," he wailed. "Of course, it

is up the mountain, you know that, but it wouldn't be any fun if it wasn't. Uncle Phil and I have been there and we want to go again and Aunt Hetty didn't say anything against it."

"Oh, well," I began reluctantly. "I suppose I might as well give in if you are all against me, but I still think——"

"Please, hurry, Mompsie, do!" he begged as he finished wriggling into his hiking suit.

An hour later I called out, as our car passed theirs at the edge of town, "Hello, Phil and Hetty, you're the best old sports I know! I'm so glad you're going—in fact, I wouldn't have budged a step without you!"

Junior, of course, would not be happy unless he could take the lead, and Uncle Phil was willing he should, only he sometimes complained that "the dog-goned kid drove too fast!"

On we rode hour after hour, through towns large and small, over bridges, under railroad tracks, through stretches of desert land, then back into ranch districts with miles of perfectly kept orange groves.

The mountain which we were supposed to climb when we reached them seemed no nearer than when we started.

Leaving Redlands and Riverside off to the right, we passed through San Bernardino and several small towns, never coming to a halt till we arrived at Victorville on the edge of the desert.

From here on we kept creeping closer and closer to the mountain which finally seemed to be, every moment, assuming proportions. The day was well spent when at last I cried, "For pity sakes, Junior, do you know where we are going?"

Read further on page 18

What the Century of Progress World's Fair Means

By F

Freight and Passenger A



The replica of old Fort Dearborn, first exhibit building of Chicago's 1933 World's Fair to be opened to the public. Chicago's new skyline in the background.

HAVING been asked my views on the above subject, let me make reply based on what the Century of Progress World's Fair in 1933 could mean to California. The state will no doubt make liberal appropriations for space in which to house a California exhibit. Yet this will need be supplemented by activities from each of our 58 counties. Every county of the 58 will have a story to tell of its own along the line of an individual exhibit. Every county has more or less exclusive, distinguishing features to put on display non-competitive so to speak.

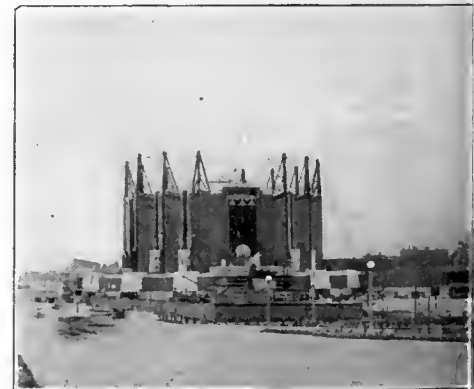
A California exhibit is maintained the year 'round in the City of Chicago. This interesting and instructive display of California products, especially from Southern California, is sponsored and financed by the public-spirited people of Los Angeles and has been for some years past. Comment is continually invited because of Los Angeles' spectacular growth. The amazing increase in population of Los Angeles is owing chiefly to the continued and tireless effort put forth by the Los Angeles commercial organization and to their harmony of action. To Do And To Dare seems to be their slogan; and the success of their labors can not be disputed. It manifests itself in the unparalleled advancement of this city not only, but of its outlying districts and surrounding territory.

The progress and development of the exposition to be held in Chicago in 1933 is phenomenal. The World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 is still a living memory. On Chicago Day, October 9, 762,000 visitors entered the gates. There were nine days when the attendance was over 300,000; 21 days with over 250,000 attendance; and 45 days with more than 200,000 admissions of the total of 179 days on which the Exposition was opened. The population of Chicago at that time was 1,250,000, while in 1933 the population will be almost three times as great. It is expected that the largest number of people ever gathered together under similar conditions will be in attendance at "A Century of Progress Exposition," in Chicago in 1933. And it can therefore be confidently expected that the attendance for 1933 will far exceed the record-breaking figures of 1893.

The Executive Committee of A Century of Progress in 1933 has recognized the magnitude and importance of the traffic problem and is taking steps to insure that the visitors to the Exposition will be provided a convenient means to ride safely, comfortably and rapidly through the grounds. Inside the grounds, transportation systems of ample capacity will make it possible to see the entire Exposition without fatigue. In carrying out these plans a Committee on Traffic Control has been set up

to work in conjunction on the Exposition staff.

THE primary purpose of "A Century of Progress International Exposition" is to convey to the public an understanding of the nature and significance of scientific discoveries and of the changes in living conditions brought about by their application in industry. Already 38 states have signified their desire to participate in the Exposition, many of them having introduced bills covering appointments of commissions and for appropriations for expenses and exhibits. Wisconsin's official World's Fair Commission was received by officials of the Exposition March 27, and plans discussed for participation of the Badger State in the Fair. It was the fifth Commission to be welcomed in the last few months. Opening to the public at an early date, a replica of old Fort



Another World's Fair structure, the Travel through a new idea in architecture, "breathu

tury of Progress in 1933 Will California

McCAGG
Rock Island Lines, San Diego



Artist's conception of the proposed Court of States at A Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago in 1933

Dearborn is announced by the Exposition management and will undoubtedly be one of the most interesting of the exhibits.

Old World Villages and Medieval Houses inhabited by picturesque peoples are to be grouped around a Central Grand Place and will contrast sharply with modern buildings and gay fantastic lighting effects. There will be restaurants and small cafes where visitors will be able to enjoy the foods and cooking peculiar to each country while they listen to foreign orchestras in national costume. European countries recently visited by officials of the Exposition have shown great interest and a strong desire to participate and certain of them have made definite promises to do so. Different national groups in Chicago are cooperating with their native countries and as about 75 per cent of

the population of Chicago is of foreign descent the Old Village will draw large crowds from the sons and daughters of those who were born far overseas.

DISTINCTION of being the first exhibitor to send a check for space goes to the Hammond Clock Company of Chicago. This is exactly 797 days before the opening of the Fair. They have reserved 800 square feet in the electrical building and expect to spend a considerable sum of money to tell in their space the story of Old Father Time from the candle and sun dial to the modern electric clock.

A wonderful opportunity is presented our great State of California and its 58 counties to show the world what we possess. As a result, we shall profit inestimably by clever and unique exhibits of our resources and products. Such exhibits will tend to draw people to enjoy our unequalled climate and to assist in further development of our open spaces with their fertile soil and with ready markets. California's exhibit could be made one of the strong features of the Exposition and each of the 58 counties a spectacular individual show in itself—an invitation to the world to assist in further populating the Golden State of the Pacific Coast and to enjoy its numerous and profitable advantages.

Let's make California's exhibit outstanding in the "A Century of

Progress Exposition"; a crowning achievement so to speak, to the end that unnumbered thousands will learn of California and of its glories and opportunities. Eventually these will make it their place of residence and bask in its sunshine; enjoy its climate, fruits, vegetables and flowers and the facilities offered for a remunerating and comfortable livelihood.

Editorial Note

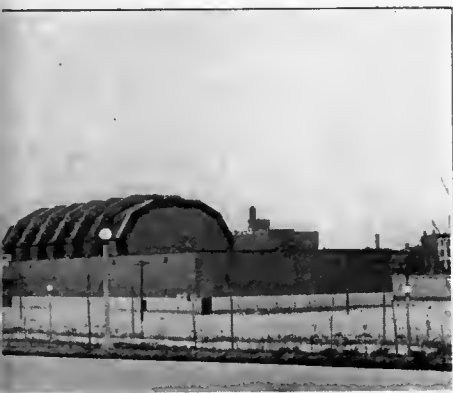
A century is a comparatively short period in history, yet in a century Chicago has grown from a trading post to fourth in population among the cities of the world.

In 1837 Chicago was incorporated. Nine years later the Illinois and Michigan Canal was completed, and the first railroad entered the town.

As a grain and live stock market; as a manufacturing and distributing center, as a leader in music, art and education; and for civic improvements, Chicago is well known.

Geographic environment and the genius of the citizens combine to create this magic city. The mouth of the river afforded a harbor. Low, flat land facilitated the digging of a canal. Fertile prairies yielded raw products and their population gave a market for manufactured articles. Coal, gas and limestone are near at hand. Lumber, iron and copper are

Read further on page 20



and Transport building, the dome of which with the seasons."

Camping Out in California

Continued from page 15

"I sure do!" was the prompt reply as we stopped in the midst of the last bit of level ground to be seen.

"This little building," he said, pointing to one side, "is a sort of combination ranch house and service station. Right here is where Uncle Phil and I cool off engines and fill up tanks while you and Aunt Hetty get out the lunch you put up before we left home. Gee, but I'm hungry!"

While we ate in the gathering twilight, shadows began creeping about, coming up from the desert and stealing noiselessly down the big, black mountain towering above us. Night seemed suddenly to have caught us in the somber folds of her robe.

Having settled the matter in my own mind that we had come to the end of the trail and would have to stay there all night, I began to look around for a place to set up the tent.

"We don't 'low no campers here," said the harsh voice of the cross old man who kept the place. And then, as though in plain contradiction to what I had just heard about the road ending there, someone shouted: "There comes a car down the mountain!"

Sure enough, when we listened we could hear—faintly at first—the rumble of the car, then sounds of voices and laughter, and soon at each bend of the road, the flash of the headlights told us where they were. A moment later a big seven-passenger machine came booming along carrying what seemed like a whole village of boys and girls with it.

The happy crowd of young folks went joyously on their way. Hetty and I exchanged glances, giving each other reassuring nods, which meant, "Oh, well, it can't be so terrible, after all!"

Nevertheless, as the two Fords, "Betsy" and "Rastus," began coughing, groaning and spitting, preparatory to starting, I told Junior I wasn't crazy about staying in this spooky old place over night, but that I would like to know *why*

he had planned things so that this part of the trip would be made after dark? It looked like poor management to me.

"Yes," he said, "there are reasons—good ones, too. But get in and we'll talk about it while we go."

"Hetty," I said as we stood holding hands, "what do you think of this business, shall we go or stay?"

"Hush," she whispered, "don't let 'em know we are afraid. I reckon what others have done we can do."

PRESENTLY from her seat beside Uncle Phil she called back reassuringly, "God is good to us, see—He is hanging out His lantern." Sure enough, just coming over the top of the mountain was a most marvelous big round moon.

Then began the steady grind of climbing. Sometimes it looked as though the road might be a bit narrow and the banks steep, but I couldn't see far ahead and always when we stopped for the engines to cool off we were surrounded by thick, dense forest.

Occasionally small wild creatures scampered to cover ahead of us and far away might be heard the howl of a timber wolf or the hoot of an owl.

Junior talked a great deal as we rode along about the advantages of night traveling, but the main idea seemed to be that as it was hot when the sun shone, it was easier to keep the engines (like-wise ourselves) from boiling by going at night.

I wasn't satisfied for I knew there was more to his reason than that.

It was past midnight when we stopped in a beautiful grove where, as soon as we were settled for the night, a soft wind sighing through the tall pines sent us off to dreamland.

The waters of the lake were so quiet that it was a surprise to us when we opened our eyes in the morning and found how close we were to it.

WHILE at breakfast the matter of climbing the mountain at night came up again and then the real truth came out. Junior said that knowing the state of his mother's nerves and not being sure how Aunt Hetty might view the matter, either, he and Uncle Phil had talked the situation over and decided that one of two methods would have to be resorted to in order to get us up the hill.

They would have preferred to process of blindfolding, but fearing that more or less serious complications might arise, they had concluded there was, after all, but one way open and that was to land us at our destination under cover of night.

Hetty and I didn't see anything to laugh about so we watched them—they seemed to enjoy the joke hugely.

"What about going back?" we asked.

"Oh, well," drawled Uncle Phil, winking at Junior, "we took a chance on your bein' willin' to go down—well, anyway, sooner or later."

We stayed several days and roamed all over the place. Everything needful was there: stores, hotels, eating houses, post office and a lot of nice homes; but the things that attracted us most were the fine camps there and the beautiful lake itself. We never tired of wandering along its shores.

The movie folks found Big Bear long ago and whenever a snow scene is to be taken they have sledges and dogs sent down from the north, and there is where they take them. But their skeleton villages are sure lonely looking places in summer.

Our time was at last up. The "sooner-or-later" mentioned by Uncle Phil had overtaken us, so Hetty and I began gathering all the information possible about the different roads home. We coun-cilled with other tourists and plied the regular inhabitants with questions, but all seemed to agree on

Read further on page 22



MELODY LANE



BEN F. FIELD, Department Editor

NOT A SPARROW FALLETH

By RALPH CHEYNEY

WINGED like Indian arrow,
Fanged like poison dart;
That once I killed a sparrow.
It stirs within my heart.

Forbidden fruit the diet,
Breaking rules the law . . .
Yet I'm urbanely quiet,
Wholly free of awe.

Except that reverence smouldered
For all the patient banned,
For mothers lower-shouldered
From reaching little hand.

And what my heart has wanted
I've grasped with ready fist.
How strange my soul is haunted
By that one boyish twist!

Ralph Cheyney and Lucia Trent, editors of Contemporary Vision and Scepter, poetry magazine of Philadelphia, are engaged in a modern crusade of poetry advancement that is attracting wide attention.

YOU WALK ERECT

By ANNE HARLEY

THE red hibiscus on its curving stalk
Conceals your shabby unpretentious door.
Virginia creepers blossom and a score
Of blue verbenas edge your garden walk.
You hang the Monday wash upon the line
Attired in cotton hose and gingham frock,
Then gaily flip a cuff and toss a sock
To dry upon the honeysuckle vine.
So this is my defeat, the noble end
Of all I prophesied of pain and dearth;
That I who offered goods of costly worth
Should find you singing as you wash and mend.
Instead of body bent and shoulders bowed
You walk erect, invincible and proud.

The author is the Secretary of the Verse Writers' Club of Southern California and is one of the talented young poets of the West.

WILL AND TESTAMENT

By BEN FIELD

*The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.*

—Thomas Buchanan Read.



SILVER and gold I have no more, O friends,
Yet as I have I give my all to you,
The yellow moon that wanes and then amends,
The golden beams across the drops of dew,
The diamonds on the grass when day is new;
These and the opaled sunsets we behold
Bind men to God in his majestic ways—
Some love not nature in their younger days,
But living doth endear, as time grows old,
The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold.
Fair mansions and freeholds and wide demesne
Are lost to me in my unequal state;
But what I give is for your very gain
And you may hold it early, hold it late—
The smiles of children, thronging at your gate.
I give the exaltations of the few,
The spirit's grandeurs and its quiet joys,
The gold of stars and all their bright alloys,
High inspiration for toiling men made new,
Their banners bright with every martial hue.

I give you beauty of the seasons' change,
I do bequeath you fragrance of the flowers,
The purple shadows on the desert's range
And psychic glimpses in the twilight hours,
And moonrise glinting on man-built towers.
My passion gift is sweeter than was told
By maiden at a gentle mother's knee,
A love that peers into eternity—
But who had sought love with their clicking gold,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old.
My last devise is of the ocean's voice,
Of rippling stream and valleys' jade caress,
Where winding roads and creeping hills rejoice,
Of every tale the souging pines confess—
Of fleecy clouds, hypnotic winds that bless.
The throats of songbirds, pipe and timbrel too,
When Pan was young on earth, and to this day,
Have made a paen—I give it all away.
In ages hence my will shall still be new,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

The Glose or Gloze is to be heard of in the early years of the sixteenth century. Christoval Falcam (Portuguese) about that time used the structure, or volta as it was also called. Luis de Camoens, the great Portuguese poet whose fame went out to all countries, availed himself of the unusual form. It is a composition in which a stanza of some well-known poem (preferably an iambic pentameter quatrain) is treated as a text and form for amplification, each of the four ten-line stanzas being made to end with a successive line of the text quatrain. J. C. L. Simonde De Sismondi in his Literature of South Europe mentions the Glose.

Comments on Business and Finance

By NATHAN T. PORTER

President National Thrift Corporation of America

Latest Financial News

ROUGH business weather is still with us. Big business continues to contract and wall itself in behind an embankment of capital provided by its legion of investors. Little business is trying to dig in, but so far, it can only bury its head, and even at that the place of burial is in the sand.

The lone individual, the uncapitalized, the unorganized and the unattached continue to weather along by sufferance, or with suffering or by and with both.

Current Business Sayings and Doings

SOONER or later we are bound to touch bottom. There has got to be, and there must be an end to these new "lows." As to when and where and how we will touch bottom, no two minds meet. Our recent crop of business experts are much less talkative than heretofore about prosperity just around the corner. Financial specialists have slipped down from the seat of prophesy and are discussing matters cautiously; or, are just wisely dumb—mostly dumb. Happily this spells progress. When you don't know and you admit it you may be sensibly trying to find out.

Hopeful Signs

WE can but recall that when practically every one was half certain at least that the great demand and market price drive could not be checked, there was an announced reaching of the summit and the beginning of a sudden trek down. At the present moment as most of us have a half certain sense of fear that things are going on and on down, is it not likely the bottom may be within arms length? Sudden

transitions in the world of business usually come unannounced.

Causes and Effects

THE time was recently when banks aided and abetted the price climb by extending a line of credit to exchange gambling, such

sities subject to a hoarding institution in these soul battering times is having each fresh wound bound up with sandpaper. If you struggle to go on, it files quickly down to the bone. If you don't struggle, there isn't any salvage even in your bones.

Plans For Relief

IT IS proposed to pay, and pay quickly, for constructive labor and materials, five billion of the people's money, this paying to be done by drawing a draft against our country's or our people's collective credit and covering this draft later by collections from several taxable units as and when these taxable units have it to pay.

A straight line is still the shortest distance between two points, and the above proposal looks very much like a straight line between little doing and much under way.

Taking a sudden plunge into debt to get quickly out of financial distress may appear to our banker friends and other financial guardians as advice in reverse English; yet, we must admit it has its merits. It will do something directly or indirectly for substantially

every one of us unless it be the hoarder who lies in wait; and, even in his case, it may discourage his waiting as his particular prey will become more elusive with the first signs of better days.

Editorial Note

Continued from page 17

shipped by water from the north, while at the front door is an unlimited water supply.

Man, recognizing and utilizing the natural advantages, has transfromed the village of 1833 into the metropolis whose first centenary will be celebrated in 1933.

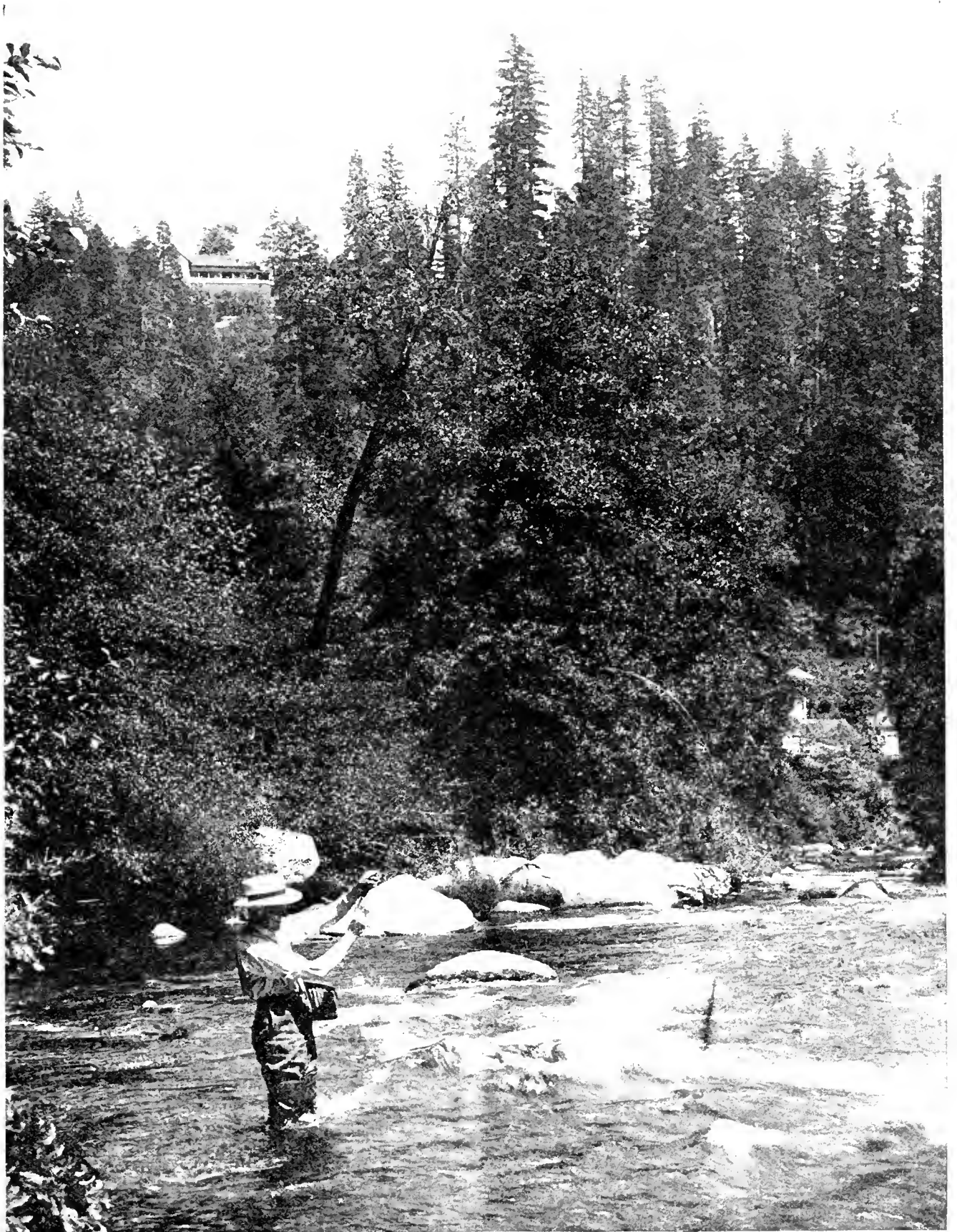


NATHAN T. PORTER

as speculation never before had enjoyed. The time now is when banks aid and abet the trek slumpward by withholding credit from legitimate business to an extent scarcely believable. Boosting up and then kicking it down is now banking pastime.

For more than a hundred years banks have been specifically known as institutions of deposit and discount. Today banks are institutions of deposit, and for deposit only. In hard English, they are hoarding devices.

To have your business neces-



The mountain streams are fed by snows and living glaciers on some of the highest peaks. The angler finds here ample scope for his skill

Camping Out in California

Continued from page 18

one point—without any doubt there was a hill to go down.

The "Rim o' the World Drive" was what they all talked about, saying: "Oh, yes, if you haven't been over it, by all means go." It didn't sound good to me, but then I might be mistaken. One smart young chap who stood listening to our conversation seemed very much amused and finally offered the suggestion that we go home by aeroplane. Junior and Uncle Phil said that Hetty and I turned white as a sheet and shook like aspen leaves, but we knew better than that.

We thought it would have been nearer the truth had they said we turned to ice or stone for, could it have been done with a look, we would simply have frozen that "smart Aleck" in his tracks for making the remark, and the same to Junior and Phil for laughing at it.

One would have thought we were already high enough where we were and that we would start to go down hill as soon as we turned the heads of "Betsy" and "Rastus" homeward, but not so. Up we went, higher and higher, until I decided, upon glimpsing a bad place in the road ahead, that I would get out and walk. But

Junior didn't seem to hear what I said and the next minute we met a big truck whose driver, having been accustomed to travel in the middle of the road, didn't bother to turn out much, but let us get out of his way—if we could.

Well, I breathed a sigh of relief after that was past, for then I knew that since we were on the inside of the track, about all that could happen was that "Betsy" would stick her head in the bank and stop, if worse came to worst.

At last the summit was reached and everybody got out to see the view from the highest point in the road. My, what a thrill it gave one! But as we neared the edge of what they called the "rim", it was plain to be seen that there should have been a dependable hand rail upon which to lean.

The others walked boldly out to the edge, but I hung back and had about decided to get down on all fours and approach cautiously when I spied a young tree growing near. Throwing my arms around its body I then proceeded to give my undivided attention to the scene before me.

"Oh, oh!" was all I could manage to say, so I said it over and over: "Oh, oh!"

Talk about a "vast panorama spread out before one"—well, that was what it was all right, and not knowing how far it was below us, I'll say, several miles.

Slowly things began shaping themselves into tangible objects, such as ranches with buildings a few inches high, orange orchards a few feet square, alfalfa patches the same, and irrigation ditches here and there, scarcely discernible to the naked eye.

A man on a tractor resembled a beetle wabbling over the ground; that is, the tractor did. The man was a mere dot on the surface. Horses and cattle looked the size of a small kitten, and a herd of swine like a mess of maggots.

Growing bolder, I leaned out over the bank to see what things looked like closer up at the foot of the mountain. First it was a terrible long perpendicular drop, then shelving rock where a few scrubby trees and bushes hung, receiving their sustenance from—the Great Founder of the Universe only knows where.

Then another drop and more shelves, and finally verdure clad hills where many flowering trees and shrubs helped to beautify the scene. Along the mountain-side occasionally might be seen a majestic yucca, sometimes called "the finger of God," standing alone; pointing its slender hand toward Heaven from the top of a stem adorned with pure white waxen blossoms; beautiful enough to adorn the diadem of an angel.

"I thought you were afraid, Mother," cried Junior, startling me by the suddenness of his voice. "We're ready to go now."

"I suppose so," I said faintly, at the same time reluctantly loosening my hold on the tree and allowing myself to be led away, while my eyes turned back for one more glance at the most wonderful view they had ever rested upon.

As I climbed into the seat beside Junior, my mind was so full of this great expanse of atmosphere on one side and the massiveness and grandeur of the mountain on the

Read further on page 25

HORIZONS

II

TRAVEL-TALES

By FLORENCE FISHER

THE travel-tales of Sinbad,
Odyssey of the East,
Surpassing truth, brought nature
To a magic fancy's feast.

The geographers of Araby
Broad maps of dream unfurled,
For Delight of Those who Wander
Through the Regions of the World.

With more than pagan gesture
They wove a tissue fine
Of fact and patterned fantasy . . .
. . . Today, their dreams are mine!



"FOUNTAIN OF LIFE," by Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Company. 488 pp. \$4.00.

"LIFE is a great bundle of little things.' It is very many years since I read that saying of Oliver Wendell Holmes, but there is no saying I oftener have occasion to repeat to myself," says Havelock Ellis in "Fountain of Life." A pleasure it is to find the great philosopher quoting from our "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Ellis refers, too, to Charles Dudley Warner, whom he calls "that splendid type of American man, as I recall him in old age." He quotes more than once from both Emerson and Thoreau, and when he finds an inn kept by Walter Whitman in Great Chesterford, likes to fancy that Emerson's and Whitman's ancestors were neighbors who went together to the new world. He comments that Emerson's forefathers came from Saffron Walden, four miles from Great Chesterford (Where did the name of Walden Pond come from?) and speaks with satisfaction of Emerson's having been the first to recognize the genius of Whitman.

The many who have read "The Dance of Life" may need no suggestions as to how to read the book that has been called a diary. The dating of each subject throughout the volume gives that impression, but the author tells us in his foreword that we have here no diary but instead his three series of "Impressions and Comments" in one volume. To those, however, who are unfamiliar with Havelock Ellis, "Fountain of Life" a word of explanation may be necessary before one invites the reader to a feast of reason. In the author's own words:

"We realize the world better if we imagine it . . . as the sustained upleaping of a fountain, the pillar of a glorious flame. For, after all, we can not go beyond the ancient image of Heraclitus, the ever-living flame, kindled in due measure and in like measure extinguished."

When Ellis was only sixteen years old, he planned a psychological drama and wrote out parts of it, elaborating the idea that "Life is many-faceted. We are forever losing its radiant facets, dwelling on one. It is a conception that I recognize as still mine, more than half a century later." In the foreword Ellis says:

"The utterances here brought forward . . . were at once scribbled down in pencil on any paper at hand. When they

Books and Writers

were not thus caught, they were usually lost to memory, as are dreams." Those who read with interest the Dream-Poems of Anna Kalfus Spero, published in the January number of the *University of California Chronicle*, will note Ellis's method of writing, as given in the foreword. "Fountain of Life" is rich in suggestion to all who are interested in any of the arts, for Havelock Ellis discusses the philosophy underlying the arts, and,—lest any dread the word philosophy—let me add puts forward his thoughts and theories with a simplicity, a clearness, that is enchanting. Of the relation of the arts, he says:

"When an artist in design, whether line or color or clay, takes up a pen and writes, he generally writes well, even superbly well. Leonardo, who was great in everything, is among the few great writers of Italian prose."

Every reader may find in the book that for which he is looking. Here is a valuation of the great names of English literature. On the next page is mention of the Cardiff cat that climbing a switch-board electrocuted himself and plunged the city into darkness. "His adventure is significant for the civilization we are moving toward. All civilization depends on the intelligence, sympathy, and mutual trust of the persons who wrought that civilization. It was not so in barbaric days to anything like the same degree. . . . There is nothing so fragile as civilization." Here is a mine of riches—and easy mining, just picking up nuggets.

Laura Bell Everett.

A SHORT GUIDE TO THE ART OF EUROPE—By Martha Howey, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1931. 161 pp. \$2.50.

WHETHER one knows little or much about art, there is a welcome for Miss Howey's convenient and attractive little guide. A name, a date—just where does that painter belong? And the guide has answered the question. The book is small enough to go to Europe with you, handy enough to be granted a place "at his beddes heed." Miss Howey has divided her book into two parts; the first, painting; the second, architecture and sculpture. The first deals with Italian, Flemish, Dutch, German, Spanish, French and English painting, and the second with classical architecture and sculpture; Early Christian, Byzantine, Mohammed-



an, and Mediaeval architecture, Renaissance architecture and sculpture, Classic revivals, and recent architecture in Europe. Several supplements, and four appendages, including "A List of the Principal Galleries and Frescoed Churches of Europe with an Indication of the Nature of the Collection in each," add to the convenience of the little volume.

Miss Martha Howey, a California woman, by the way—has planned her book especially for the traveler who longs in the rush of new impressions, "for the discriminating friend to help him see more intelligently, enjoy more fully." While she has not intended it for study at home, it is exactly the little outline that many will seize upon because it offers an integrated view in small space of what one would wish to see abroad. Those planning for trips and those whose traveling is likely to be done after the manner of "Old Pybus," will agree as to the practical value of Miss Howey's "Short Guide." The interpretive comment that accompanies each name makes the book the discriminating friend that Miss Howey intended it to be.

Laura Bell Everett.

THREE PAIRS OF SILK STOCKINGS by Panteleimon Romanoff. Charles Scribner's Sons. 244 pp. Price \$2.50.

A NOVEL of the life of the educated class in Russia under the Soviet. Although the author bears the same name as the Tsars, he is of peasant origin and his youth was spent on a small farm in the province of Tula. He began by writing short humorous tales of the way the peasants greeted the political changes. Last year his volume of short stories titled, "Without Cherry Blossom" was published in England.

Three Pairs of Silk Stockings is a pathetic picture of life in Moscow of the men and women formerly cultured and wealthy, people who now feel a "terrifying inner emptiness," people who seemingly have lost the highest purpose and sense of life; and as for the title of the novel, the words of Miller, the non-Russian film director, offer a clue: "The Russian woman has lost all moral standards. Give her three pairs of silk stockings and she is yours. Add a bottle of perfume in certain cases."

Grace Talbot Hadley.

Arrest Yourself, Sir

Continued from page 6

the site of the American Customs Office, only to find it locked and not a single American in sight. Had he been able to confer with Mr. Andrews, he would have advised against any drastic action, which might precipitate a war.

It was now within a few minutes of sailing time. Whatever was done had to be done at once. He hastened back to the flag pole. Then he walked slowly around it several times in an effort to make as cool and deliberate a survey of the situation as the limited time at his disposal would permit.

With each passing second his indignation mounted. Then a knife blade flashed for an instant in the calm morning sunshine and the rope was severed. Down came the British emblem. With proper respect Mr. Miller lifted it as it neared the ground and carefully laid it on a nearby platform. Then he turned to continue his way toward the dock.

But the Canadian officials were evidently on the alert in expectation of just such action on the part of some American patriot. Almost before their flag had found its resting place, they had rushed from their tents and surrounded Mr. Miller, demanding with some show of spirit to know what he meant by tampering with their property.

The largest man of them all put himself directly in front of the American and inquired, "Did you cut that flag down?"

Very quietly then, for he realized it was a time necessitating calm, decisive action, Mr. Miller replied, "Yes, I did."

"And by what authority, might I inquire, did you take it upon yourself to sever that rope?"

"I do not need to have any authority. I am an American citizen. That of itself is sufficient authority. Furthermore, let me tell you that your flag will not be permitted to float here unless the American emblem is placed above it and on the same staff!"

To end the parley Mr. Miller

handed the excited official his card and with a pleasant "I must catch my boat, so good-bye," he walked on rapidly without further interference and soon reached the dock. There he found he had time to telephone friends in Skagway the details of what had just taken place and to advise them in the capacity of an attorney not to allow the British flag to be raised without the Stars and Stripes floating above it.

His message caused a flurry of apprehension which was quickly communicated to other Americans living in Skagway, but Mr. Miller had no time to wait for results. He hurried on board the "Cottage City" and soon covered the 16 miles that separated Skagway and Haines Mission. There he rejoined his party and set about at once to complete arrangements for an early start the following morning for the Porcupine Mining Camp.

The incident relative to the British flag had passed completely out of his mind by the next day. He had done only what he had sincerely believed to be his patriotic duty, and, so far as he was concerned, that was the end of the matter. That the Canadians had learned their lesson he did not for an instant doubt.

V.

GREAT was his surprise, then, to have, early the following morning from Skagway, a visitor in the person of Fred Neeson, an American constable and a close friend of Mr. Miller. Neeson, it developed, had been sent down by the Canadian officials for the express purpose of putting the indiscreet American under the control of the law.

"You are under arrest, George. Sorry, but I have to do it."

"What is the charge?" Mr. Miller inquired.

"They were not able to make it any stronger than for damages to personal property; but, man, how they did want to make it stronger. You certainly ruffled their feathers that time, all right."

"Oh, if that's all, there is nothing serious. They will soon get over it, if that is the best they can do," Miller laughed.

"But, George, I am afraid that will not settle the affair now. You'll have to go back—you see, I have the warrant with me," as he drew the paper from his pocket.

Mr. Miller was still smiling when he finished reading the document and expressed his willingness to comply with the law's demands. "All right. When do we start?"

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I have some urgent business to attend to out at my mine and I just haven't the time to go back with you right now. If you will guarantee to arrest yourself, George, and go on up there, I'll pay your fare."

"A case of 'ARREST YOURSELF, SIR!' is that it? Rather a novelty that is. I'll do it."

But by the time Mr. Miller had made the return trip to Skagway the following day it was quite evident that the Canadians had received explicit orders from headquarters at Montreal to withdraw the charge, and no further action was ever taken in the matter.

News of the incident filtered down to the States and caused considerable comment and speculation in Seattle and Bremerton as to possible international consequences. The officials at the Navy Yard in Bremerton were even reported to have ordered preparations for impending action. Even as far as Washington, D. C., citizens of the United States were informed of Mr. Miller's deed—the Washington Post carried editorials on the subject.

Not long after this John W. Ivy, a close friend and ardent admirer of George Miller, made it a special point when interviewing Theodore Roosevelt to inquire, "And what would you have done, Mr. Roosevelt, if you had been in Mr. Miller's place?"

Read further on page 31

Camping Out in California

Continued from page 22

other, with this tiny thread of a road running along its side, and two mere specks—our Ford cars—that I found it difficult at first to settle down and get back to the all-important business of worrying about getting down the hill.

"All set!" called Junior and away we went; up and down, in and out, around points and over trestles. Not knowing how to drive myself, it was easy of course for me to tell someone else how it should be done.

"Junior," I said when we had just made one of those dreadful "hairpin" turns at the bottom of a little hill and started to climb a much longer and steeper one on the other side, "why do you drive so fast going up places like this? Don't you see the Ford can't make it?"

My eyes were riveted to the front wheels, which I was sure would at any moment stop turning forward and, after spinning helplessly a few seconds, turn back. "And then," I asked, "where would we be?"

When Junior wears a look on his face like a bulldog or a steel trap or something of the sort, I have learned that it is not a good time to ask questions, so I held my breath and waited.

"There," he said, smiling down into my scared face as we reached the top and glided around another abrupt turn and began coasting to the next level, "you see we made it!"

If the boy hadn't grinned and acted so sort of smug like, I think I would not have lost my temper and told him what I thought of some phases of his driving. But Junior kept his eyes on the road ahead and his steady hand on the wheel while he mumbled something about "if ever I learned to drive a Ford, he'd bet I would learn to lick 'em up when I came to a hill!"

As often as I could spare time from looking for trouble ahead I glanced back to make sure that Phil and Hetty hadn't gone over the bank.

"Deary me," I said with some show of impatience, after looking back several times, "I can't fathom those folks back there. First they are pointing to a tiny train of cars no bigger than a garter snake, crawling along in the valley, and then they seem carried away by some unusual formation of rock on the mountain side, and most of the time they are laughing—Queer," I went on, meditatively, "but when I look back there I stop holding on to the seat and forget to push with all my strength on the floor of the car."

Junior threw back his head and laughed long and loud, (he has always had spells like that when no one on earth but himself knew what he was laughing at) and then he said, "I'd advise you to keep your eyes that way then, Mom!"

That evening as we drove into town we stopped to say goodnight to Phil and Hetty. To their remark that we had had a lovely trip, I said, with my face wreathed in smiles:

"Didn't we, though? I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world! I am wondering if later—perhaps next year—we couldn't go up there again?"

At that Junior said, "Can you beat it?" and had another of his laughing spells, and Phil and Hetty joined in.

The meeting of the World Federation of Education Associations at Denver occurs one month later than the meeting of the N. E. A. in Los Angeles—July 27 to August 2. Notables from many parts of the world will take part in the meeting. It is expected that some 4000 persons representing 50 or more countries of the world will attend. The meeting two years ago was in Geneva. Previous meetings were held at Toronto, Edinburgh and San Francisco, where the Federation had its beginning. Superintendent A. L. Threlkeld of the Denver Schools is Chairman of the local Executive Committee in charge of arrangements.

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437 SOUTH HILL STREET, LOS ANGELES



ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, *President and Publisher*
MABEL B. MOFFITT, *Secretary-Treasurer*

Subscription \$2.50 per year; 25c per copy

Address all communications and manuscripts to "The Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine." Manuscripts sent without stamped and self-addressed envelope will not be returned.

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VOLUME 89, No. 6

JUNE, 1931

BOOKS

Continued from page 23

MEN AND BOOKS—Collected and Edited by Malcom S. MacLean and Elizabeth K. Holmes. Richard R. Smith, Inc., New York. 417 pp. \$3.00.

"FOR sheer delight give me biography. Shall we spend this evening with Thomas Huxley? Then he is waiting in his son's biography, with his determination "to smite all humbugs, however big; to give a nobler tone to science; to set an example of abstinence from petty personal controversies, and of toleration from everything but lying." So says Harry Emerson Fosdick in the third essay "Blessed Be Biography," in "Men and Books," a collection of mdae by two University of Wisconsin professors and intended to serve as a guide to "the curse rent of thought that underlie" modern reading.

"The modern reader," they tell us, "is confronted by many problems. Books on all phases of modern life, from poetry to poetry, from Mussolini to Einstein, are poured forth from a thousand presses in the hope that he will buy and read. Readers react to this battering in a variety of way. Because of the multiplicity of books, some refuse to read at all and fall back in self-defense on the

pressure of business to excuse or explain their ignorance of good reading in book form; others accept the advertisements and reviews and stick pretty closely to the lists of best sellers; still others organize their reading according to recommended lists . . . Many years ago . . . Emerson said that nothing was so much needed as a professor of books . . .

"One hears of the new humanists and their opponents. One hears of modern trends in biography and history, of schools of fiction, of currents of realism, actualism, romanticism . . . Unless somewhere he finds a guide, he staggers in bewilderment and confusion." And here is the guide to lead one through the mazes, a sane guide, a safe and a lighthearted one. One of the many pleasant things about the book is the consciousness that "Men and Books" has been compiled by editors who have enjoyed their work. While I know neither of the editors, I feel certain that they read with enjoyment, with positive delight, much of the work incorporated here. The selections bear the hall-mark not merely of judicious choice but in many places of keen and humor-loving appreciation. Editors with-

Read further on page 28

Briand, Germany and the U. S. of Europe

(Continued from page 4)

from such an arrangement. The effective elimination of artificial boundary lines would continue for some time to harass the patriot who desperately clings to economic and political isolation out of habit of mind or stubbornness. When one considers the price Europe has paid to maintain her rival economic states—ever since the awakening of the western world to a realization of its economic strength—one can come to but one conclusion; the cost of this economic isolation has been out of proportion to the results accomplished. When competing manufacturers come to terms and merge their interests for the avowed purpose of eliminating unnecessary and costly duplication of effort we heartily applaud. When nations attempt to achieve the same results we become suspicious. The success of international cooperation depends upon a change in attitude and this in turn depends upon the casting aside of political demagoguery.

The doctrine of economic self-sufficiency has all too frequently become a fetish. Assiduously practised by nations handicapped by territorial limitations it becomes a source of grave danger to the peace of the world. By the sheer force of over-industrialization, boundary lines have in the past given way. Europe has gone through such an experience time and again. Unless the necessary economic safety-valves are provided by international agreements a repetition of this experience will be unavoidable. Reparation demands have forced Germany to adopt tactics which would permit her goods to compete effectively in the markets of the world. Many of her basic industries have been completely reorganized to meet this new situation. American methods of mass production with attendant reduction in unit costs, have been introduced, with the result that production today exceeds the demand of the domestic market. Germany's warehouses bulge with goods looking for a buyer. In

the absence of regulated, stabilized production the world over, any attempt on the part of a single nation to introduce a programme of economic rationalization may in some respects aggravate rather than assist in overcoming the world-wide economic depression. It is reasonable to assume that better times are ahead. But it is unreasonable to conclude that this will be accomplished unless all of the nations of the world cooperate to bring about such a result. Unemployment on an unprecedented scale today menaces practically every industrial country. Germany in the past two years has been more seriously affected than any other nation, with the possible exception of Great Britain. Financial obligations resulting from this situation have seriously interfered with budgetary reform.

The success or failure of Adolf Hitler and other political fanatics depends very largely upon the ability of Germany to extricate herself from her present position of economic and political impotence. The unsettled conditions which in recent months have appeared on the surface are but manifestations of economic despair. Pre-war tactics are inadequate to cope with the fundamental problems which the Central European powers are facing today. International cooperation kept in constant motion by a process of rationalized economic procedure is the only possible solution.

As announced in the last issue of this magazine, the Annual Convention of the League of Western Writers will be held at Vancouver, B. C., August 5 to 9 next. President M. Elwood Smith of Corvallis, Oregon, Secretary A. M. Stephen and Treasurer E. A. Lucas of British Columbia, have in preparation a program of decided merit. Important business is also to come before the convention. The attendance promises to be large.



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How Old is Young?

(Continued from page 12)

At first he could not believe the document the process server delivered to him. Then, as was to be expected, his wrath mounted apace and he came puffing in search of the object of his ire.

It was not easy to catch grandma at home, but by a fraction of a minute, he found her on the point of leaving the house. He stared at her as she stood in the door putting on her gloves. He was too flabbergasted to speak, but stood waving his cane and struggling with himself.

"Well, what do you want?" grandma said, looking the old gentleman up and down.

He snatched the offending summons from an inside pocket and waved it wildly. "What do you mean by it?"

"Be yourself," grandma said, unmoved. "If you've read it you ought to know. Anyway, I'm busy."

"Look here," quavered the Captain, who was fast going to pieces, "can't we settle this out of court?"

"Of course." Grandma finished adjusting her gloves.

"How much?"

"That isn't the question," grandma said coldly. "The only condition I will consider is the fulfilling of your . . . original intentions."

The aged warrior surrendered. Stepping close, he threw out his hand in a dramatic gesture and said huskily:

"I yield, madam. I will marry you."

Then grandma hauled off and slapped him skeewah—the blow smacking loudly. It was a grand haymaker of a swat and it staggered the old veteran almost off his feet. Grandma stood carressing her right hand with her left and gazing at her late sweetie, who returned the stare in helpless shame.

To Muriel, who had come to see what the ruction was about, grandma said without taking her eyes from her victim:

"The old fool . . ." then to the Captain, "Get out of my way, will you. I'll withdraw the suit, old timer. I think we're square now."

Turning to Muriel, grandma said briskly:

"I'm going down town to get a permanent."

Books

(Continued from page 26)

out a sense of humor would never have selected Marjorie Nicholson's "The Professor and the Detective" or Heywood Broun's "Censoring the Censor." One is glad to find Max Eastman's "Cult of Unintelligibility." The selections are grouped under the following heads:

"The Philosopher Views Literature,"

"The Literary Man Views His Brethren," "The Critic Views the Work of Others," "The Legislators View Literature," and last—a piquant dessert after the banquet—"The Humorists Parodies Literature." Those who never descend to parody may end this really valuable volume at page 380, but most people will read with delight Arthur Guiterman's "Mavrone—A Sad Irish Poem—with Notes" and J. C. Squires "If Gray Had Had to Write His Elegy in the Cemetery of Spoon River Instead of in That Soke of Poges," and other parodies, in the last division.

Many entertaining books do not deserve a second reading, but "Men and Books" should be at convenient range on the shelf or end-table. Here Chesterton, Galsworthy, J. B. Priestly, Zona Gale, William Allen White, Max Eastman, H. L. Mencken, J. Middleton Murray, James Harvey Robinson, and Carl Van Doren, as well as many of the older writers.

Laura Bell Everett.

Mussolini: A Close-Up

(Continued from page 13)

should be put into practice, and not merely theorized about."

He took the medal, and thanked the Society in a manner most gracious and charming.

Sitting down again and motioning me to do likewise, Mussolini asked: "What have you been doing in Rome?"

"Arousing interest in our Society among the Italian authors," I answered, "our purpose is to make Italian literature better known in the 29 other countries where we have members. We are forming a committee of Italian authors who will choose each year several novels that they consider most representative of Italian culture. After these books have been approved by your Excellency, the Society will arrange that they be translated, and brought out by an American publisher. A corresponding committee will be formed in America, and the best American book for translating into Italian will be selected. In this way the two nations will be brought much closer together in spirit. Similar committees will be formed in the other countries."

"I shall be most happy to assist in every possible way such a worthy plan." Then he added, "You must keep me in touch with the progress of the Society; I am deeply interested!"

"We are very fond of you in America," I said as we walked across the room to the door. "Your Excellency has done great things from small beginnings, just as many of our most famous men have done."

Mussolini smiled in his charming manner and seemed pleased at this compliment from an American. As we crossed the long room, the great man talked to me as kindly and familiarly as though we had been old school friends meeting after a lapse of years, asking me what ship was taking me back to America, and telling me to be sure and call upon him when I was again in Rome.

As I was taking my leave, I said, "Your Excellency, please send us your photograph so that

we may have it for our gallery."

"I will give it to you now," replied Mussolini in a most pleasant manner; and with that, he led me back across the superb floor of inlaid black and white marble to his desk where, on a nearby chair, rested three or four large photographs.

"Which one do you like?" he asked, showing me the different poses.

"How is this one?" he asked, holding up a splendid one taken in his uniform with hands folded across his breast. He then laid it on his desk and, taking up his pen he leaned over the picture and wrote in English:

"To the Mark Twain Society and in memory of the visit of Cyril Clemens to Rome; Roma, Novembre 3, 1930 ix."

The Roman numeral standing for, of course, the ninth year of the Fascist march on Rome.

Musolini walked with me again to the door, and the remembrance of the warmth of the handshake of this great, good, and wise ruler will always remain with me.

Books

HINDUISM INVADES AMERICA by Wendell Thomas, The Beacon Press, Inc., 318 West 39th St., New York. 300 pages. \$3.00 postpaid.

This book is a lucid story of the amazing adventure of an Eastern faith in a Western land, an accurate account of the impact on American Life of Hindu philosophy and culture especially in the form of organized religion.

Harry Emerson Fosdick points out in the Introduction that the book makes clear what it has long been evident would sometime be inevitable, that there can no longer be a sharp distinction between the so-called "home" and "foreign fields"

in religion. Christianity is at work in India and Hinduism is at work in the United States.

"American Vedantism," says Wendell Thomas, "is a tree of which the seed was Vivekananda. The seed was planted in American soil by the Parliament of Religions, and the sprouting plant cultivated by wealthy Americans, especially women of leisure, as in the case of many other cults. . . . In New York today Swami Bodhananda delivers substantially the same message that Swami Vivekananda delivered in the same city over a generation ago. And his censure of popular Christianity is even keener. The doctrine of original sin, he declares, is a lie, and the worst sin in the world. Why do Christians allow their ministers to insult them by calling them sinners?"

On the West coast of America, the author points out, "in addition to a traveling University of Yogananda, there has been developed at Los Angeles the 'Correspondence University' of the Yo-

Read further on page 31

hesperian

1055 California Street

San Francisco, Calif.

James D. Hart
Editor

Contributions to Spring Issue include:

SHORT STORIES—By Achilles Holt and Roland English Hartley.

SHORT STORIES—By Hildegard Flanner, Norman Macleod and Helen Hoyt.

ARTICLES ON ART—By Diego Rivera and Albert Barrows. (The latter writes on dynamic symmetry. Rivera and other leading contemporary painters are exercising their interest in this matter under Barrows.)

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS—One by Carey McWilliams on "The Unhappy Biographic Brotherhood."

ILLUSTRATIONS—Full page reproductions of the work of Peter Krassnow, Arnold Blanch and others.

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Digging Up Buried Cities

(Continued from page 8)

found an apartment house in which three families had lived. We know that it was a three-family apartment house because of the three private cisterns. In the kitchen of one of these houses we found an earthen pot in the ashes of the fireplace, in which there were some bones which, upon investigation, we discovered were sheep bones. Evidently the woman of the household had been preparing a mutton stew at the time of the Babylonian exile and they had left so hurriedly that she had left the stew simmering in the fireplace. We found burnished bowls that had been broken and thrown into the cisterns more than 3,000 years ago. We also found a little statuette of the queen of love, referred to in the writings of Jeremiah as the queen of heaven. This little statuette of the queen of love had bobbed hair.

"We employ women to carry the debris away, during our excavation. These women carry about half a bushel of earth in a basket on their heads. As a result of carrying burdens on their heads, the Arab women have a very erect and graceful carriage. The gates of these ancient cities correspond to our courthouse squares. The people met there to gossip and to read proclamations. The prophet Amos preached in the marketplace of Mizpah. Samuel, whose home was not over 15 minutes distant, by donkey, which would mean approximately a mile, used to act as judge, sitting at the city gate of Mizpah.

The Hittites are of Greek extraction. We have hundreds of their inscriptions. We have some of the Hittite inscriptions in the Babylonian cuniform alphabet. Unfortunately, all of these inscriptions are a closed book to us. No one of our day and age is able to decipher a Hittite inscription. What a wealth of information we will secure if some day we happen on an inscription printed in Hittite and in some other language with which we are familiar. When it comes to deciphering Hittite inscriptions, scientists are in the

same position as the Irishman who was asked if he could read Arabic. He looked at it carefully and finally said, 'I can't read it but if I had my flute here, I could play it.' The Hittites were a wonderful people. They fought the Egyptians to a standstill. Unfortunately they were wiped out and we know very little of their history. We will know a whole lot more of biblical history when we are able to read the Hittite inscriptions.

"We unearthed at the north end of the hill, a huge wine press, capable of handling 5 tons of grapes at a time. Nearby was a Hebrew watch tower. You will find a reference to it in the song of Solomon. Our season for excavating is from about March 15 to July 15. What makes the work fascinating is the chance and the hope that we will some time run across a proclamation or inscription in the Hittite language with some known language, which will give us the key to the vast and unknown treasures of the Hittite tongue.

"In the excavating we found two skulls which are about 5,000 years old. I sent them by way of New York, to Berkeley, California, so that the scientists could measure them and study them. They are to be returned by way of San Francisco, across the Pacific. When these skulls are returned to where we found them, they will have made a trip around the world. When you think of it, it seems odd for two men who died 5,000 years ago in the age of chariots to be making a trip around the world in this age of radios, autos, and airplanes."

Since writing the editorial on Page 2 entitled "Preserve Original Names," it is announced that the Board of Geographic Names in Washington has declared for the original designation of Goat Island. The island hereafter will happily be known as Yerba Buena, and the name Goat Island will in time be forgotten.

Arrest Yourself

(Continued from page 24)

"Done? I would have done just what he did," was the characteristic reply. "I would have brought that flag down as fast as I could sever the rope."

President Roosevelt, it will be remembered, was instrumental in securing the final settlement of the boundary question, the members of the arbitration tribunal coming to a satisfactory agreement during the Roosevelt administration. For the flag incident had the almost immediate effect of stirring public opinion, and very soon the Anglo-American Adjudication Tribunal became active, with the result that October of 1903 saw the American claim substantially ratified and the present boundary accurately determined.

This was really a most significant historical event, for the Alaska boundary dispute was the first disagreement of international scope in history to be adjusted in such a manner.

Thus one cutting act of diplomacy on the part of an American citizen brought about the settlement of a long standing controversy. Needless to say, George Miller has never for an instant regretted the righteous inspiration of patriotic duty which warmed his soul that glorious June morning of 1900. And this in spite of the fact that it was followed a day later by the novel command of "ARREST YOURSELF, SIR!"

Books

(Continued from page 29)

goda Course and the student understands that he may write to the Yogoda Main Center for further instruction and personal guidance; in every possible way Yogananda makes a combination of East and West. In addition to morning meditation he recommends the devotional study of the Bible, but his followers are urged to read other bibles beside Christian, such as the Bhagavad Gita. . . . In the Bible, he says, read just one verse a day—and try to feel it. We need less study and more meditation, but the Bible is not above other books. . . ."

Yogananda may be "plus sage que les sages" but this reviewer merely calls attention to a news dispatch from London under date of May 6:

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Across the Editor's Desk

(Continued from page 2)

stated that 32 American girls will be thus honored this year. Already eleven young ladies have graced the first royal court of the season. Three elements conspire to secure to a restricted number of American girls each year this supposed privilege: political prestige, personal friendships, wealth.

Britain should be allowed to continue her time-honored custom without suggestion or criticism from us. But unless the English monarchs wish to open up visting days for all comers we should frown upon our part in helping to keep the custom alive through snobbery and class distinction here in our own country. Some difference indeed between training young American girls over a period of two years that they may acquire such grace as to enable them to curtsy before the throne without loss of poise or balance, and, on the other hand, the calling to the White House by the President of the United States to enjoy his hospitality, a young lad dressed in store clothes who through heroism and self-sacrifice, kept his schoolmates from perishing in the storm.

HOW ABOUT OUR "EATS"?

NO doubt overweight persons should consider their diet somewhat and touch lightly upon over-indulgence in desserts. In the same way the undernourished should look to their calories and vitamins. But there is much nonsense, "bunk" more nearly expresses it, in this matter of diet. Health experts and alleged dietitians have waxed financially fat at the expense of the vain and the gullible.


Now comes a scientist with the theory of personal liking as a factor in diet. Individual taste is a determining element in digestion and nourishment, says this authority. This theory seems entirely logical and will be received and acted upon with enthusiasm by many. True it is that we are fast forsaking the old thought of "art for art's sake." A work of art becomes such to the individual, largely because of its appeal to him. The music that the particular individual enjoys, is, so far as he is concerned, good music. Chances are that, in the broad, the food for which the individual has liking is as good for him as is any other dish.

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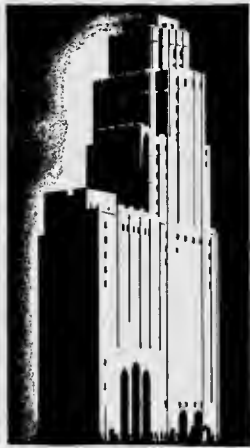
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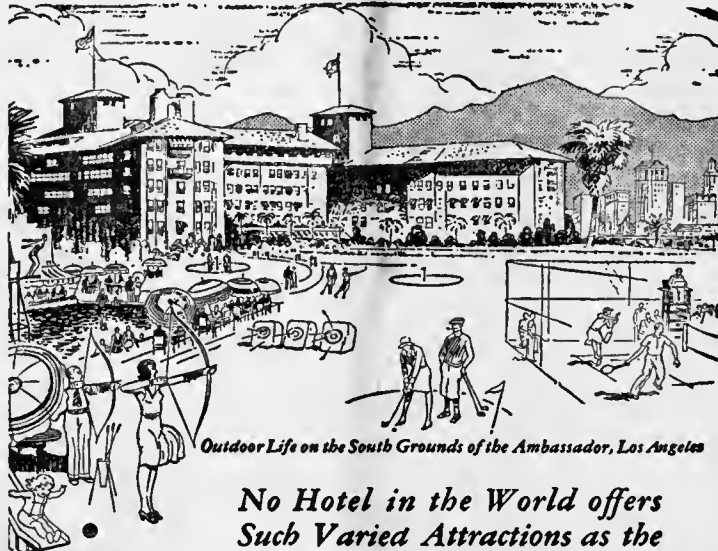
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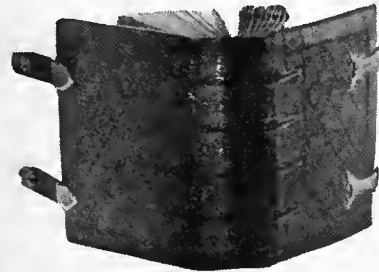
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Welcome to National Education Association

By THE HONORABLE JAMES ROLPH, JR.

Governor of The State of California.

TO this great assemblage of educators, representing the body of teachers of the nation, the great State of California sends hearty greeting and welcome through its chief executive officer, the Governor of the State. It is always fitting that the people of this great state extend a cordial welcome to visitors within its boundaries, many of whom may, and probably will, in the future become residents of this great State. It is particularly fitting that the people of this State welcome such a convention as this, representing as it does those people directly engaged in the great work of public education throughout the United States. It is particularly fitting that this splendid body of visitors should have convened here in California; for here in California we boast proudly and rightly of a system of public schools second to none in the world.

The people of the State of California have always been generous in their support of the public schools. Our institutions of higher learning have spared no efforts to provide for the public schools the most excellent leadership. Within our public schools, curricula have been developed which have made available to all the people of the state, young and old, rich and poor alike, opportunities for directed learning activities in accordance with individual needs.

In more than 5,000 elementary schools there are enrolled over three quarters of a million pupils, while in our secondary schools there are enrolled not only a quarter of a million children in the regular high school grades, but also over 300,000 adults who are thus securing the advantages of continued education even though they are no longer of the usual age for admission to the public schools. An extended system of junior colleges and collegiate institutions enroll a total of over 60,000 boys and girls and

young men and women in advanced secondary and higher education classes. A professional staff of nearly 50,000 teachers, principals, supervisors, and superintendents is employed in the conduct of this vast enterprise of public education in California, for the maintenance of which the people of the state annually expend approximately \$150,000,000.



HON. JAMES ROLPH, JR.,
Governor of California

Splendid schools have been provided for the children and adults of the state by people thoroughly convinced of the value of public education in building good character and good citizenship. The total value of school property in the state is in excess of \$426,000,000, while the annual expenditure for permanent improvements for the public schools reaches a total of nearly \$50,000,000.

We are living in a period which is said to be one of economic depression. It is California's purpose to demonstrate to the rest of the world that the solution of the problems of economic depression lies not in programs of retrenchment, not in policies of false temporary economies, but rather in state-wide publicly supported

programs and policies of continued wise and necessary expansion and maintenance of high standards of living.

The welfare of the people of a great state such as California, and the welfare of the people of these great United States, cannot be impaired permanently by temporary conditions of economic depression. A spirit of confidence in the future of our state and of our nation and a constructive optimism with regard to current conditions should characterize the thinking of the people throughout the state and throughout the nation. It is to your body—the teachers of the nation—that the people of the country must look for the maintenance of such a high spirit of confidence and optimism. Through your leadership and through your influence in your contact with the millions of children entrusted to your care in the public schools of the nation, and through the influence which you exert over the parents of the nation, this feeling of confidence in the destiny and in the well-being of this great nation can be reinstilled in the minds and hearts of the people. This great service which you can render is one of infinite value. It should command your every consideration and your greatest efforts. We in California know that our schools will acquit themselves creditably in the performance of this great public service. We welcome the opportunity of bringing into contact with the teachers of the nation the schools and the teachers of the State of California. The outcome of such a contact cannot be other than beneficial, both to the people of this state and to the people of the states which you represent.

May your stay in California be pleasant, may it be profitable and may your deliberations here result in improvements in the education of children and in the welfare of the people. May you find

Read further on page 29

Retracing the Immigrant Trails

To Los Angeles of the Early Days

By W. W. ROBINSON

WHEN William J. Williams of Los Angeles, pioneer and son of pioneers, recently visited Sutter's Fort at Sacramento, Professor Peterson, the curator, realized that in Mr. Williams he had made an important find.

And small wonder. William J. Williams—Colonel Williams as he is sometimes affectionately called—has lived the entire span of his 80 years in California. He is a font of information on the immigrant trains that came into California prior to the gold-rush period, on the life and habits of the pioneer era and on the progress of Los Angeles from pueblo to metropolis. His father was a member of the historic Joseph B. Chiles party that reached Sutter's Fort in 1843 and his mother of the Stevens-Murphy train that arrived the following year.

Mr. Williams has been a careful and intelligent observer. He possesses a memory that serves him well, and is more active now than are most men at 50. He recently returned from a 7600-mile automobile trip that would have taxed a young man to his physical utmost, retracing the old immigrant trails westward from Salt Lake City, braving desert and mountain at the worst season. Of late years he has become a bibliophile, specializing in Americana, and has assembled an extensive and valuable library of Western items covering the pioneer period between 1840 and 1860. In Los Angeles he is considered an expert on early surveys, old titles, and, at his office with the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, does the most exacting work in preparing and construing land descriptions.

Mr. Williams is a pleasant-voiced, deliberate speaker, careful in his choice of words and scrupulous in his pronunciation of terms that are Spanish in origin, as for example, Colorado and coyote.

He was glad to outline to me his own story and that of his recent trip.

"**T**HERE were two disappointments on this trip," he began. "On account of the rains in New Mexico I couldn't get down to El Morro,—Inscription Rock it's called. You know my name is on that cliff—along with that of



William J. Williams
Pioneer and Son of Pioneers

Onate and all the Spanish explorers. I carved it there about 1876. The same rains also prevented me from visiting Zuni and the old towns along the Rio Grande that used to be my stamping ground from 1876 to 1882.

But to go back to my father, Isaac Williams. He came to California at the age of 21, arriving at Sutter's Fort on November 10, 1843. He and his three brothers, James, John, and Squire, the youngest, were members of the Joseph B. Chiles party that had been organized, originally, in Missouri. Joseph Walker was the organizer. Walker had been out to California in 1841 and had obtained permission from the Mexi-

can authorities to put up a saw mill. From Missouri the party, which was a large one, went to Salt Lake City and then on to Soda Springs in the southeastern corner of Idaho. There was a shortage of provisions and the caravan divided. Leaving the wagon-train behind, 13 men on horseback under the leadership of Chiles, went forward to Fort Hall and thereafter to Boise. Not finding the food they looked for they kept on going. My father and my three uncles made four of the 13.

With 13 men and 26 horses and mules, there were two animals per man. I remember most definitely my father telling me those figures and was glad to have Miss Alice M. Reading of Redding, California, verify them. Her father was also one of the party. When I was directed to her on my recent trip I had a most delightful conversation. Incidentally, she plans publication of her father's diary soon. I await that document with great interest. Bancroft, you know, gives a larger number than 13, and I am now certain he is wrong.

The wagon party, by the way, didn't wait long at Soda Springs. It ultimately reached California—though at a later date than the Chiles' group—in the Owens Valley country somewhere. The wagons were lost in Death Valley in a terrific sandstorm. I have an idea that the spot now called "Lost Wagons" was the scene of that tragedy.

Well, from Idaho my father's party went on into southeastern Oregon, a vast desert country. Just why they went 500 miles and more out of their way to get to California I do not know. They feared the Sierra Nevadas, of course. But as there were no maps of the region they traversed I am completely mystified at the course taken. Passing through the Malheur Lake section they crossed

Read further on page 22

California Welcomes the N. E. A.

By VIERLING KERSEY

Superintendent of Public Instruction for California

THE National Education Association of the United States, just approaching its 75th year as a professional organization, is holding its 69th annual meeting in Los Angeles. The N. E. A. returns to Los Angeles after a lapse of 24 years, the second re-organization meeting of the association having been held in Los Angeles in July, 1907, upon the occasion of its 50th anniversary.

The 1931 convention of the association will be the sixth to be held in California, previous sessions having met in this state in San Francisco in 1888, in Los Angeles in 1898 and 1907, in Oakland in 1915, and in Oakland and San Francisco in 1923. Thus it may be inferred that the N. E. A. has contributed definitely to the development of public education in California.

Organized August 26, 1857, in Philadelphia as the National Teachers Association, reorganized August 15, 1870, in Cleveland as the National Educational Association, and assuming its present status in Los Angeles, July 10, 1907, the National Education Association has consistently maintained its original purpose, as a voluntary, professional organization: *To elevate the character and*

the interests of the profession of teaching and to promote the cause of popular education in the United States.

Of its total of over 200,000 members, it is anticipated that nearly ten per cent will be in attendance upon the 1931 sessions in Los Angeles. Tremendous value should accrue to public education in California from the professional associations and from the professional associations and from the educational leadership which will be afforded by this convention to California teachers. The general themes which will dominate the programs are such as to give new impetus to the human and social values of public education: Integration of all education; Human values and relationships; Youth views education; The enrichment of life; Relation of education to business; The principal and his relationships; The White House Conference on Child Health and Protection; Education and auxiliary agencies; The next ten years in rural schools; The next ten years in the national agencies can be co-ordinated to serve the rural child. the national agencies can be co-rural life, and How the work of

The N. E. A. is primarily an organization of classroom teach-

ers, who, through the contribution they make in the form of membership dues, and through active participation in specific studies, are continuously aiding in the solution of the problems of public education. The association is not primarily interested in protecting the interests of teachers, nor in sponsoring movements for the benefit of teachers. Rather, as stated by Secretary J. W. Crabtree, of the association, in his report for 1927, "The chief reasons for organizing nationally were to aid in bringing about through education a better understanding between the various sections of the country, to build a more stable national spirit, and to inspire renewed confidence in the democracy established by the forefathers."

The program for the 1931 meeting in Los Angeles of the 34 departments and allied organizations of the N. E. A. offers rich promise of furthering these broad ideals and objectives of the association. It is confidently anticipated that the proceedings of this convention will eventuate in bringing into the schoolroom a broader outlook and an enhanced social vision which will enrich the lives of the children of the nation.

Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine

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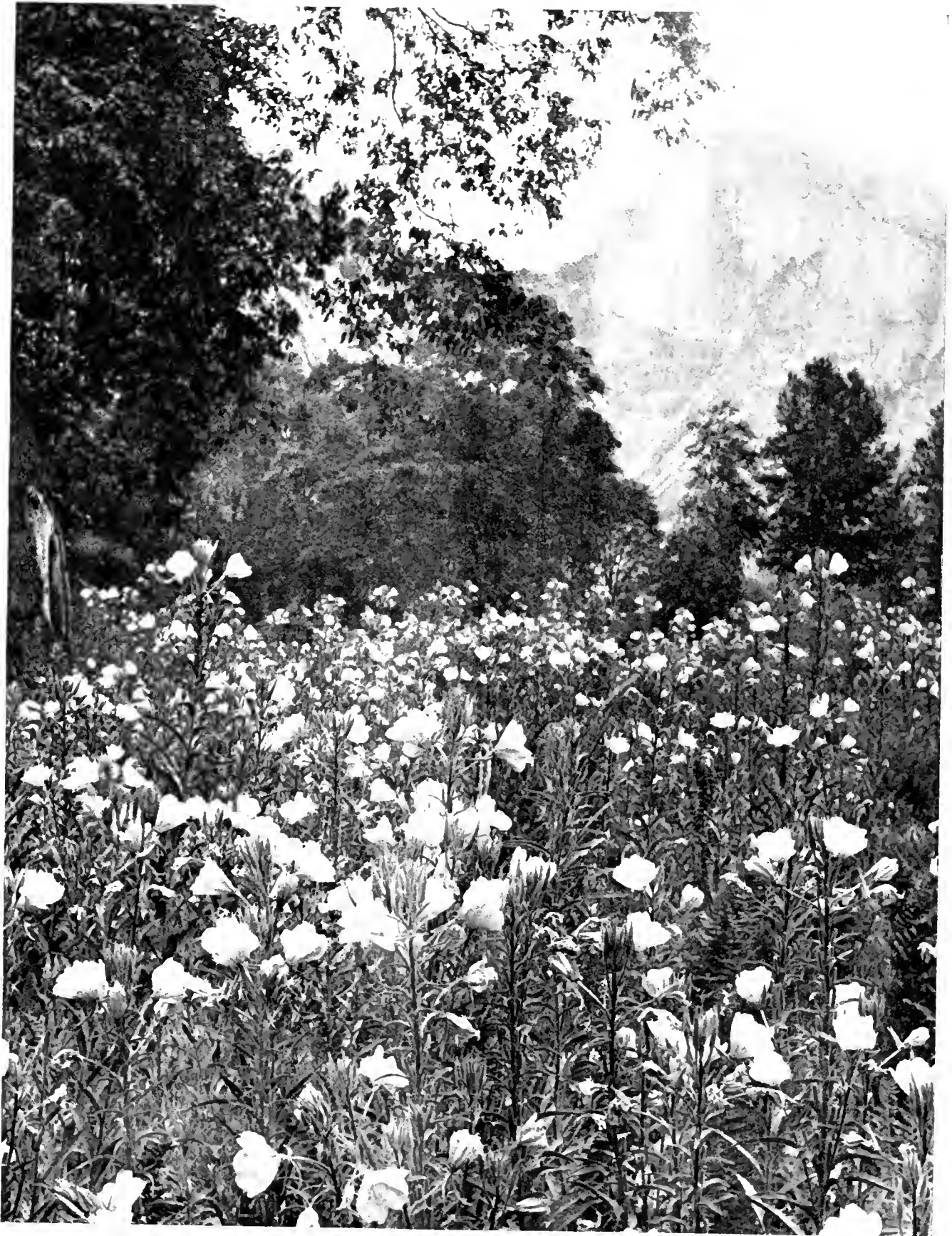
Published at Los Angeles, California. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Los Angeles under the Act of March 3, 1897.

Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., 437 South Hill Street. San Francisco, Calif., 1024 Phelan Building

Vol. 89, No. 7

Issued Monthly. Subscription \$2.50 per year, 25c per copy

JULY, 1931



The flowers of California are of great variety—a new flora at every changing altitude. The Mariposa lillies of Yosemite are world famed

Welcome to the Golden State

By WILLARD E. GIVENS

Superintendent, Oakland Public Schools and N. E. A. Director for California

CALIFORNIA welcomes you. It is a pleasure and a privilege for the 43,000 teachers of the Golden State to extend to you a sincere personal and real professional welcome. We are here to help make the National Education Association Convention of value to you. Any service which we can give will make this Convention more profitable and more pleasureable will be gladly rendered.

If our anxiety to serve you in any way blurs our vision so that we do not see that which we should do, please call upon us.

We have only to be asked.

We have gathered here from all over the state to help entertain you. We come from fifty-eight counties—from Mexico on the south to Oregon on the north, a distance of one thousand miles—from the Pacific Ocean on the west to the Imperial Valley, Yosemite Valley, and Lake Tahoe on the east.

When this Convention has ended, take some time to visit our beloved California, enjoy our hospitality, and share with us for a little while the pleasures which we enjoy all the time. Bathe at

our beaches, play with the snow in our mountains, pick our flowers, and eat our oranges. You do not visit us often; please stay long enough to get some idea of the real joy which Californians have, living in this Golden State.

When the Convention is over and you have visited our state and returned to that place which you love best, if you have enjoyed visiting California, tell your friends in order that they may at some time share this pleasure with you. We shall welcome your return and a visit from your friends at any time.

By J. M. GWINN

President, California Teachers' Association; Superintendent of San Francisco Public Schools

IN response to your "California here we come," the 40,000 public school teachers of California greet you and welcome you to the Golden State. The great and the less great cities of the state rejoice in your coming. The miles and miles of fine highways and the great open spaces invite you. The giant trees and the high mountains call to you. Our great universities and colleges will gladly receive you. Our public

and private schools covet your inspection.

We welcome you because we need to learn from you. Praise us if you must, but tell us tenderly of our shortcomings and show us how to be better. Make the Convention Week but the beginning of a happy vacation in California.

Here I step out of character as President of the California Teachers' Association and assume the

character of Superintendent of the San Francisco Public Schools. San Francisco would like to have you stop awhile within its borders. It is the city by the Golden Gate; a unique city that lures. You will be happy if you surrender to its call and to its charms. The teachers of San Francisco are expecting you and have provided ways and means for assisting you to have a profitable and pleasant stay.

By ROY W. CLOUD

State Executive Secretary California Teachers Association

IN giving greeting to the thousands of educators from the different sections of the United States, California Teachers Association is appreciative of the fact that inspiration must certainly come from the presence within our midst of the countless leaders in the different fields of public school work who are voluntarily spending a week or more with us.

California has endeavored for many years to keep itself in the front rank of educational thought and activity. In doing so, it has been necessary for those in authority to study and consider the advancement that has been made in other sections of our land.

We know that the papers and discussions which will be pre-

sented at the Delegate Assembly and at the other meetings of the National Education Association will bring information, instruction, enthusiasm and inspiration to our teachers in California. We are glad that so many of our own teachers are to be present in Los Angeles during the sessions of the national convention.

In behalf of the teachers of California, as Secretary of the state association, I wish to extend the greetings of the members to the teachers of the nation. It is our hope that the educators who come to us will not only bring the inspiration of their presence but that they will be able to take away with them a feeling that it has been good for them to have

carried in California for a while.

We also trust that the associations and contacts they make with the teachers of California will be of help to them on their return to their school work in their own particular fields of endeavor.

We realize that much personal sacrifice has been necessary on the part of many teachers who come clear to the western coast from the far off portions of the country bordering the great Mississippi and the further coastal sections of the Atlantic.

California extends its greeting to all and holds the thought that whatever sacrifice may have been made, they will be more than offset by the recompenses received.

The Glamorous Past

By JOHN STEVEN McGROARTY

Author of the Mission Play

THERE are not many people who know that each of the old Franciscan Missions that were founded and created between San Diego and Sonoma was an industrial or manual arts school in the fullest sense of the word. And I have found as I talked about the matter to people that folks are almost invariably amazed to learn that there was a well-established normal school at the Mission of San Gabriel 100 years ago in which young Indian men and women were trained to teach in the various Mission establishments.

When one understands what manner of men the early Franciscan Mission fathers were who came to California, one is not surprised to know that they were anxiously concerned about education. They were themselves men of the highest education and attainments. Not only that, they were as Robert Louis Stevenson put it, "Masters of the arts and graces". They were the best products of the schools of Spain when Spain had the best schools in the world. They were men of letters, and men of science, astronomers, engineers, linguists and craftsmen familiar with all the European trades then known.

Our schools of today consider Americanization of the foreign elements in our population as one of the various problems to be met and solved. But what must this similar problem have been to the first Franciscan fathers who found California a race of aborigines who were not only unable to speak or understand the Spanish language, but who spoke a different language each among

themselves. The Indians of Santa Barbara did not speak the same language that the Indians of San Diego spoke. Indeed it has been

the use of the Spanish language. And both these things they accomplished. Not only did they teach them the Spanish language so that all the Indians of California would speak the same tongue but they taught them to read books printed in that language and to write it.

I do not know of any achievement in human history quite equal to this.

The Franciscans who bore in their beautiful rough brown hands the torch of civilization to California considered that the arts were a part of education. So, we find through the ruins evidence of a perhaps crude art that is yet very beautiful. We find striking frescos on the walls of the churches, statuary hewn from wood and hammered from brass. We find that musical instruments were made upon which the natives were taught to play exquisitely. One of the great traditions of the Missions is the famous Indian orchestra of the Mission San Luis Rey where Fray Antonio Peyri lived his wonderful life for many long and splendid years.

Through this education was evolved a distinctive architecture which is today known and highly admired through the civilized world. All the Mission structures were more or less beautiful, and some of them were worthy to be classed among

the best efforts of architecture in history. The Mission of San Antonio de Padua in Monterey County is said to have been the finest of the Northern Missions while San Fernando is considered to have been the finest of the Missions in the South.

Read further on page 32



Old Mission San Gabriel, Founded in 1771

stated that almost two out of three of all the different Indian dialects spoken in America were in use among the Indians of California.

Now, the task that faced the Mission fathers was first to learn the various Indian tongues and to become conversant in them. Then they had to teach the Indians

Then and Now in Los Angeles Schools

By J. L. VAN NORMAN
President, Board of Education

MORE than twenty-four years have passed since delegates to a convention of the National Education Association assembled in Los Angeles. When you gathered here in 1907 we had a population of 42,998. To meet our children's needs 70 schools had been built and 14 additional schools were then in course of construction. One of the newest buildings then in use was the Polytechnic High School which had enrolled its first classes that year. Our only other high school, opened in 1873, called the Los Angeles High School was already boasting its antiquity.

With the census of 1920 Los Angeles suddenly stood revealed as in the metropolitan class. Hardly had the Federal report of a population of 576,673 faded from the front pages of our newspapers when the acute need for many new school buildings was brought to the attention of taxpayers. Our school enrollment for that year stood at 141,744. During the years between 1920 and 1930 the city showed an increase of 115 per cent, while the school enrollment outstripped that figure and recorded 185 per cent!

Bond issues totaling \$61,540,000 were endorsed by the people to supply the funds necessary to buy land, build and equip 161 new schools and 308 urgently needed additions. At one time during that ten-year interval there were more than 100 entirely new structures under contract, some of which were additions to schools where overcrowding had become acute.

The importance of vocational education was claiming the attention of educators throughout the country. In addition to offering several types of instruction suited to the needs of Los Angeles High School students, trade training was begun in a trade extension high school. So eager was the response from men and women, and so urgent the demand from manufacturers that additional

trades be offered, that the Frank Wiggins Trade School was built and opened in 1925 at a cost of more than \$1,000,000. While this school offers training in more than 52 trades, there is a long waiting list of students ready to enter the majority of the classes. In this work manufacturers, contractors, and the heads of other industries have given us their assistance, and in many instances have offered their plants as laboratories for the practical work necessary to our students.

Our high school students are offered training in all the industrial and art lines taught in progressive schools today, including printing, commercial art and motion picture design, stage design and musical stage craft. Aviation is one of our high schools in all its phases, as well as in the training of this character taught in our high schools, as well as in our Trade Centers, which has bridged the gap for many a boy and girl who has either gone directly to work after graduation from high school or has supplemented his trade work with a year or more of additional instruction in a trade school.

Our junior high school program is well developed and we still have a number of six-grade high schools, the line between the junior and senior groups is sharply marked.

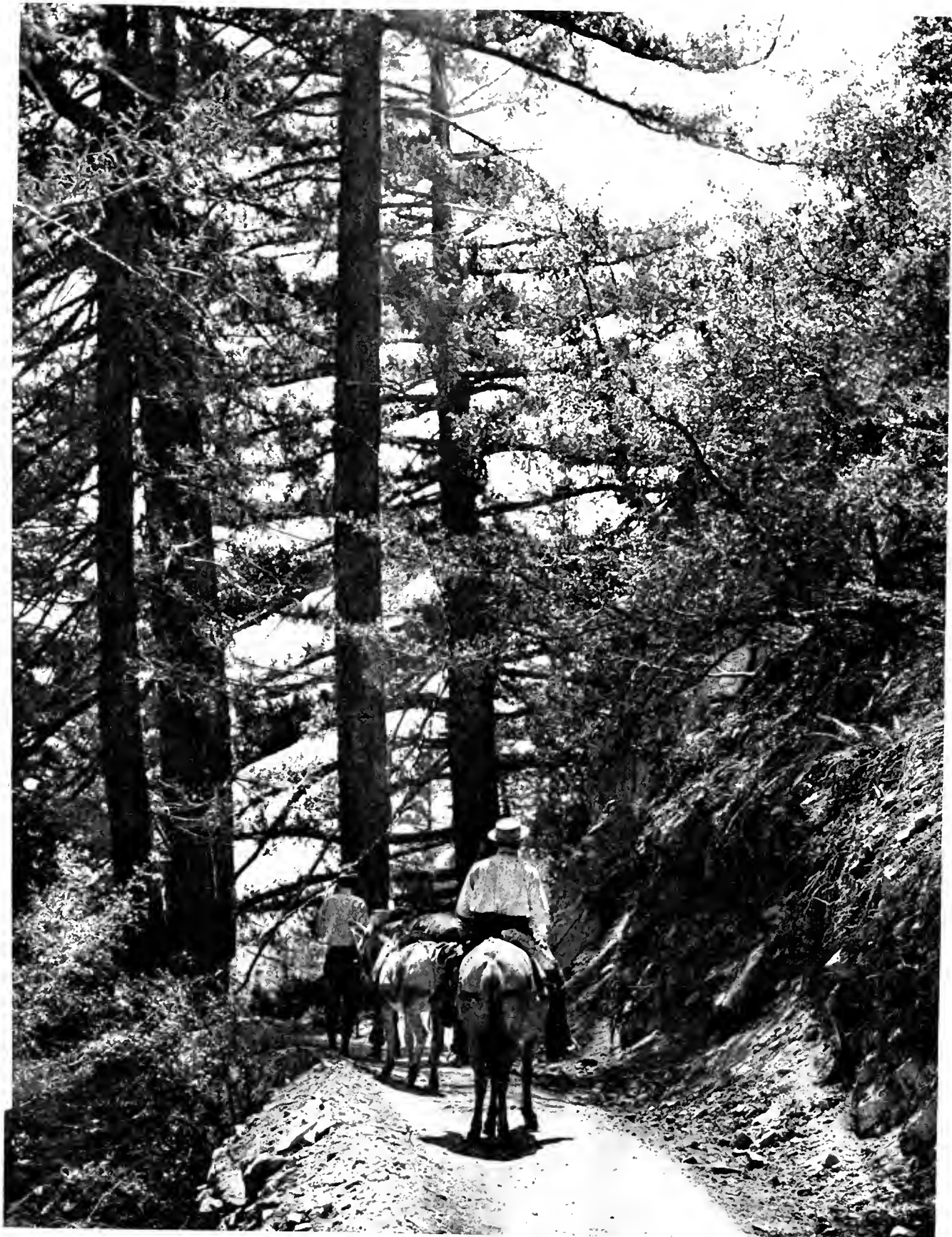
A well organized health program has been developed. Because the Los Angeles City School District embraces many outlying communities, a part of our health problem has been solved by two traveling vans, or health mobiles, in which a dentist and an optometrist take care of the needs of unfortunate children whose parents cannot afford more than the most nominal of fees. These fees which average from ten to twenty-five cents, are turned over to the local Parent-Teacher Association, although much of the work is done free of cost. These clinic vans, mounted on motor truck chassis,

roll into a school yard and remain for a month to six weeks, or until all children in the elementary schools of that district have been examined. Those needing medical care are referred to the clinics.

Several years ago Los Angeles, as a result of the state which those states come, saw that you have a junior high school need for young people. Many of our students were traveling 30 miles a day to enter classes in junior colleges in near-by districts. In recognition of this need the Los Angeles Junior College was opened in 1929. Although offering only the usual academic courses in its first year, yet the enrollment exceeded our expectations by several hundred. Last September a group of semi-professional courses was introduced which have proved their value in that more than three-fourths of the approximately 3,000 students have elected them rather than the academic courses leading to entrance as a junior college in any college or university.

At the present time Los Angeles has 294 elementary, 23 junior, and 30 senior high schools, 35 evening schools, 1 trade, and 1 part time high school. These, together with the junior college, give us a total of 385 schools. Since a \$12,720,000 bond issue was favorably voted upon March 27 of this year, we are now engaged in another bond issue but still have a program which will aid in meeting our actual needs in spite of this broad and progressive program of education, our public schools are maintained on an economical basis.

When this last bond issue has been exhausted there will have been invested in Los Angeles schools more than \$130,000,000. The district served embraces an area of 1,037 square miles, the population of which greatly exceeds that of the city, which by the last census was 1,238,048 residents.



Well kept trails lead from the valleys through the foot hills and up the forest-covered slopes of the mountains

Welcome Intelligentsia

By CHARLES FLETCHER SCOTT

WELCOME, Intelligentsia. We are honored to have you with us. We are not much concerned with your deliberations but we do hope you will have a good time while you are nosing about in our sunshine and among our flowers. In the absence of Mayor Porter—in Europe—the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine presents you the Key to the City and to the Southland. It is a small key, but it will open up to you our hearts.

We can not at this writing know what the weather will be like. The last time the N. E. A. was here, the thermometer got all "het up" over its guests of high degree, and itself soared into the upper nineties. But we hope it will, this year, hold its head level at normal. Should you look out in the morning upon a leaden sky, don't think that it is going to rain. The lowering clouds are just "high fog." It is an awning that Nature rolls down to temper the sun's approach. The high fog will "burn off" in a few hours, and the rest of the day will be like the rarest spring day of your memory.

Of course, in reality, we are not unmindful of your discussions, but we are much more interested in having you find out for yourself that California is one of the fairest playgrounds in the whole world. So, in your spare moments, do browse about. In fact you will find Entertainment Committees all over the place. You have already been farmed out to the Elks of Pomona, or the Epworth League of Long Beach or some other willing worker. You can commandeer almost any automobile you see. And you will need it to get about.

WHAT have you always wanted to see? Pasadena? That's easy. Take a Pacific Electric car, or an auto. Just tell your driver you want to go down Orange Grove Avenue among the millionaires and out East California Street where are the new

Spanish and Italian homes, stopping on the way at California "Tech," and then circle up to the foot of Mt. Wilson Trail, in Altadena, and back through the Christmas Deodar Drive, pausing at the Civic Center to inspect the charming public library. From here take a whirl around Oak Knoll stopping of course at the



Charles Fletcher Scott was formerly associate-editor of "The Great Round World," in New York, and Editor of "Four O'Clock" magazine and "The Club Fellow" weekly, in Chicago. He is now manager in California for Scott Foresman and Company, publishers, Chicago. He is well known over the state as "Scotty."



Huntington Library where are housed some of the rarest world art treasures—pictures, books and statuary, in the former home and grounds of Henry E. Huntington, going home across Colorado Street Bridge, with its view up the Arroyo Seco, and back to town, passing in turn the Annandale Golf Club, the Church of the Angels (the old Wedding Church), and Sycamore Grove where the State and regional picnics are held every Sunday.

But you say, "Not so fast!" You would like to take the drive up Mt. Wilson. Fine! You had better make that a special trip. Don't try to drive your own car for it is a ten-mile drag "in low" up a steep grade with very sharp turns. Mountain driving requires a special sort of skill. Best thing is to make a night of it. Park at the foot of the trail and go up by stage. What thrills you will get as the rear wheels of the car skid around curves that are a thousand feet above the jagged rocks below. At the top are plenty of comfortable cottages and a fine mountain hotel where you can spend the night. The night view

from up there is a sensation. All the cities of the San Gabriel Valley are spread out in an illuminated map. Away out at sea faint lights pick out Catalina Island. To your right is Santa Monica; to your left in a larger cluster is Long Beach. The dazzling constellations twinkling below make the Milky Way look like a 'piker.' But you will soon get the long distance lure and find yourself peeping through the pine trees to see if you can make out Santa Barbara or Riverside or San Diego. The only reason you can't see them is because your eyes have not accustomed themselves to the elevation. Of course you will not forget the big telescope located on top of this mountain near your hotel, through which you may watch the movements of the stars.

AND Mt. Lowe, next door neighbor to Mt. Wilson, reached by the famous incline. A car from Sixth and Main Streets over the Pacific Electric will take you to the foot of the incline up which you will go on one of the steepest roads in the world. This is a marvel of engineering. At the top a wonderful tavern invites you, and the paths leading on and up can be traveled by foot or on horseback. The distance in time is so short from Los Angeles and the price so reasonable that you wonder if you can afford to stay home.

I notice that the mention of Catalina struck your fancy. And what a trip! You take the trolley at the Pacific Electric Station and at San Pedro you cross to Catalina in a palatial steamer. Are you a good sailor? Well, never mind, it may not be rough the day you go over. Take your wraps—and take your field glasses to see the flying fish, and maybe a shark or a whale. At the Island be sure to ride in the glass-bottom boats and see the marvelous under-sea growth—colored ferns and strange sea flowers and brilliantly tinted fish. If you want to do a

little deep-sea fishing you will have to stay over night and charter a launch. Those yellow tails are great fighters.

ANY one can show the sights of Los Angeles: The old aristocratic section; the miles of pretty bungalows in the western reaches of the city; the new types of homes on the mountain sides back of Hollywood, with the garages on top of the houses; theaters, hotels, coliseums, universities. But don't overlook our little Spanish Street, the Olvera. It is one of the show places of the city, typifying as it does the life that was here when Los Angeles was a mere pueblo centering around the Plaza. It is only a block long and opens out north from the center of the Plaza. The Plaza itself, by the way, has a very unique atmosphere with its old Mission on the west. Better stay over, you Eastern visitors, and help us celebrate the 150th Anniversary of the founding of Los Angeles in our great Fiesta from September 4th to the 11th. The September issue of this magazine will feature the great event.

How stupid of me to overlook the moving picture studios. Of course you will want to see them, and learn how they make moving pictures. I don't blame you, for that is an adventure indeed. But now you are asking something very difficult. Ordinarily, since they have had to be so careful with the sound effects, it is hard to get into the studios while they are working. They are so strict you almost have to get a pass from Will Hayes. So you had better prevail upon the officers of your organization and ask one of the large studios to admit the delegates on one special day. And in any event, drive around Beverly Hills and see the homes of your favorite stars—that is, if you can find any two people in town who agree on where they live.

Unfortunately the Hollywood Bowl Symphonies do not begin till July 7. Whether you are a music-lover or not, you would enjoy one of those rare orchestral concerts in that natural atmosphere. To sit there in the dark with thousands of other people

under the stars listening to an orchestra of a hundred pieces playing Wagner, Beethoven and Brahms is not to be sneezed at—if you take your warm wraps. However, I understand that John McGroarty is going to put on his Mission Play in the Bowl for the benefit of the Convention. It is a good drama, playing up the characters and romantic incidents of California history.

Much as it goes against the grain, we would like to boast a bit about the interiors of our theaters, and suggest to any visiting New Yorkers that they might with profit make a tour of our playhouses and take a few ideas home with them.

But while you are driving about the city, have your host take you out Beverly Boulevard, which winds gracefully through the hills and arroyos, to Westwood. If you have time stop at the U. C. L. A. and inspect the auditorium and library, but make it snappy for you must get down to the ocean and ride ten or twelve miles up the coast where the white-caps and the bathers sport all day—and all winter. You realize of course that you could keep on going up the coast for a hundred miles on this recently constructed boulevard until you reached Santa Barbara. But on the way back stop for a few minutes in one of the quaint little restaurants and rest upon the balcony looking out upon a view that reminds you of the Mediterranean. *Serranto?* Yes. There it is! About a year ago the Chamber of Commerce bought the whole thing and moved it bodily over here.

I KNOW that old golf hound over there was saying to himself: "Auto trips be blowed. How about the golf courses?" Friend, be of good cheer. The woods are full of them. Of course you will have to get a card from a member. That can easily be arranged, especially for such distinguished guests. The best courses are the Los Angeles Country Club, Annandale, Midwick, Wilshire, Hollywood, Flintridge, San Gabriel, and a host of others. You

will be surprised at the well-kept, verdant fairways and greens.

But over there is a little flapper with the better-than-real complexion and the drooping eyelashes that won't drop off, trying to get my attention. What does she want to know? Why, certainly! She wants to know where are the best places to go and dance, and I hasten to tell her right-off-the-bat, not to miss the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel. Yes, it is really a grove of cocoanut trees with stuffed monkeys up in the boughs, just as natural as life, their eyes flashing and blazing (electrically) at you as they pose in the act of dropping a cocoanut down on your defenseless head. The place is Ritz. You can wear your evening togs with propriety although you will see plenty of people in flannels and business suits. The food is Class A. The dinners are a la carte. But if you can't make it for dinner, drop in later for a snack and a few dances and be prepared for a lot of thrills, for here most of the Movie Queens and Kings disport themselves. Your whole evening will be one of gasps and questions, such as, "Where?" "Over there?" "At the third table?" "So that is she? Sure, I remember her in 'The Widow'." Or: "Oh, is that he?" "He is not as tall as I thought he would be." "But he is handsomer off the screen than on." Or: "What beautiful gowns these women wear. I wonder where they get them, etc., etc." The orchestra is a young symphony which makes jazz almost classical without spoiling the dance rhythm. Thursday night is movie night. You would do well to reserve a table in advance.

Don't overlook the supper dance at the Biltmore. It begins at 8:30. Here the dance floor is larger than the others. The room is elegant in its rich simplicity and is a beautiful setting for beautiful women with their beautiful gowns. This place is largely given over to the younger set. Earl Burnett's Recording Orchestra is probably familiar to you all through its well-known records.

Read further on page 30

The Los Angeles City Public Schools

By WARREN C. CONRAD

Assistant Superintendent of Los Angeles City Schools
Chairman, Los Angeles N. E. A. Convention Executive and Finance Committee

THE Los Angeles City public school system is remarkable among other things for its size, the physical provisions made for education and the great variety of services it renders.

The Los Angeles City High School District covers an area of 1039 square miles. Last year a total of 404,351 students of all races and nationalities, were enrolled in the elementary and secondary day and evening schools. 10,721 teachers were employed last year while approximately 3700 other employees were engaged in maintenance, operation, administration and supervision of the schools. 35 special divisions give assistance and supervision in all lines of work found in the modern school system.

The school district has an investment of over \$116,000,000 in land, buildings and equipment. During the past sixteen years bonds to a total of \$78,720,000 have been voted by the people. In round figures the assessed valuation of the Los Angeles City High School District is \$2,142,000,000. The budget for the past year was about \$38,000,000.

Physical provisions made for education are ample. School sites are generally graded, landscaped and in many cases fenced. Play areas are large. School buildings are in general the best examples of modern school architecture. Comparatively few old frame structures remain. School buildings provide for kindergartens, standard classrooms, nurse's room, rest rooms, auditoriums, manual training and domestic science rooms and in high schools for laboratories, libraries, gymnasiums, assembly halls, shops, cafeterias, etc. Equipment and supplies are of high standard in quality and quantity.

Services rendered by the school system meet the needs of widely differentiated groups. Provisions for physical needs of all children, and for those who are physically handicapped are outstanding.

Children afflicted with curvature, obesity, foot defects, etc., may attend corrective physical education classes where there are teachers trained in corrective work and supplied with corrective equipment.

Children under-nourished are given special attention in nutrition classes where rest periods are enforced, milk provided and instruction given designed to aid in body building.

Children having speech defects such as stuttering, stammering and lispings are given special attention in various centers throughout the city.

The school cafeteria is a boon in many schools to the children. Inexpensive, healthful menus and hot dishes do away with the cold lunches of pie, pickles and pop.

The crippled, blind and deaf are not forgotten. "The educational work for crippled children is carried on in two public school centers, one elementary and one high school, Orthopaedic Hospital, the Children's Hospital and General Hospital, while the "shut-ins" are cared for by traveling teachers who work directly in the homes."

Tubercular children receive instruction at Olive View Sanitarium and Motor Avenue Annex.

Classes for the blind are maintained for pupils from first to eighth grades. They are taught the mechanics of Braille reading and writing and soon are able to do regular academic work. Typewriting, handwork and music also for man important part of their work.

Sight-saving classes are maintained in several schools. The children are placed in rooms specially lighted and use books of large type.

There is a central school for the deaf where children four years of age and over may attend. Classes for the deaf are maintained in two regular senior and junior high schools where special teachers are in charge. With these

children lip reading is used exclusively.

Development rooms and some development centers are maintained for the subnormal in whose education handwork is emphasized.

Children in the regular schools not up to grade in all subjects are assigned to adjustment rooms where they are given special treatment designed to bring them to grade.

Super-bright children in many cases attend classes that have an enriched curriculum and that provide opportunity for an accelerated pace.

Foreign beginners having the language handicap are placed in little B1 classes where work is oral and manual.

Behavior cases may be diagnosed at a psychological clinic. Bad behavior cases are sent to special schools and welfare centers.

Court wards are cared for educationally in a number of special institutions.

Citizenship classes offer training to foreigners looking toward their naturalization as American citizens.

Home or Americanization classes are held for foreign women in which they learn to read and write English and to understand American ideas, ideals and institutions.

Adults obtain training in many lines of work in the evening high schools and in the special day and evening classes.

To some extent working mothers in some sections of the city may leave children of pre-school age at school nurseries where they are cared for, fed and guided in correct habit formation.

Two years of university work with university credit, may be taken at the Los Angeles Junior College, operated under the Los Angeles City Board of Education. Terminal courses in special fields, covering two years, may also be taken.



The Old Missions of California are reached by rail or automobile—21 of them scattered up and down the coast. San Gabriel Mission, founded in 1771 (see page 8) is but forty minutes ride from the center of Los Angeles

A Bit of Unwritten History

By ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN

THE Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine honors itself in presenting to the delegates to the 1931 Los Angeles meeting of the National Education Association, copies of its July issue. We trust that the material carried in these pages relating to educational matters in the State of California, and the articles featuring the historical background and industrial development may prove of value to the teachers in the classroom.

In 1915, when the convention met in Oakland, this writer had great pleasure in presenting to the delegates then assembled a souvenir book of somewhat similar nature. This booklet is made use of for reference by teachers throughout the country and this fact inspired us to plan and carry through the present project.

Our organization has had a memorable history. Organized in 1857 as the National Teachers Association, the name was changed in 1871 to the National Educational Association, and again changed in 1911 to the National Education Association of the United States.

The first California meeting was in San Francisco in 1888. Los Angeles entertained the convention in 1899, and again in 1907. In 1911 the convention was held in San Francisco; in 1915 in Oakland, and in 1923 in Oakland and San Francisco. There was no meeting held in 1906—therein lies a bit of unwritten history.

The annual convention for 1906 had been scheduled for San Francisco. Plans were well under way and the city had, as was customary in those days, guaranteed a fund of \$25,000 for the entertainment and comfort of the convention. On April 18 of that year, occurred the earthquake and fire which leveled the city. On the afternoon of that day, the present writer, then Dean of Throop Polytechnic Institute (Cal. Tech.) and state director for California of the National Education Association, hastened to Los Angeles to place before the directors of the Chamber of Commerce of that city, of which body he was a member, plans for the holding of the convention in Los Angeles.

Our proposal to Secretary Frank Wiggins of the Chamber of Commerce was in few words. Southern California and the entire nation were mobilizing at that moment in the interest of San Francisco. Supplies of food and clothing were

being made ready for shipment. We suggested a guarantee fund by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce of \$25,000 to take over from San Francisco the proposed and promised meeting and to hold it in Los Angeles in the name of the northern city.

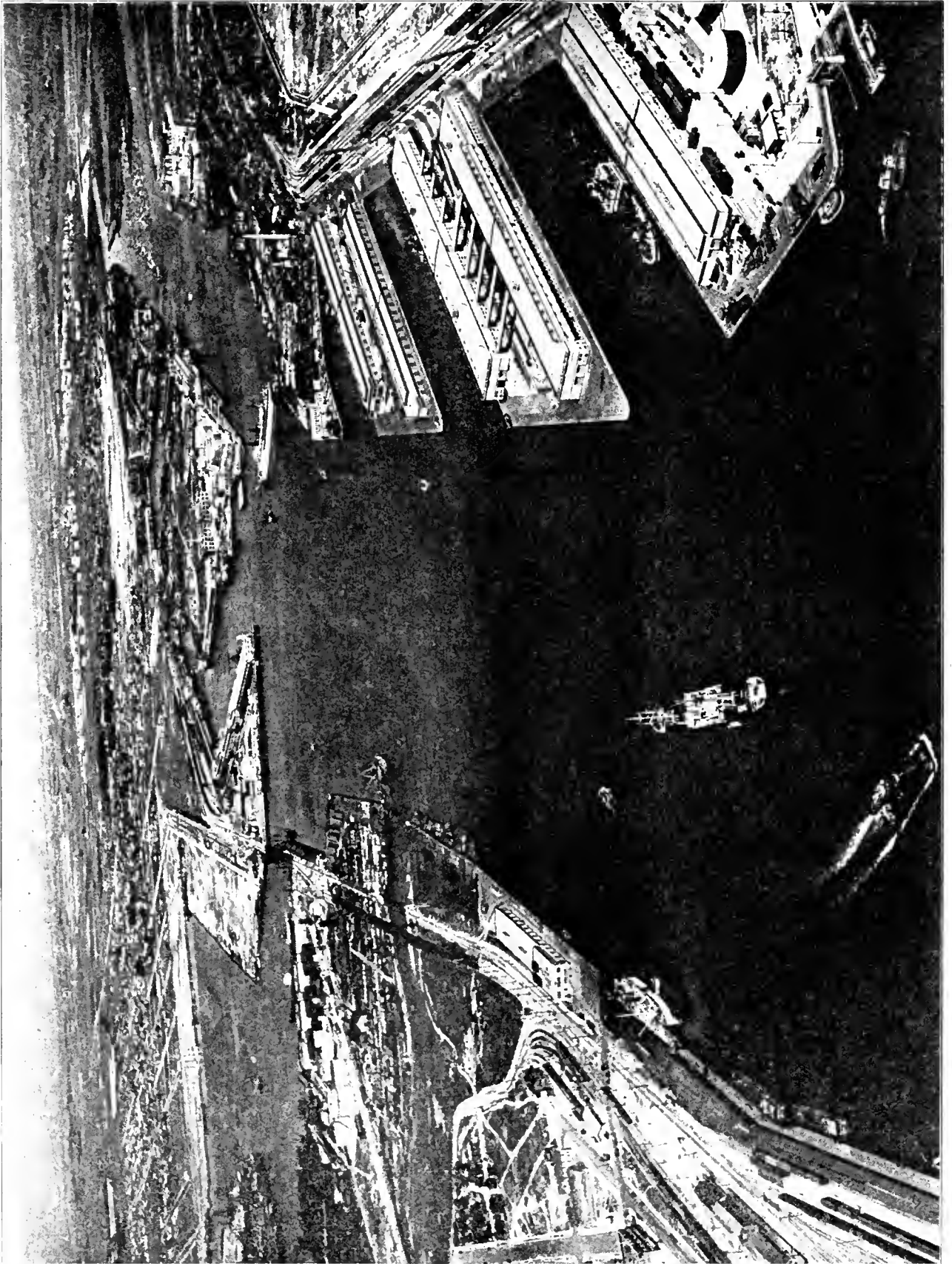
Mr. Wiggins was a man of vision and action. No one better than he knew the significance and value, educational and otherwise, of such a meeting as this. He rallied at once to our standard and at my request summoned such members of the board of directors as were available. In those day Los Angeles was not a large city. The matter was placed before them. These men were at the moment engaged in a campaign to raise a like sum of money for the entertainment of the National Elks Convention and proposed that we delay decision until the matter could be more fully canvassed. I pressed for a decision at once, saying I desired to leave within the hour for San Francisco to place the proposal and guarantee before the authorities there.

Mr. Cass of the firm of Cass and Smurr, hardware merchants, agreed to be one of three, including the writer, to guarantee the fund, and I left that evening with a Mr. Spiers, member of the board, as a special committee.

Wires were sent to James A. Barr, then superintendent of the schools of Stockton; to F. W. McClymonds, superintendent of Oakland, and to Superintendent Alfred Roncovieri of San Francisco. These gentlemen met us at the Oakland pier and we proceeded to San Francisco, whence by devious routes through smoke and tottering walls, we reached the improvised headquarters of the Board of Education.

Then followed one of the most interesting sessions in which we have ever participated. The superintendent of schools, members of the Board of Education, the manager of the Convention and Tourist Bureau, and other officials saw the force of our proposals and were greatly relieved. The members of the executive committee of the National Education Association assembled in Chicago and were in constant telegraphic communication with the writer. Arrangements were all but complete when, on presenting the matter to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of Cali-

Read further on page 31



Docks on the Main Channel, Los Angeles Harbor, California. More than 160 various steamship companies send their boats here, and these vessels take the products of the Pacific Southwest to every corner of the globe. See page 19.

The Schools of Los Angeles County

By A. R. CLIFTON .

THE schools of Los Angeles County, in large measure, reflect the spirit of the people who have gathered here from the four corners of the earth. The growth in population has been rapid and with it has come a remarkable development in industry and commerce. This development and the creation of new business machinery have contributed to bring to our county many broadly trained and highly skilled people who demand for their children the best educational facilities that it is possible to provide. Then, too, people from over the mountains and across the plains, who have accumulated a competence, have taken up their abode here, and unite in asking for educational advantages which will meet the demands of a new day.

Many years ago, under the wise direction of John Swett, as Superintendent of Public Instruction, the school system of California was founded. Since the administration of that illustrious educational builder, the system has developed with the growth of the state. Los Angeles County has contributed its share toward what is recognized as educational leadership among the states of the Union. Whatever is best in any school system, from kindergarten to junior college, from private military or business school to endowed college or State University, is to be found in Los Angeles County.

One reading for the first time a statement comparing the size of Los Angeles County with that of other political divisions in the country, will be surprised. The county has an area of 4,115 square miles. This is 83 per cent of the area of Connecticut, one-half that of Massachusetts or New Jersey and almost one-half that of New Hampshire or Vermont. It contains 1,745 more square miles than Delaware and has nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ times the area of Rhode Island. Although the area of the county is but 2.6 that of the State of California, it has almost 40 per cent of the state's population.

Statistics with reference to the apportionment of state school funds are interesting. They have direct bearing on the educational program of Los Angeles County. For the year ending June 30, 1930, more than 34 per cent of the money apportioned for the elementary schools, based on units of average daily attendance, came to this county, 37 per cent of the state's high school money and 34 per cent of that going to district junior colleges.



A. R. CLIFTON

The last annual report of the Superintendent of Los Angeles County showed 126 elementary districts, with 615 schools in session using 1,116 buildings; of these 126 districts, 57 maintained 475 kindergartens. There were 26 high school districts maintaining 59 separate senior high schools and the same number of junior high schools. Four regularly organized junior colleges were functioning, while five others, doing practically the same work, were in operation as departments of regular high schools. These various schools were taught by 17,699 teachers whose combined salaries amounte d to about thirty-five million dollars—a total which does

not include the salaries paid the ten city superintendents and their deputies.

During the last fiscal year the total enrollment in all the schools of the county, including kindergarten and junior colleges, was 557,843.

Throughout the county, in the more populous centers, there are maintained special classes for physically handicapped children and for adults desiring vocational or cultural training. The state compulsory education law for minors under 18, sent almost 7,000 boys and girls into the four-hours-a-week work in many of the high schools.

Although the great majority of the children of Los Angeles County enjoy urban school facilities, not all do. The wide expanse of purely agricultural districts is served by many one-teacher and two-teacher schools—23 of the former class. However, by the employment of five rural supervisors, giving their entire time to these schools, and by virtue of salaries sufficient to attract well-trained and devoted teachers, the children in rural schools are not appreciably worse off for living in the country.

The average length of the school year for all the elementary pupils of the county last year was 183 days; for all high school students the average was 184 days.

In addition to the money derived from the state, already referred to the schools of Los Angeles County are supported by money derived from flat county rates of 31.3 cents and 17.6 cents on \$100.00 respectively for elementary and high school purposes, based on a 50 per cent valuation. The high school districts all obtained additional money from their respective districts, running from 47 to 75 cents a hundred of assessed valuation; and the junior college districts taxed themselves an additional average of ten cents a hundred. The total

Read further on page 25

Cultural Progress in Los Angeles and Environs

By ROCKWELL D. HUNT

BIGNESS has been the proud boast of California since the days of the great ranchos, and before. Indeed, California has been the synonym of bigness from the time she was first revealed to civilized mankind. Her physical dimensions are matched by her towering mountains; her gigantic trees and marvelous works of nature find a counterpart in her far-flung central valley; her entire western front borders the greatest of all seas.

Los Angeles, a short half-century ago, was little more than a sleepy pueblo, though then already a hundred years old. Today, as she joyously celebrates La Fiesta de Los Angeles, she is the teeming metropolis of the entire Southwest, the largest city west of Chicago, and exceeded by but four in the continent. She boasts of her material development and economic activities and seems ever building for bigger things.

Are we keeping pace in cultural advancement and the finer things of spiritual living? Is current progress in the arts that make for the more abundant life in keeping with our matchless opportunities, is it commensurate to the demands of current civilization? Does the city really possess a soul? Is Los Angeles "The City of Destiny"?

Los Angeles is happy in being able to vouchsafe a confident and reassuring answer to these pertinent but searching questions. She has not been disobedient to the heavenly vision of expansive culture and the concerns of the higher life. Along with the large business are the thousands of homes; along with the powerful banking institutions are the beneficent churches and kindred ameliorative agencies. Of all the many and varied enterprises that are going forward in the interest of Los Angeles and environs, none is greater than that which has to do with the nurture and education of the young. The schools of California are widely renowned.

The School System

LOS ANGELES has become an educational center of high rank, with her face toward a future full of alluring prospects. It's a far cry from the days of the illiterate pobladores of the early pueblo to the intellectual élite of today's metropolitan city. From kindergarten to university — a golden chain literally complete without the omission of a single link! Few other cities can boast such a complete and efficient educational system. Nowhere in this broad land of ours is there to be found an army of more devoted and loyal teachers in all grades of instruction than here.

The expansion of the School Department of Los Angeles during the first three decades of the twentieth century is almost beyond belief. Mere cold figures and percentages miserably fail to express the full measure of the actual dynamic truth. Here is the home of the junior high school, formerly called the intermediate school; here is likewise to be found perhaps the most remarkable chain of senior high schools existing anywhere in the world; here is located on its beautiful campus on Vermont Avenue, the Los Angeles Junior College, which promises within a single decade to outstrip all others in its particular field. In generous measure the development of the great public school system here has been due to the succession of outstanding superintendents: James A. Foshay, Ernest Carroll Moore, John H. Francis, Albert Shiels, Susan M. Dorsey, and Frank A. Bouelle. The community as a whole believes in its schools and supports them generously. Great are the possibilities of the Los Angeles School Department. We call this the City of the Angels, but her finest asset consists in her boys and her girls. Of the men and women who today are the recognized leaders in the community, many received their education in the schools of California.

Higher Education

THE State Normal School at Los Angeles, which was first opened for instruction in 1882, is no more; for in July, 1919, its grounds, buildings and records were transferred to the regents of the University of California and acre campus on the west above it became the Southern Branch of the State University, and its first baccalaureate degree was conferred in June, 1925. In February, 1927, the name was changed to the University of California at Los Angeles; and in September, 1929, this newest of universities moved to its spacious new campus at Westwood, between Wilshire and Beverly boulevards. Under the guiding hand of Provost Ernest Carroll Moore, it already numbers its students by the thousands, and is rapidly winning a commanding place in the academic world.

THE University of Southern California celebrated the 50th anniversary of its founding in 1930 with a series of impressive exercises. This dynamic institution, child of a zealous Methodism, with campus in Los Angeles adjacent to Exposition Park, is the only completely organized university in the great Southwest, having in addition to its College of Letters, Arts and Sciences a large Graduate School and a full quota of professional schools and colleges. The student enrollment is second only to that of the University of California in the entire West.

This university, nicknamed the "Trojan Institution," has only in recent years taken to itself the full meaning of its ambitious name; it was not until 1920 that the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences was organized, and not until 1927 did it confer its first Doctor of Philosophy degree. Since the privilege of granting the University recommendation for the California high school certificates was conferred in 1911, thousands of

Read further on page 24

Los Angeles Harbor

By FRANCES N. AHL

TODAY Los Angeles is possessed of a made harbor upon which the federal government and city combined have spent in excess of thirty millions of dollars. A breakwater—one of the greatest works of its kind in the world—forms a port of refuge behind which boats lie at anchor. Where a short time ago there were only mud flats and marshlands, ships of the seven seas now sail deeply dredged channels and call at docks and wharves of the latest design. A phenomenal growth of shipping has brought the harbor, in comparison with other North America ports, to a position of first place in inter-coastal commerce and second in the tonnage of exports and total ocean commerce.

In 1542 the Portuguese explorer, Cabrillo, sailed into San Pedro Bay, now the harbor of Los Angeles. For more than 200 years following this event scarcely another ship was seen in the bay. Then came the mission fathers. Governor Gaspar de Portola and Father Junipero Serra were commissioned by Jose de Galvez, the far-seeing statesman of New Spain, to build a new Northwest frontier. Twenty-one missions were established. Among these was San Gabriel, destined to be the largest and richest of the Franciscan settlements. It was from this mission—just ten years after it had been established—that Governor Felipe de Neve marched nine miles across the valley, with eleven families of settlers brought up from Mexico as colonists, founded El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles, on September 4, 1781. The purpose of the settlement was to grow grain for the military in order to save the

expense of importing it from San Blas, Mexico. The pueblo apparently had no other outlook for the future. It possessed few natural advantages other than its climate. Its nearest port was 25 miles

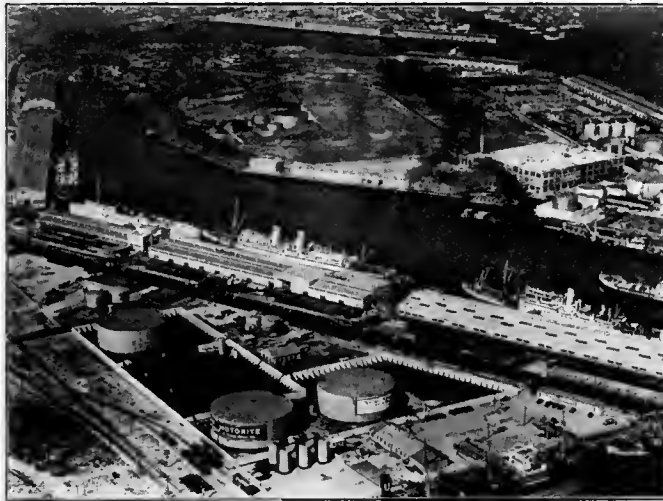
and San Francisco. For the next 20 years stage lines from Los Angeles met the steamers. Then Phineas Banning, the father of Los Angeles Harbor, persuaded the city and county to help finance the first railroad between the pueblo and Wilmington. The boats were then coming through a winding channel around Deadman's island, and a few miles inland to a landing in Wilmington. Thus the railroad soon put the stage coaches out of business.

The United States government took its first step in the improvement of the harbor when in 1871 it constructed a jetty along the east side of what is now the main channel. The creation of a deep-water harbor began in 1896 with the breakwater appropriation

made by Congress. For many years a controversy waged between the chief owner of the Southern Pacific, Collis P. Huntington—who had acquired holdings and spent millions of dollars in construction of a wharf on Santa Monica Bay—and the business men of Los Angeles, who wished the breakwater located in San Pedro Bay. Largely through the efforts of Senator Stephen M. White, the San Pedro site was finally accepted in preference to the one at Santa Monica.

The breakwater was completed in 1910 at a cost of \$3,100,000. It extends from Point Firmin for more than two miles into the water. A huge granite wall nearly 200 feet thick at the base, 20 feet wide on top, and as high as a four story building, it comes to an end with a concrete lighthouse whose light is visible for a distance of fourteen miles.

In 1906 Los Angeles annexed the famous shoestring strip of



Inner Harbor in 1930. Oil Loading Wharf in Foreground. The tremendous growth in commerce during the past decade can be traced directly to the oil development and the lack of storage and refining facilities to take care of it.

away, and what is now the harbor of Los Angeles was then only a salt marsh. Its waters were infested by sharks, its shores by rattlesnakes. For a century this sleeping Spanish pueblo savored of the Middle Ages.

Spain allowed no foreign ships to visit the coast. However, in 1805 Captain Shaler, while returning to Boston from the Hawaiian Islands, sailed into San Pedro Harbor in quest of fresh meat. After his return to New England, and following his report, the Yankee brigs and vessels from other nations called regularly at San Pedro, first in search of otter skins and later for hides and tallow. During the remainder of the Spanish period this trade was contraband, but with the Mexican regime, which began in 1821, it was legal.

In 1826 San Pedro was recognized officially as a port. In 1852 weekly-steamer service was established between Los Angeles

land, a half mile wide, reaching from the city's boundaries to those of Wilmington and San Pedro. Three years later the two harbor towns were annexed.

About the same time Los Angeles created a Harbor Commission and instituted proceedings to acquire, in the name of the state, title to the tidelands then claimed by corporate interests. Today the state owns 40 miles of water front and 12 miles of waterside terminals. Ninety-five percent of these are operated and maintained by the city through its Board of Harbor Commissioners.

The tremendous growth of Los Angeles Harbor belongs to the present century and more especially to the last decade. Ten years ago only a few relatively unimportant deep sea steamship lines touched this port. Now more than 160 various steamship companies send their boats here, and these vessels take the products of the Pacific Southwest to every corner of the globe.

The last six years have seen an increase in tonnage of 37 per cent, and an increase in valuation of cargo of 87 per cent. Foreign tonnage, during this period, increased 300 per cent, and ships in foreign trade 93 per cent.

During the past fiscal year 7,888 ships entered the harbor carrying 6,123,789 tons of cargo valued at \$565,542,399; while export shipments attained a volume of 19,975,456 tons valued at \$472,765,847.

Oil was discovered in 1900. The discovery of oil has made Los Angeles largely as the discovery of gold made San Francisco. The phenomenal growth in commerce since the World War can be traced directly to the oil development and the lack of storage and refining facilities to take care of it. As a result it was piped out through the harbor as rapidly as the ships could transport it. A regular procession of tankers

passed between Los Angeles and Panama, and the Panama Canal was put on a profit paying basis as a result of the tolls the tankers paid.

With the expansion and development of the tremendous oil refineries in and around Los Angeles during the last five years, the Harbor has changed from a crude oil shipping port to one which



S. S. Albion Star Loading California Oranges for England

now almost exclusively handles refined oils, gasoline and other petroleum products. Since 1923 the exports of oil have averaged more than 130,000,000 barrels per year. Last year 1,988 oil tankers, with a cargo capacity ranging from 30,000 to 160,000 barrels, arrived in port. The oil shipments during the year totaled 138,140,648 barrels of 42 gallons each. This oil was taken to 34 foreign ports in all parts of the world. A large percentage of the automobiles of England, Australia and New Zealand, hundreds of ships throughout the world, and mines and railroads of many of the South American countries are run by petroleum products from California. Ten oil companies maintain loading wharves to which oil is piped from the oil fields and pumped into storage tanks near the harbor, and then again carried by pipes to the oil wharves where hose is attached to the tankers and it is loaded by centrifugal pumps. At most of these wharves there is docking space

for three or four vessels and facilities for loading two or three boats simultaneously with a pumping capacity varying from 10,000 to 170,000 barrels per hour.

Seven lumber companies occupy large areas and water frontage at the harbor, varying from 13 to 46½ acres. Vast quantities of fir and redwood lumber from San Francisco, Eureka and other northern points is brought by the lumber merchants to Los Angeles. Some of this lumber is used in the tremendous construction program of industries, business, and homes in Southern California. Much of it is again shipped from the port to various countries throughout the world, especially to Australia. During the past year 1,188 boats carried 1,175,679,713 feet of lumber from the harbor.

Hardwood lumber is imported from the Philippines, Japan, and the Atlantic Seaboard.

Fish — particularly sardines, tuna and mackerel—constitute a most important item of export. A fleet of 1,250 fishing boats operate out of Los Angeles Harbor. Seven large canneries with waterfront facilities give almost continuous employment to thousands of skilled and unskilled laborers the year around.

Approximately six and one-half millions of dollars worth of fruit was shipped to foreign ports in 1929. Another \$353,413 worth was sent to the Hawaiian Islands; \$5,620,035 worth to intercoastal points; and \$6,030,978 worth was sent in coastwise trade. Over eight and one-half million dollars worth of this fruit was represented by the 1,929,883 boxes of citrus fruit that moved through the port.

Cotton is the important textile product transported from Los Angeles Harbor. Here is located the only port compresses west of Galveston, Texas. These compresses

Read further on page 28

Capitalizing The Individual

By NATHAN T. PORTER

President, National Thrift Corporation of America

WHAT do we mean by capitalization? There are all kinds of definitions afloat, but in this discussion it will mean simply this: "A providing of funds by the individual with which to carry on, or, setting up a reserve to insure his "carrying on."

We not only fund and finance to start business, but to operate that business. We know we must set the fixed charges or costs of operating where capital or income will cover. Then we set up funds to meet the anticipated burdens such as taxes, depreciation, betterments, bad debts, and a score of other probable liabilities. We then, to further protect the business, set up an additional surplus or reserve for the unexpected. To make no provision, such as named, for funds to carry through would classify the business organizer (or would-be operator) as a plain 100 per cent sap.

But, how about the individual? What does he do for himself? Need I ask as to whether it requires funds for him to carry on? Need I ask if he should be capitalized? If he should provide funds to cover his fixed costs, his anticipated costs, and the unforeseen which may happen, and in most cases does happen? If we were to judge from the number of under-capitalized individuals—we should ask, and be asked these questions about every other hour each day.

Well, you say, the individual isn't a business. No; the individual isn't merely a business. He's more than a business. He's an institution. He's a complete economic whole. If he is natural or normal he is a composite of individuals, a group—as a husband, with wife attached, he is a complete economic unit; as a father, with a mother and children attached, he is a complete economic group.

You Should Have Emergency Surplus

AS to his maintenance and operating charges, there can be no doubt; they are more or less fixed,—sometimes tragically fixed. Other burdens are certain to arise during the individual's fiscal period, be it a day or a year. He is facing every moment the emergency arising from the happening of the unforeseen; more so than any institution of which we have any knowledge. If any one more than another, budgets and lays out his expense sheet and sets that over against his income and finds out before hand his budget requirement; that one should be the individual. If any one should be finding out in advance, at each turn of the road, what he will have left at the accounting in the way of a surplus or reserve, it should be this same individual.

In his case there is a requirement for even a larger surplus than is required in the capitalizing of a business. This individual institution is made up of something more sensitive, more delicate, more responsive to changing conditions, than is to be found in the case of brick walls and machinery and the various accessories of an industrial plant, or the equipment and accessories of the counting house, or the trading post. Is it not just as necessary, or more necessary, that his, the individual's reserves or surplus against the unexpected be such as to place his security beyond the question of doubt?

You know, a business house can fail and you can put a sign on the door, "Closed." A factory can shut down and you can tack a sign up on the gatepost, "Closed." But you can't put any such sign on this institution which we call the individual. He can't close, he can't shut down; he can't turn off the current; he can't let the furnace fires die out; nor can he park his tools and implements, and

turn it all over to a receiver. There is no receivership for the individual; there is no way yet discovered of separating him from himself. The undertaker is the only man who can tack the "Closed" sign on the individual; death is the only receivership yet discovered for "John Smith."

I hear you asking—What about insurance? Insurance settlements may help to gather up the wreckage; but, it is a wreckage, just the same. Death alone is the final closing of his books of account. Indemnity against death, insurance, as it's termed, valuable as it is, is nothing more than an annuity for others embossed in the mold of death.

The financing or funding of the individual we have in mind refers to a living individual, not a dead one. Barring the morticism death does its own financing. It closes the account.

Accounts for Many Tragedies

THAT human institution, the individual, he who underlies and overlies everything in the range of consciousness has made his record. He has succeeded, or he has failed, and his success or his failure is written in the answer to the question: Was he capitalized? Was he provided with funds to carry on? Was there always a remainder over after his expenses were met? Was there always a reserve against the unexpected and the unforeseen? Thereby hangs the tale of more than one-half of all human tragedies.

Disease gets its share of human victims; accident gets its; greed and morbid passion takes its toll; but it remains for "old man financial wrecker" of the individual to account for about all the human tragedies that are left.

We can't stop in this brief talk to go into the details of the individual's financial set-up, either

Read further on page 25

Retracing the Immigrant Trails

Continued from page 4

the line into California. From the headwaters of the Pitt River they followed that stream down to the Sacramento and along the Sacramento to Sutter's Fort.

I HAVE just retraced this whole journey, in so far as it was possible, and am frankly nonplussed. I really don't see how any human being could navigate the Pitt River country except at its upper portion. Much of it seems impassable. That is the story, though, yet I am skeptical after checking it.

Sutter's Fort, you know, was the immigrant's goal in the early days. Sutter himself was a pretty good sort I guess. He was the friend of the American immigrants.

My father and his brothers had no sooner come within Mexican jurisdiction than they were impressed into the Mexican army. It was Northern California against Southern California then, Micheltorena *versus* Pio Pico. My father had to march to Los Angeles. He took part in the famous Battle of Cahuenga—famous because when the Americans on one side discovered there were Americans on the other they all refused to fight. "If the Mexicans want to kill each other, that's all right," they said.

Later my uncles James and John, went to work for Sutter, James as a blacksmith and John as a tanner. My father took up ranching at Santa Cruz and Squire was with him.

As before mentioned, my mother came to California with the Stevens-Murphy party in 1844. She was only nine years old. Her party preceded the Donner party, of course, but came through the Sierras at the same place and built the cabin that was afterwards used by Donner. My mother's party suffered nothing from hunger, it being composed of skilled frontiersmen—as the Donner party was not. Occasionally, though, it became necessary to slaughter an ox. After revisiting the scene this summer I scarcely see how they got the heavy wagons over.

Actually I believe it was easier to take them through over the deep snows than when the ground would be clear. The canyons today look impassable.

MY mother was Lydia Patterson. She married Isaac Williams in Santa Cruz on January 1, 1850. I was born November 8, 1850. So much for dates.

Along with all other Californians my folks got the gold fever. We went to the mines in a covered wagon. So far as I can determine the place was along the Feather River. That was in 1853. I was three years old.

Many incidents come back to me vividly, most of them trivial. I remember watching the miners "rocking the cradle," seeing them use the "diving bell" in the river, and building long flumes across the stream to carry water where they wanted. There were lots of Chinamen, too. Pretty good sort of fellows they were.

We had a Great Dane dog who stood four feet high. Every afternoon he used to take a long walk just like a man. Usually I went with him. He stalked along very slowly. One day he walked up the river to where the Chinamen were working. Every man of them climbed a tree. It was very funny.

I remember the "Digger" Indians so well. Half-naked fellows, climbing oaks and shaking the acorns to the squaws below. I've watched them getting worms out of the sand. Would you believe it—they'd take a stick, put it into the sand and start a peculiar stirring movement. Up would come the worms. The Indians thought them great delicacies and would put them in to cook with lizards and grasshoppers.

Most of the years before I was 18 we lived at Watsonville on the ranch. Then my father decided to move south. The moving took three weeks. That was in 1868. We made quite a procession with our wagons and gang plows.

We came down into the San Fernando Valley by the old road,

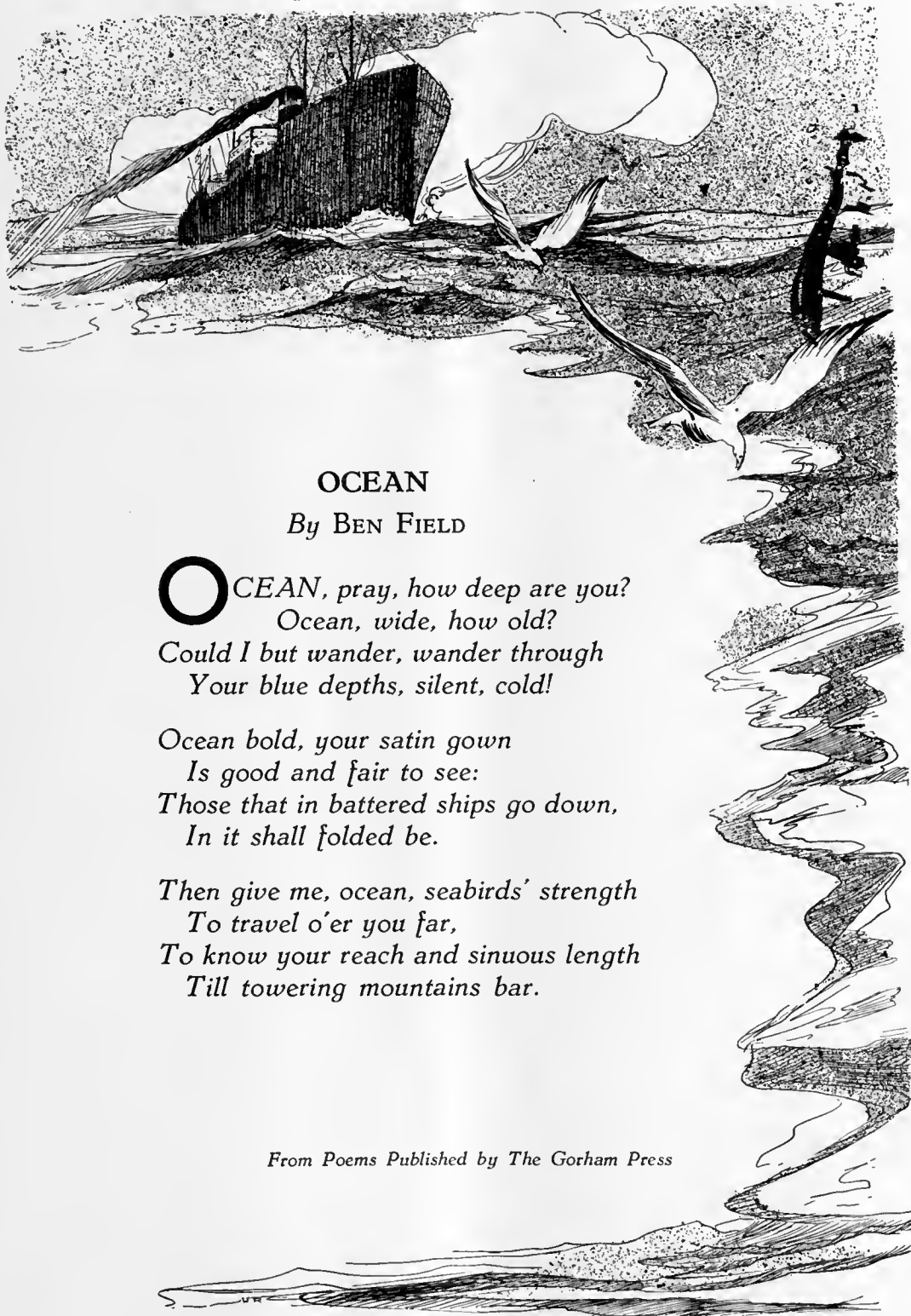
passing the Encino Rancho and through the Cahuenga Pass. It was a great plain that spread out below us where Hollywood and Los Angeles now lie. No buildings or houses of any sort. Just a green plain covered with alfalfa grass. Cattle from the ranchos grazing, of course. We passed the breapits, where Wilshire now is, crossed the thin alkali stream that was later to be made into Westlake Park, following the road that curved towards the pueblo across the site of the present Biltmore, Pershing Square and through the blocks that lie between First and Fifth Streets. The hills that lay North of what is now Sixth Street and West of Hill looked much like the Baldwin Hills today. Of course the streets outlined on Ord's Survey nineteen years before were entirely invisible. The stakes were long since gone, too. They made good picketing stakes for Mexicans with burros.

AS I recall it there was absolutely nothing South of First Street. Along First and North of it were one-story adobes of the pueblo.

Speaking of Indians, there were still plenty of them. We passed several of their villages in the San Fernando Valley. There were later court actions by Maclay and others, to evict them. I saw Indians near Cahuenga Pass and all along the Los Angeles River. Some lived in Chavez Canyon and on the Avila property near where the North Broadway bridge now is. Wherever they lived they were ultimately evicted. I believe, though, there still are a few of the originals living by the river,—at least there were a few years ago.

In spite of the introduction of carriages before that time, the Mexican population was loath to give up its carretas. I remember them well. The creaking of the huge solid wood wheels could be heard a great distance. Every now and then the friction would cause a wheel to catch fire if the owner happened to run short on tallow.

Read further on page 29



OCEAN

By BEN FIELD

OCEAN, pray, how deep are you?
Ocean, wide, how old?
Could I but wander, wander through
Your blue depths, silent, cold!

Ocean bold, your satin gown
Is good and fair to see:
Those that in battered ships go down,
In it shall folded be.

Then give me, ocean, seabirds' strength
To travel o'er you far,
To know your reach and sinuous length
Till towering mountains bar.

From Poems Published by The Gorham Press

Cultural Progress in Los Angeles and Environs

Continued from page 18

teachers of all grades have been certificated through the School of Education of U. S. C.

One of the most interesting divisions is known as University College, located at Seventh and Los Angeles Streets, which is one of the most remarkable examples of adult education on university levels in the country. Here thousands of teachers in actual service and others in commercial positions eagerly take advantage of the unusual opportunities afforded by evening classes. The annual Summer Session likewise has grown to very large proportions; it is attended by ever-increasing numbers of teachers and school administrators not only from California but also from many states west of the Mississippi River.

In all, the University comprises no fewer than 10 major divisions—schools and colleges. It is rapidly developing a real campus in the midst of Los Angeles, situated between Jefferson Boulevard, Hoover Extension, Figueroa Street, and Exposition Boulevard, and McClintock Street. The great building program is proceeding rapidly under the aggressive leadership of President Rufus B. von Klein Smid. To President-Emeritus George F. Bovard, still deeply interested in the institution over which he presided for many years, is given well deserved credit for commanding leadership during difficult days of struggle and sacrifice.

OCCIDENTAL College was founded in 1887 by representatives of the Presbyterian denomination. For years the college occupied a ten acre campus at Highland Park; but in 1914 it acquired its present 95 acre campus on the slopes of York Valley. While never strictly sectarian, Occidental College has always remembered that it was created "to secure an education that is broad and thorough . . . and to realize a culture that is practical and Christian." Its best traditions are steadfastly maintained by the present president, Remsen Du Bois Bird.

SAINTE VINCENT'S COLLEGE, the parent of the present Loyola College, received its charter in 1869. This well known Catholic institution for young men was located for almost a generation on Grand Avenue at Washington Boulevard, where its buildings were a familiar landmark. Under the Society of Jesus, the College was moved to Venice Boulevard in 1916, and finally, in 1928, work was begun on its 100 acre campus on the mesa above Playa del Rey, where a group of notable buildings has been planned by President Joseph A. Sullivan.

POMONA College was chartered in 1887 under Congregational Church auspices, opening in the autumn of the following year. Later it found its permanent home at the village of Claremont, which a few years ago gave its name to the present corporation to include an informal group of colleges—Claremont Colleges. A spacious and enchanting campus is being developed under the general presidency of Doctor James A. Blaisdell. The plan is to build and equip a group of colleges similar to the group system at Oxford and Cambridge, fulfilling Timothy Dwight's prophecy of 1794, that in the Western world, "new born Oxfords cheer the evening skies." The first collegiate unit to be added to Pomona College was Scripps College for young women, made possible by generous gifts. With its strong faculties and alumni association, the experiment at Claremont Colleges will be watched with lively interest by educational leaders, for it promises to make a unique contribution in western America.

WHITTIER College, known as the Quaker institution, recently celebrated the completion of four decades of history; the Academy having been opened in 1891. Like almost all western colleges, it is co-educational. Under the energetic administration of President Walter F. Dexter, Whittier College is making a fine

name for itself. Some months ago it honored itself by conferring an honorary degree upon its most distinguished alumna, Lou Henry Hoover, first lady of the land.

THROOP University (as it was then called) began its career in 1891, being a pioneer in the field of manual training in the West. This remarkable institution has developed with the city of Pasadena, where it is located. Its name was soon changed to Throop Polytechnic Institute, then to Throop College of Technology, and finally, in 1920, to California Institute of Technology. Under the leadership of Doctor Robert A. Millikan, Nobel Prize winner and world renowned scientist, this specialized institution now ranks as one of the world's foremost centers of scientific research. Three men, pre-eminent in their respective fields of erudition, have recently brought added fame to "Cal Tech," by their work in its laboratories—these are the late Albert Michelson, Albert Einstein, and Sir James Jeans.

THE University of Redlands is somewhat farther removed from Los Angeles, but is properly included in its environs. It opened its doors to receive students in 1909 as a college founded by a group of Baptists which would offer "opportunity of obtaining a broad, liberal culture in surroundings physically, mentally, an spiritually helpful." In less than two short decades Redlands has achieved a recognized place among the group of southern California colleges, largely through the devoted labors of its president, Victor L. Duke. Surrounded by orange groves and with a surpassing mountain vista its campus is a place of great beauty.

OTHER colleges that must be mentioned include: La Verne, Pasadena, Immaculate Heart, California Christian, and Mount St. Mary's. La Verne College was first incorporated in 1891 by a group of German Baptist Brethren.

Read further on page 26

Schools of Los Angeles County

Continued from page 17

average school tax rate on all the districts for all purposes—kindergarten, elementary, high and junior college maintenance and for all the interest and sinking fund charges is about \$1.83 per hundred on a 50 per cent valuation of taxable property. Most of the taxable wealth of the various elementary districts is subject to the 30 cent limit for additional maintenance money and those having kindergartens taxing themselves anywhere from three to fifteen cents.

The personnel of the staff of the County Superintendent's office comprises some 70 persons. The auditing division with a force of 15 employees keeps the books for each of the school districts, apports the money and audits all warrants for expenditures of any kind for any district. This division apports approximately sixty-seven million dollars per year, audits nearly one-half million warrants annually and checks and files 18,000 teachers contracts.

The secretarial division with 11

people takes care of the correspondence of the county office.

The retirement salary division employs four people, and collects \$6.00 twice a year from each teacher of the county. There are approximately 18,000 teachers accounted for in each report, the funds handled being approximately \$100,000 twice a year.

In the certification division there are five people who keep the certification records of over 40,000 teachers, about 25,000 of which are in the files of the active list.

The purchasing division has five people and handles the purchasing of supplies for all school districts, with the exception of the ten chartered cities and that union high school districts.

The placement division, handled by one of the assistant superintendents, is a most important unit, in that the policy is to protect the smaller districts particularly and help them to secure the best teaching talent available.

The department of visual education is handled by a dozen train-

ed people and has been rendering service to the schools of the county since 1916.

The county maintains a department of attendance and child welfare, which correlates the work of districts which are able to maintain such departments and performs for all other districts this type of work so far as the facilities of the office will permit.

The changed conception of education has made necessary new courses of study and new methods of teaching. To provide this service a curriculum department is maintained, the head of which has the responsibility of preparing courses of study, revising them from time to time as experience indicates advisable and interpreting them to the teachers in the field.

The schools of Los Angeles County have been served by a highly professional group of teachers, and by a succession of superintendents who have been recognized among the educational leaders of the nation.

Capitalizing the Individual

Continued from page 21

the plan or the mechanics of it. We can point out the crying need for it. That is, we can refer to what may happen to him who is not financed. He frequently goes down at the end to the depths of financial despair.

Let Down-and-Outs Tell Their Story

IF YOU want to know what a break down, an economic failure, and the bankruptcy of the individual may mean, check through the agonized faces of the men today behind prison bars; the inmates of our mental hospitals; the occupants of the houses for the helpless poor; and the places everywhere where human wreckage is being salvaged as best it can. Go down to the

"down-and-outs" and get their story.

Take away the individual's reserve; exhaust his surplus; wipe out his margins; strip him of all his economic strength, and you have in the place of this man who is supreme among things that live and breathe, a mere semblance of his former self. Independence gone; pride a mere blight; courage swept away; his fighting spirit killed, his hopes crucified.

We are alarmed over crime waves; we are building new halls of justice and more prisons, more mental hospitals and everywhere we are extending our armed patrol to protect life and property; all of which are but grim reminders of the existence of under-fed, under-clothed, under-equipped, or

to sum up, under-capitalized human beings.

You Must Be Capitalized

IT IS in the presence of individual bankruptcy that men cease to be men. If manhood is to be restored you must refinance, re-capitalize them. Reforms come from within—not from without. In the presence of destitution there is no restitution. Want continued brings despair; despair sweeps everything before it.

Man is first, and all the time an economic entity, or being. If his economic status is preserved all else may follow—if he is not preserved divinity alone can forecast the results.

God speed the Church and all

Read further on page 27

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Cultural Progress

Continued from page 24

ren (Dunkers) as Lordsburg College Association. In 1916, Lordsburg became La Verne. In 1923, Ellis M. Studebaker became president, the academy was discontinued, and the college entered upon a period of substantial development.

Pasadena College was first known as the Nazarene University, being an expression of the new Church of the Nazarene. Bible teaching and Christian living are everywhere stressed. Immaculate Heart College, an outgrowth of the Academy, claims to have been the first Catholic high school in Los Angeles to gain accreditation by the University of California. The school dates from 1890. It now offers full collegiate instruction at its lovely campus on the Hollywood hillsides. Following the lead of other denominations the Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ) completed a campaign for the California School of Christianity, which title was changed in 1923 to California Christian College. Charles C. Chapman is its chief benefactor. Under former President Arthur Braden and President Cecil F. Cheverton this institution, actually located on North Vermont Avenue, adjacent to Los Angeles Junior College, is making rapid strides in educational advancement. Mount St. Mary's College, like many others, is an outgrowth of the Academy,—the well known Catholic school for girls on Slau-son Avenue and Crenshaw Boulevard. The college was founded in 1925 by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, under the patronage of Bishop John J. Cantwell. It has recently acquired an attractive home of thirty-six acres in the vicinity of the University of California at Los Angeles.

Other Cultural Institutions

THE excellent schools and institutions of higher learning by no means exhaust the definitely cultural resources of Los Angeles and vicinity. Note, for example, the splendid libraries. The Los Angeles Public Library is

housed near the Civic Center in a beautiful modern building. With its nearly half a hundred branches and many distributing stations, it now contains close to one million volumes. Among the libraries of the six largest American cities it ranks first in per capita circulation. Librarian Everett R. Perry and his staff of efficient department heads maintain continuing series of lectures, exhibits of different kinds, and other activities, making the Library approximately more and more closely a great people's university.

THE William A. Clark, Jr., Library contains superb special collections relating to Dryden and Oscar Wilde. This library is a permanent memorial to the donor's father, the late U. S. Senator William A. Clark. It is ultimately to go to the University of California at Los Angeles.

MOST remarkable of all the special collections is the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, unique as a great treasure house of manuscripts and source books in the fields of American History and English Literature. The priceless Library, with its equally priceless collection of paintings, beautifully housed at San Marino, was generously presented to the public by Mr. Huntington. Doctor Max Farrand is Director of Research. Every year eminent American and foreign scholars come to do research work at the Library, and it is used by increasing numbers of local scholars and research students.

AMONG museums, mention must first be made of the Los Angeles Museum of History, Science, and Art, situated in Exposition Park and maintained by Los Angeles County. Here are housed the unique La Brea remains of prehistoric animals, excavated at Hancock Park in the Wilshire district, as well as numerous other collections of great interest. In exposition park, the city, county and state have been united chiefly under the leadership

Read further on page 28

Capitalizing The Individual

Continued from page 25

the uplift it brings to man. More power to the State and all it brings to civic life.

But he is a savior indeed who lends to man that frugal policy which saves him from the crush of everything—his body, his spirit and his soul.

What's Happened

ALTOGETHER, \$61,000,000-000 (it is estimated) has been taken from and among us during this present slump. This

amount is more than the cost of the World War; more probably than we got back during the "up wave" of the past decade. Or, if we offset the winnings of the boom with the losses of the crash we must write our balance in the red for we still owe for the War. In the story of everyday book-keeping, Mr. Man in The Street is not quite where he was when the War began.

In science, in organization, in

invention, in cost of living, and in degree of living, we have moved up. In business sense, that is, in the regulation of our affairs generally, we have slipped down, pathetically down. Somewhere, anywhere, there is a show of surplus of everything, even cash (in spots). And over this same identical spread there is an existing shortage of everything, save it be debts.

Read further on page 32

CORPORATION EARNINGS, FIRST QUARTER 1931

Compilations by Ernst & Ernst from published reports of corporation earnings show the following aggregates for the first quarter of 1931 as compared with the first quarter of 1930:

For 313 industrial, profits were	58.84% less
For 171 railroads, net operating income was	39.34% less
For 100 public utilities, profits were	4.41% less
For 105 telephone cos., operating income was	2.08 more
For all groups, 689 cos., profits were	37.03 less

(The public utility group does not include telephone companies.)

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Cultural Progress

Continued from page 26

of Attorney William M. Bowen, in the development of one of the community's most valuable cultural assets. Other features in the Park are the State Armory Building, the State Exposition Building, and the great Stadium or Coliseum, where the Olympic contests will be staged in 1932. Adjacent to the University of Southern California, Exposition Park (now referred to as Olympic Park) is a center of culture of the first order.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS ("Don Carlos"), long the versatile editor of *Out West* magazine, now published in conjunction with *Overland Monthly*, was the founder of the Southwest Museum, whose existence begins in 1903, though the present imposing building in Garvanza, Los Angeles, was not completed until 1914. This museum has made a specialty of archaeology, "humanized and expanded into the newer anthropology—the Science of Man."

DOCTOR GEORGE ELLERY DALE, world renowned scientist, is regarded as the founder of Mt. Wilson Observatory and Carnegie Institution. Here was installed the world's largest refracting telescope in 1908, to be superseded eight years later by the great 100-inch Hooker Telescope. At present a mammoth 200-inch

telescope is in process of manufacture for the use of this institution and the world of science. What it will reveal hath not yet entered into the mind of man to conceive!

AND what shall we say more? Time and space do not permit descriptions of the many other culture-bearing features of Los Angeles and environs. Old San Gabriel is the home of John Steven McGroarty's Mission Play; Hollywood has its great Bowl with symphonies under the stars, and is the renowned world capital of the motion picture; Pasadena has had its New Year's Tournament of Roses for more than 40 years; thousands of pilgrims celebrate each Easter dawn at the foot of Junipero Serra Cross on the summit of Mt. Roubidoux, Riverside; Los Angeles is a great city not only of business and industry and pleasure, but a city of churches and civic organizations, and best of all—a place unsurpassed by any in the world in the number and proportion of its happy homes under the blue skies of this sunny land. Her cultural resources are ample; if she will but live up to her lights, she may indeed be what in this fiesta year is depicted in gorgeous pageantry—"The City of Destiny."

Los Angeles Harbor

Continued from page 20

handle about 200,000 bales during a season. The cotton grown in the Pacific Southwest, that is, in the San Joaquin Valley, the Imperial Valley and Northern Arizona, is of a very long, fine fiber. It is in great demand.

Since Los Angeles is surrounded by some of the largest producing oil fields in the world, there is a heavy movement of pipe and oil well equipment through the harbor. 537,132 tons of pipe valued in excess of \$69,000,000 arrived last year.

From a small bay 25 miles distant from the city it was to serve, San Pedro has grown during the

past decade into a world harbor. From 2,380,622 tons of cargo a year—mainly lumber—it has attained in ten years a total volume of 26,099,245 tons, valued at more than one billion dollars.

With the further development of the city of Los Angeles and the increased wealth and production of the Great Southwest that will inevitably come with the construction of the Boulder Dam, Los Angeles Harbor—now the foremost shipping point on the Pacific Coast, the natural gateway to the Orient—is destined soon to become the busiest port of the world.

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Welcome by Governor Rolph

Continued from page 3

your stay here so pleasant, and your recollections of your visit so powerful that you will come to look upon California not alone as a state affording opportunities for a pleasant temporary sojourn, but also as a state whose vast resources of people, of climates, of physiography, and of wealth will eventually lead many of you to seek it as your permanent place of residence.

It is with the greatest of personal pleasure that I convey this greeting of the people of the State of California to the teachers of the nation in convention here in Los Angeles assembled. I commend to your pleasure and profit the typically California hospitality which has provided the excellent program of instruction and entertainment which awaits your pleasure.

May I emphasize the fact that this program which you are about to take is provided for your benefit, not alone by the people of Southern California, famed though they may be for their demonstrated ability in entertainment, but by the school people and citizenry of the state as a whole.

In conclusion, may I urge as many of you as can do so to prolong your stay in California upon the conclusion of this convention long enough to become acquainted with some of the other equally attractive regions of the state. You will find cordial welcome wherever you may go, together with ample opportunity for recreation and for broadening your acquaintanceship with the people and with the resources of the State.

Retracing the Immigrant Trails

Continued from page 22

And do you know, the Americans made much better carretas than the Mexicans. The Mexican way was to lash the yokes to the horns of the oxen instead of using bows on their necks.

Up at Watsonville I remember old Juan Castro. Must have weighed 300 pounds. Nothing on earth could persuade him to step into a carriage. He wouldn't trust such a light-looking contraption. Of course the vehicle actually would have held twice his weight.

The first night in Los Angeles we camped under a big alder near Aliso Street and the River. Then we went on to the Santa Ana country.

During the six years from 1876 to 1882 I was in Arizona and New

Mexico, selling and installing pumps and windmills. That was a grand country. I spent a long time up in the Zuni mountains. What scenery!

I have lived continuously in Los Angeles since 1882. When I was married my wife and I went to live in the "bon ton" section of the town, somewhere near Alameda and First. On Rose Street, I believe. I have lived in many places in Los Angeles—for a while at Number 14 West 7th Street, also near 3rd and Broadway, and on Bunker Hill.

Nothing today is as it was when I was a young man. Everything has changed, absolutely everything!"

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You are invited to visit our exhibit, Booth C6-C8, Shrine Auditorium.

Welcome Intelligentsia

Continued from page 12

Out in Hollywood, the Roosevelt Hotel pulls a dinner dance every night. Being so near Hollywood you will want to get into the swim. This hotel also has tea dances several afternoons in the week.

There are a flock of roadhouses along Washington Blvd. and Santa Monica Blvd., but they can be recommended only for an adventure.

The town is full of good places to eat. Besides the hotels mentioned there are the Vista del Arroyo and the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena—both with the semi-tropical, outdoor, summery appeal. They say that the Rose Tree Tea Room over there is a gem. If you want a pleasant automobile ride with a dinner motive at the end, drive out the Foothill Boulevard to Duarte, the first town beyond Monrovia where a little Episcopalian chapel has been transformed into a dining place that retains all the dim religious chapel-like atmosphere. Everyone raves about their chicken dinners.

If you are fortunate enough to know a member, there is no better place to dine than at the University Club, California Club, Jonathan Club, Men's Athletic Club and Woman's Athletic Club—all are near Sixth and Seventh Streets in the downtown area. But don't overlook the Sweet Shop in the Biltmore for any meal.

Probably you know that Los Angeles is the statewide butt of the cafeteria joke. When the poli-

ticians wanted to divide the state, it was proposed that they name the north, Northern Cafeteria, and the south, Southern Cafeteria. But never mind; in these days of retrenchment, there are a great many aristocrats carrying their own trays; and if you eat there you may rub elbows with royalty.

WELL, I have touched only lightly on a few of the high spots. If there is anything omitted that you particularly want to see or know about, telephone the Los Angeles offices of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine—Vandike 7353, and they will get the information for you. Don't be afraid to ask questions. You know that this is an old experienced tourist city. Everybody is courteous and helpful to strangers. If you accost any one on the street and ask for directions, be he bank president or office boy, he will pleasantly and delightedly stop, sit down on the curb with you and share your lunch and tell you all about it. That is the spirit of Los Angeles. The time is too short for me to tell you in this story about the beauties of Santa Barbara, with its quaint Spanish atmosphere; of Riverside and the famous Mission Inn; of San Diego and La Jolla; and of our nearness to our sister republic, Mexico, where Tiajuana and Agua Caliente with its marvelous hotel and casino await you. See them all if you can.

So, good night, this is the Spirit of Los Angeles signing off.

Tremendous pressure of work prevented President Willis A. Sutton and Secretary J. W. Crabtree of the National Education Association from preparing articles for this souvenir booklet. Mr. Crabtree wired us in his characteristic fashion a message of good cheer and said: "Just could not write it. Say for me anything you wish." Dr. Sutton, Secretary Crabtree, Mr. Harold Allan and

members of the Headquarter's Staff have done and are doing a mighty work. They, as well as the local committees and officials are to be congratulated upon the plans for a meeting of far-reaching value.

We thank most cordially those who have aided so well in making this souvenir booklet a success.

—The Editorial Staff.

CONTENTS



Frontispiece, Lake Tahoe (Plate)..... 2

Welcome to the National Education Association
James Rolfe, Jr., (With Portrait) 3

Retracing the Immigrant Trails
William J. Williams (With Portrait) 4

California Welcomes the N. E. A.
Vierling Kersey 5
Willard E. Givens 7
J. M. Gwinn..... 7
Roy W. Cloud..... 7

Yosemite Valley—Half Dome in Background (Plate).... 6

The Glamorous Past (Illustrated).....*John S. McGroarty* 8

Then and Now in Los Angeles Schools
J. L. Van Norman 9

The Trail to Mt. Wilson (Plate)..... 10

Welcome Intelligentsia.....*Charles Fletcher Scott* 11

The Los Angeles City Public Schools
Warren C. Conrad 13

Old Mission—Reminder of the Spanish Days (Plate)..... 14

A Bit of Unwritten History.....*Arthur H. Chamberlain* 15

General View of Los Angeles Harbor (Plate)..... 16

The Schools of Los Angeles County.....*A. R. Clifton* 17

Cultural Progress in Los Angeles and Environs
Rockwell D. Hunt 18

Los Angeles Harbor (Illustrated)..... *Frances N. Ahl* 19

Nathan T. Porter..... 21

Capitalizing the Individual.....*Nathan T. Porter* 21

Ocean—Verse with Illustration.....*Ben Field* 23

A Bit of Unwritten History

Continued from page 15

fornia, and prominent on the local executive committee; he voiced disfavor of the plan and urged that the meeting be held at the Bay and that tents be pitched on the hills of Berkeley to house the convention members. Otherwise he urged that the meeting be abandoned. We pointed out the great difficulty we would experience in feeding those present residents of San Francisco who found it necessary to stay in the vicinity of the city, and that every train was carrying out, without charge, refugees to every part of the country. President Wheeler however could not be convinced, and rather than bring the meeting to Los Angeles on a divided opinion the plan was abandoned and no meeting was held.

I remained in San Francisco for several days as the special representative of the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles to investigate the distribution of food and clothing, and on leaving the Bay region for the South, was the last person to leave the city as a "refugee," using for a ticket a complimentary passage given me by the Southern Pacific Company, written with typewriter upon a bit of brown wrapping paper.

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Capitalizing the Individual

Continued from page 27

Graphically, our financial map is shaded the entire sheet over with the darkening shadow of "Due and Unpaid." Ironically, the same map is pitted here and there with deep yellow pock marks, indexing hoarded heaps of immobile wealth. Roughly and bluntly, alongside of containers bursting with foods are human stomachs collapsing for want of it; pyramids of supplies and mountains of power to supply—oceans of use for it, no funds in circulation to pay for it. The widest flung and the biggest fool panic yet to be recorded in the history of mankind—an attempted individual and general financial suicide, with the patient slowly regaining consciousness, soon to be repentant and to resolve never to do it again.

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The Glamorous Past

Continued from page 8

The glory of California today is its schools. The stranger within our gates is overwhelmed with the lavish beauty of our school buildings — noble and stately structures that vie with the architecture of Greece and Rome in their best days. I think that our schools of today are the logical outcome of the Missions. This may be said to be a far-fetched conclusion, but we must remember that every civilization is builded on the ruins of the civilization that preceded it. And, is it too much to say that this is as true of California as it is of any other land?

I am glad to know that California history has come to take the high and important place in the educational system of our beloved commonwealth. It is a necessary and a vital step for our school system to have taken because the citizenship of the present time can best understand itself by knowing the history of the past. It is from the past that we have learned all we know. And California has a past so glorious and so beautiful that it was inevitable it should at last become a fixed part of the curriculum of our schools.

Important articles in next issues include a human interest story on Harr Wagner, California author, editor and publisher; an article on The Power of Print showing the importance in World develop-

ment of the printed page. The California State Library will be featured especially with reference to books and manuscripts relating to California. Excellent fiction will feature these summer numbers.

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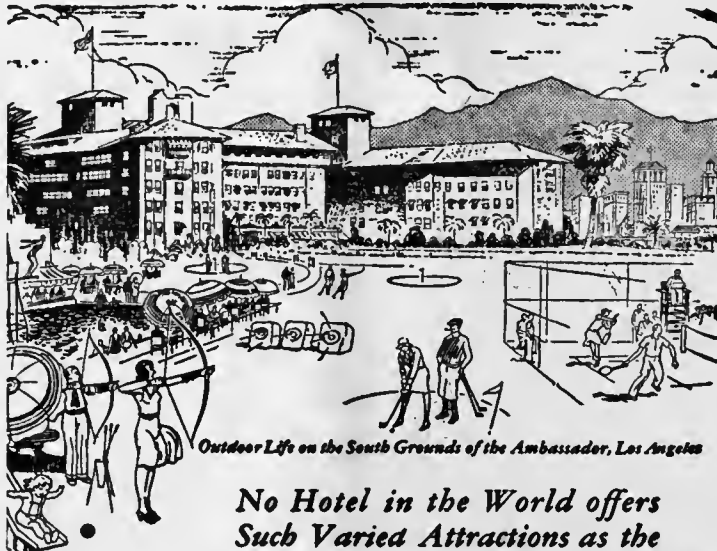
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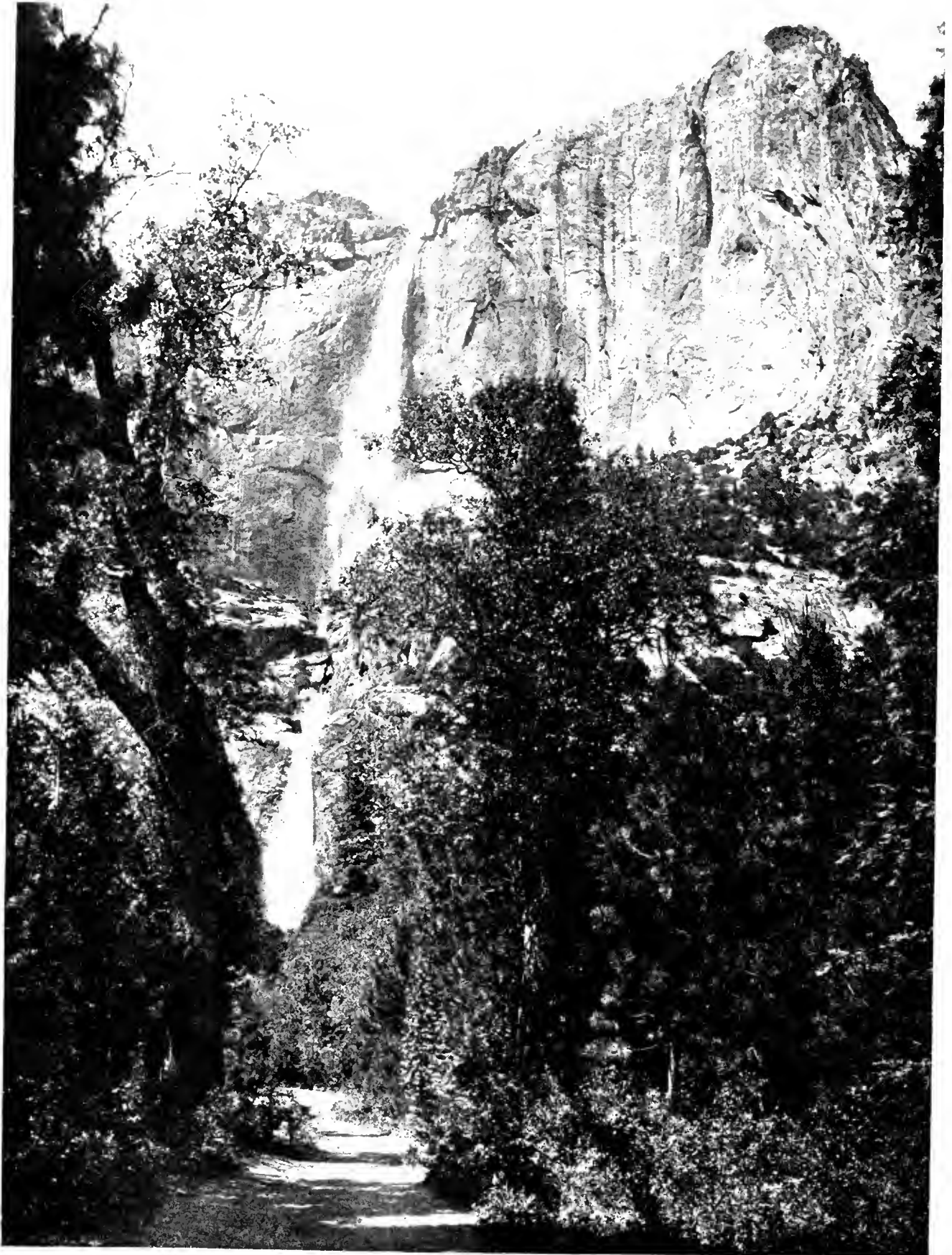
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Overland Monthly

Founded by Bret Harte—1868

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, *Publisher*
Editorial Director



Out West Magazine

Founded by Charles F. Lummis—1894

MABEL B. MOFFITT,
Secretary-Treasurer

DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY

Aug.
Sept.
◆
1931

THE average reader finds the bulk of technical and financial writing either beyond him or dull and uninteresting. Mr. Nathan T. Porter, who discusses Business and Finance, is a leader in the financial world not only, but possesses the ability to present most intricate matters in a lucid and succinct style. Mr. Porter as educator, lawyer, bank commissioner, and business man, organized and is president of the National Thrift Corporation of America, which post he conducts with a background for the financial field which few men possess.

AS AUTHOR of books and contributor to magazines, Professor James F. Chamberlain has a national reputation as writer, lecturer, and teacher. His books on geographic and travel subjects and scientific articles have gained him a place in the very front rank of geographers in this country and throughout the world. His article in this issue on Los Angeles from Pueblo to Metropolis indicates how close is the connection between geography and history.

THE author of 'Half-Face' Annie is much more than a short story writer of ability. Cruze Carriel adds to his achievement of writer of 'shorts' and sketches, that of critic and former associate editor and owner, with Lannie Haynes Martin, of the *Out West Magazine*.

CONTENTS

Yosemite Falls, Yosemite National Park (Plate)	2
Our Lady of Los Angeles on El Camino Real (Verse) (Illus.).....Ben Field	4
Los Angeles from Pueblo to Metropolis (Illus.).....James F. Chamberlain	5
Los Angeles on Parade (Illus.) <i>Charles Fletcher Scott</i>	7
Out of El Pasado and the Street of Memories (Illus.).....Martha Davis	9
The Power of Print.....John Boynton Kaiser	11
Where the Spanish Padres Tread <i>Clarence M. Fink</i>	13
The New City Hall (Plate).....	14
Business and Finance.....Nathan T. Porter	15
A Personal Interview with Harr Wagner (with portrait).....Helen Allred	17
"Half Face" Annie.....Cruze Carriel	18
Fiesta (Illus.).....R. V. Vaughan	19
Melody Lane	
Youth.....Virginia H. Wallhan	20
My Mother's Garden.....Dawn Davis	20
Road of the Vagabond.....Whitley Gray	20
My Gifts.....Florence R. Keene	20
Niti, Maker of Pottery <i>D. Maitland Bushby</i>	20
Material for Writers in California State Library.....Mabel R. Gillis	22
The Literary West.....	23
Across the Editor's Desk.....	24

CHARLES FLETCHER SCOTT, who writes under caption Los Angeles on Parade, has had extensive experience both as author and editor having served as associate editor of *The Great Round World* and editor of *Four O'Clock* and *The Club Fellow*. His writing is characterized by pith and charm, with an underlying strain of philosophic humor. Mr. Scott is California manager for the great publishing house of Scott, Foresman and Company.

BEN FIELD has achieved distinction as a writer of verse, having published one volume and being represented in all leading anthologies during the past decade. Mr. Field is a member of the principal literary organizations of Los Angeles and the coast, and was reelected vice-president of the League of Western Writers, over which body he presided at its recent Vancouver meeting.

AT NO time in the world's history has there been stronger proof of the power of print than at the present. Mr. John Boynton Kaiser, as librarian of the Oakland Public Library, has had unexcelled opportunities for study, thought, and experience along this line. His article in our current number shows that Mr. Kaiser has something to say and knows how to say it.

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Published at Los Angeles, California. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Los Angeles under the Act of March 3, 1897.

Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., 437 South Hill Street. San Francisco, Calif., 1024 Phelan Building

Vol. 89, Nos. 8-9. Issued Monthly. Subscription \$2.50 per year, 25c per copy. AUG.-SEPT., 1931

Our Lady of Los Angeles

on

El Camino Real

By BEN FIELD



NOW come the ghosts of old-time Padres,
flitting
Along Camino Real—the Royal Way,
And find her here, La Reina's spirit flowering—
They cross their breasts and pause to reverently
pray.

She murmurs low upon the noonday silence:
"Welcome, you Mission priests of old romance,
Remain and tread again the fragrant highway,
Inspire once more with swift, ascetic glance.

Come back De Neve and our great Junipero
And be the spirit guests of Fiesta-time;
No soldier was so nobly great as Serra,
No deeds of war, like his so near sublime."

As lies that road upon the Pacific hillsides,
Marked oft with guiding post and Mission bell,
So lies the highway of the soul within us,
The Christly path that struggling men can tell.

The sun slants to the California sky-line,
Dark-robed, shall rest the sensuous limbs of day,
And spirit priest and soldier now steal softly
Along Camino Real, the Royal Way.



At Top: Typical Mission Bell from which was patterned the bell of the El Camino Real Guideposts.



At Left: A Father Franciscan Priest or Padre, presiding over his beloved garden at an old Mission.

Los Angeles From Pueblo to Metropolis

By JAMES FRANKLIN CHAMBERLLAIN

IN the autumn of the year 1781, the people of the United States, fewer than 4,000,000 in number, were rejoicing over the close of the war of the Revolution and laying the foundations of the new republic. About two-thirds of this small population lived within 50 miles of the Atlantic coast. Twenty-two years were to elapse before the western boundary of our country should be pushed beyond the Mississippi River, for at the close of the Revolution, Spain claimed most of the land between the Mississippi and the Pacific ocean.

At the time mentioned, Philadelphia, our national capital and largest city, had a population of about 70,000. New York was second with some 60,000 people. The country west of the Appalachian Mountains was, to a very large extent, an unknown wilderness. No

white man had yet crossed the continent. The urge for land had not been felt, and more than half a century was to pass before the cry of gold should result in that historic movement of the argonauts.

And yet, although East and West had not been united, and were in fact entirely unknown to one another, the autumn of the year 1781 witnessed upon the Pacific seaboard of what is now the United States, an event of much importance. More than two centuries previous to this date a Spanish ship had entered San Diego Bay, but for about one and one-half centuries thereafter nothing was attempted by way of colonizing the region. Landward expeditions were then sent northward by way of the Colorado river, into the California of today.

Six years before the firing of the "shot heard round the world," or in 1769, Father Crespi, while on his way northward in search of Monterey Bay, stopped at an Indian village called "Yang-Na," on the west side of a small stream which he named the Rio Porciuncula. He recommended this spot as the site for a pueblo.

On September 4, 1781, a little company

of Spanish people, under the leadership of Felipe de Nevé, marched from the Mission San Gabriel, which had been founded in 1771, and on the spot where Father Crespi had found the Indian village he established, according to a definite plan, approved by the then king of Spain, a pueblo. Because this event took place on the Day of our Lady, the Queen of the Angeles, the settlement was named

near large supplies of coal or iron or both. Los Angeles has only one of these advantages, and it is only within recent years that she has made use of that.

Close to the spot where Los Angeles had its beginning the river of the same name issues from the hills to the northward. Its water comes chiefly from the north slope of the Santa Monica Mountains, although during times of flood some

is obtained from the San Gabriel Mountains by way of the Arroyo Seco. Probably no other river in the world, as small as this one, has played so important a part in the location of a settlement which has developed into a city of the first magnitude. In a semi-arid region, water is the all-important factor. The stream supplied the settlers for domestic use, for stock, and for irrigation.

Just north of the city the Santa Monica

Mountains extend westward to the coast, shutting off the large and fertile San Fernando Valley. Seeing the importance of this valley the Franciscan Fathers established there one of their missions. The passes connecting the southern part of the coastal plain with this valley, and indirectly with the missions farther north, are close to Los Angeles. Here the routes naturally converged, and Los Angeles became a stopping place for people moving north or south. Through these passes—Cahuenga, Fremont, Santa Susana, Tejon and Tehachapi, once used by burro trains only, thousands of people now travel daily by train or auto, and trucks transport material of various kinds.

Other passes, at a greater distance, were and are important. In early days there was some trade between Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Los Angeles. Both the Cajon and the San Gorgonia passes were used by these traders. Today the Santa Fe and the Union Pacific use the former, while through the latter runs the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific. The low altitude of these passes gives them great value.

As has been stated, the early inhabitants obtained their domestic water sup-



The first known sketch of Los Angeles as it was in 1853. From official report of railroad survey made to Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War.

"La Puebla de la Neustra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles."

Before Governor de Nevé founded the pueblo, he called upon the Spanish authorities in Mexico to furnish colonists to work the land. They were to promise to remain for ten years. As much land as they could profitably work was given them. This they could deed, but not sell. Only twelve families answered the call, and but eleven of them reached their destination. The spot on which the settlement was established seems to have been about at the intersection of the present Commercial and Alameda streets.

THE pueblo founded where Father Crespi discovered the Indian village with the Chinese-sounding name, has developed into the metropolis of western North America. Many cities which 50 years ago were far ahead of Los Angeles in population are now far behind. Some of the reasons for this astonishing growth should now be considered. If the reader will study the geographic environment of large cities he will discover that, in most cases, they are situated on the coast, or on navigable rivers, where power from falling water can be cheaply obtained, or

ply from the river. In fact the river and wells furnished the entire supply until 1913. For years previous to that date, however, it had been apparent that an additional supply must be secured. After long investigation and litigation an aqueduct 240 miles in length was constructed at a cost of about \$27,000,000, and water obtained from Owens River.

In addition to the large amount of water, considerable electric energy is developed at various points along the aqueduct. The industrial rates are unusually low, varying from 4.3 cents to 0.4 cents per K.W.H. These rates have, quite naturally, stimulated industry.

The very rapid growth of the city during recent years made it apparent that more water must be obtained. The Colorado River was considered the only available source for an adequate supply. Seven states will share the water which will be impounded by Boulder Dam. Although work on the project is under way, water will not be available in Los Angeles for probably ten years.

During the colorful days of the Spanish period the streets were used mainly by those on foot and those on horseback—chiefly the latter. Women as well as men managed horses skillfully. Goods were transported in crude two-wheeled carts called *carretas*. The last of these did not disappear until after 1840. In this connection it is interesting to recall that Los Angeles did not pass into the permanent control of the Americans until 1847.

When horse-drawn street cars were introduced into Los Angeles, which was in 1874, it was regarded as an event of much importance. In due time these gave place to cable cars, and these to the electric cars of today. The city has a very extensive system of interurban electric transportation. Practically all of the towns within a radius of 50 miles from Los Angeles are connected with it by the Pacific Electric Railway.

THE year in which our first transcontinental railroad was completed, (1869), saw the opening of a railroad between Los Angeles and the Pacific Coast at Wilmington. Seven years later

the Southern Pacific connected the city with San Francisco. At that time the population of Los Angeles was about 7000. Apparently the builders of the road did not at first think it worth while to connect with the town for the original plan was to construct the line southeastward from Tehachapi to Yuma. In order to bring about a change, the railroad from Los Angeles to Wilmington and 75 acres of land in the former city, were given the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Soon thereafter, direct connections with the East were established through the opening of the Sunset Route



The old plaza, center of activity of early California days. La Fiesta events will again bring life and color to this historical spot.

of the Southern Pacific and the building of the Santa Fe.

The opening of these routes ushered in a new era for Los Angeles. Tourists in large numbers came to the city. Many of them invested, many became permanent residents, and all united in making Los Angeles known to the outside world. The railroads gave an impetus to the fruit industry which was, of course, reflected in the growth of the city.

For more than a century Los Angeles has had some commerce by water. The first ship to enter the harbor at San Pedro for trade was in 1805. In the days when the demand for irrigation water was small, the Los Angeles River was an all-year stream, flowing into Wilmington Lagoon. As the city grew, far-sighted men determined that since the ocean could not be brought to Los Angeles, the city should be extended to the sea.

The fight to secure a Federal appropriation for a large, deep and well-protected harbor at San Pedro was a long one. Santa Monica, although having no natural harbor, was a strong rival. Under the able chaperonship of United States Senator Stephen M. White, the necessary legislation was finally passed and an ap-

propriation secured. A statue of Senator White has for years stood at the Broadway entrance to the old County Court-house.

Today Los Angeles harbor ranks among the leaders in the world. Millions of dollars have been spent to improve and equip it. From the top of its colossal breakwater a lighthouse sends it guiding and protecting rays 14 miles seaward. Some 40 miles of waterfront are owned by the city. The combined annual value of exports and imports is now in excess of \$1,000,000,000.

Huge tankers transport to many lands petroleum and gasoline. Imperial Valley and Arizona contribute cotton. The citrus fruit-growers of the hinterland export a part of their crop by water. Dried fruits and fish are other exports. Crude rubber, coffee, lumber, paper, sugar, copra, iron and steel are imported in large quantities.

LITTLE did the early Spanish inhabitants of Los Angeles, or the Americans of a much later time, dream that buried beneath the little town, and in other places not far distant, was wealth far greater than that in the gold deposits of the state. Seepages of oil were known, but not until about 1890 was oil in commercial quantities obtained within the city limits. Excitement ran high and wells were sunk on hundreds of residence lots. As pumping became unprofitable owing to diminishing supply, the unsightly derricks were, one by one, removed, only a few now remaining.

Two of the very productive oil fields of the world, Signal Hill and Santa Fe Springs, are close at hand. The production of oil and the manufacture of gasoline and other oil products employ both labor and capital. The industry has led to the manufacture of oil-well supplies in Los Angeles and, as has been stated, to a large export business.

Until quite recent years Los Angeles was unimportant as an industrial center. Neither coal nor iron are mined close at hand, although there are iron deposits on the Mojave Desert and both iron and coal are found in southern Utah. For iron and steel, Los Angeles depends upon the East, shipments being by water

Read further on page 21

Los Angeles on Parade

Where to Go and What to See in the Fiesta City and the Alluring and Glamorous Southland

By CHARLES FLETCHER SCOTT

WELCOME to our festive Fiesta, you Wise Men from the East (north, south, and west, we hope) who are coming to take a peep into our crib. Did you think this is our one hundred fiftieth anniversary that we are celebrating? So it is. But what is 150 years between cities? Look at Jerusalem! Compared with European cities we are a mere infant as you will find if you stay over night with us and hear the continuous infantile shrieks of our colicky police sirens. However we don't care whether you celebrate our youth or our age—so long as you come. Bring your fat wallet with you and celebrate, spending all your money with us while you are here.

And now that we are getting on such a friendly basis, we don't at all mind telling you flat that all this Fiesta business is just a commercial gesture on the part of our astute business men. It is a circus parade to tempt you into our big tent. Don't worry about how you will spend your money. Leave that to us. We will work out a multitude of pleasant ways to separate you from your cash. We are experts at that game. We have been gold-digging eastern millionaires for many, many years. In the end, we usually collect, not only all their cash, but we collect them in the bargain. They move right in, buy a palatial home, and settle down to a life of steady boosting.

But we have no such ulterior designs on you—dear, no!—not yet! We just want you to come for our Fiesta and spend a week or so. No, this Fiesta is not a wholesaler's convention. It is not for bankers and oil promoters. It is for the benefit of the little fellows and we want you to spend your money legitimately, say, with our bootleggers, our restaurants, our merchants, our hotels and resorts, our theatres, our railroads and steamships, our air and motor transport lines. But if your stocks have struck the vanishing point and you are a little low, drive the old "bus" in anyway and have a good time with us. In spite of our purr, we are open-hearted.

BUT this article started out to tell you —if you do come—what you should see in the vicinity of Los Angeles. If you are not a constant reader of this magazine, you should secure a copy of the July number and read the article entitled "Welcome Intelligentsia," which gives you the "low down" on where in Los Angeles to eat, dance and drive; where to play, and how to meet the movie stars. In that article we gave away about \$20,000 worth of advertising to the Biltmore and Roosevelt hotels in Los Angeles; the Vista Del Arroyo, and Hunting-

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"WELCOME INTELLIGENTSIA" in our July number called forth so many enthusiastic comments and requests for more of the same kind that we prevailed upon Charles Fletcher Scott to do the accompanying story. If sufficient encouragement is received, Mr. Scott promises to continue his philosophic humor in the next issue.—EDITOR.

◆ ◆

ton Hotels, Rose Tree Tea Room, and Huntington Library in Pasadena; the Duarte Chapel Inn, Mount Lowe, Mount Wilson, Catalina Island, the Bowl Symphonies and other places of interest. Gratuitously we forced upon them these precious reading-matter descriptions in our best manner. Would you believe it? In return we received handsome checks from each of the shrinking managers with instructions under no circumstances to reveal their names to the public.

But again, you want to know about the Fiesta, not our private affairs. The best way for you to prepare yourself to thoroughly enjoy the celebration and properly to orient yourself is to visit the historic Olvera Street just north of the Plaza. Here Los Angeles began. Here is still preserved in the middle of a great grown-up modern city the quaint placidity of the little pueblo. Go down there in the evening. Then the illusion is more poignant. Olvera Street, only a block long, is almost oriental. On either side of

the street are colorful booths where vendors press upon you Mexican pottery, Mexican glassware, potted cacti, elaborately embroidered shawls, and toasted chestnuts. Buckle up your sales-resistance, or the mysterious dimness which half reveals and glorifies will "get you" and you will find yourself carrying home a lot of purchases that, when considering your depleted purse, will rebuke you in the cold, gray dawn of the morning after.

Good-naturedly, you will swing along with the leisurely crowds—Spanish, Mexican, Indian, men in shirt sleeves, a sprinkling of our best people, several parties of college girls looking for a sensation. There are good restaurants—the Old Wine Cellar, The Trading Post, The El Paseo Inn, where you can get good Mexican, French, and Italian dinners. There are little tables out on the side walk if you prefer, in true Parisian style. The tempo is presto. Don't be surprised if your dusky waitress, after serving you Mexican bean soup, should drop her tray, spring upon the stage and execute a roistering Spanish dance to the accompaniment of clacking castanets and a strumming orchestra—while her whirling skirt roguishly reveals a pair of prettily dimpled knees—and then with a deep under-slung courtesy, she should hop down and serve you with the Enchiladas.

AFTER you have done all the stunts —inspected the "Little Sitting Room," "Curio Shop," and the "Dobe Book Shop," and have grown tired, you can cross the street and rest on a serapacovered bench on the porch of the "Avilo Adobe," the original first home built in Los Angeles. Lazily watching the eddying crowd, you may let your imagination carry you back to the time when this little street was all there was of Los Angeles. The territory now comprising the city was a wild mesquite and sage-brush waste. You can dream back to the time when General Fremont captured the pueblo and made this very porch his headquarters, and with touching ceremony ran up the stars and stripes

Read further on page 8

over Uncle Sam's first southwest real estate project.

If your imagination flags—and if it is nine o'clock—you may enter the Theatre Torito, where you will witness the whole story of early Los Angeles enacted by a troupe of 53 marionettes. This is no common Punch and Judy show—it is one of the cleverest entertainments you ever saw. All the marionettes are modelled in wax by a noted sculptor and costumed with historical correctness. The walls of this tiny black theatre are covered with the signatures of theatrical, movie, and musical celebrities: Charle Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Milton Sills, Alfred Hertz, and a host of others. One great actor has written over his signature: "A lot of folks would act better if they had strings to them."

Gradually your eyes will scale down to the stage until when the curtain goes up upon a brilliantly lighted desert scene, you have forgotten that the little figures that walk out upon the stage and talk and gesticulate are not life-sized actors, as human and alive as yourself. Each marionette is suspended on a network of threads operated by master hands from above with most clever manipulations. The old Padre, the drunken yankee, Mexican soldier, burros, the cockfight, all

marvelously depicted. You become so interested that you forget how small are the little creatures performing for your entertainment. When the play is over you are jerked back to reality with an awful jolt when one of the operators steps out upon the stage among the marionettes and offers to take you behind the scenes and show you how it is done. "Heavens!" you gasp. "Why, he is a great giant among the Lilliputians."

OF course you will not want to spend all your time in the city. The suburbs, the beaches, and the mountains invite you. One day you should take an auto trip to Santa Barbara. You know they have an annual Fiesta, and the Fiesta-fans tell me that, owing to the characteristic setting, it is well worth a visit. The round trip is easily made in a day.

It is only a couple of hundred miles all told. You could combine it with a Beverly Boulevard trip, but I should advise you going up by the Santa Suzzanna Pass, a rugged outlet with towers and turrets and upturned strata, standing sheer on either side. Here you see the results of earth's convulsions. Going over the pass, you will start peeling off unnecessary clothing, but in an hour or

so you will be back at the cool coast again. In the meantime you will speed along through shimmering midsummer, through great ranches, between hillsides smooth with the shades of soft tans and lavenders such as you will like to remember. You come out to the ocean at the old town of San Buena Ventura, the site of one of the oldest missions in California; then on to Santa Barbara.

Here in Santa Barbara, you find the old world glamour. You will wander through quaint Spanish streets and the dearest little shops you ever imagined—all so foreign, so different that you say to yourself: "No, this can not be the United States." And it isn't, for it is Santa Barbara. Be sure to have lunch at that quaintest of out-of-door restaurants, the El Paseo. See the new Court house—yes, really—and the State Teachers College in its inspiring location away up on the mountainside, stopping enroute to wander through the Santa Barbara Mission which is one of the best preserved. And probably some kind soul will tell you how to find your way about among the estates and castles of Montecito. Then drive back by way of the Coast Boulevard into Beverly Boulevard, and home.

THERE will be so much for you to see in and around Los Angeles and Southern California during one short Fiesta week, that you will need to stretch your vacation. The lure of Catalina Island, the mountains, and the string of marvelous beaches will draw you away from the city. The attractions inside are too numerous to recount. The largest animal farm in the world, the lion farm, the ostrich farm, the alligator farm; the movie studios; the Brea Pits, where the prehistoric animals came down to drink and found themselves mired in the treacherous tar. But why enumerate? Come and see for yourselves. The revival of Fiseta week holds much in store for you.



View of El Paseo de Los Angeles as it is today with its shops, street vendors, theatres, and atmospheres of early California. Its Castilian speech, costumes and costumes, lend the atmosphere of Mexico or old Spain.

Out of El Pasado and the Street of Memories

By MARTHA E. DAVIS

OUT of el Pasado—the past—comes an inspiration for a city's birthday.

The Plaza de Los Angeles shelters Olvera Street which has been rejuvenated into a modern Mexican Bohemia, an old market street of Mexico City, and a museum of Californiana.

This historic spot will be the center of the colorful and elaborate celebration of the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Los Angeles.

And yet you who tread the red tiles of this Paseo, do you know of the man who gave the name *Olvera* to this singular street? While the spectacular Fiesta of 1931 centers around this interesting square, let us introduce you to the renowned Judge, the patron of the "calle" which you are visiting.

This Don Augustin—this *senor Olvera*—ran away from Mexico when he was 16, and lived a particularly useful and interesting life which terminated in 1875.

In the glamorous period which gave California such noteworthy names as Abel Stearns, Juan Temple, and the Picos,—Augustin Olvera stands out as one of the most intelligent and finest of men in Los Angeles and Southern California.

All the notable families of the day built their town houses about the Plaza on Olvera Street,—the finest residential district. Study of the restored Avila House illustrates the room arrangements and the furnishings used in the homes of the pre-American period.

The Tapia House which was the home of Judge Olvera, stood next to this Avila Adobe. But now gay stalls and "vendadores" gracefully take its place.

But to get back to the Judge. He occupied two judiciary positions: that of Judge of the First Instance, and County Judge. He was the first Judge of the Los Angeles County Court, and served from 1850 to 1853. During his varied career this brilliant young lawyer was secretary to the town council of which Pio Pico was president; he served in the army of Andres Pico and assisted that general in making the treaty that closed all hostilities with the Americans.

Olvera married the niece of Pio Pico. His descendants, of which the Higuera are a prominent part, live near Culver City and in Hollywood. Part of the present Culver City was a large Olvera Rancho. Many of the heirlooms of the family are now in the Exposition Park museum.

Evangeline Higuera, his great granddaughter, has in her possession some interesting relics of the Judge. Among these are parchment books from Spain and old Spanish newspapers printed in Santa Barbara. These are almost priceless now.

In an old account book of the Judge there are several poems copied in his artistic and fine Spanish longhand. One of them, entitled *La Ciudad de Pamplona*, leads us to marvel at the gentleman's subtlety and humor. An English translation follows:

THE CITY OF PAMPLONA

FROM the City of Pamplona,
City of brilliant stars,
They sent me a letter
At thirty in the afternoon.
The first thing they told me
Was that the city was very large.
It had thirty and two thousand leagues
Outside of its suburbs,
The streets are not like these
But are of rich metals;
The houses are not like these
But are of bees' combs.
The convents are of sugar,
The monks are of caramels,
The choir is of panocha.
All the soldiers
Are of glazed pumpkin.

THE girls that live there
Are of sweet olives.
The graves are of lettuce
With gravestones of living men.
The dead that are buried there
Are sweetcakes and tamales.
There is no water running in the rivers
But sweet, smooth *aguardiente*.
The wells are of chocolate,
Full but not running over;
The lakes are of oil,
They are full but they do not run.
The ducks that are flying are already
baked,
Seasoned with salt, pepper, and vinegar;
And as they fly they are saying,
Who is going to have me for supper?
Who is going to have me for supper?

A different mood of humor is presented in a short poem entitled "*Cual de Ellas*"—"Which One of Them?":

Read further on page 10



Costumes that today are called "old fashioned" were the height of fashion in that romantic period we celebrate this year in *La Fiesta de Los Angeles*. Visitors to *El Paseo* September 4 to 13 will witness many gay scenes that will bring back vividly the "*Days of the Dons*"—colorful garb will be worn generally throughout the city.

Out of El Pasado

Continued from page 9

CUAL DE ELLAS

TERESA, Juana, y Leonor
 En competencia las tres
 Exctgen diga cual es
 La que prefiera mi amor
 Y aunque parezca rigor
 Digo pues que amo a Teresa
 No a Leonor cuya agudeza
 Compite consigo ufana
 No aspira my amor a Juana
 Que no es poco su belleza.

The portrait of a gallant, educated, laughing-eyed Judge neatly fits the picture of an ideal caballero. One doesn't have to use fantastic powers of imagination to vision that Don Augustin.

From the *senor Olvera* it is natural to turn to Mrs. Christine Sterling, the godmother of the modern *Olvera Street*. If the old Don gave a name to the corner, if he started it out on its road of life, then Mrs. Sterling rescued it from oblivion and gave it a new purpose.

Coming from the San Francisco Bay region where the citizens are noted for their civic pride, she discovered the shrine of our city falling into decay. Through the most intense effort she persuaded Los Angeles to shake off its lethargy before it was too late. Various clubs donated bits of financial support—five, ten, and even single dollar bills coming in from this and that organization. The *Ramona Parlor* of the Native

Sons did the carpentry and the city offered labor for the street work.

Mrs. Sterling tells the rest of the story: "On October 6, 1929, five fairy godfathers agreed to let me have money enough to pave the entire street. These five men were Harry Chandler, Henry O'Melveny, Lucien Brunswig, James Martin, and Rodolfo Montes. Every department in the City Hall helped toward smoothing out the legal tangles."

Florence Schonoman and Mrs. F. F. Stetson helped greatly; the first by giving talks to the various clubs and arousing general interest, and the latter by contributing more than any organization.

El Paseo is a fascinating corner. Traffic is barred for the entire block. Gay stalls decorated in true Mexican fashion line the road shaded by palm and olive trees. This one little block supports 150 Mexican families that would otherwise be objects of charity. In this

WHICH ONE OF THEM?

TERESA, Juana, and Leonor,
 The three are rivals and
 Demand me to say which it is
 That my love prefers
 And although it seems cruel
 To say that I love Teresa,
 Not the very sharp Leonor
 Who competes with her haughtiness,
 My love does not aspire for Juana
 Who is so very beautiful.

manner they earn their living and also keep their self-respect. Don't you agree with Mrs. Sterling that this is an ideal way in which to solve a great problem?

But you must see it for yourself. People delight in color, in romance, in shrines. They love the glory and the gaiety of the past. They venerate the relics left to the present. The prosperity of *Olvera*, even the financial success, gives proof to these statements.

And as much as it is possible to transfer the Past from the dusty pages of memory to the living enjoyment of the Present, the *Fiesta* will be the Past youth of Los Angeles. The dances, songs, costumes, flags, and laughter will be a reflection of all the stages of her precious history. When you watch the glorious entertainment during September in *El Paseo*—think a little of the *Pasado*—of a certain Judge who christened this street of memories.

A typical scene
 of the day
 when the
Senoritas and
Dons held
 sway in the
 colorful period of
 Spanish California



Scenes such as
 this at the
 fountain of
 one of the
 old missions
 will be depicted
 at *La Fiesta*
 de Los Angeles

The Power of Print

By JOHN BOYNTON KAISER

I

THE entire world is today dependent on print.

Civilization has reached its present state because of its use of the accumulated knowledge of the centuries, recorded as it is on the printed page, preserved in libraries, and progressively utilized by the constructive minds of the present as the foundation upon which to make the present an advance over the past and the future still more the beneficiary of the published experience of both.

Proofs of the general thesis that the civilized world has reached its present state of civilization largely because man's history and experience are a matter of record, are not difficult to find. It is primarily with the power of print to influence the individual that we are here concerned. It is pertinent to enquire as to the extent that we of the twentieth century are the beneficiaries and, possibly, the victims of the power of print.

Any adequate understanding of this question and even a partial attempt at an answer must first take cognizance of the various types of influences—physical, physiological, psychological and emotional—to which man is subject, their nature, extent and power as compared with print. *How we learn* is also a vital part of the more specific problem. Further, the purposes and forms of print must be examined and the question raised, "Why read?" In partial answer there must be examined the expert testimony of those who can bear reliable witness to the power of print. Some consideration must be given the competitors of print and the character and extent of the competition. Finally, the question is fairly asked: Is the power of print waning at the present?

Broadly speaking, heredity or environment, or both, provide or condition all the influences of whatever nature affecting man.

Great art and magnificent scenery as they reach us through the sense of sight, music that we hear,

and the spoken drama that we both hear and see, exert power over us varying with our mood and the character of the theme or scene portrayed. The sermon and the lecture have their effect. Religion plays a great part in our lives, as do the influences of example and the conduct and char-

◆ ◆

Mr. Kaiser, Librarian of the Oakland Public Library, has in this article made a valuable contribution on the significance of the printed word in the development of individuals and peoples and the part played by books in daily life. Mr. Kaiser shows literary background and psychological insight. Readers will welcome the succeeding installments of the article.

—Editor.

◆ ◆

acter of associates. All these are among the environmental influences operating quite apart from the printed page and must receive their due in any attempted study of the power of print alone.

OUR heredity and our whole environmental history not only determine the conditions under which the other influences affect us, but they are also important factors in the power of print itself. Indeed, facts and statistics have successfully disproved the traditional prediction regarding the expected downfall of ministers' sons¹; and even the life insurance companies find that the sons of professional men tend to follow sufficiently close to their fathers' footsteps to warrant specially attractive policies and rates on the mere probability of the inheritance of allied vocational interests. In light of the educational requirements of some of the professions, surely this may be taken as partial evidence of the influence of heredity on man's probable appreciation of the value and power of the printed page.

That the emotional stability

and physiological condition of the reader are factors contributing to the power of print over the individual have frequent illustration. Since the Loeb and Leopold and Hickman murder trials with all their gruesome details flooding the newspapers of the land for weeks, numerous other crimes have been committed whose unstable perpetrators have confessed to the spell cast upon them by the published details of those crimes.

II

THE place of print in the original learning process itself is highly significant and fundamentally important. An eminent social psychologist, Dr. Henry Suzzallo, a few years ago presented the matter with exceptional clarity.² There are three ways of learning, one direct and two indirect. The first is by experience. It is intense, but restricted; vital but narrow. "Men," said Dr. Suzzallo, "who have never been educated in any other way except through personal experience are among the most vitally educated where they are educated at all, and the most ignorant where they have not had any experience."

The second method of learning is indirect, vicarious, through "social conversation." You learn thus of others' experiences and knowledge, variously acquired. This is broader than relying merely on your own, but is restricted to people of your own time and acquaintance.

The third way is broadest of all, *learning through books*. Still, Dr. Suzzallo notes that each gain in breadth is with a loss in vitality.

Another eminent psychologist, Dr. Terman of Stanford, gives his judgment on the place of print in the learning process thus: "The child who reads easily and has been taught to seek for himself the information that may be found in books has taken the surest and the shortest road to knowledge. He may learn in a few hours facts

that the child who does not read may learn only after years of experience, or not at all, and he has open to him a wealth of recreation and entertainment that cannot be duplicated in any other form."⁸ Terman, also, names *reading* as one of the three ways of learning, citing, similarly, personal experience or observation and verbal instruction, as the other two.

On debating the relative value of experience and reading in the learning process, much time could profitably be spent. On the one hand are those who maintain that experience is the great teacher. On the other are those, who while admitting great value in experience, believe sincerely that we are more influenced by what we read than by what we experience. As so often happens with seemingly directly opposite statements, both may be correct. All may recall experiences that have marked turning points in their lives. And it is equally true for many, as it was for Jane Addams, that a great book, (or perhaps merely a great thought in a mediocre book) has performed the same service. Indeed, to a large degree, what we read is merely someone's *published experience*. As Jane Addams says: "Some books are to us not so much books as they are vital experiences."⁴

The various specific purposes for which print is used and the forms or media in which it appears, provide a great variety of illustrations of its influence and power. The printed page may have the spread of news or opinion as its purpose. It may seek solely to provide a channel for advertisement. Its aim may be propaganda, open or disguised. Education may be its objective, or self-expression, exemplified in one or more of the many forms of literary composition. Any one of the forms in which it appears—book, magazine, newspaper, pamphlet, circular, etc.—may be adapted to one or several of the purposes just cited. The newspaper offers us news, opinion, advertisement, perhaps propaganda, certainly some education, and occasionally real literature. So, too, the magazine. A single book is not likely to do all this, though

books as a class may serve all the purposes to which print is adapted.

The power of print to serve a given purpose such as propaganda, the shift of the power of the press⁵ from its editorials to its news and advertising columns; the power of print as a weapon, its service as a refuge; all these offer fascinating fields for exploration which we may here merely mention. Wartime propaganda and subsequent revelations regarding it have led to a continual revision of our ideas of war guilt as well as to a lessening of confidence in the printed word in various other directions. The continual peacetime propaganda of various industries, organizations and interests is little short of amazing. A new book on the subject⁶ is significantly characterized by the publisher as analyzing "the public mind in the making." There are now at least a dozen so-called "book clubs" whose place in the publishing and book-selling world has been hotly debated.⁷

IF the purposes and forms of print show something of how it operates as a power on the individual, so do the reasons *why we read* form an admission on our part of this power and its influence.

We read—frankly—to be informed, to become educated, for recreation, and at times, *laus deo*, for inspiration. Another way of phrasing it is to say that we read for adventure, for social necessity and for recreation.

In other words, books, that is print, can give us but three things, *facts, ideas, or ideals*. In these three simple words we have the whole philosophy of the power and the influence of print. We admit the *power* of a fact. We admit the *power* of an idea. We admit the *power* and *ideals* set us to thinking, to feeling, to willing, and through these are responsible for our acting.

How important it is then, how supremely important, that the facts we meet in print be trustworthy, the ideas be sound, the ideals be *inspiring*.

Terman, mentioned earlier, says that children read because of three fundamental characteristics of their nature; namely, curiosity, the desire for wish-fulfillment, and their tendency to imitate. "The child," he says, "does not read as the adult reads, for an hour's entertainment or instruction; he reads himself, by a process of empathy into the book, and finds there a satisfying fulfillment of his subconscious wishes." What a glory has been missed by the child or adult who has never been "lost in a book." Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., in "A Boy's Book Rambles"⁸ illustrates Terman's point well when he says, "Like all children, I invariably placed myself as one of the characters in whatever book or poem I might be reading."

There are shelves of books on the worth of books and reading. The truly great in all walks of life agree as to the great value of reading and scarcely a writer of any standing whatsoever but has attested to it. Biography and autobiography bear witness innumerable to the indebtedness of their subjects to the recorded experiences of men who have gone before. There are unnumbered volumes of literary history and criticism, veritable reservoirs of tribute to the power of print as the moving force in the advance of civilization. Testimony as to the real value of reading is so voluminous that in its manifold forms it of itself would make a library of no mean proportions. For our purpose we may select a few items from the minor literature of the subject.

⁴Cf. "The Minister's Son" (*Sci. Amer. Supp.*, 74:223, Oct. 5, 1912); also "What to Expect of a Preacher's Son" (*Lit. Dig.*, Feb. 5, 1927, p. 23).

⁵"Libraries and Self-Education" in *Amer. Lib. Assn. BULLETIN*, 19:148-151 (Seattle Conference Proceedings, 1925).

⁶Lewis M. Terman and Margaret Lima, "Children's Reading: A Guide for Parents and Teachers," Appleton, 1927, p. 3.

⁷"A Book That Changed My Life," by Jane Addams, in *THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY*, 44:1196-98, Oct. 13, 1927, being her tribute to Tolstoy's "What To Do Then."

⁸Mark Byers "The Newspapers' Influence" in *THE ROTARIAN*, Nov., 1928, pp. 26-27.

⁹Edward L. Bernay's "Propaganda," Horace Liveright, N. Y., 1928.

¹⁰Selma Robinson "Book Clubs," *Century*, 120:294-302, V. 120, Spring, 1930.

¹¹THE BOOKMAN, 60:687-91.

(Continued in October issue)

Where the Spanish Padres Tread

By CLARENCE M. FINK

TODAY we find in California many historic evidences of once Spanish possession. Most notable of all, and worthy monuments of the Spanish rule, are the celebrated missions and buildings constructed of adobe bricks, which were made by the Indians under supervision of the padres, the forerunners of Spanish civilization.

Just outside of Pasadena and close to the San Gabriel Mission, is the El Molino Mill, built in 1810. This was the first grist mill to be run by waterpower ever attempted to be constructed in California. A legend accompanies the mill in its connection with the San Gabriel Mission.

According to the story known, the "unconverted" Indians, those that were hostile to the Spanish rule, made many savage and unwarmed attacks against the Spaniards. While building the mill and as a protection, it is said that an underground tunnel five miles long was dug, extending from the hill at the back of the mill to the San Gabriel Mission. This tunnel was used to transport grain and money from mill to mission, and as a fortification against Indian attacks.

Padre Father Jose Maria Zalvidea, official head of the Mission, who built the mill, is said to have buried a large fortune—a quarter of a million dollars—in the tunnel, leaving it in the care of the mill keeper who was the only other person acquainted with the exact location of the burial of the gold in the tunnel.

During one of the fights with the Indians, the mill keeper was killed. With him died the secret of the buried gold in the tunnel. According to reports, it was never found. The legend may or may not be true. A tunnel has, however, been found in the mill hill at the rear of El Molino Mill. An opening large

enough for an ordinary man to enter was discovered, and a small cave-in of dirt partially blocked the tunnel twenty yards in. The tunnel was recently filled in to prevent people from exploring it in case of a cave-in. While digging the new city sewers last year, the huge digging machine is said to have broken into what was presumed to be the mill tunnel, two miles distant from El Molino Mill. A passage six feet high by about three or four feet across was discovered. However, it was not explored.

During the year of 1806, Father Jose Zalvidea became administrator of the San Gabriel Mission with Claudio Lopez as major domo (taskmaster over the Indians). Very little grain had been raised on the Mission lands until after Zalvidea took charge. With his arrival, agriculture was energetically advanced, until in a short time there were large crops of grain ready for shipment. It was because of this he built the first mill—El Molino.

This was accomplished with the help of the "converted" Indians. The Indians were classified into about thirty groups of work people, with Claudio Lopez as taskmaster. Armed with a rawhide whip it was his business to see that every man and woman worked daily, according to rule. But the Indians so frequently revolted, or escaped to the mountains as hostiles, that rigid guarding and severe punishments became necessary as well as provision for a stronghold against attacks of the "unconverted" Indians. Therefore some parts of the mill, both above and below, were undoubtedly used as a jail or house of correction for the more obdurate offenders.

After two years of hard toil and zeal and hope the building proved a failure

because of dampness. The waterwheel threw water upon the walls and the water soaked through the shaft hole to the mill stones and to the upper floor. The distance of the mill from the business center at the Mission was also a great drawback. With these adverse conditions, after a short period of use, the mill was abandoned and lay idle.

The padres' Old Mill, as it is called, is 24 by 55 feet, with walls of solid masonry from three feet to four feet nine inches thick. The construction period was from 1810 to 1812. There are two great arches in the lower story where the waterwheel was placed; and in the upper story, or grinding room, there are two small windows protected by iron bars and heavy shutters. The original roof is of tiling.

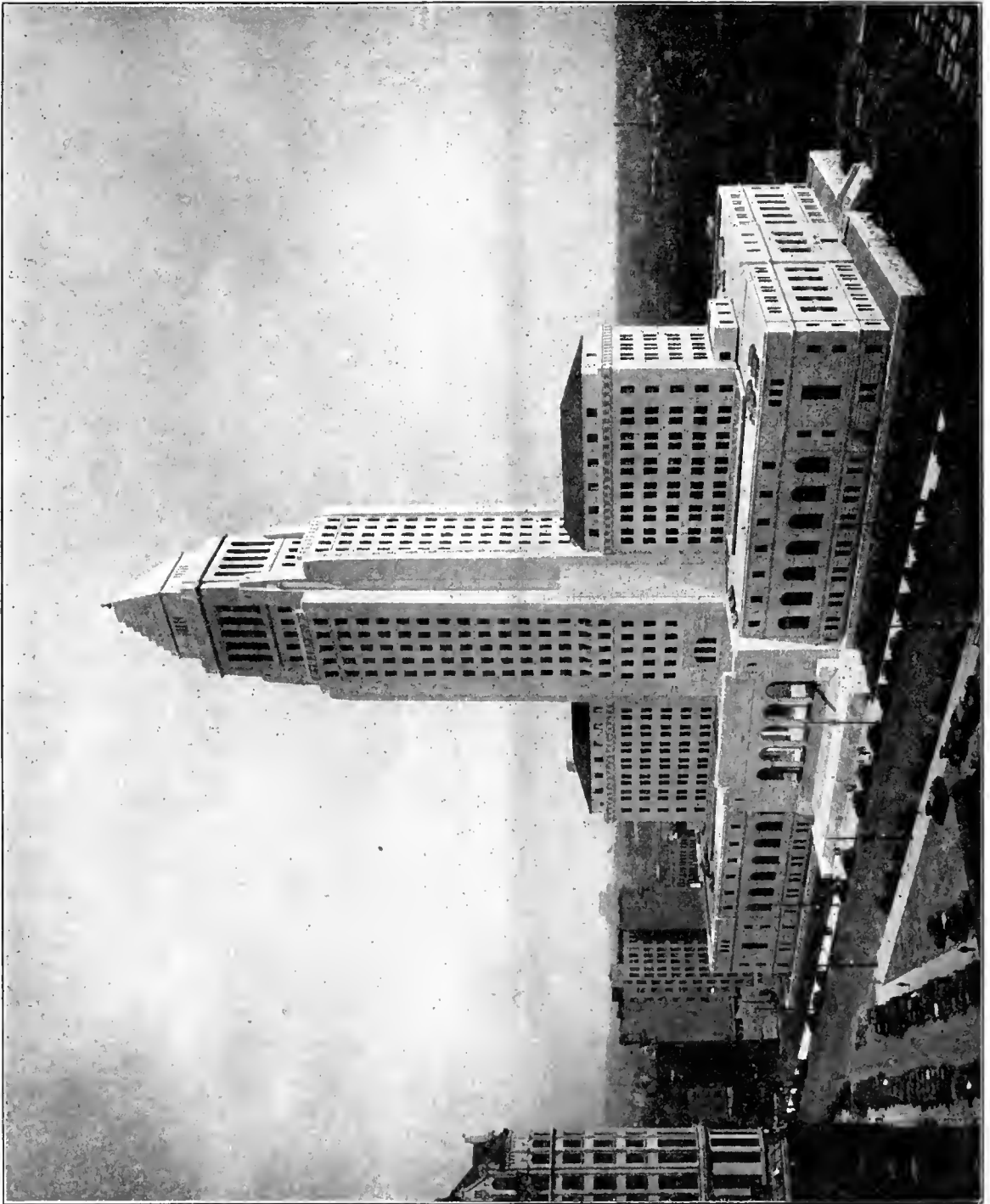
The water that flowed past the mill's waterwheel ran into a beautiful lake lying then calm and unruffled in front of it on a lower level. It was called "Mission Lake," then later "Kewen Lake," when Colonel E. J. Kewen, a soldier of the Mexican war, purchased the property.

A heavy stone dam was built at one part of the lake by Father Zalvidea. Just below the dam he established a saw mill, a tannery, a wool washer, etc., where water could be conveyed by wooden troughs for the use of the Indians.

Mission Lake today is no more, having been filled in with earth, graded, and in its stead is a beautiful city park of the city of San Marino. Above it, on the hill slope, standing majestically and proudly, sheltered by friendly trees surrounding it, is the old mill, El Molino, basking under the California sun, and holding seemingly in its midst, old memories of its romantic days.

OUR COVER THIS MONTH

SYMBOLIC of La Fiesta de Los Angeles and the holiday spirit that will characterize the celebration of Los Angeles' 150th birthday, is the design of our cover. The cartoon effect is in the Fiesta colors—red, green, and yellow. The sentiment and romance of old Spain and Mexico is shown in the central scene. At lower left is Lucille Diaz showing the Fiesta flag recently adopted as its emblem. A typical market vendor is shown in lower right, while in the upper right Marita Eivet displays an attractive Fiesta poster. A senorita, in upper left, waits for customers in a charming old shop. The "Days of the Dons" and the Fiesta Spirit will prevail generally during the period of the celebration—September 4 to 13. Old forms and customs will be revived; pastimes and events in gay costume will everywhere be in order. Throughout the sunny Southland will be re-enacted the carefree spirit of the time that was.



New Los Angeles City Hall which rises 28 stories and dominates the Civic Center

Business and Finance

By NATHAN T. PORTER

IN THE June issue of this magazine we pointed out the difficulties experienced in this period of unparalleled depression by the uncaptalized and unorganized individual. Our July article shows why and how the individual should be capitalized. We are passing through a period distressing alike to individual, business group and community. Indeed, the one matter of greatest concern in America today is the economic situation and its attendant problems. We here indicate some of the causes and some of the cures.



Nathan T. Porter

* * *

FIGURES

FIGURES. Little to be found in the latest reports other than mute evidence that the depression is still depressing.

CAR LOADINGS. July footings show car loadings off for the week ending July 25th, some 15,000 cars, and from the corresponding week last year off 177,000 cars.

MOTOR CAR UNITS. First seven months fell to 1,855,933 against 2,584,986 for the same period 1930, with an estimated drop of 1,010,000 for the current year.

UNFILLED ORDERS. United States Steel, 3,404,816 against 4,022,055 a year ago.

PIG IRON PRODUCTION. Disclosed a new low last month of 1,665,692 and totalling for first seven months of 1931, a falling off of 40% against the corresponding period 1930.

STEEL. Operations the past week have slipped again, wiping out gain reported earlier in July.

COPPER. In its trek downward copper picked up a new low at 8c and small lots were reported as low as 7½c.

OIL PRODUCTION. Still marked by frantic efforts to reduce surplus with slight results. Oklahoma's last week report showed a decrease of 56,900 barrels, while a single oil field in the state of Texas increased its output 92,650 barrels over the previous week. Stocks of refined gasoline show a decrease and refinery operations are running at a capacity of 65 1/10% as against 69 6/10% a year ago.

BUILDING. Reported by F. W. Dodge for the first 22 days of July as 17 7/10% less than corresponding period 1930. Residence buildings were down 25 8/10% and non-residential buildings 30 3/10%. A slight gain of 4 5/10% is reported as to public works.

FARM PRODUCTS. The index finger of the farmer's outlook points to reported offers of 22c for wheat at the farm and a new low for cotton in the bale.

UNEMPLOYMENT. Figures to date foreshadow the fulfillment of the prediction of 7,000,000 out of work with the closing of the current year.

* * *

EMERGENCY TREATMENT

IN THE Wall Street Journal a Mr. Benedict tabulates the following list:

1. Stimulation of building and construction, mainly of residence building; and that chiefly by the creation of a great national building-loan finance agency of a rediscount nature.
2. Do something that will improve the South American situation.
3. Extend a helping hand to Asia by energetically tackling the silver problem.
4. Undertake a five-billion dollar public works program, financed by a Federal bond issue.
5. Spend three billion dollars for unemployment relief, etc.
6. Expedite favorable action by the Interstate Commerce Commission on the petition of the railways for increased railway rates.
7. Hasten railway consolidation.
8. Take government (Farm Board) wheat and cotton out of the market.

9. Start the construction of the St. Lawrence deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the sea.

10. Inaugurate a great drive to get all farmers into the cooperatives, which have been taken under the wing of the Farm Board and finance them with 1,250 million dollars to eliminate (destroy?) all existing surplus and prevent others in the future.

11. Revise the anti-trust laws to fit modern conditions.

12. Restore beer and brewing to legitimacy.

13. Call an international tariff conference to draft principles of basic tariff legislation which will recognize that foreign trade should be mutually encouraged.

* * *

TO THE above might be added a legion of suggested schemes, such as a recreation of the War Industries Board into a Peace Industries Board, a Board of Strategy and Planning and Syndicate Corporations grouped around an International Economic Council. See July Forum article by Mr. Beard.

On the other hand all sorts of academic proposals looking to permanent cures are current in today's business discussions. For example: The Chairman of the Commission on Industrial Inquiry suggests that an American Congress of Industry be called to formulate what he terms "a warm-blooded ten year plan of democratic idealism woven into the very pattern of our national fabric."

THE foregoing prescriptions for relief are strictly, as the Literary Digest puts it, "Hypodermics for Business." That is a stimulus more or less local in its application, more or less spotted, more or less belated in its results. As strictly an emergency relief, Numbers 4, 8 and 9, call for serious consideration. But no emergency measure should be adopted without reference to some plan for a revival of business through the normal processes of trade and exchange.

* * *

MAN MADE AND MAN OPERATED

IN THE present depression the complete breakdown of our business machinery and our business methods, occasioned solely by the total absence of

Business and Finance

governing or stabilizing factors, is pathetically distressing, both to our American pride and our everyday boast of progress.

In and about former major business depressions some one could cite a contributing alibi, such as war, drought, floods, quakes, pestilence or other disturbing factor—chargeable as an Act of God.

In the present breakdown we have as cause simply and solely the collapse of a man-made system, operated along accredited and legalized lines. The aftermath of war apology washed out the moment it was exposed, for during prosperity we were lifting the war burden practically unconscious of its weight.

* * *

A. B. C. SUGGESTIONS

THE one way to revive business is to do business. The first step to move business, to do business, is to extend credit. The first move to extend credit is to stop withdrawing credit. The first let-up in withdrawing credits must come from the holders and hoarders of the medium of exchange.

Have we so soon forgotten that this late depression began with a contraction of credit, just as the late boom began with the expansion of credit. It is no tug on our memory to recall the beginning of the end of the greatest upward price swing in our history. Banks, financing institutions and individuals attracted by the lure of high interest rates, began to withdraw and continued to withdraw funds from legitimate business and to divert those funds into speculative channels. The results: a gambling orgy unparalleled in world history and a crash the grind of which is still on.

Then began the deadly process on the part of these same institutions, of further restricting the credit formerly enjoyed by

legitimate business and continuing that restricting and reducing process to the destruction of many and to the crippling of more. With small business prostrated or destroyed, big business must and did contract in every division of its operations. Normal production became at once over production; all through under-consumption; all through the contraction of credit; all through a gambling debauch, incited, aided and abetted, by the financial houses and the financing and exchange machinery, representing the boasted acme of business development and financial acumen in this, the greatest commonwealth in all the world.

* * *

IN working to set things in motion, why not first release the brake that slowed us down and now threatens to bring to a dead stop everything that is still in motion! If the genius of statesmen is to be drawn upon and the powers of our government to be employed, why not direct them both toward the loosening of the clutch which holds business back from any future forward movement. No use of administering hypodermics to the patient without loosening the grip that blocks recovery from aid through stimulants, however powerful.

Quite true—in time the hoarding institutions and individuals will discover the business fallacy of sitting on a pile of gold. But that takes time—time that prudence would suggest we do not consider unless we are prepared to endure.

Outside applications, foreign methods of treatment, powerful drugs, strong stimulants can as relief measures well be tabooed from the present financial crisis; with this reservation, however, that if our financial sickness has reached the stage where normal and effective remedies cannot be employed and it is necessary to draft or to commandeer and use

powers extraordinary, then let such processes be employed in restoring our banks and our houses of finance and credit to a stage where they will function as they were intended to function and permit business and production and consumption to move forward in a normal ascending scale.

* * *

WHAT AND WHENCE PATRIOTISM!

IN THE panic of the late war, we pledged our talents, our belongings, our lives. And for what? For the safety of our country and for the protection of all who dwell therein.

In our present panic, in these days of peace, we who have—pledge nothing; lend nothing. On the contrary, we take whatever is takable; though the taking may render valueless everything the obligor has left. Mark you the paradox: a show of matchless altruism in the crisis of war; a show of brutal selfishness in the crisis of peace. The while our financial powers fiddle, Rome burns.

But it is all right—that is, big business and big holders generally say it is all right. They not only say it, but they act it by not acting. It has happened before; and every time when everything is deflated or dehydrated or shrunk down to the bone and a bill of sale had on the bones, we holders and hoarders of funds will sense the uselessness of waiting longer and will slowly relax. Then as we extend credit, buyers will begin to place orders; producers will begin to produce; consumers will begin to consume; investors will begin to invest; business generally will begin to expand; manipulators will then begin to manipulate; exchange securities will then be inflated and everything will move in step upward toward the next great collapse.

Water Bond Issue September 29

THE vote on the Colorado River aqueduct bond issue, September 29, should be a record one. The importance of an adequate water supply for Los Angeles and the Metropolitan Water District should be apparent to every thoughtful person. Already there has been regrettable delay in the Boulder Dam project, and with the utmost haste it will be a matter of several years before water is available. Those who talk in terms of a greater Los Angeles should understand that the development of the city and the prosperity of its people depend entirely upon adequate water supply. The question is not whether we can afford the financial outlay, but whether we can afford to delay even though the bond issue were much greater. As an economy measure the bonds must be voted. Circle in red the date September 29 on your calendar and vote early on the \$220,000,000 Colorado River Aqueduct bond issue.

A Personal Interview With Harr Wagner

By HELEN ALLRED

Looking through the pages of "Who's Who in America" for 1931, I read the very brief outline of the work of Harr Wagner, a man who has been active in California as an editor, author, and publisher for fifty years. I arranged for an interview with him in order to get side-lights on his career which do not usually appear in the ordinary cold type of a "write-up."

It is conceded that eulogies should be for the dead, not for the living. There are many, however, who have come in contact with Harr Wagner and speak of him as a kindly man and true friend, and who, at seventy-five, is noted for initiating big projects in publishing books, not only of local but of national interest. Mr. Wagner is at present writing a final volume under title "The Time Has Come, The Walrus Said," which, no doubt, will take its place in popularity alongside his other books, notably "Joaquin Miller and His Other Self," and "Pacific History Stories." These books have been real contributions to the literary development of the West.

Harr Wagner was born of German ancestry in 1857 on a farm in Pennsylvania. His education until he was seventeen was neglected. Twelve to fourteen weeks in the winter time in a typical country school was all the education he had until he left home and began his career as a student, teacher, and editor. He graduated from Wittenberg College in 1881, and three years later was given the degree of Master of Arts for special work in Literature. When asked how he earned his money to pay his way, he said, "Milking cows, acting as chauffeur for a widow who owned a horse and buggy, and by house-to-house canvassing. Then I became editor and advertising manager of the College paper, and ever since I have owned and published a paper for my meal ticket." I asked him how he happened to come to California. He replied with a touch of philosophy that has characterized his life, "It is trifles that rule our lives and shape our destinies. Had I not been given a copy of Joaquin Miller's poems 'The Songs of the Sierras,' I doubt very much if I would have chosen California as my adopted state." A few years later Joaquin Miller on Mr. Wagner's invitation became a resident of California and associate editor of "The Golden Era."

Wagner became his publisher, manager, neighbor, friend, and biographer. For thirty years they frequently appeared on the same platforms throughout the country.



HARR WAGNER

WHEN Mr. Wagner was asked to give a brief outline of his life, he said "Copy the story from 'Who's Who in America.'" Here it is: "Writer, publisher; born on farm in Pa., March 20, 1857; graduated Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, 1881; married Madge Morris, the poet, March 30th, 1886; children—Morris, Pearl Johnson. Owner and editor "The Golden Era," San Francisco, California 1881-90; builder of San Diego College of Letters, 1888; Supt. of Schools San Diego County, 1891-95; editor Western Journal of Educ., official educl. organ of California 1895-1912; organized in 1916 Harr Publishing Company (Successor to Whittaker and Ray-Wiggin Company, publishers of Western books by Western authors); one of the owners and builders of Montara, California. Republican. Lutheran. Club: Sequoia (President since 1912). Author "The Street and the Flower," novel 1883, "Pacific History Stories," 1895; California

History" (with Mark Keppel) 1924; "A Man Unafraid" (with Herbert Bashford) 1928; "Joaquin Miller and His Other Self," 1929. The written page does not, however, give the impression of his sense of humor, his friendly encouragement to young writers, and his leadership in the literary and educational development of the West.

I then asked him to give the titles and authors of a few of the most successful books, published by him. He replied, "The first book I published was 'The Mystery of Carmel' by Madge Morris, 1882. The second was 'Stories and Sketches' by Sam Davis, 1883. The latter was the noted Nevada editor and humorist. My best seller was 'Pacific History Stories' the sale of which reached 64,000 copies. The first printing of 'Joaquin Miller and His Other Self' has been sold with the exception of 200 copies.

Mr. Wagner considers his trade publications as ventures more for pleasure than profit. The real commercial end of the business is in the texts and library books. Dr. Jordan's "Matka" and "Care and Culture of Men"; Theodore Roosevelt's "Realizeable Ideals"; Literary California by Aurora Esmeralda, and Joaquin Miller's complete poems—7-volume edition; "A Man Unafraid" the life of Fremont by Herbert Bashford and Harr Wagner. "Tumba of Torrey Pines" by William Maurice Culp, wood cuts by Harry Howes Hall, is the latest and most artistic of recent publications.

Best sellers include "Poems for Memorizing" by Alice Rose Power; "Modern School Readers" by Ruth Thompson and H. B. Wilson; "Our Neighbors Near and Far" and "Type Stories of the World for Little Folks" by Ruth Thompson; H. W. Fairbanks' "New Progressive Geographies"; "Our California Home" by Irmagard Richards; "Science of Human Living" by the Corwins; and "California History" by Harr Wagner and Mark Keppel.

"HOW about the future of publishing in California?" He replied, "There will always be many small publishing houses in California, but what we need is quantity production. I have been able in our pioneer efforts to turn out fine commercial and art books, but

Read further on page 29

"Half-Face" Annie

By CRUISE CARRIEL

I HAVE an arrangement in my office that is helpful to a psychiatrist. A long mirror on the wall gives me a lateral view of incomers before I meet them face to face. So my first glimpse of the woman the district attorney had asked me to examine told me that a lithe, youthful body and a beautiful countenance were hers.

But when I turned my gaze to greet her I met Beauty and Beast in one. The right side of her face was firm flesh beneath clear skin, her lips were turned seductively, her brow was arched. The other half was sallow with a baggy pouch below the eye. It was interlaced with ditches dug by sorrow and that corner of her mouth dropped to console desolation. One side of her neck was yellow crepe; the other was as smooth as the ivory satin of a wedding gown.

In the mirror I had seen vibrant youth, eager for life. But as I turned from image to reality I saw a defeated, haggard woman; an empty crock, chipped and cracked and ready to be discarded. Nor was her appearance a phase of hemiplegia, that strange degenerative palsy that attacks one side only of the victim's body. It was Art.

"This is Anna Struthers," the nurse said. She handed me the case history she had taken in another room and whispered: "They call her 'Half-face Annie' in the jail." She went out.

Sit down, Miss Struthers, I said. I read the history.

Anna Struthers was forty-nine years old and unmarried—never had been married, her history showed. She had had the usual childhood diseases; nothing serious since then—an occasional cold. She gave the dates and causes of the deaths of her progenitors on both sides back to her great grandparents, which is more unusual than you might think until you try to do that stunt yourself. They were a long lived clan too, although violent deaths—accidents—had taken two of them. No T. B. No insanity.

The patient's physical examination and laboratory tests were negative. Her occupation was "demonstrator of facial preparations." She had been thus employed for about three months.

Now, Miss Struthers, I said, I want you to tell me all about it in your own way.

"Do I have to go over all that again?" Her voice was not displeasing; even cultured.

I can be more helpful to you if you will.

"Well, if I must, I must," she surrendered.

"SEVERAL months ago, I had a letter from a man whose name I'm not going to tell you. This man—I'd known him all my life; I'd waited for him. He said he hoped I wouldn't think he was a silly old fool, but he wanted to come for me as he had always said he would. He'd made a strike at last. He was rich. But instead of having me come to him right away as he wanted to, he was going to wait and come for me as he'd promised. It would be three months. He couldn't get away before then.

I had promised to marry this man when I was a girl; when I was young—as young as my face on this side. (She touched her cheek.) I loved him and he loved me. But he was poor; and he was proud. My people had money, a lot of money; more than anybody else in the town we lived in. So he went away and he said he wasn't coming back until he could take care of me in the way I ought to be taken care of. He asked me to wait.

His letters kept coming all the time—not so many after awhile, but I heard from him three or four times a year; maybe more. I wrote to him, too. But when we lost our money and my mother and then my father died, I didn't tell him that. I didn't tell him that I was poor; poorer than he was. I didn't tell him that I was alone in the world. I didn't tell him that I needed him.

I made myself believe that I didn't tell him because I didn't want to be a drag on him. But now I guess it was just pride. I liked to be a princess; to have him think of me that way. It's what he always called me.

But I never really expected to see him again. I let myself go in a way. I didn't take care of myself. So when I got this letter I knew I wasn't a princess any more; that he wouldn't think I was when he saw me. Inside, I was just as young as I ever was, but that doesn't count with a man.

I'd heard about women having their faces done over, but I didn't have enough money for that. You don't make much money cleaning up people's houses. Sometimes I cooked a meal when they asked me to and served it. So I heard the women talking about this Madame Henrietta Sterne. I went to the city and saw her.

I told Madame Sterne that I didn't have any money. I told her that I'd work for her if she'd do my face over and get it done before three months. I told her I'd do anything.

Madame Sterne told me that she'd do my face over if I'd work for her for a month as a demonstrator. Not publicly, but just in her own place. She said the first month she'd do half my face over and my hands and get my body back in shape. Then the next month she'd use me with half my face done over to show people who wanted to be sure about the treatments before they took them. She promised she'd finish up my face during the last month.

WELL, I kept my part of the bargain. She didn't. The demonstration paid her well, I guess. Everybody heard about the woman with half a face and wanted to see me. A lot of them had Madame Sterne do them over too. I brought her lots of business; and she was greedy. When the last month came she kept putting me off. She said it wouldn't take as long as the first part. She said she'd start in the next day. She kept putting me off!

My mail was being sent to a post-office box in the city. Madame Sterne had somebody get it for me. She did that much. I had a letter from . . . from him; you know. He said he'd arrive in a week. And me that way!

I went to her. I went to Madame Sterne and told her she had to finish me up right away. Then she admitted that it would take a month at least.

Another letter from him said he had arrived and couldn't find me . . . what did it mean? I wrote him that I was sick; that I couldn't see him for a month. He wrote that I knew he'd come to . . . come to me . . . for me . . . anywhere in the world; that he couldn't understand.

Read further on page 27

FIESTA

By R. V. VAUGHAN

"THE senor is of the north?"

I had not previously noticed the stranger seated at my table, so captivating was the music of the fandango, so alluring the sensuous senioritas in the dimly lighted cantina in old Juarez. "Possibly, the senor seeks romance here in old Juarez, yes?"

Not so much romance as surcease from the heat and these cooling libations of cerveza that are so refreshing after the day's toil in El Paso, yet, quien sabe? I made reply, turning to look at the man. Never had I seen such a derelict of society, a wrecked human so completely shattered. His appearance and apparel marked him as one of the peon class, yet his ease of manner and cultured tongue betrayed his northern birth. Will you join me in a cold bottle from Monterey or—

"If the senor will permit, I will drink to his health in tequilla!"

You are also of the States? I queried as we drained the glasses.

"Si, senor . . . but the years are many since I entered this valley of the Rio Grande, this land of romance, of manana . . . of heartaches for me!"

The fiesta crowd filled the cantina with gay music, smoke of doble cigarros, exotic perfumes, with laughter and the clinking of glasses. The stranger seemingly oblivious of me stared at the seething mass of celebrants with a melancholy sadness that moved me to remark: Let us drain another glass and retire into the freshness of the night without.

"Agreed, senor, gracias! I must keep my faith with Juanita of the river. You have been kind to me . . . shall I relate to you the story of my love, my despair, my misery? Come!"

WE walked to the grove of almogordos that skirt the river bank close by the international bridge. The moon was mirrored in the tawny river in a golden sheen. Tropic breezes rustled the nervous aspen leaves. The river, dank and sullen, was perfumed with the fragrance of carizozoz.

"Senor, consider the road and the river . . . they are companions from the land of their birth up in those naked sun-

baked tumbles of rock, down across the gently sloping plains to the tropic sea. The road is gray with dust that spirals and eddies . . . heat devils that dance on and on through the long summer . . . the river is yellow with age, silent, sullen,



restless, forbidding . . . the cantina that Juanita kept was where the road and river meet . . . a vado we call it. I was a young engineer sent into the valley to survey for the great dam that was to be built . . . the Elephant Butte Dam. By chance I met her, Juanita in the cantina . . . never was there another like her, a woman of witchery, charm, beauty, heated passion and cold reserve . . . she was a fiesta in herself . . . there in the

patio mellowed by age, there under the roses and grapes brought from old Castile, she confessed her love, undying love, yet she would never consent. . . . Then one night when winter storms were promising rain for the parched valley we strolled to a highland overlooking the valley. It was a witching night under a golden moon; doves were calling, there was the incense of the night blooming cactus . . . that night her lips clung to mine, her heart beat a faster rhythm, she clung to me more closely . . . and consented.

GREAT black clouds were scudding the sky, the fury of the storm awoke me. The roaring and surging of the river filled the night with demon noise. I was alone! Around the headland where I was, there was a sea of foaming water . . . her house, the cantina, the patio, all, senor . . . all were gone. Madness seized me. I plunged into the waters. I called to her. No answer. I was rescued far down the river . . . would that those hands had never pulled me out . . . would that I had died!

"W o u l d that I had died . . . somewhere in the river, senor, she awaits me . . . estoy cansado," sighed the stranger. "Adios, buenas noches," before I could return the salutation, the derelict had vanished into the night. I returned to the cantina to drink another tequilla before crossing the line into El Paso.

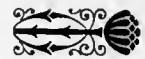
The waiter, the same one who had served me before, was smiling as he brought my order. "Did you enjoy the romance of the Rio Grande?" he queried.

Why do you ask? I countered lifting my glass.

"Senor may not know that these marihuana smokers weave fantastic tales," he replied as he moved away.



MELODY LANE



BEN F. FIELD, Department Editor

YOUTH

By VIRGINIA H. WALLIHAN

I AM youth;
I am one with the rose-rifted dawn
And the miracle of tender, budding spring.
I stand at the threshold
Of a world I know not—
Wondering, trembling, thrilling
At the loves and joys and adventures
That await me; undaunted
By the tears and bitterness that sometimes, I know
Will taunt me and make my journey hard.
The time will come when the sunny, steep trail
Will seem insurmountable,
And I will cry out for evening and rest;
But today life is held fast
In my eager hands,
And opportunity is mine.

This poem is one of the three that won prizes in the 1930-1931 seasonal contest of the Creative Arts Club, formerly Cadman Creative Club, of Los Angeles. The author is a young graduate of Ontario, California.

THE ROAD OF THE VAGABOND

By WHITLEY GRAY

BUT the road of the vagabond was sweet,
And who can know what strains he heard
Of music—unheard save by him?
What starry visions lured his feet?

What concourse of fair rivers ran,
What graceful seas of green and blue
Foamed 'round what heights of far, dim land,
That all his spirit yearned thereto?

The many friends of the author will recognize him as the editor of "Troubadour," a poetry magazine of San Diego, California. Mr. Gray has been doing a fine work in "Troubadour" for the poetry societies of many of our states and for the Hawaiian Islands.

NITI, MAKER OF POTTERY

By D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

BESIDE the stream sits fair Niti,
Apache maiden slim and young;
She mixes powdered stone with clay
Then thru the twain fine grass is strung.

Her tapered fingers knead the mass
Into round bowls of every size
And as she works she sings a song
Of spring and love, deep in her eyes:

"Father Sun, oh hear me calling . . .
Hear me, Niti, as I sing
Of a brave whose step is softer
Than the faun's in early spring.

MY MOTHER'S GARDEN

(A RONDEAU)

By DAWN DAVIS

THE years pass on—and gardens grow
And bloom as seasons come and go;
Each one's a page from memory
That holds a tender thought for me
Of her whose care made flowers blow.

In that fair garden, years ago,
Where children's feet went to and fro
And all were loved right tenderly,
The years pass on—

And she has gone as mortals go.
Her flowers died down here below;
But now her garden's fair to see,
Her flowers bloom eternally—
Her love makes leaf and blossom glow—
The years pass on.

This Rondeau is the winner of the first prize in the poetry contest of The Scribblers' League of Los Angeles, for 1931. The author, Dawn Davis, is a member of the League.

MY GIFTS

By FLORENCE R. KEENE

LIFE has given me sorrow,
Life has given me pain,
Life has given me weariness
Of body, heart, and brain.

These gifts of Life I've hoarded—
In my treasure-house they lie—
Some day they will form a ladder
That I may reach the sky.

The popular young editor of "Westward," a magazine of verse, of San Francisco, here publishes some heart lines that grip the reader.

Father Sun, give us thy blessing,
Watch us safely as we go
Down the roads of light and darkness
Over paths which lovers know."

Her fingers tremble as she works
For with the rising of the moon
The flutes will tune her marriage song—
It is so late . . . it is so soon!

Dr. Bushby of Arizona is the editor and publisher of "Tom Tom," unusual and interesting southwestern poetry magazine. The Indians have named him Chief Whispering Pine. His "Poets of Our Southern Frontier" in our February issue has been given favorable comment.

Los Angeles from Pueblo to Metropolis

Continued from page 6

through the Panama Canal. Coal is obtained from British Columbia, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico.

In spite of this handicap, the manufactures of iron and steel rank second in point of value. First in value are the products of petroleum, and third the motion picture industry. Products of many kinds are now manufactured, among the most important being clothing, furniture, textiles, brick, tile, and aircraft. Meats and canned fruits and vegetables are important items.

MAN lives under practically all climatic conditions. By means of many inventions he has, in a measure, overcome the direct influences of climate. Nevertheless climate will always remain an important factor in geographic environment. It is as truly an asset as are coal, iron or any other form of material wealth. Los Angeles furnishes an excellent proof of this. Its rapid growth in population was not chiefly due to material resources, it was more largely the result of salubrity of climate. A climate without the rigor of cold winters, and in large degree free from the enervating influences of hot and humid summers, with a comparatively dry atmosphere, and an unusually high percentage of sunshine, could not fail to attract people in large numbers.

In the case of Los Angeles the prevailing wind is from the ocean, hence the slight annual temperature range. In a dry atmosphere radiation is rapid and as a result there is a large diurnal temperature range. This promotes rest at night, a matter of much importance.

The average annual precipitation is about 15 inches. Although this varies much from year to year, careful study of the records kept by the Weather Bureau fails to show any permanent increase or decrease. Such changes as do occur are apparently cyclic in character.

THE visitor to Los Angeles will not wonder that its citizens decided that the wonderful achievements of man, here manifested in so many ways, should be celebrated on the 150th anniversary of the founding of the settlement. From a pueblo consisting of but eleven families in 1781, to a metropolis of more than one and a quarter million in 1931, is indeed a marvelous growth. Los Angeles now ranks fifth in population among the cities of the United States, being ex-

ceeded by New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Detroit, in the order named.

At the time of the founding of the pueblo no one could foresee the importance of the event, nor could the inhabitants of a century later visualize the city of today. Because of lack of transportation facilities growth was slow until after 1880. In that year the population was, in round numbers, 11,000. In 1890 it had increased to 50,000. Ten years later there were 102,000 people living in the city. The census of 1910 showed a population of 300,000 and a rank of seventeen. In 1920 the population numbered more than half a million and the rank was ten.

The adobe houses of pioneer days have been replaced by the most modern and beautiful of residences, business blocks, and public buildings. Almost upon the site of the original settlement, the new City Hall rises twenty-eight stories in height. The one small general store operated by John Temple is now superseded by a host of business houses. The first bank, opened in 1868, has been succeeded by scores of such institutions, and yearly clearings now total billions.

The streets, once dusty in summer and muddy in winter, over which men spurred their horses, and carretas creaked their tedious ways, are now thronged by electric cars, automobiles and a multitude of foot travelers. The dim light of candle-lanterns has been replaced by a flood of

electric illumination. The drinking water, once delivered in carts, and stored in clay vessels, now rushes from its alpine sources 250 miles distant.

Opportunity for public worship, the first concern of the Franciscan Fathers, was offered by the building of a chapel in 1784. As the years passed, this was supplemented by other churches. Today many churches, representing all creeds, minister to the religious needs of the people. The first public school, opened in 1855, was the forerunner of a school system employing more than 10,000 teachers, and crowned by colleges and universities. Libraries, hospitals, museums, musical, art, literary, and scientific associations abound.

The "days of the dons" are gone, but their memories will be revived during the period of the Fiesta. The best horse-men will strive to equal in costume, mount, caparison and equestrian feats the caballeros of Spanish days. Beautiful young women will, in dress, song, music, and dance, represent the señoritas of the past. In many ways early conditions will be brought to the attention of all. In short, the hands of time will be turned back 150 years that we of today may have a fuller conception of what has been here accomplished, a larger appreciation of all who have faithfully labored to bring about this transformation, and a deeper sense of gratitude for the blessings which we enjoy.



The Carreta of the Spanish period was in use as late as 1840.

Material for Writers in California State Library

By MABEL R. GILLIS, Librarian,
California State Library

SINCE the State Library is a reference library mainly—or a non-fiction library, if you will—a description of the material for writers contained in it would sound very much like a catalog of the entire collection. Most of it might well be used by the writer who feels the need of research for the work upon which he is engaged.

A recounting of the books and classes in our general collection would be of little interest as there we follow the same lines as any library of similar aims. Our California department, however, possesses many unique features, and scarcely a day passes without a visit from some writer who desires to use our collection of Californiana.

Particularly valuable assistance to writers is given by our files of California newspapers. Fortunately for our purpose, California is still young enough to avoid insurmountable difficulties in the way of gathering complete files of newspapers even from the beginning of our newspaper history. Our own files go back to 1846 when the *Californian*—the first paper—was printed, and they include all the important early papers as well as files from all present day state papers.

A file of newspapers can be a very helpful thing but it can be very trying also when memories are poor and suggested dates of articles miss the year of publication anywhere from a month to many years in time. This difficulty is seldom met at the State Library, however, because we have what we consider the most useful tool imaginable for our sort of work, an index to the newspapers with over two million references from 1846 down to date. This index enables the searcher to find information quickly on any California subject in which he may be interested. For instance you may want accounts of the floods that caused such damage to Sacramento in early days. You consult the

index, find the references to Sacramento River floods, call for the bound papers and follow through accounts written at the time these stirring scenes were taking place. This method gives the facts at the time such conditions were prevailing and offers much human interest material. Thus the newspaper files furnish most valuable assistance on many subjects.

Files of California magazines, too, are of great interest to many users of this department. Articles in the early periodicals often throw light on a subject obscure in other sources. The early periodicals, too, are partially indexed—enough so to indicate the value of this file also.

The book collection is, of course, the most usual source of information and inspiration. In our California Department we have first of all a fine collection of rare and early books, many of which can be found in only a few other places and some nowhere else. Naturally these books are of the greatest help to those working on California subjects.

All classes of books about California and by Californians are acquired so that we have representative California material in every phase of literature. Much of this is not unusual but we do offer a well rounded collection that answers the needs of the seeker for knowledge in any California field.

A unique group within the California department books is that of California fiction. The State Library does not acquire fiction in other fields but we have departed from our policy in that regard to make this collection of fiction with a California setting or by California authors. This does not circulate but is kept for the writer on the history of California literature (and of course for the student of the several authors' works). We believe this is one of the most complete if not the most complete collection of California fiction in existence.

Pamphlets are something often

neglected—perhaps because they are difficult to secure and to preserve. The State Library has a very valuable collection of early pamphlets which we have grouped by subjects and bound in volumes. These pamphlets cover a variety of subjects such as railroads, land, mining, education, speeches, et cetera, and prove many questioned points in research work.

For the writer on commercial subjects—or for others who must include references to such subjects—our early account books, shipping lists and other commercial papers give the greatest assistance. And for the special use of the writer of political history there is the great mass of early ballots, cartoons, political dodgers and related items. This political material is so interesting to the casual visitor even that we usually have some on display.

The county histories, of which we have a number, are exceedingly useful, giving us biographical sketches and early history that can be used in a variety of ways. The illustrations in these volumes, too, are extensively used. There are thousands of pictures available for writers both for illustrations for their books and as a source for descriptive material. We have pictures of people and of places which we allow to be copied for illustrative purposes. There are photographs, copies of photographs, hundreds of stereographs and old lithographs. We are constantly adding to these pictures and we have a picture list which helps in the location of the scene or person wanted.

We specialize on California maps and have a fine map room equipped with large drawers for storage and counters and a huge table for consultation. These maps, going back to the early ones of the various California counties, are the authority for the locating of places and names of towns, districts, streams, et cetera.

A useful feature of our material
Read further on page 27

The Literary West

THE UPWARD REACH

IT IS gratifying to pick up a volume filled with inspiration and hope and optimism; one that offers comfort and encouragement and help for the day's work, and of such interest and size as to be read at one sitting. Such a book is Leo J. Muir's, "The Upward Reach." The less than 100 pages are replete with quotation, illustration, and epigram. The author has read widely and intelligently. He moralizes without preaching, directs without commanding, and helps without lessening independence. The introduction characterizes "The Upward Reach" as A Divine Gift. Then follows Part One—The Goal of Man's Upward Reaching is Godship; Part Two—Upward Reaching the Supreme Refinement of Life; Part Three—Upward Reaching Through Purposeful Resolutions. Mr. Muir is author, lecturer, and civic leader. "The Upward Reach," \$1.00 per copy. Also "Flashes From the Eternal Semaphore," by the same author. The two books \$1.50 postpaid. Address Melrose Syndicate, 1005 Wright and Callander Building, Los Angeles, California.

—A. H. C.

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BLUE BOOK OF SPORTS

"BLUE BOOKS" are the order of the day. An annual volume, entitled "The Blue Book of Sports," and issued from Los Angeles, is replete with information of a sports nature. The 1931 issue carries 421 pages in legible type on excellent paper and attractively bound. The price of the book is \$5.00. Great credit is due the editor, Everett L. Sanders, and his coworkers and associates for the intelligent compiling and editing. In addition to the records of stars and champions in all forms of sports and athletics there are biographies and editorials of prominent persons, items on teams and clubs, comments on colleges and events. Copies may be ordered of the editor at 407 East Pico Street, Los Angeles, California.

—A. H. C.

* * * *

YOUNG DESIRE

STORMY passion is the theme of *Young Desire*, a new novel by Clem Yore. It is the story of a girl, Tierna, who is dominated by an overpowering desire at times, a veritable flame of passion, a phase of love-madness inherited from a parent.

This love-madness was first awakened in the girl by Peter, who was painting sunsets on a beach near the girl's home on the Pacific Coast; but Peter, being a devout Catholic, fled from what he considered sinful happiness, after being tempted beyond endurance. He then drifted out of the girl's life down to Papeete.

Tierna came to San Francisco and began to sing, first in a cabaret, then at Pope's. Cesare trained her for grand opera. Although in her heart Tierna

still treasured the image of Peter, other men came into her life, a young millionaire, a brilliant architect, a sea captain, even Hermano, a young Sicilian, who reminded her of Peter.

A dramatic climax was achieved the night that Tierna sang Bizet's "Carmen"; and Peter . . . but read it for yourself, the singing, the action, the portrayal of the actual dramatic scene, the denouement, not of the opera, but when the great portals of Life are flung wide and Beauty is revealed to a clarified intelligence. Published by Macaulay.

—GRACE T. HADLEY.

* * * *

RAINBOW CANYONS

THE story of *Rainbow Canyons* is a vivid account of creation written in rainbow-tinted sandstone in southern Utah. The authors know their canyons. Eivind T. Scoyen literally was born and reared in the national parks. He was the first permanent superintendent of Zion and Bryce Canyon. Frank J. Taylor has been close to the national parks for years.

The foreword to this fascinating narrative is by Horace M. Albright, Director of the National Park Service. Published by Stanford University Press at \$2.00.

—GRACE T. HADLEY.

* * * *

DESERT CANCER

WHEN word went forth that John Hamlin's new book, *Desert Dancer*, would make its debut at a San Francisco bookstore and that the author would talk on "Desert Romance," the Paul Elder Gallery was packed to the point of suffocation with friends and admirers. Mr. Hamlin is president of the California Writers Club and a member of the League of Western Writers. His popularity as a writer of western fiction has been growing faster than a desert-rabbit leaps and bounds. Those who have read Mr. Hamlin's "Range Rivals" and "Beloved Acres" will know they have a great treat in store in this new book, *Desert Dancer*.

Born and bred in the West, Mr. Hamlin knows his desert, particularly the Nevada desert with its sagebrush, shadscale and sun-baked alkali. When a mere boy he went into the desert with a surveyor's gang as chain boy, but he had eyes to see other things than the chain he lugged. One thing he saw, he never forgot—that was the dance of the sand spirals. For years that picture of the dancing sand spirals was tucked away in the back of his head and he wanted to weave a story around those sand spirals. He has done so, and he has done it in a masterly manner.

Desert Dancer is the fascinating story of a young girl, Naomi Wesley, in revolt against the tyranny and ugliness of a ranch home devoid of all the warmth of home life, but through a gap in the row of poplars, Naomi could see the

spacious old Driscoll ranch house, where Ben lived, and Ben was home fresh from college. Given the girl and the boy, add amber-eyed Madame Gervena, teacher of the dance in the city, who became the girl's friend when she fled from her father's wrath, Terrv Corrigan, a young, rich mining man of the desert, Clem Avery, owner of the "Desert Opal," a road house, where the girl got her first job . . . that road-house was a rambling, loose-jointed affair with odd-shaped windows and a broken line of roofing . . . yet with a certain weird attractiveness in the seeming carelessness of its architecture; add "Mirage" and "Coyote Kate" and other picturesque characters, and you have a thrilling story that you will sit up nights to read.

Mr. Hamlin has caught the spirit of modern youth and the story moves along rapidly, with a zest and piquancy that are the vital ingredients of the fiction of today.

Desert Dancer is published by Lincoln MacVeagh of the Dial Press, New York, carries 300 pages, and sells for \$2.00

—GRACE T. HADLEY.

* * * *

TUMBA OF TORREY PINES

THE lure of trees is felt by every normal man and woman. Trees too, make appeal to the child. A treeless world is unthinkable. They lend glory and beauty to the landscape. They are essential to the life of man. California has within her borders the oldest living things in the world—her magnificent trees. There are other trees—glorious and unique, about which more should be known—the Torrey Pines of Southern California. William Maurice Culp has done a real service in his book, "Tumba of Torrey Pines." These trees, either a new species or the last living descendant of previous greatness, stand a few miles north of San Diego. Mr. Culp has in most delightful fashion woven a romantic narrative about these trees through the introduction of various characters, Tumba the Elder and Tumba the Younger, together with the actress and artist and youngsters. The characters' actions make the trees live upon the Stage of Reality. Not only is the book interesting but most instructive, and to be read with profit by old and young. Like other books of the Harr Wagner Publishing Company it is attractively printed and bound. The 36 block prints by Harry Howes Hall, illuminating its 115 pages, add to a most artistic volume that sells for \$2.50.

—A. H. C.

* * * *

STARRY ADVENTURE

THAT the Californian, Mary Austin, author of "The Land of Little Rain," "The Basket Woman," and "The Arrow Maker" should have used an Eastern family and the natural features of New Mexico as the woof and warp of her new

Read further on page 25

Across the Editor's Desk

53 YEARS OF SERVICE

ANTIQUITY possesses no inherent virtue. However, we always glorify age. The present month we celebrate in a grand Fiesta the 150th anniversary of the founding of the City of Los Angeles. From September 4 to 11 the "City of the Angels" puts on gala day attire. Streets and stores will be decorated. Parades, pageants, national costumes, entertainments, sports and the spirit of play generally will animate the entire Southland. All of which reminds us of comments constantly made and questions as to the founding of this magazine. Recently in San Francisco an official of a large advertising agency was greatly impressed when, in reply to his question, a staff representative told him that *Overland Monthly* was founded in 1868. "What," said he, performing some rapid calculations, "published for 63 years?" "Yes," came the reply, "we celebrated our 63rd birthday this July."

* * *

To few periodicals is given the privilege of serving the public for 63 years. Such is the boast of *Overland Monthly*. A far cry indeed from this Fiesta year of 1931 back to the days when Francis Bret Harte as first editor, with the assistance of Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ina Coolbrith and others of national fame launched the magazine that became as well-known in England as the *Atlantic* and *Harpers*. Indeed, when in a facetious mood a prominent publisher characterized the literary United States as bounded on the East by the *Atlantic Monthly*, and on the West by the *Overland Monthly*, he reflected the general opinion in reference to literary leadership of the day.

During these 63 years a constant stream of nationally known men and women have, as contributors, or editors been connected with *Overland Monthly* staff: Harte, Mark Twain, Ina Coolbrith, Stoddard, John Muir, Joaquin Miller, Robert Louis Stevenson, Jack London, Wallace Irwin, Gertrude Atherton, Ambrose Bierce, James Hopper, George Wharton James, Edwin Markham, George Sterling, and scores of prominent men and women down to the present time.

THE *Out West Magazine* was founded by Charles F. Lummis in 1894. For many years it stood for the best in literature and science in the Southwest. The two magazines are now combined as the *Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine* and form the only publication of literary nature and general circulation in the West. In addition to the best in fiction, the short story and occasional verse, attention is given to articles of historical and scientific nature; progress and achievement along industrial, economic, commercial, and allied lines; education, the schools and matters of social significance and community betterment; accomplishments of leaders in every field of endeavor, local, state, and national; sketches of interesting personalities;

our relation to the Pacific Frontier—the Pacific Area—Mexico, Central and South America, Alaska and the Orient; the business world, trade, finance, investments, insurance, etc.; events, scenes and circumstances; scientific, engineering and literary achievements; conservation of resources, human and natural; thrift in home, school, and business world; comments on outstanding books, stage, screen, music, the creative arts, and cultural phases generally; sports, travel, and the out-of-doors. And as indicated by Bret Harte in the subtitle to the *Overland Monthly* in the July 1868, issue and carried there for 63 years, the magazine is "Devoted to the Development of the Country," and, we may add, to the enlightenment of the people.

* * *

California and the West is on the verge of a new era. It has become almost a commonplace for us to remark that the Pacific Coast is now the front door of the Continent. The trend has ever been westward. The theatre of action is now on the shores of the Pacific and the circuit is seeking its completion toward the East and the Orient. The Atlantic must relinquish its supremacy to the more peaceful "seas of Balboa." What Bret Harte envisioned in the days of 1868 is becoming reality today, and the *Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine* is doing its part to show that the printed word means more in the growth of a country than the materials of manufacture of barter and commerce.

* * *

ISOLATION VS. COOPERATION

DISTANCE has at last been conquered. Modern aircraft, the radio and the soon-to-be perfected television draw all parts of the world to a common center with a radius of a few hours. These and other changes unthought of a short time ago have produced a new and different world from that of the earlier day. With this thought as background, an editorial in a current issue of *Colliers* is quite correct in pointing out that governmental philosophy and international attitudes of the days of George Washington do not necessarily apply to this day and generation.

The editorial commends the moratorium proposal, both as an economic measure and as a step in breaking through our so-called isolation walls between the United States and foreign nations. Whether the moratorium is well founded in economics is a matter, not for argument here, but for the future to determine. The article is, however, illogical, uninformed or insincere in assuming that this country is now practicing or has ever practiced a policy of isolation. A favorite criticism, aimed at those who have warned against our too ardent participation in Leagues of Nations, World Peace Movements, and entangling alliances generally, is that such persons are *isolationists*. Those who do not champion these movements have their intelli-

Read further on page 26

Thrift and Conservation: An Important Resolution

DURING the recent annual convention of the National Education Association in Los Angeles, there was held an epoch-making conference on thrift and conservation presided over by President A. R. Clifton of the California Association for Education for Thrift and Conservation. The following resolution received unanimous approval and Secretary Chamberlain was authorized to transmit same to the national officers:

WHEREAS, the need for appreciation and practice of thrift and conservation in the life of the people is universally conceded, and

WHEREAS, such appreciation and practice can not be realized until adequate thrift habits are made a part of the lives of the boys and girls in the public schools, and

WHEREAS, the teaching of the principles of thrift and conservation as embodied in plans and projects and in con-

nection with the required school subjects are no longer adequate; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the subject of thrift and conservation should be taught in the elementary and junior high schools as a special subject in the curriculum, and

FURTHER RESOLVED, That the officers of the National Education Association be urged and requested to include the subject of thrift and conservation in the program of the general sessions at the annual meetings.

The time for temporizing is past. To receive the attention they deserve, thrift and conservation must be accorded full status in the school program. The aim should be to foster the teaching of thrift in home and school; to establish thrift habits and general practice in all phases of the subject; to make clear the need for conservation, human and natural, and to look toward proper expenditures and economies in the family, in business, and in local, state and federal units.

The Literary West

Continued from page 23

novel, "Starry Adventure" will interest not merely readers of the Southwest, but also all who love a story told from the inside, and all who have previously read "Isidro," "The American Rhythm," "The Land of the Sun" or other of her writings.

The first four of the eight books into which "Starry Adventure" is divided, portray with great understanding, strength and delicacy a dozen developing years of a boy's life, beginning when Gard is

five and a half, a little Easterner, awed by the high mountains, delighted with the yellow aspens in the *ciénaga* and with the picturesque aspects of the life about him. The portrayal of the effect upon a sensitive child of the varying views of the people who try to explain life to him and his efforts to harmonize the different explanations is masterly. The literary charm and emotional force make the book not merely the best piece of

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fiction that Mrs. Austin has written, but a novel that may be compared with "The Mill on the Floss" in the development of youthful characters. The next to the last division, "The Book of Eudora," will be wished out entirely by some readers, who would have had a second "Book of Jane." Some may insist that Gard is hardly treated fairly here. Perhaps those who most appreciate the ecstasy of the child, Gard, would prefer an ending written by —each would make his own choice. They will agree, however, that "Starry Adventure" is a great book. It is published by Houghton Mifflin.

—LAURA BELL EVERETT.

The Story of Pershing Square

OF THE many books and publications sufficiently meritorious to warrant notice in these columns, space will permit inclusion of a few only. We have before us a 40-page brochure that in interest and attractiveness stands as one of the publications of the year. In "The Story of Pershing Square," W. W. Robinson has set down the outstanding facts connected with the founding and settlement of Los Angeles. The ground now occupied by Pershing Square has played a prominent part in the development of the city. This booklet is particularly appropriate at this time when there is being celebrated the 150th birthday of Los Angeles. As appendix is a brief account of the founding and history of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, under whose auspices the book is published.

The type paces, the paper, the delight—
Read further on page 27

Bird Hospital and Boarding Rooms



Do You Know Why—

- Canaries moult continually and how to prevent it?
- The nails grow long?
- The feet become scaly, inflamed and sore?
- A bird should not be oiled or greased?
- Mites live in the cage and not on the bird?
- Female canaries become naked and bald?
- Parrots pull their plumage?
- Glass should not be used in constructing an aviary?
- Paroquets will not bathe and how to breed them?

IDELLA GRIDER MANISERA, Bird Doctor

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Across the Editor's Desk

Continued from page 24

gence insulted and their character outraged by being asked whether they believe in universal peace and really wish war to be abolished.

IS IT a mark of isolation that, since the founding of the republic, those representing all walks of life from every clime and country have found welcome in the "land of the free and the home of the brave"? Is a nation isolated whose people are the greatest travelers in the world? The United States showed no disposition toward isolation—did not develop self-interest or become self-centered—when in the war with Spain she charted a new path for Cuba. Our military and governmental policies in the Philippines indicate no whit of isolation. Further back in 1848, we proved conclusively in our entanglements with Mexico that isolation was no element in our national equation. And while these and other instances could be cited of our mixing in affairs not entirely our own business, the results, whether or not justified by subsequent events, disprove all claim of isolation. Indeed the United States is the one nation above all others whose non-isolation policy may some day cause us regret.

* * *

There is a conviction in the minds of many—a conviction that becomes stronger after every succeeding international conference and peace congress—that the surest way to arrive at concerted action on abolition of war and universal peace is for this country to set itself the task of working out its own salvation, and to permit other peoples to do the same. We have problems sufficiently acute to claim our undivided attention—problems economic, social, political. Our freedom from entanglements outside our own borders was the one and chief element that made our entrance into the Great War such that the balance was thrown to the allies. It is not unlikely that our own future safety and the perpetuity of the world lies in our keeping free and unfettered. When we have really developed that leadership which we ascribe to our selves but do not possess, and when the nations of Europe have individually shaped their own policies and have reached group understanding, then the United States may well afford to enter as a voting unit. We always stand ready to cooperate, and where there is cooperation, there is no isolation.

* * *

THE 5 BILLION BOND ISSUE

PRESIDENT HOOVER in one of his excellent addresses during a recent speaking campaign, reminded the American people that a dozen or more times during the last century this country has suffered depressions from which it has always emerged stronger than before. Such optimistic utterance from the chief executive is needed to

Continued further on page 30

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Material in California State Library

Continued from page 22

is the collection of biographical cards. On blanks provided by us, pioneers, authors, artists, musicians, actors and state officials give the main facts of their lives. With these cards they file their photographs, reproductions of their paintings, if artists, copies of their compositions, if musicians. It is easy to see how valuable these biographical cards can be—giving as they do, date of birth, names of parents, way and date of coming to California, if pioneer, and various accomplishments. These cards enable the writer to verify many of his facts by the very finest first hand information.

Perhaps the most interesting part of our material for writers is the collection of early letters and manuscript reminiscences. We have quantities of letters from pioneers—the well known ones like Sutter, Reading and Weber, and many less known, all of whose accounts of life in California in early days add something to complete the picture of the times. The letters are carefully preserved and fully listed both by person and chronologically so that they may be of the greatest possible use.

Our California Department is housed in a beautiful room the whole width of the third floor of the new State Library Building. It is comfortable, light and has plenty of space for users. We have also on the floor below study rooms which may be used by those engaged on a long piece of work

and needing quiet. While much of our material cannot be taken from the California Room, writers do find it advantageous to have a quiet place in which to do actual assembling of material and possibly some of the writing.

In addition to the newspaper and periodical indexes there is the complete catalog of the California books and many reference files such as the picture list which make the research work simple and expeditiously done.

And finally there is the staff of trained workers always ready and anxious to assist the student or writer in securing material. We invite the writers to the State Library. Those who do not actually need help will be interested in what we have to offer. We are proud of our collection and desire it to be of the greatest possible service.

"Half-Face" Annie

Continued from page 18

I didn't answer.

Then I heard that he'd gone away. He was never coming back. He said he was heart-broken, but he still had his pride. I told Madame Sterne and she said: "Well, there won't be any need to hurry then. You've got a good job here, dearie."

What could I do?

"What did you do, Miss Struthers?"

I asked.

"Why I killed her," she said. "I thought you knew."

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Literary West

Continued from page 25

ful drawings in color by Irene B. Robinson, and the art work generally, do credit to the press of Young & McCallister who are responsible for the format and typography of the book which has been selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts as a unit in its annual exhibition of the best American examples of the bookmaking art. This is a well-deserved compliment. The brochure will, with other books selected, be sent out on exhibition to the large cities in America and Europe as a stimulus and encouragement to those who are working to perfect the graphic arts.

For a copy of the brochure, we are indebted to Mr. William J. Williams.

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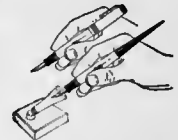
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Parker Duofold

An Interview With Harr Wagner

Continued from page 17

we cannot compete with the large centers of the East, on account of quantity in presswork and binding. A great book would have a large sale whether published in New York or San Francisco, but it requires a big organization and big capital to publish ordinary books. California authors who have best sellers will seldom contract with a local publisher. In general, we are offered only the manuscript that will not sell in the East."

"At a recent convention of booksellers in San Francisco, Gertrude Atherton said we needed a California publisher, but she gave her "Intimate History of California" to a New York publisher. I wrote her that if she would give me the manuscript of a great novel, the theme of which should be the literary and historical development of the West, I would publish it on a royalty basis and give the book national and international publicity. I place no boundary lines on my field as a publisher. However, mediocre books are a failure without organization, but a great book has the world for its audience today, whether published in London or San Francisco. I believe in the near future California will be the center of many successful publishing houses, both in trade books and school texts. Before I fade out of the picture I hope to publish in California at least one "best seller."

"**H**AVE you made a financial success?" I asked him. He replied very definitely, "No. Dr. David Starr Jordan said that the way to get rich is to get the unearned increment. I tried it. I attempted to build two towns—one, Pacific Beach at San Diego, the other, Montara in San Mateo County. They are the only two places in the state where the railroads to the towns were sold as junk. Then I directed the planting of 800,000 rubber trees in Mexico, and crude rubber dropped from \$1.00 per pound to less than 10c per pound. However, I modestly place myself in the list of successful failures."

I then asked him why he considered himself a successful failure, and he said, "Well, I have been part bohemian, part vagabond, and part publisher, editor, and author. As an editor, I have tried to create public sentiment for progressive educational leadership, but I was never a leader. I conducted at San Diego in

1892 the first official Summer School for teachers, but I have never been officially connected with the great Summer Schools of today. I fought hard in the early nineties for the establishment of regional normal schools and colleges, and now the policy has been realized in our branch Universities, State Teachers' Colleges, and Junior Colleges, but except indirectly I have had no part in the growth of these institutions. With Joaquin Miller, I sponsored the first Arbor Day in California in 1887, but the trees I planted did not grow, while millions have been planted that grew, and forestry is a part of the policy of the people of California. I have always been a promoter of the sentiment of peace, but have lived through three wars. The college that I helped to build to teach better ethics of living is now merely a naval and military school.

"I appointed the first women on school boards and on county boards of education, but today the women officials dominate the administration of our schools, and in a few years will dominate national politics and men will no longer rule the world. Do you not believe, therefore, that I should have an honored place among the successful failures, and to quote Joaquin Miller's lines:

'Great is the man with sword undrawn
And good is the man who refrains from wine;

But the man who fails and still fights on—
Lo! He is the Twin Brother of mine.'

I once heard you introduced as a great traveler. Have you traveled much? "No," he answered. "I have, however, visited the two most important places in the world—Bethlehem in Palestine, and Stratford-on-Avon."

There is only one Harr Wagner, beloved of all who know him. In the long, long trail his charming personality and his quiet words of wisdom have never deserted him. When asked to define his philosophy of life, he said, "There is nothing as important as we think it is. Everybody is good or trying to be good."

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SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA

Across the Editor's Desk

Continued from page 26

hearten our people at this time. The fact remains however, that while these other periods of depression were characterized by lack of money, at the present time the bulk of the world's wealth is centered in this country. This money, however, has been withdrawn from circulation. Business is at a standstill. People with ready money are afraid to buy and those without ready money can not buy. Credit is difficult or impossible to secure. Industry is stagnant. Men are idle and families are suffering.

* * *

At the present time, some eight or ten millions of our people are unemployed. The winter season promises to aggravate a most serious situation. Of the many remedies suggested none is more rational or strikes more nearly the heart of the matter than that of Mr. William Randolph Hearst. He proposes a government bond issue or loan of five billion dollars. This money would be used, not as a dole, but as an appropriation "for the employment of a vast amount of labor." Mr. Hearst recalls the campaign speeches of President Hoover in which the latter pointed out numerous gigantic projects calling for federal and state attention. These projects would include the impounding of water for irrigation and power; the building of levees and flood-control dikes on the Mississippi and other streams subject to seasonal overflow; the construction of a system of inland waterways and canals; the draining of swamp lands, and reclaiming of arid regions; the carrying forward of Columbia river development projects; the improvement of bays and harbors, to say nothing of a nation-wide system of reforestation, and of road building.

THE conservation of our forests and fields, and the prevention of forest destruction from fire are matters calling for most earnest attention. Each year history repeats itself. At the present time fires are raging throughout many states in the Union. Millions of feet of timber are devastated annually and entire areas burned over, not only destroying the valuable timber, but so denuding the watersheds as to do violence to the future water supply. Montana, Washington, California, and other states are suffering in this regard. Areas, once forest-covered are now blackened and bare. Our most extravagant estimates of the losses are far from extreme. The present waste and future outlook are criminal and appalling.

* * *

In the one activity of forest conservation and fire prevention our state and federal governments should employ a quarter-million men the year 'round. For three generations we have been worse than careless and shortsighted. Certainly our government should in this critical time disregard party lines and substitute statesmanship for politics. By all means let us have a five billion dollar bond issue and put our idle men to work.

Benefactor of The Birds

By EILEEN MARTINI

S SAID to be the only one of its kind in the world, the bird hospital of Los Angeles is certainly one of the most interesting places one may hope to find. Founded nearly half a century ago by L. M. Grider, and conducted now on the same spot by his daughter, Mrs. Idella Grider Manisera, Birdland has probably contributed more to the health and happiness of our feathered friends than any other enterprise on the globe.

Here broken wings are mended, crooked legs are set, diet courses are prescribed, lungs and hearts are examined with the latest medical appliances, and for every ailment which a bird has, and they are many, from throat trouble to corns on the toes, there is a special ward and the same care given to the diagnosis and treatment of each patient as if it were a human being.

The unique thing about the hospital is that it combines all of the schools of medicine, successfully. Mrs. Manisera is an expert chiropodist and the very first thing she does for a canary which refuses to sing is to find out whether or not it has corns. She is an adept osteopath and chiropractor, massaging and manipulating the spines of the birds for various diseases, and she performs some of the most delicate surgical operations known, trepanning the brain of birds, removing tumors and goiters, besides doing major abdominal operations.

She has numbered among her patients, humming birds, parrots, swans and eagles, but her main clientele lies in the canary family and the symptom which their owners most frequently report is failure to sing. This the bird doctor declares is due to just as many causes as in a human being's lack of merriment. It may be a bad liver, a bunion on the toe, or a mal-adjusted spine. There is also an orthopaedic department in which the deformities of young birds are corrected and the youthful patients are encouraged to be merry and active. Birds need diversion and change just like human beings, declares Mrs. Manisera, and they have moods, need periods of quiet and meditation, and their general health is dependent on the right sort of diet, even more than man's.

"The reason so many people like birds," declares Mrs. Manisera, "is that the bird is an age-old symbol of beauty, happiness, freedom and spiritual attainment.

Birds speak to the subconscious longings, aspirations and affections which man has and from the earliest times man has attributed supernatural powers to birds, out of which ideas have grown many of the mythical legends of Persia, Greece and Egypt. Our love of birds is basic and elemental and we should show that love in protection of birds and in the amelioration of all bird suffering."

Besides her feathered parishoners, patients and nursery charges, Mrs. Manisera has a wealth of wild-bird friends which visit her charming home up in the Verdugo Woodlands, and she is considered an authority on the habits, diseases, variation and species of birds.

Mrs. Manisera is the author of a bird book entitled "Birds and Pets" with a sub-title "Just what you want to know," which has been translated into several languages.

Acknowledgments: The cuts of early day Los Angeles on pages 5 and 6 are used through courtesy of Mr. Lawrence L. Hill, Publicity Manager, Security-First National Bank. Cuts of the fountain at an old Mission, the Mexican Carreta and of Olvera Street were loaned by the La Fiesta Committee. The attractive cover came from the Pacific Electric through the La Fiesta Committee.

Correction: In our June issue, the article "Digging Up Buried Cities," contains some regrettable errors. "Aramic," as applied to language should read "Aramaic." In the legend of the photo accompanying the article "Jevesy" should be "Jerash." At the close of the article the two skulls mentioned are of a "man and woman" making a wedding trip around the world 5000 years after they were buried.

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McNally's System of Geography. Old edition, Monteith and McNally's series. Pub. by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, 1867. In fine condition, rare. Price \$2.00.

Vagabonding down the Andes, by Harry A. Franck, Century Co., 1921-612 pages. 176 unusual photographs. 1st edition. Price \$2.50

20 old and rare Almanacs, one French and 20 American, dating from 1802 to 1877. Some titles and years as follows: Poor Richard, revived, or Albany Almanac, 1802; Bennett & Walton's, 1816. Western Almanac, Coopertown, N. Y., 1825, '26, '29 and '31 Columbian, Philadelphia. 1831 New England Farmer, Concord, N. H., Horace Greeley's Wig Almanac, 1845 '49, '52, and Greeley's New York Tribune Almanacs 1857, '58, '62, and N. Y. Tribune Almanacs 1875 and 1877; Family Christian, 1857; The Methodist Almanac, N. Y., 1869; Loomis Pittsburgh Almanac, 1850; David Young's Almanac, 1851. Some of these are over 140 pages. All are rare. Price for lot \$10.00. Send for my list of Old and Rare Books.

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The Wayside Colony

By LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

WHEN a famous artist from Boston visited California a short time ago he said, "By far the most interesting group of craftsmen I have seen in America is an association of workers at Long Beach, California, who call themselves the 'Wayside Colony'."

This group of workers consists of people who are doing what might be called ordinary things in a most extraordinary manner. Walter and Maud Newman of the Pilgrim Rug Shop are making hooked rugs, but they are as unlike the average, commercial rug as a Michaelangelo painting is to a crudely colored chromo. The Brittany Kitchen is merely serving food. But beside the unusual, intriguing atmosphere of the "Kitchen," the chandeliers made of wagon wheels; the doors hand-carved in quaint, medieval designs; the old-world, thousand-years-ago feeling in which the place is steeped; the food has a quality which would tempt an anchorite or satisfy an epicure. Ruth and Leah, who have very interesting social and professional names and histories, call their atelier the "Leah-Ruth Frock Shop," and they make dresses; but such dresses as are rarely seen in America, unless imported from Paris—individual, artistic, different, an entire vocabulary might be exhausted telling of their unique style and charm, but there is a display window in the Wayside Colony which tells the are some of the phrases used by their exclusive clientele.

And Florence Gendron, who can put on an entire pageant, whose floats exhibited at the Pasadena Tournament of Roses and other flower fetes have never failed to win a prize; whose versatile accomplishments include embroidery, painting, weaving and dyeing, is now specializing in making candy, the kind of candy which you will not find on every street corner. The Colony Cupboard and the Magic Brush are two separate shops maintained by Florence Gendron.

While all of these studios and shops have more than a local reputation, The Pilgrim Rug Shop is known all over the United States and in Europe from the extensive traveling of Mr. and Mrs. Newman. They are spending their lives teaching handcraft, they make no charge for the instruction they give, and they have a quaint fancy that through learning the use of hands in making useful, beautiful things, people will become sane, happy, normal human beings.

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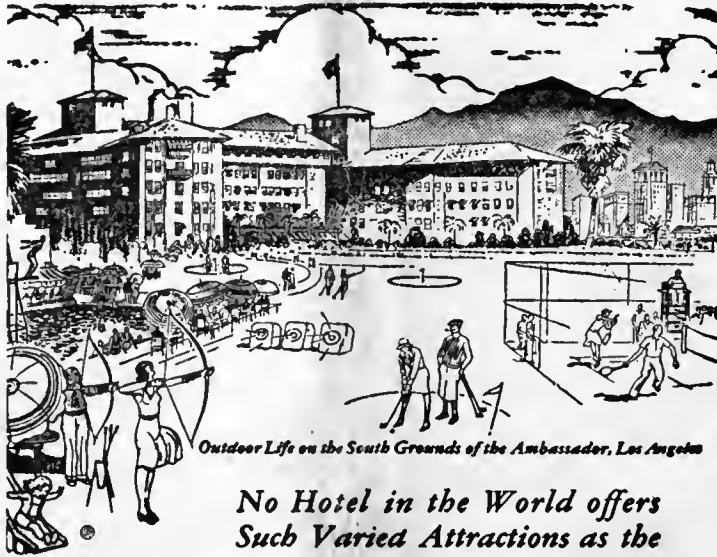
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OVERLAND

MONTHLY
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MAGAZINE

OUR PRESENT DILEMMA—THE WAY OUT

Nathan T. Porter

THE POWER OF
PRINT

John Boynton Kaiser



IN RETROSPECT
LA FIESTA

Marion Parks

WEATHER AS YOU
LIKE IT

Wm. O. Harris

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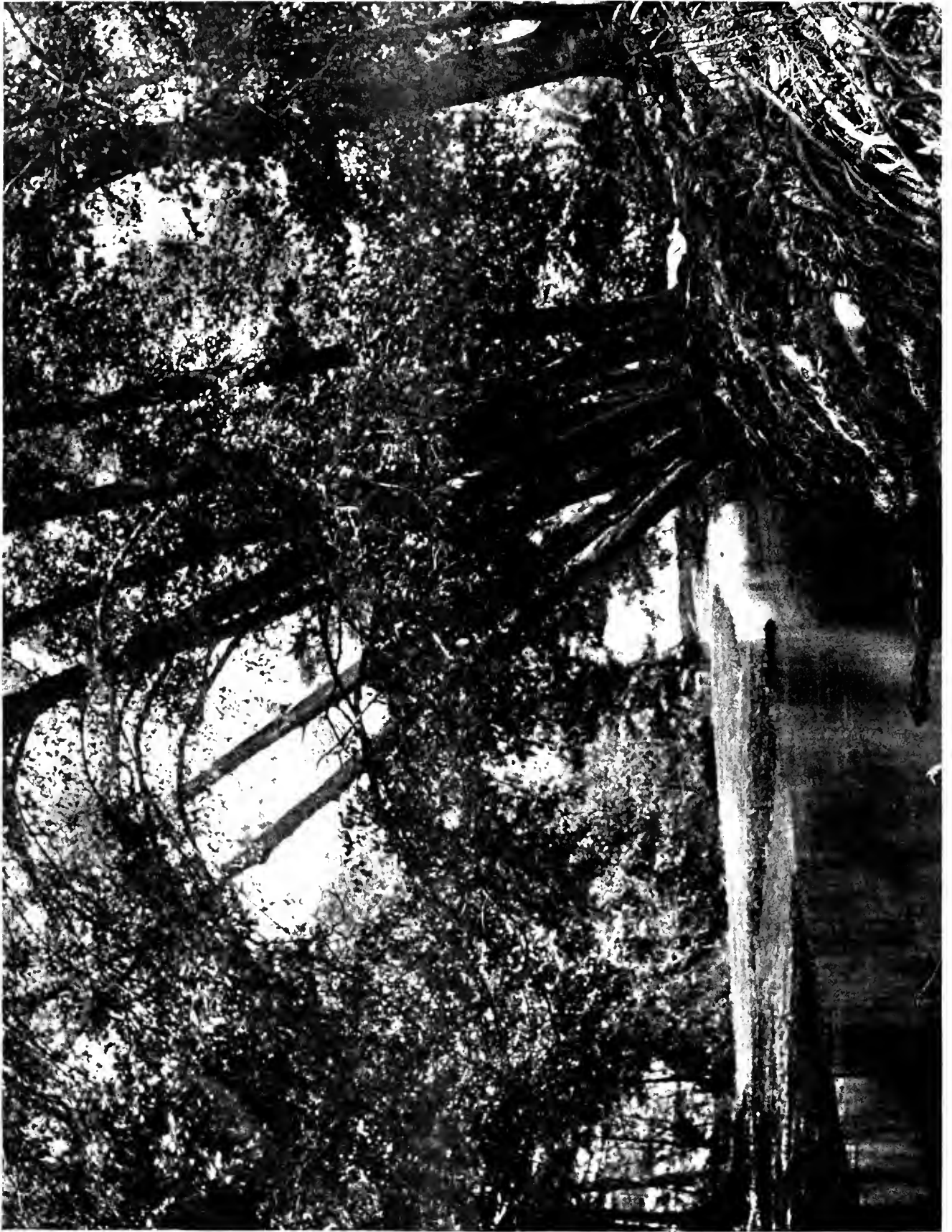
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Vol.
89
No.
10

Overland Monthly

Founded by Bret Harte—1868

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, *Publisher*
Editorial Director



Out West Magazine

Founded by Charles F. Lummis—1894

MABEL B. MOFFITT,
Secretary-Treasurer

DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY

Oct.
◆
1931

BERNARR MACFADDEN, millionaire publisher, submits a praiseworthy plan—a “back on the farm” movement, which we fear would prove another “noble experiment.” Plots of 5 and 10 acres, together with implements and live stock, are to be loaned to unemployed heads of families—thus, in the opinion of Mr. Macfadden, to help bring back “the old America.” Before we have a successful “back on the farm” movement, our economic structure must undergo revision; our system of transportation and distribution must be modified, and our antiquated scheme of marketing must be modernized. At the present time the producer from the soil is “holding the sack.”

THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL has celebrated its 35th birthday. Arthur Brisbane speaks of the beginning of the Hearst publishing enterprises some 40 years ago, when William Randolph Hearst, then just from Harvard, began his newspaper work. Today Hearst has papers in 20 cities, and publishes many magazines—a total business of more than \$200,000,000 per year. He pays salaries the highest in the world, of \$80,000,000 a year, in one case more than 3 times that paid the President of the United States who receives \$75,000 a year.

Journalism has become a great science. The newspapers and the printed page can be made the greatest educational force in the world. It takes business ability, knowledge of human nature, and great vision to be a successful publisher.

CONTENTS

A View in the Lower Foothills (Plate) Frontispiece	2
Quail (Verse with illustration)	4
Business and Finance..... <i>Nathan T. Porter</i> The Present Situation—One Way Out.	5
'Round About Southern California (Illus.) <i>Charles Fletcher Scott</i>	7
Weather As You Like It..... <i>Wm. O. Harris</i>	8
The Power of Print (Continued from September Issue)..... <i>John Boynton Kaiser</i>	9
La Fiesta de Los Angeles—Retrospect..... <i>Marion Parks</i>	11
The Bridge the Oyster Built (Illus.)..... <i>Roscoe B. Wyatt</i>	12
San Diego's Heredity and Environment..... <i>Lannie Haynes Martin</i>	13
Where the Heart Is (short-short story)..... <i>Marvin MacLean</i>	15
The Little Church of the Flowers; And the Wee Kirk o' the Heather. <i>Frances N. Ahl</i>	16
David Starr Jordan; John W. Linscott (with portraits)..... <i>Arthur H. Chamberlain</i>	17
What Do You Say?..... <i>Jack Worsley</i>	18
The Back Country—A Mountain District (Plate)	19
Melody Lane	20
Sea Utterance..... <i>Lawrence Pratt</i>	
Inspiration..... <i>Carrie W. Stryker</i>	
Humor	
Perplexity..... <i>Elinor Lennen</i>	
Fisherman	
The Century Plant..... <i>Leacy Naylor Green-Leach</i>	
The Flowered Desert..... <i>Helen Maring</i>	
..... <i>Beulah May</i>	
..... <i>Eve Brazier</i>	
Vignettes	21
..... <i>Jack Wyche-Fenney</i>	
The Literary West	23
Across the Editor's Desk	24

IT is an interesting observation that President von Hindenburg of Germany, and Aristide Briand, France's Foreign Minister, sat down in conference together in the former's office to confer on matters of important interest to their own countries and the world. Premier Pierre Lavel was also present, as well as other officials. It is many a year since a French Premier has visited Berlin.

HENRY L. STEVENS, JR., is the new National Commander of the American Legion, which body, in session recently at Detroit, accepted President Hoover's suggestion regarding the bonus, and voted in favor of submitting to the people the question of modification of the 18th Amendment. Dr. Clarence True Wilson has characterized the action of the Legion in anything but complimentary terms. Mr. Stevens contends that “the Legion is neither wet nor dry,” but believes that the best interests of the Nation requires a radical change from the present situation.

CAPTAIN SIR HUBERT WILKINS has again proved himself one of the most fearless explorers of all time. His recent trip in the Nautilus, under the ice of the far north, has resulted in adding greatly to the sum of scientific knowledge. Wilkins says: “We have opened the gate leading to a field of extensive and important research. We have reached beneath the rugged, icy pavements to the Polar cellars, collecting a handful of results.” Like all great men, Wilkins is modest.

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Published at Los Angeles, California. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Los Angeles under the Act of March 3, 1897.

Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., 437 South Hill Street. San Francisco, Calif., 1024 Phelan Building

Vol. 89, No. 10

Issued Monthly. Subscription \$2.50 per year, 25c per copy.

OCTOBER, 1931

QUAIL



LIKE lilting notes that call from heart to heart,
 Seeming as echoes from another sphere,
 That whisper down the breeze and disappear
 Among the shadow-silences, and start
 Again from here and there among the trees,
 Or seem to fall from bushy knolls, ablaze
 With the last lavender of sunset rays
 To die away in twilight mysteries.

THESE were the notes that haunted every trail,
 That wound the autumn hill and canyon bed;
 The morning greeting and the day's farewell;
 And still my memory sings with calling quail
 When with closed eyes I dream the years are dead
 And I am back with Pan and all is well.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Business and Finance

The Present Situation---One Way Out

By NATHAN T. PORTER



FOR many months this country has been floundering in a financial depression, the like of which we have not before experienced. In other similar periods, production has not been up to the demand, or perhaps there has been a money shortage. Today we are faced with over production in essential fields, and the major part of the world's money supply is stored in our depositories. Economists and financiers have explained, each to his own satisfaction, the cause of the depression, and some

headway has been made in suggesting a way out. No perma-

nent and effective cure has however been offered until now. The author of the accompanying article goes to the foundation of the situation. He is not content with temporizing and with partial remedies, but as economist and executive and financial expert, he hits out squarely at the real cause of our dilemma and offers a remedy potent and effective, even if considered radical by the ultra conservatives. The article by Mr. Nathan T. Porter is so logical and forceful that it will be read with interest and benefit not alone on the Pacific Coast, but throughout the country. Newspapers and magazines desiring to reprint in whole or in part may do so with the customary credit to this magazine. Mr. Porter's keen analysis, his wise judgment, and his fearless treatment have resulted in the most outstanding contribution to our economic and financial welfare.—THE EDITORS.

FIGURES

FOREIGN TRADE. United States has an unfavorable balance for August of \$1,000,000.00. This, however, is the first instance since 1926; the first eight months of the current year show a favorable balance of \$214,153,000.

BONDS. The average price of 60 leading issues dropped to a series of new lows during the third week of August. During the same period United States Treasury and Liberty loans declined here regularly. The most unfavorable happening and one that was reflected in financial circles generally was the decline of Great Britain and Ireland 5½'s to 92.

COPPER. Registered a new low of 7c.

WOOL. Good-Body Company report prices have been increasingly firm in recent months and in July there was a small up-turn in raw wool prices, which are still the lowest since prior to the World War.

WHEAT. September 19th recorded new bottom price records for the season.

BANK STOCKS: New York City bank stocks have established a series of new lows. Sixteen most prominent issues on September 10th had dropped to an aggregate market value of \$2,526,966,000 as against the high point of October 14, 1929, which registered an aggregate value of \$10,011,000,000. Earnings on September 10 prices show an average of 6.16

per cent and an average yield of 5.307 per cent.

BUILDING PERMITS. Building permits in 536 cities and towns of the United States amounted to \$110,078,954 in August. A decline of 3.4 per cent from July this year when the volume was \$113,957,349 for the same communities, according to S. W. Straus & Company.

TAXATION. "Today's taxation is the white man's burden, which is rapidly becoming a confiscation—of the small home, the farm, the little business and the big. Those who are bawling loudest for the taxation of wealth—which is a perfectly sound program whenever surplus wealth can be reached—are themselves the most oppressed by parasitic politicians and are the final victims of our spending programs for national, state and civic luxuries. There is nothing the matter with America except damfoolishness. The cure is in the hands of the Commonsense Blues, if they will use it." (Editor, *Saturday Evening Post*.)

* * *

RECAPITULATION

AMERE directory of schemes, plans, and proposals to release the present strain of hard times would look like an index to an encyclopaedia.

From doles to the needy here to aid to the needy at the ends of the earth, we have used up the entire supply of "hand out" remedies to be administered with or without the donees' I. O. U.

Financing indirectly and remotely to boost business next door has had its turn, both in propaganda and performance.

Moratorium relief of foreign peoples continental in scope has been tendered, all to hasten an upturn from the shadows of depression, but so far there is no perceptible increase of sunshine in our own back yards.

Proposals for jobs for the unemployed through public works has been headlined daily in the public press, and has been ballyhooed and placarded from nearly every political door post throughout the land.

Tariff cuts have continued to be proposed in the upper circles of business and wage cuts and no cuts have long since continued the daily football in all circles of business, all without any conclusive register as to which is good, and, as to what is bad.

In short, to stay this ever increasing tide of the jobless and this ever spreading blight of the marketless, the entire expanse of human thought has been crossed and criss-crossed; and to increase money and credit supply and through it increase living power, everything has been suggested from the remonetization of silver to the free use of light wines and beer.

* * *

"ONE WAY OUT"

RIGHT here and now might it not occur to us that in seeking a cure for our present economic sickness, our best guess would be to take our tip from the practice of the skilled physician. True, he deals simply with the physical economic system of man—framework of bones imbedded in and rounded out with a complex and highly developed organization of matter and energy, subject to

the ills of human flesh. The analogy is striking.

First, he, the doctor, gets at the cause. It may be something somewhere that is impinging on some line of traffic—an arterial obstruction—a breaking down of the cells—or a subversion of physical functions; or what not. Finding what is wrong, he, the doctor, removes the clot; or antitoxines the subverting bacteria; puts the course of the natural bodily functions back on the track. Then simply stands by, seeing to it only that the natural bodily processes may go forward unhindered. He does not drug you back to health. He simply sees to it that the natural physical, or economic functions or forces of life take the usual course.

So it is that after checking and double checking our financial ailment, a legion of financial doctors find that our great body of business organisms are seriously indisposed and largely from lack of currency and credit circulation. Further, that such circulation is being retarded almost to a dead stop, largely by fear. A fear that has taken out of circulation not only the substance of circulation—MONEY—but the driving power of circulation, namely—CREDIT.

As to the supply of money—that has remained undiminished, but it has coagulated and collected along the main ways in great heaps, and, on the by-ways in small heaps, but everywhere walled in and restricted from circulation; tightly locked boxes are the containers and retainers and the keys to these boxes are fast corroding in hands paralyzed by fright.

Now, while these money clots are numberless, the major clots or large coagulations fortunately are of one class—Bank clots—funds impounded in our institutions of deposits and discount (loans); now institutions of deposit only, and recently not so much of that.

Diagnosis shows money conduits clotted—credit coagulated!

REMEDY

FIRST move is to break down the impounding walls of fear and to begin with the larger impoundings, which fall largely in one class; as what breaks down and impedes circulation in one case will break down and impede circulation in all cases of similar type.

AND HOW?

Remove fear first. To do this is to first barricade the banks against runs. Nothing short of the action of the Federal Government in their control of the na-

tional banks and the State governments in their control of the state banks, can effect this and do so promptly and simultaneously.

The one way, and one way only—these controls can insure against runs is to insure the depositor against loss. To do this, in case of an insolvent bank, indemnities, or indemnifying sums must be paid. Such payments would come first from the bank stockholders' double liability. He, the stockholder, being already to that extent a guarantor. Paralleling the stockholders' liability is the liability of the personnel making up the bank management. Such personnel, in the event deficits are traceable to their omissions or commissions contrary to the codes fixing responsibility, provide another source from which determined deficits may be covered.

At the very hint of guarantee we anticipate a repulsing kickback from the inner circles of our banking institutions, particularly those who still have a feeling that their banks are impregnable and that the results accruing to them from good management are to be shared equally with the badly managed institutions. From the outer circle or from our citizenship at large, we anticipate anathemas against our suggestion, for the reason it would make the government (or in the last analysis—the taxpayers) insurers, or guarantors, against results of bank mismanagement, both past and present.

TO THE inner circle critics, our reply is that in this trek downward a point could be reached where safety might cease to exist as to any institution, and that through the move proposed every institution including their own would receive immeasurable benefits.

To the great taxpaying body of citizenship outside banking circles, our reply is that the government would, by this business-accelerating move, so increase its revenues as to offset the amount of over and above losses to depositors it might be compelled to indemnify.

Furthermore, a bank is in a sense a quasi-state institution and its condition reflects a measure of responsibility which might justify the assumption of a certain liability on the part of the state for conditions arising under its more or less direct supervision.

* * *

RESULTS

THE results need but to be enumerated. There is no occasion to explain or particularize. The man in the street will tell you that.

1. Banks would immediately be in a position to safely release the great bulk of funds now held by them as a liquid reserve in excess of a cash reserve required by law. This would mean putting into circulation billions of currency now impounded and held by banks against impending emergencies which under the proposed setup would have ceased to exist.

2. An immediate discontinuance of slaughterhouse sales now being conducted by banks in enforcing the liquidation of their borrowers' accounts in their present drastic processes of building up their own liquid reserves.

3. Money now impounded in safety deposit boxes and other places of hiding would immediately find its way back into the banks or directly into the channels of investment.

4. It would mark the beginning of a positive wholesome reform of the present, or, better, the recent banking business, or so-called banking business; that is, Federal and State control in the role of guarantor, would without further delay see to it that banks proceeded to do a banking business and nothing other than a banking business. In this connection it is here to be observed that this is no time to dwell upon what banks have been doing, but it is of all times the time to make impossible a recurrence of practices on the part of our banking institutions now recognized as one of the producing causes of our present condition.

5. Innumerable favorable indirect results would inevitably follow the increase of circulation, the extension of credit, the removal of the most destructive factor in the marketing of securities and the greatest move possible toward a restoration of business confidence.

* * *

IT CAN BE DONE

WE anticipate your reply that "it can't be done"; that all this reads O.K. as an academic prescription and it might pass censorship in a schoolboy's commencement oration, but as a practical working plan it can not be put across.

It is admitted that it takes a strong arm and a big stick; prompt executive action followed by legislative ratification. Not so difficult when you take note that Federal action would compel State action. No state could hold back following the lead of the Federal government. To do so would be to drive depositors from

Read further on page 14

'Round About Southern California

Riverside, Mission Inn, The Coast to San Diego, Tia Juana, Agua Caliente, Return Trip

By CHARLES FLETCHER SCOTT

EASTERNERS, who have never visited this Coast, often wonder why we make such a fuss about our automobile trips. They contend that every region has its touring charms and point with unpardonable pride to the quaint Eastern villages with their glorious grown-up shade-trees arching the streets. Indeed, these shade-dappled villages are lovely, but our friends overlook the fact that the normal human being can not exult over shade trees all the time. He wants change—contrast—not flatness and sameness. And that is where the California automobile trips start. They are nothing if not contrasty. Contrast is everywhere. You may be skimming along the tops of mountains thousands of feet high, where pine-tree-freshness fills your nostrils, and giant ferns gracefully sweep your car; away up where the May wildflowers bloom in September, and the rest of the summer

flora is snuffed out by the early snows. A couple of hours later, you can be down at sea-level skirting the surf-pounded ocean edge where the sea air puts vigor in your nerves and fog on your windshield. At noon you may be touring along through a desert so stifling hot that your skin fairly crackles, and by night time your heaviest overcoat will leave you chilled.

But rare as contrasts are, they are only half the secret of the charm of California touring. The thing that makes the difference is the crystal clearness of the air. Colors are ravishing in this atmosphere. The sky takes on a scintillating friendly blue. The ocean turns deepest indigo whereon run powdered sugar white-caps. The mountain sides are covered with unbelievable lavenders, and bunchy live oak throw down purple-black shadows. It is the limpid air that makes the colors so vivid. Have you

never raced along through the orange groves while a whole procession of ranch houses with their door-yards banked high with the flowers of the season flashed by? It is a rare treat—if you are color-conscious.

But there is still another ingredient in the elixir—one that is more evanescent, less tangible, yet even more potent. It is the touch of romance. Undoubtedly California is the land of romance. Although it is hard to describe, you feel it on all sides. What trip, do you suppose, would illustrate all these charms? That trip to Riverside? Sure!

I KNEW someone would ask me about the Mission Inn at Riverside. That is a very easy trip, either by the Valley Boulevard or the Foothill. It is just 56 miles away. You can leave Los Angeles at three in the afternoon and barge

Read further on page 27



Mission Inn, Riverside, California. A Charming Vista at the Front of the Famous Hostelry, Facing on the Patio.

Weather As You Like It

By WM. O. HARRIS
President of Kiwanis International

LEAVING Los Angeles on a Tuesday evening after a day on which the thermometer registered 85°, is not particularly a significant fact, even though the calendar read March 3rd. Spring fever had been apparent for several days and the yearning to go fishing had supplanted the ever insistent desire to play golf.

After thoroughly enjoying a good dinner, I wandered back to the combination "Smoker and Observation," for a more intimate view of scenes which had been so familiar. As we left Riverside, the moon, full, and in all its glory, rose over the stately mountains to the eastward. "Tis a beautiful night," I said to Dr. Hart of Chicago, "and probably the last evening we will be able to sit out here on this trip." "Oh, I don't know," he replied. "The weather has been mild in the midwest this winter. I will be glad to get back to dear old Chicago. Six weeks of this sunshine and heat is enough for me."

I got real enjoyment as we climbed up through Cajon Pass, spotting a mountain here or a canyon there, which brought many memories, for I had spent 30 years under the shadow of their glories. All was quiet and serene on the desert, the Joshua and Juniper trees casting their weird and fantastic shapes against the moonlight. Distant peaks, their summits blanketed in white, pierced the heavens at the horizon. Fading memories of happy boyhood days of hunting and exploring expeditions along the Mojave river lured me to slumberland around midnight. I awoke in the morning with the realization that there had been a change in the weather. The name on the station door had little regard for the truth. "Caliente" it said, but the attitude of the trainmen and the few villagers in sight, suggested its opposite, "Mucho Frio."

The gray stone walls of Rainbow Canyon reflected the glory of the rising sun as I had my breakfast. "You had better take your last fond look at clear, blue skies, Doctor," I said to my friend from Chicago across the way. "They are probably the last you will see for some time."

"Say," he replied, "your definition of a perfect day is going to be changed when we reach Chicago."

"Maybe so, but remember, I was brought up on California phraseology," was my only reply.

Nevada and Southern Utah had nothing to offer except views of the wide open spaces, a herd of sheep, a discarded homestead, an abandoned mine, every now and then broke the monotony of the ride.

By late afternoon the threatening skies foretold what we might expect in the Rocky Mountain section and a flurry of snow greeted us at Salt Lake City.



His first reading of this article by Mr. Harris caused the Editor to jot down the comment: certainly a 'stem-winder' of a statement on climate. The Chamber of Commerce will get hold of it, and if that far-seeing and livewire body does not capitalize on it, then the modern organization is no fit successor to the shades of Frank Wiggins.

—EDITOR.



Through the night it continued with an occasional burst of wind to add to its fury. The car was cold, sleet was frozen on the window panes and an extra blanket supported by a winter overcoat were welcome bed fellows indeed. The night had taken us across the Continental Divide and morning found us at Cheyenne. Eight or nine inches of snow and a temperature of 13° above zero greeted me as I rushed across the platform in search of a morning paper. I noticed the Denver car being attached to our train—mute but certain evidences of violent snowfall. Jack Frost had carved his name all over it.

Then came mile and mile, hour after hour, across the plains of Nebraska, it's big, red barns with white trimmings, standing out against the horizon. Cattle huddled together in little ravines, hay stacks covered with snow, streets of little villages blanketed and unmarred by the morning activities. The wind and blizzard raged on.

"What do you suppose they grow in this country," said Dr. Hart, as he trumped my ace in the Bridge game. "So you are leading from a sneak," I replied. "The only thing growing here now is the desire to go to California."

"Oh! Yes, all those with a desire to go have already gone. California is nothing but Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas farmers. I met only one native son out there. He is running a tamale joint in Long Beach, and getting rich from their trade."

Omaha and the Missouri Valley were evidently the eastern limit of the storm. However, neither the Doctor nor his wife spent any time on the rear platform after we pulled out. Friday morning was clear but crisp. Not a trace of a cloud or any evidence of snow. "I told you so," said the Doctor, as I sat down at his table for breakfast. "One more hour and we shall be in dear old Chicago—you notice the weather, don't you? Well, this is nothing unusual."

My college days reminded me that storms usually move from west to east and drifted about 500 miles per day, so upon such meager knowledge of scientific fact, I ventured the statement—"I hope you feel the same way about it tomorrow."

QUARTERED on the 22nd story of the beautiful Madinah Athletic Club, my business activities were centered across Michigan Avenue. Friday was beautiful. From my room, I could look out over Chicago, on the beautiful lake, up and down the seething traffic of Michigan Boulevard—an endless stream of humanity.

"Yes, Doctor, you were right," I said to myself. "I would not want a better day."

"Carrol's Sketch Book" provided entertainment for the evening and the walk from the theatre to the Club at midnight gave promise of "real weather" in the morning. The wind was harsh and cold, crashing down through the canyon of Chicago streets. The north window of my room rattled the balance of the night, keeping staccato time with the howling of the wind.

Inside at breakfast Saturday morning all was serene and calm but crossing the Avenue immediately afterwards gave me my new definition of a "windstorm." I sat at a director's table on the second floor looking out across Michigan Boulevard and watched with interested eyes the developments of the day. About 9 o'clock a faint trace of snow lent its

Read further on page 28

The Power of Print

By JOHN BOYNTON KAISER

(Continued from September Issue)

III.

WHAT Reading Can Do For You" by C. Alphonso Smith⁹ with a splendid introductory essay by Lyman Abbott, is a favorite volume in this field. In separate chapters the author shows with a wealth of appropriate illustration how literature can give one an intellect; how it can keep before one the vision of an ideal, can provide a better knowledge of human nature, can restore the past, can reveal the glory of the commonplace and can give a mastery of one's own language. A little volume edited by Temple Scott called *The Friendship of Books*¹⁰ discusses books as "friends at home," "inspirers of the heart," "educators of the mind," "teachers in life," "companions in pleasure," and "silent, friendly spirits." Hugh Walpole has an entertaining essay on *Reading*, published in Harper's "Pleasures of Life Series." Professor Charles Horton Cooley, in a volume entitled *Life and the Student, Roadside Notes on Human Nature, Society and Letters*¹¹ devotes part two of the volume to "Reading and Writing," providing many provocative paragraphs, in one of which we find a sentence giving the psychological key to the whole question of influence of whatever kind. "We act on others," says Cooley, "not so much by what we explicitly do, as by inciting their imaginations to work in a certain direction.

One of the choicest essays on reading as it may affect a single emotion is *The Seven Joys of Reading*¹² by Mary Wright Plummer, formerly Director of the New York Public Library School. In this the writer reveals successively where and how in literature we may experience the joy of familiarity, the joy of surprise, the joy of sympathy, of appreciation, of expansion, of shock, and the joy of revelation.

The acknowledged debt of single individuals to individual books

and writers, if recorded in one place, would produce a volume of fascinating interest and encyclopaedic size. Its contents would, to an amazing degree, illustrate continually the thesis that "We act on others not so much by what we explicitly do, as by inciting their imaginations to work in a certain direction." What are a few of the things the proposed compilation would contain?

It would note, among other things, to name but a very few, Stevenson's entire chapter on "Books which have influenced me" in his *Essay on the Art of Writing*, especially his tribute to Shakespeare as the one who has served him best and to Hamlet and Rosalind as friends of lasting influence; Henry Ford's indebtedness to *The English Mechanic or the World of Science* for his idea regarding the possibility of internal combustion engines; Westinghouse's creative use, in the invention of the air-brake, of an odd copy of *Living Age* that came his way; what books have meant to the inventive genius of Thomas Edison and the Wright Brothers; Jane Addams' significant tribute, mentioned earlier, to Tolstoy's *What To Do Then*, a book that changed her whole outlook on life; Rolvaag's fourteen mile tramp for a copy of *Ivanhoe*; the combined tributes of Emerson, Lanier and Stevenson to Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*; and Dr. Frank Gunsaulus' virtual apotheosis of Robert Browning:

"I know of no discovery for which he will not prepare the soul; I know of no experience for which his lines will not prepare the minds of modern men."¹³

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, writing on "First Things First"¹⁴ comments on the invention of printing as having made reading one of the dominant influences of human life. "When one considers," says Dr. Fosdick, "how reading seeps in through the cracks and cranies of our days, what power there is in

books to determine our views of life and how cheaply these possibilities lie at every man's hand, it is plain that the quality of a man's reading is one of his foremost responsibilities."

If true for the adult, how much more important for youth! It was because of this understanding of the influence of books upon boys, that the Boy Scouts of America from the very beginning accepted responsibility for giving direction to the recreational reading interests of the boys of America until now their program is universally recognized as one of the foremost methods of attaining the movement's fundamental objectives—character development and citizenship training.

Most writers on work with young people stress the great value of reading. "The greatest reason for reading is that the habit, especially if formed early, will give inexhaustible and lifelong pleasure," says one¹⁵; and another, "Next to environment and companions, books exercise the most powerful influence for good or evil on the life of the boy. His companionship with books is as intimate as his companionship with playmates and usually occupies as large a portion of his life."¹⁶

In announcing "Book Week," *Scouting* for October, 1928, emphasized this by saying: "Every scout should take part in 'Book Week.' What a boy reads, he does; what he does, he is. Except the leadership of the man he admires, there is no stronger influence upon the character of the boy than the printed page of a book."

One who would write on the power of print and who begins his preparation by attempting to absorb what even a few of those who have preceded him have said, is soon likely to find himself a victim of the very power he is preparing to extol! He discovers it has all been said!

Read further on next page.

IV.

THERE remains hope for neither originality of idea nor ingenuity of expression. But just as the administrator in the university field must be content with making it easier for learning and creative scholarship to flourish, so must the writer coming to this subject in this day and age of abundant precedent be content if he can but select and group intelligently a few of the ideas so splendidly expressed elsewhere. But, before being accused by others of being but a rank propagandist, the writer confesses now to being one of those trustees of the printed word known as a librarian, and steps forward as the acknowledged advocate of the power of print before the bar of public opinion. He presents the following expert witnesses before the court.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, what is your opinion?

Dr. Samuel Johnson: "The chief glory of every people arises from its authors."

Joseph Addison: "Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind."

Pius XI: "The happiest days I have spent were in company with books."

Le Gallienne: "What are my books? My friends, my loves, my church, my tavern and my only wealth."

The Duke of Buckingham: "Of all the arts in which the wise excel Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

Abraham Lincoln: "Good books build character."

Talcott Williams: "Lincoln, to an amazing degree, is the books he read."

Emerson: "In the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight. He who has once known its satisfactions is provided with a resource against calamity."

Counsel for the defense interposes an objection: "Generalizations and platitudes! Perhaps true in part. Books are good things, in a way. But *life, living, experience*, there are the great teachers! And novels, or as some say, fiction, has it merit? Power?"

The advocate for print looks down his list of further witnesses: "Let us devote ourselves more

particularly now to *life*, and *experience*, to biography and history. Yes, and to fiction. Call Carlyle."

Carlyle: "The history of the world is the biography of great men."

"Let me recall Emerson to the stand," says print's advocate.

"An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as Monachism, of the Hermit Antony; the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clardkson! Scipio, Milton called the 'height of Rome' . . ."

The attorney for the defense smiles. "You slip there. You advance *my* case."

"A moment, please. Let him finish his sentence."

Emerson concludes "and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "Books are men of higher stature, and the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear."

Harry Emerson Fosdick: "Great books are the perfect democrats."

Gamaliel Bradford: "A man of the past can be studied only in what is written by him or about him."

Canby: "The evolution of a people is as clearly written in its fiction as in its history."

William Lyon Phelps: "Literature is the enduring part of history; it is the best and most enduring part of personality."

Stevenson: ". . . The most influential books, and the truest in their influence, are works of fiction."

Dawson: "Half the gossips of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were but read."

Gibbon: "My early an invincible love of reading . . . I would not exchange for the treasures of India."

Bulwer-Lytton:

"Beneath the rule of men entirely
great
The pen is mightier than the sword."

"YOUR witnesses," says the counsel for the defense, "I note are all writers themselves—poets, novelists, historians, critics, one or two statesmen. Is it good

business for them to testify to the power of print. But what says the scientist? The man who deals with natural forces, the discoverer of nature's secrets."

"The testimony of one of the century's great biologists will be offered. Call Jacques Loeb whose reputation for work in comparative physiology and psychology entitles him to a place of eminence among even the expert witnesses."

Jacques Loeb: "We imagine that it is in the laboratory that men discover new truth and that if we can only provide well equipped laboratories, important truths will soon be discovered. That is not the case. Real discoveries are actually made in the library and subsequently tested out in the laboratory. A new discovery is a combination of old ideas, and those combinations are most likely to occur to the mind of the scientist, not when he is handling material things, but when he is brooding over the thoughts of other men and re-thinking them himself. In those hours of profound reflection, the new combination may occur to him and then he goes to his laboratory to verify or disprove. The library remains the great essential to discovery."

But two more witnesses before court adjourns, one modern and one ancient.

Will Durant, a modern: "Those days at Columbia were among the happiest of our lives. It was there that we discovered together the true City of God; not the gloomy abode of saints which the stern Augustine dreamed of, but that fair and pleasant Country of the Mind where all the great dead are still alive, and wisdom makes with beauty an eternal music. We saw Plato there, still handsome in his eighty years, telling his students of the perfect state; and grave Euripides writing his mournful tragedies in his cottage near the sea at Salamis; we stood beside Praxiteles as he carved the tender likeness of Aphrodite for the Cnidians; we followed Dante as he wandered through Hell and Purgatory seeking Beatrice; we drank and laughed with Rabelais in the Abbey of Theleme, and heard the merry quips of Shake-

Read further on page 29

La Fiesta de Los Angeles---Retrospect

By MARION PARKS

Historical Writer, Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles

IT'S finished now! That for which more people labored harder, dreamed and hoped more earnestly, and had greater inner qualms of trepidation over their own glorious audacity mixed with their hopes, than the world will soon know.



La Fiesta de Los Angeles of 1931 is not only finished—for this year—but it has made for its community a new record. Its success

was astonishing. Its beauty and color were surpassing. Popular response was abundant and the thermometer of public spirit and enjoyment shot up to new heights. But the fundamental and lasting significance of La Fiesta de Los Angeles was greater than all these. It gave Angelenos a new vision of their city, and a new concept—that they had reason to love as well as merely to enjoy it.

For it is at last confirmed throughout the nation and possibly even among magazine writers, by radio and newspaper reports, that Los Angeles is really 150 years old. That she has had the biggest birthday celebration in history to commemorate the event, is almost incidental, compared with the importance of the fact that the people of Los Angeles thought enough of their community and the meaning of this anniversary to commemorate it at all, in face of the obstacles of conditions and times with which they were confronted.

It would take an entire issue of this magazine and more, to tell the full story of the brilliant and glamorous scenes of which La Fiesta was composed and all that went into their making. A memorable history passed before us in splendid and intriguing review. There were the magnificent horses, the gayly costumed riders, the quaint carriages and their charming occupants. In kaleidoscopic whirl, thrills and spectacles of a century and a half were envisioned in a period of ten days. Intensely modern was the unparalleled display of light and color in the motion picture electrical parade. Centuries rolled back with the impressive unfoldment of man's progress "from feet to wings" in the pageant of transporta-

tion. Street decorations, picturesque, beautiful and historical, bedecked the community with gay festive attire than it has ever known before and a veritable Fiesta spirit of song and cheer and enjoyment flowed with palpable reality, through the streets and avenues and even into marts of trade. Quite as interesting as the educational values resulting from La Fiesta, is the fact that larger and more



California is noted for its remembrance of her favorite sons and daughters,—those pathfinders and patriots who laid the foundations of the Golden State. The men and women of California are ever ready to stage a revival of those scenes and circumstances that lend glamour and color to the period of Spanish supremacy and the "Days of the Dons,"—those days fraught with action, and gallantry, and romance. The observance of the 150th anniversary of the founding of Los Angeles, in La Fiesta de Los Angeles, was a notable event, and the clever pen of Marion Parks visualizes in retrospect the significance of the anniversary. Miss Parks, as assistant secretary of La Fiesta Association, contributed largely to the success of the celebration. She made from the public platform and through the radio some 200 addresses on the subject of the "La Fiesta." Future repetitions of the event may be anticipated.

THE EDITORS.



enthusiastic throngs than ever before assembled for a like civic demonstration, merrily submitted themselves for edification along with enjoyment.

THE founding editor of *Out West* magazine, Charles F. Lummls, was an unquenchable enthusiast for Los Angeles and the West. Long ago his voice was heard crying out urgently to Californians to know their own history and stand fast by their heritage. If he were living today, to have seen La Fiesta de Los Angeles and the observance of "Fiesta year" throughout the entire state, he might have had the satisfaction of realizing that his words have at last borne most beautiful fruit. And if he

read this, he would probably guess that California is still breeding enthusiasts to follow in the path of his brave, high-pitched convictions of her undying wonder and unbounded destiny.

Before La Fiesta, we frequently commented on the remarkable sequence of anniversaries and holidays that history and the calendar offered for Los Angeles' one hundred and fiftieth anniversary—two Saturday afternoons, two Sundays, one local, one state and one national holiday, all included within the ten days between September 4 and 13. Looking backward to that crowded, delightful, giddy fortnight, it may simply be remarked that Los Angeles embraced the opportunity.

When you come to reflect upon it all, quite as remarkable as the sequence of anniversaries upon which it was developed, was the consummation of La Fiesta de Los Angeles. Large—nay, immense—promises were made for it. That was easy. The striking thing is that they were all fulfilled and on a scale no less expansive. Ten days, without a let-down either in the quality of productions or the pitch of popular enthusiasm. Well—judge of that for yourself.

LA FIESTA DE LOS ANGELES was not promoted for business reasons. It was inspired and inaugurated and carried through with the basic ideal of expressing civic loyalty through a fitting observance of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the little *Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles* on September 4, 1781, and of giving fitting acknowledgment in pride and appreciation for all the great personalities, deeds and accomplishments of the city in the 150 productive years since then.

That an incidental harvest of economic benefits could and did result is, however, nothing to pass by lightly. Since statistics are practically inevitable even in high moments, when one discusses economic matters—La Fiesta actually provided employment for no less than 18,000 persons during the course of its preparation and consummation, and all of the \$350,000 required for a celebration of such magnitude were spent in Los Angeles and California.

La Fiesta succeeded financially. From
Read further on page 32

The Bridge the Oyster Built

By ROSCOE D. WYATT



San Francisco Bay Bridge—"The Bridge the Oyster Built"

FROM a hilltop in what is now San Mateo county, members of the Portola Expedition first glimpsed the San Francisco Bay on November 1, 1769. Credit for this must be given to Sergeant Ortega and a small reconnoitering party, which left camp at Pedro Cove under orders to find a way to Point Reyes which had been sighted the day before from the top of the Montara Mountain.

What would Sergeant Ortega have thought or said, if at the time he caught sight of this estero, "an immense arm of the sea," he could have seen, as you can today, the longest highway bridge in the world stretching away mile upon mile toward the Eastbay shore of San Francisco Bay? He certainly would have had another item to write down in his own private "Believe It or Not." He would have labeled it "Puente Largo," the long bridge, for even today it is the longest vehicular bridge—seven and one-tenth miles over water and twelve miles in length including necessary approaches.

EVEN its great length is not its most remarkable characteristic, for believe it or not, it is The Bridge the Oyster Built. Every ounce of portland cement that went into this beautiful as well as enormous structure was made from oyster shells dredged from the bottom of the bay at the bridge site and converted for its present use by the nearby Pacific Portland Cement Company at Redwood City.

Engineers announced that it took only fourteen months to build the bridge, but thousands of years ago Billy Oyster and billions of his bivalve brothers began their work of extracting the necessary lime and other materials from the waters of San Francisco Bay for the bridge across its southern arm. For thousands of years the snows of the high mountains, the rains in the lesser hills, and the rivers and streams in the valleys were carrying their silt and depositing it in layers over a vast area of thirty thousand acres of tide lands adjacent to the deep-water channel of the Bay.

Since Billy Oyster could not travel afar, these powers of nature supplemented his efforts and this cooperation provided in this spot all the raw materials essential to portland cement—lime 65 per cent, silica 22 per cent, iron oxide 3 per cent and aluminum oxide 8 per cent.

SOME one has said that Billy Oyster "was an ambitious little chap. He wasn't satisfied with being a delight to the palate of the epicure, nor with giving the shimmering pearl for milady's necklace; the using of his inner shell for trinkets and his outer shell for feeding poultry wasn't his idea of creating a monument to posterity." Well, here's nine rahs for Billy Oyster!

He built a bigger and better monument in the "longest bridge," and for its beauty and usefulness, you and thousands of others crossing this Bay Bridge daily, can vouch.

But Andy says, "Rome wasn't burned in a day." Billy Oyster and his brothers started their work even thousands of years before that bright November morn in 1769 when Sergeant Ortega looked down from the crest of the peninsula ridge. And talk about the patience of Job—Billy Oyster had to wait ages for man to realize that his shell was practically pure lime, and then to discover what Billy had been doing in this particular place. And think what Billy and his brothers then had to go through. After thousands of long years of neglect they and their bed of clay and silt are taken from the floor of the Bay by a great dredge, sometimes with a suction tube with a cutter at the end like an airplane propellor, loaded on barges, towed to the unloading dock and there discharged into huge storage pits by a giant travelling crane, in piles that would cover a seven-room house. Finally these shells are conveyed to the grinding mills which are giant cylinders of steel, partially filled with steel balls, like old-fashioned cannon-balls, which tumble around as the cylinders turn, so as to pulverize the shells.

THEN, too, think of the intense heat to which they must be submitted, greater than required to melt steel, and envy Billy Oyster and his brothers. But there is yet a more rigid test to which he and his brothers must be put. That pulverizing must go on until he can meet

Read further on page 30

San Diego's Heredity and Environment

By LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

SAN DIEGO, southwesternmost city of the United States, first port of call north of the Panama Canal, sits serenely by a smiling summer sea, and could argue its successful growth from either the heredity or the environment theory.

For San Diego has an enviable heritage of early Spanish settlers, whose cool and romantic history is linked with that of the first Mission Fathers and their efforts to civilize the natives and settle the country. Perhaps it was the natural beauty of the enviroing region which gave faith and courage to those early padres, for they must have felt that such diversified loveliness of mountain, valley and sea would exert a definite influence on all who came to live there.

Their prophetic vision has been materialized, for San Diego is a city of arts and artists. Its museums, parks, water gardens and art galleries rank with those of cities much older and larger, and its appreciation for art is manifest in both private and public buildings. Among the chain of museums in Balboa Park, which was the site of the Panama-California Exposition of 1915, there is an entire building now given over to a children's museum.

Things which delight the child's imagination are displayed there. Indian bows and arrows, wigwams, animal dens, the nests of strange birds and relief maps of foreign countries. One of its most interesting features is a series of miniature dwellings showing various Indian and Esquimaux tribes with every detail of their daily life accurately depicted. The cunning little canoes six inches long, the quaint, ten-inch high totem poles, the doll-sized villages of lake-dwellers, and the elfin fisher-men and hunters all appealing to the fancy of the child as life-sized objects never could.

The ethnological museum, containing replicas of Egyptian, Mayan, Chinese and Indian art and architecture is one of the most notable of its kind in the United States and is frequented by archaeologists from all parts of the country because it affords opportunity for comparative study of the primitive art expression of these widely separated races. Its collection of Mayan relics and the reproductions of temples, carved rocks and monuments of the Mayan

civilization surpass those of any other museum in the world.

The Fine Arts Gallery, also located in Balboa Park, a new and permanent building, has many notable paintings and sculptures. In addition to an unusual collection of excellent pictures by famous American painters, including a number of California artists with national fame,



Lannie Haynes Martin as a writer of features, sketches and short stories, is well-known to California readers. As a poet too she has achieved merited distinction. In recent years her writings have frequently appeared in the Los Angeles Times and especially in the magazine section of the Sunday Times, under her own or a pen name. Mrs. Martin possesses great critical ability. At one time she was associate editor and owned of the Out West Magazine, and at the present time is associated on the staff of Overland-Monthly and Out West Magazine.



there are canvasses by Zuloaga, Corot, El Greco, Courbet, Maes and De Craeyer. A number of noteworthy statues by Anna Hyatt Huntington have been given to the gallery by that well known sculptor and a heroic figure of "Le Cid" in bronze, also done by her, marks the entrance to the gallery.

Some remarkable wood-carvings and bronzes done by Donald Hord, a young California sculptor who has recently sprung into fame, have been purchased by the gallery, following awards given them at exhibitions in New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco.

"The Little Gallery," founded and maintained by Beatrice de Lack Krombach, formerly of Los Angeles, also has some of Donald Hord's work; and Miss Krombach prophesies that young Hord will one day be acclaimed as one of California's greatest geniuses. Unique pottery, showing Persian and Egyptian influence, done by Frances Roberts, is also to be seen in "The Little Gallery." Wood blocks and etchings by Frances Lowe, and landscape and genre paintings by Ivan Messenger are also among the typical features of this gallery.

BESIDES the great number of interesting places, people and pursuits within the immediate precincts of the city, San Diego has an unusually rich enviroing territory. Standing like a beacon of welcome on a high steep ledge, and visible for miles as one approaches the city, is the new Serra Museum in Presidio Park.

This beautiful Spanish building with tile roofs and tower was donated to the city by George W. Marston. Contrary to the custom of most mercantile princes, he did not seek to perpetuate his own name but built it as a monument to the memory of Father Junipero Serra. It stands on the spot where Father Serra made his first encampment in California and its dignity and simplicity of line, as well as the valuable relics and historical records which it houses, should cause all Californians to feel proud. It marks the birthplace of Western civilization.

About twelve miles east of San Diego, on a peak of nearly 2000 feet elevation, is an open air auditorium. This structure, known as Mount Helix Nature Theatre, was donated to the city by Mrs. Mary Y. White, and her brother Cyrus C. Yawkey, as a memorial to their mother. The entire theatre is of solid reinforced concrete, and the cross, at its apex, which stands 35 feet, contains 500 candle power lights. The theatre has a seating capacity of over 5000.

Seven miles from the center of the city is the historic San Diego Mission, one of the most important in the entire chain of Franciscan missions on the coast. Its crumbling adobe walls and crudely hewn wooden beams and floors are mute testimonials to the great handicaps and obstacles with which the workers of that early day had to contend. Although it now makes a picturesque ruin which adds a romantic aspect to the landscape, it will soon vanish entirely unless restoration measures be applied. The nucleus of a fund for its restoration has already been donated and a committee of prominent citizens plan for increasing the fund to an adequate amount to restore the entire Mission and gardens to their original size and beauty. A remnant of that beauty still stands in one lone white oleander, which blooms profusely despite the desolation which surrounds it.

Read further on page 22

Business and Finance

Continued from page 6

the state banks to the national banks or to the banks in other states where action had been taken.

This suggested procedure once set in motion would progress almost automatically. On the other hand, in principle and in practice it is not as alarming as at first appears. Stays against runs on banks are already found on the statute books. Witness the recent action in the State of Ohio where banks exercised the 60-day stay which, by the way, without further restriction did little more than increase the tension of danger.

Unconditional and untempered demand liabilities of banks is little more than legal fiction. First, it is, in the last analysis, impossible of satisfaction; or can be quickly made so; and, second, it is not difficult to conceive conditions under which it becomes dynamite in the hands of depositors.

If statutory restrictions and limitations on withdrawals are accepted as ordinary precautionary measures, safeguarding against runs on our depository institutions should be resorted to even to the point of making such effective in extraordinary times by extraordinary processes.

No one will contend the degree of the present emergency is less than such as would justify protective measures in force beyond the scope and meaning of the normal functioning of the executive power. Precipitate danger is to be met ordinarily by precipitate action as evidenced by the day's report conveying to us the news of the suspension of gold payments by the government of Great Britain accompanied by a supplemental order closing for the time being the stock exchanges or open trade markets throughout the country.

While present conditions are not such as to be classified as a state of war in the military sense, yet they call for the exercise in the name of preservation of the public welfare extraordinary executive power to the same degree as permitted under conditions following the declaration of a state of war.

There is no attempt in this brief discussion to go into details of the operative processes involved in the government stepping from its place of supervisor into the place of guarantor in the matter of the control and operations of our banking institutions. No single-minded man on any single occasion can encompass the

concrete details of the carrying out of the suggestion under discussion; but it must be admitted that the executive branch of the government of these United States and of the several states is in every way empowered to initiate this move and that congress and the respective legislative branches of the several states have the power and the genius to supplement such executive action with the necessary ratification and to devise and prescribe all the necessary details involved in the carrying through.

PROVIDED HOWEVER

IN suggesting the "ONE WAY OUT," or any emergency plan for relief, let us again repeat that any process employed by way of emergency must be paralleled by definite permanent trenching-in against a recurrence of what we now face and endure.

If stock exchanges are to go on functioning (and we are not saying they shouldn't) there must be a denuding and a cleansing injunction invoked, such as will rid this class of trading machinery of every destructive agency now employed.

If business mergers are to continue (and of necessity they will) there must be an effective stop to the adding of 1 and 2 and 3 and stamping it 10, and putting the inflated sum out as 10, and operating on a capital liability of 10, and then going contrary to sound business practice to produce the income on that 10.

If stock splitting is to continue, this dividing of one whole into two halves and putting each half out as a whole must be rigidly restricted. In short overcapitalization by any and every inflating process known must be inveighed against to the exhaustion of every available power of suppression.

An ounce of prevention is still worth a pound of cure.

PRESTO CHANGE

From the Associated Press, September 17, 1931:

"ATTEMPTS to tinker with the ancient law of supply and demand by injecting artificial measures to stimulate or depress its normal operation may well lengthen the business slump and retard recovery," said Richard Whitney, president of the New York Stock Exchange, in an address to

the New York Merchants' Association today.

"It remains for use to heed the principle of supply and demand, to govern our actions in accordance with its dictates, and thereby hasten the return of a prosperity based upon the sound and lasting foundation of natural law."

"The price of success is bound to be obedience to the law of supply and demand," he said. "Waste can and should be eliminated, by-products fully utilized, invention stimulated and better products perfected. Hard work and constructive thought, rather than idle lamentations or the pursuit of futile panaceas, must be the order of the day. All such efforts are in fundamental harmony with the law of supply and demand."

NO need to cite additional authority in support of the above declaration, simple, proverbial, axiomatic; heard almost any day, almost anywhere. No reason for the publication of these statements here except the fact that the speaker to whom these remarks are accredited by the public press presides over the greatest manipulating artificial price-fixing group in all time in all the world.

So just in passing we query: were the above truisms recited in irony or in a humorous vein, or were they given out in confession or in simulation. We sincerely trust they were uttered in confession—a confession which will mark a long needed reform, beginning at the point of greatest offense.

Never again such an opportunity for the head of the N. Y. Stock Exchange to turn his institution away from economic outlawry.

THE FIRST SIGN

WHAT we sought to infer in the foregoing comment is attested in today's News Bulletin: "Short selling suspended on New York stock exchange." Reason given, critical situation occasioned by the drop of the pound sterling," etc., etc.

This evidence of reform is gladly credited to an awakening conscience—and before we return proof of the above article to the press. A sudden answer to our prayer as yet unexpressed.

This restriction of the gambling menace—this suspension of short selling—temporary only—augurs for the public good. Though it should prove to be no

Read further on page 18

Where the Heart Is

A Short---Short Story

By MARVIN MacLEAN

SAMMY MAYHEW, whistling cheerfully, his hat at a rakish angle, sauntered down the lane toward the home of his early boyhood. With the savior faire of a famous pugilist or motion picture actor receiving public adulation, he waved to the neighborhood yokels. Once, in an expansive moment, he paused to compliment an old lady on the excellent health of her sweet peas. But apparently this condescension was unappreciated for the old lady stared suspiciously through the upper-half moons of her spectacles.

"Home to stay?" she quavered.

"No chance," replied Sammy, flipping his cigarette lighter, "just came by to see mother. Only got a coupla minutes."

"I thought you might be comin' back," said the old lady, relieved. "It's been real peaceful here . . . You think you're quite a man, don't you—now that you're out on your own?"

"Says you," remarked Sammy, drawing the words.

The old lady sniffed.

"I never could abide a smart kid," she muttered, "if you was mine . . ."

Feeling that further conversation would be boresome, Sammy turned away. A fortnight ago, when he had been a callow youngster, he might have taken umbrage at the old lady's remark. But now, in riper manhood, he passed it off for what it was—provincial boorishness. Nevertheless his manner was slightly austere as he acknowledged subsequent greetings.

Presently he arrived at a white shingled bungalow set in a rustic profusion of Virginia Creeper and pink climbing roses. On one of the pillars was a card announcing "Room to Rent."

Sammy rang the bell. There was no response and, after ringing again, he tried knocking on the door and rattling the screen. Hearing no answering footsteps

he went to the window and shouted, "Hey-hey!"

"Oh, is it you, son?" cried his mother. "I thought it was the man come for the installment on the radio. Well, I am glad to see you. Welcome home!"

Sammy entered and kissed her with brusque affection.

"Dropped in to say hello," he explained.

"Now that's sweet," approved his mother. "Just a minute, son, until I put something in the oven. I'll be back in a jiffy."

"Nothing for me, ma," warned Sammy, "I can't stay for supper—got a big date tonight."

"Why, Sammy! Well, just as you say." Without pressing the matter further she disappeared into the kitchen.

As a gesture indicative of his new worldliness, Sammy dropped his hat on the floor instead of hanging it up. He took out a package of cigarettes and with an expert thumb urged his lighter into flame. Then, prudently deciding that, after all, his recently acquired independence might not stand the strain of such an innovation as smoking in the house, he extinguished it. Anyway, for the present, there was sufficient satisfaction in returning as a man to the home where formerly he had been treated as a child.

A sudden recollection made him cross over to the box couch and drop on his knees beside it. After rummaging in its depths he arose, holding up a pair of trousers. "Forgot 'em when I moved," he explained as his mother entered.

"Those are your father's," objected Mrs. Mayhew.

"They're mine and I want 'em," said Sammy. "I know my own pants when I see 'em, I guess."

"Well, if you're positive, take them. Only I'm sure I've seen your father wearing them," answered Mrs. Mayhew soothingly; then, changing the subject, "Tell me about yourself. Have you got a nice room?"

"Oh, *swell*," said Sammy. "Just what I've always wanted. It's only five minutes from the skating rink, and there are movies all around. Right in the heart of the theatre district—a stone's throw from the smart cafes. Of course, it's small and kind of far from the bath; but I've met some fine people. Artists. The landlady's daughter is a tap dancer, and the fellow next door plays sax in a jazz orchestra. I like to be around that kind of people. Gee, it's swell. I'm right in my element."

"Made to order," agreed Mrs. Mayhew. "Boarding house, isn't it? What are the dinners like?"

"Oh, they're swell, but I only ate there the first night. The landlady hasn't been feeling good. But when she feels good, she says, there isn't a better cook in California."

"Think of that," marvelled Mrs. Mayhew. "How lucky for you. Don't you think it's close in here? Open the kitchen door like a good son."

Sammy opened the kitchen door. "Well, I see you haven't rented my room yet," he remarked after a pause.

"No, I'm waiting for someone permanent," said Mrs. Mayhew. "However, a young fellow is coming this afternoon to look at it again; and I expect I'll let him have it. He seems like a steady boy."

"Who is he?"

"A lad from an office downtown. I'm going to give him breakfast, the same as I did you. Are the breakfasts good at your place?"

"Swell, only I can't drink the coffee," Sammy said. "Mostly I've been eating at a soda fountain around the corner. Don't worry about me. I'm doing fine."

"Of course you are," said Mrs. Mayhew; then, musingly, "I thought I'd give him about what you had—eggs, toast, coffee, bacon, a little fruit and some preserves. Nothing elaborate. Just

Read further on page 21

The Little Church of the Flowers and the Wee Kirk o' the Heather

By FRANCES N. AHL

WHEN the Californian arrives in New York to view, for the first time, the sights of Broadway, he seeks out among other scenes the famous Little Church Around the Corner. Likewise, when the Easterner comes to Los Angeles, he should be sure to drive out to Glendale to visit the perhaps less well known but equally charming and fascinating Little Church of the Flowers and its companion edifice, the Wee Kirk O' the Heather.

Entering beautiful Forest Lawn Memorial-Park, one cannot help feeling a thrill that here is something different—something above the ordinary level of the world, a step nearer heaven, as it were. Every bird, every flower and shrub and tree seems to whisper:

"Life is ever lord of death,

And love can never loose its own."

Inspired by the visit of the architect to that old English Church of Stokes Poges, Buckingham, England—around which the poet Gray wrote his immortal "Elegy"—the Little Church of the Flowers was erected in 1917 and enlarged and redecored in 1930. It derives its name from the profusion of flowers which fill the cloistered recesses opening into both sides of the nave of this little church. Every Eastertide sees it decorated with hundreds of Easter lilies, resplendent in their fragile white beauty and exquisite perfume; while during the Christmas season, poinsettias fill its conservatories, "where the song of birds is like love in search of a word." The church is non-sectarian, non-denominational. Its only creed is Love. It is dedicated and its use is offered to all admirers of Forest Lawn for weddings, funerals, christenings, vespers, and services of a kindred nature. For weddings, christenings, and vespers a charge of ten dollars is made to cover the overtime services of the necessary employees. During the year of 1929, it was the setting for 876 weddings. People come from all over Southern California, and often from sections more remote, to take their vows at its sacred shrine. It has been the scent of more weddings than any other church west of New York.

On the table to the right of the main entrance is a guest book containing a rec-

ord of all the weddings. Directly above the guest book is a contribution box, an exact replica of that found in the church of Stokes Poges. One may read from the framed letter on the wall the appeal sent from the vicarage for funds to restore the English church.

In the front of the church is a beautiful stained glass window picturing "The Tree of Life." The tree, heavily laden with ripe fruit, embraces ten shields of heraldic derivation. Each shield symbolizes some trait, motive or influence that shapes the life of man.

Other windows show the coat of arms of the Stokes, Gray and Penn families—names closely linked with the traditions and history of the English edifice which furnished inspiration for the noted Church of the Flowers.

ABOUT half a mile north of the Little Church of the Flowers, stands the sister edifice—the quaint Wee Kirk O' the Heather. It is built into the side of a hill, and the slopes surrounding it are fragrant with Scottish heather. The kirk is an exact replica of the little Glencair kirk in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, where Annie Laurie was baptized and where she worshipped. The Glencair church was erected in 1310, and destroyed in 1805. Only two ivy-covered high gables remain of the original structure. But its reconstruction—faithful in every detail—was made possible by the finding, in an old Scottish library, of sketches from which John Wilson Paterson, the Chief Architect in charge of restoring historic buildings in England, prepared the detailed plans for the Forest Lawn Memorial-Park. Sir Claude Laurie, present owner of Annie Laurie's house, assisted with the plans for the Wee Kirk among surroundings similar to those of the historic structure. Communion tokens from Annie Laurie's ruined church were sent, and also stone to pave the altar where the bridal couples stand.

As one crosses the vestibule of the Wee Kirk, one's attention is first attracted by the soft glow of the candle-shape lights, high on either side, and the rare coloring of the beautiful stained-glass windows. The atmosphere of rev-

erent silence is broken only by the melodious strains of the organ or an occasional song from the canaries, as they chirp in their cages among the ferns and flowers of the cloistered recess, which opens into the north side of the building.

In the Historical Room, to the left of the main auditorium, is found the register with its record of weddings. So popular has the Wee Kirk O' the Heather become as a setting for weddings that, during the past year, a considerable majority of the more than 850 services, solemnized in the two celebrated churches of the Forest Lawn Memorial-Park, have been in this kirk.

The walls of the Historical Room are adorned with a number of framed scenes of the Glencair churchyard and the grave of Annie Laurie—a cherished shrine that attracts thousands of visitors every year. There are views of the ruins of the two original Annie Laurie churches. These pictures recall the life of Annie Laurie, the history of Scotland in her day and age, and her song that has for ages thrilled the hearts of Englishmen and Americans alike.

SET into a hill behind the Wee Kirk is a beautiful walled garden for peace and prayer. It is known as the Christus Garden, and contains an exact reproduction of Thorvaldsen's famous statue of the Christ, the original of which stands in the Church of Our Lady, Copenhagen, Denmark. Placed against a background of green firs, and in the midst of heather, Oregon grape and English holly, no finer setting could be chosen for this awe inspiring replica of snow white marble. It is a smiling Christ, and was selected from among hundreds of statues because it best expressed the Forest Lawn conception of the Master.

The Wee Kirk O' the Heather, erected during a period of two years at an approximate cost of \$100,000, was dedicated in October, 1929. Sir Harry Lauder, the famous Scottish comedian, visited it shortly after its completion, and left in the wedding register the autographed notation, "This is just like bein' at Home."

Charles G. Dawes, American ambassador to the Court of St. James, was

Read further on page 28

David Starr Jordan--John W. Linscott



David Starr Jordan

THE character and accomplishments of two men recently passed from us, justify attention in these columns: Dr. David Starr Jordan, long time president of Leland Stanford Jr. University, and John W. Linscott, dean of California public school men.

DR. JORDAN as first president of Stanford laid the foundations of one of the greatest universities of the world. He was a scientist of international fame, his work on the fur seal and on fishes ranking with his contributions in the field of philosophy and ethics. Dr. Jordan was always a liberal in education and the public schools owe much to his vision and cooperation. He was of the people and for the people, being essentially democratic. He thought in terms of world units and was strong in advocacy of world peace. No more potent arguments against the curse of war have ever been made than came from Jordan's voice and pen. Master of many languages, he was alike at home when writing for the greatest scholars of the age and when writing for children. David Starr Jordan will be mourned in every civilized country on the globe.

JOHN W. LINSCHOTT, beloved by every teacher in California, was a remarkable man. As teacher, as principal, as county superintendent, and as city superintendent, he rendered Santa Cruz county and city a life time of professional service. In 1919, Linscott had rounded out a half-century in Santa Cruz county. In commemoration, letters were secured from leading educators in California and throughout the nation and these were bound into a book and presented by the present writer to Mr. Linscott at the meeting of city and county superintendents at Yosemite. The introductory to the volume we wrote while still overseas with the American Expeditionary Forces. A copy of this letter is before us and we can frame no words of appreciation more applicable than those we then wrote. Our letter, dated at Le Mans, Sarthe, France, April 27, 1919, and addressed to Mr. Linscott reads:

"DEAR FRIEND:

In writing for the 'Linscott Volume' a note of introduction from far away France, duty and task give place to pleasure and appreciation. One of the satisfactions of my life has been my own small part, in planning for the joy it would give us all, to say to you through these companionable pages, the things we would say to you daily, were we near neighbors as we are your near close friends.

As I write, there stretches before me, camp and field and river and woods beyond. Boys, khaki-clad, stalwart, erect, clear-eyed, unafraid, with steady tread are marching by,—boys from the homes and schools of America, each willing to obey, and each, should need arise, ready to assume leadership and control.

Here in France are the schools of America justified. Here stands the American School Master supreme. And as I look I wonder,



John W. Linscott

that of these men in the Valley of the Sarthe, in Flanders, in occupied Germany, — men who fought at Chateau Thierry, at Bellieu Wood, at Vimy Ridge, in the Argonne and Verdun—how many are boys of Santa Cruz? How many under your wise counsel and calm judgment, your well of knowledge and your master's skill, your devotion and your sympathy have been prepared for this task!

Men and women, scores of them in two continents, attest to the honor of your work during the half-century past. They with us would gladly write their word of comradeship and greeting. The lives and records of these men and women rise the chief glory and the lasting monument to you, who ever with joy and vision and optimism and reverence have faced forward toward the light.

Yours sincerely,"

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN.

During recent years, Mr. Linscott was made a life member of the California Teachers Association.

What Do You Say?

By JACK WORSLEY

CAN a man succeed who wanders aimlessly without a plan to guide him to something definite; or a resolute determination to accomplish a fixed purpose?

If it requires the firmest effort of a man's life to battle down the temptation to take a chance, is your power of resistance strong enough to brand you as a winner?

Should a man ever change a safe and sane position for one that is speculative and insane? "A word with six letters, meaning **ECONOMY** and **GOOD MANAGEMENT**," will give you the answer. It is **THRIFT**, and doesn't mean only that you shall spend less than you make, but it means the conservation of time and energy. It is the sifting process that separates the **SUCCESSFUL** from those who fail in the economic struggle.

No game was every played to success without effort; and no man ever sailed across the sea of experience and arrived at Port Comfort on the Coast of Security without the Compass of **THRIFT** for a guide.

It is the hardest thing in the world for the man of limited means to save systematically without a definite plan that will get him into a frame of mind where he wants to save, or a situation in which he must save. His funds must be invested in an unquestionable security, behind which there is a sufficient urge of **THRIFT**. The feeling of security will make him immune to speculative schemes, and when he is well upon his way, saving will become a pleasure, his plan of thrift will urge him to earn money; the more he earns the more he'll save; he will keep down his overhead and build up his reserve.

A man who is interested in his own personal welfare will not dissipate his energies, but will conserve his strength, his time, and direct his efforts toward the uplifting of his fellows, and in so doing will place a huge stone in the foundation of national life. Homes are

Editorial Note: The importance of the above article at this time can hardly be overestimated. With the return to normal conditions, carelessness and waste will again characterize the activities of many well meaning persons. No better lessons can be learned by students in school than those that come through the practice of proper thrift habits. Individuals, families, and business houses should maintain a well organized plan and carry forward a budget of income and expenditures.

made happy, and nations sound, only to the extent that economy is practiced by the men who live in them.

If the law-abiding, temperate, and worthwhile people could be separated from the intemperate, and unsatisfactory members of society, one-third of the present police force could handle the situation in any city today. **THRIFT** will do the separating.

Ninety per cent of all crime is committed for the purpose of gaining possession of property that does not rightfully belong to the criminal. A reserve behind the individual is vaccination against criminal desire. Selfishness, greed, animosity, hatred, and murder are the opposite of **THRIFT** and **RELIGION**. There is perhaps no greater service that a man can extend to his friend than to teach him how to have money.

Wanamaker said: "No boy ever became great as a man who did not in his youth learn to save money." John Jacob Astor said: "It cost me more in energy

and self-sacrifice to obtain the first \$1,000.00 than it did afterwards to get a hundred thousand dollars; but if I had not saved the first thousand, I would have died poor." Wanamaker sounds the warning; Astor **points the way**. Many who are not great men, and others who haven't, in all their lives, saved a **THOUSAND DOLLARS**, will read these lines and profit through having read them; they will begin today to create a reserve fund to insure comfort when they are no longer producers. Others will read and pass on into the "class of 97," who are leaning upon charity for support at death. Who are you?

To teach **THRIFT** to men, women and children; to furnish a plan for reserve building; and to safeguard that reserve is the purpose of The National Thrift Corporation of America. What it offers is simply this: You make an agreement with yourself to set aside a certain sum of money each month, out of your earnings during your season of production, and prosperity. The National Thrift Corporation of America invests it for you in securities legal for trust estates under the laws of California—the highest type of security on earth. These mortgages are deposited with The Metropolitan Trust Company for safe-keeping, together with 10 per cent excess collateral of the same quality to protect you during the period of your reserve building. This trust estate grows in value as the funds come in from the investors and must at all times represent 110 per cent of the National Thrift Corporation's obligation to the saver. Moreover, this **TRUST PROTECTION** begins with the opening of your account. **A MAN CANNOT SUCCEED WITHOUT A PLAN!**

Business and Finance

Continued from page 14

SUSPENSION OF GOLD STANDARD

more than a gesture of concern in the public welfare and though it be no more than a self-serving move—a move to stay the accumulating wrath of a half-paralyzed business world. Yet the certain resulting contrast between short selling off and short selling on, will register anew on the tablets of the public mind the far-reaching iniquity of the most damning process of the wholesale gambling practice yet devised.

THE results of the suspension of payments in gold by Great Britain are to be awaited with intense interest. Our guess is that this action will later be referred to by historians as the first real constructive national move toward a deflection upward from the depression of 1930-31.

In any event few happenings during

the present business panic will invoke more interest and comment than the reaction from this move by the "mother of nations" resulting in an immediate increase in business activity and a following suit by other countries in close business contact with the Colonial Empire. Along with the advance of the trading interests of Great Britain it might be well to note the increasing handicap of the gold-hoarding countries, particularly our own United States and the Republic of France.



Near at hand to the great cities, the lover of the Out-of-Doors finds abundant opportunity for mountain climbing, camping and enjoyment of trees and streams



MELODY LANE



BEN F. FIELD, Department Editor

SEA UTTERANCE

By LAURENCE PRATT

THE proud sky sings to the swift, exultant sea;
With leaping grace the rhythmic waves reply.
I win through the waters to you, awaiting me,
A foam-flower lost in a mist of lazuli.

And you are there, young-souled and Eden-white,
The roguish winds toss ringlets of your hair;
I hear the melodious chant of the sky's delight—
Interpret the ecstasies that the waves declare.

Laurence Pratt of Portland, Oregon, needs no introduction to our readers. His verse is published widely.

INSPIRATION

By CARRIE W. STRYKER

I AM not driven. I never could yield
To force applied as tyrants use the lash;
But Oh the tugging of the heart afield
When thunders break and vivid lightnings flash!
Unconsciously I face the tumult's din;
My senses leap, are quickened, borne along:
With nature's battle-royal I am kin,
And in the storm my soul will find a song.

Carrie W. Stryker, a member for many years of the Verse Writers' Club of Southern California, is a prize-winner in the recent poetry contest conducted by the Stepladder Magazine of Chicago.

HUMOR

By ELINOR LENNEN

DO NOT begrudge the earth its quake,
The streams their rushing force;
Perhaps the elements keep peace
The better by this course.

Who does not clear his mind by speech
That he can ill afford?
So, when I hear a thunderstorm,
I say, "The sky is bored."

The author is well and favorably known in the literary clubs of Los Angeles and vicinity.

PERPLEXITY

By LEACY NAYLOR GREEN-LEACH

OUR tastes were so dissimilar
We never could agree,
Each thought expressed by either one
Was contradictory.

And yet though loath, I must admit—
Explain it you who can—
I'd far, far rather fight with you
Than love another man.

The author is the editor of the well-known Circle Poetry Magazine of New York City. This publication conducts monthly prize contests.

FISHERMAN

By HELEN MARING

A RUDDER held in careless grip,
The skipper of a jaunty ship,—
He goes in calm or storm or rain;
His boat's *put-put* sings a refrain.
For silvered fish, with seamen's pride,
Superior, he takes the tide.

Oh fisherman, I would that I
Could seafare underneath the sky!
Instead of earth-bound city feet
To have an engine's pulsing beat,
The salt-sea air, the satin sea,
And a sturdy deck to carry me!

Helen Maring is the editor of Muse and Mirror, poetry magazine of Seattle. When verse publications are under consideration, Muse and Mirror must be regarded as holding a leading place.

THE CENTURY PLANT

By BEULAH MAY

ON THE edge of the cliff
Hangs the agave plant,
Sending its pagoda of bloom
Mounting to the sky.
Flowering silver bells
Call the winds to prayer.

Beulah May, popular poet, resides at Santa Ana, California. She is a member of the League of Western Writers. Her work has appeared before in Overland Monthly-Out West Magazine.

THE FLOWERED DESERT

By EVE BRAZIER

RIGHT hard I tried for many years
To weed from out my heart
The thoughts I feared were not of Thee,
The strictly human part.

But yesterday, I stood where Thou
In gayety hadst flung
A wealth of purple flowering,
Where desert hymns are sung.

And seeing Beauty deigning thus
To dance in desert lands,
I blessed those vagrant thoughts of mine
Which Thy heart understands.

Then suddenly, the whole earth shone
With colored light around,
And Thou wert laughing windily
Upon empurpled ground.

This well-known author is a prominent member of the California Writers Club of San Francisco. She resides in Berkeley.

Vignettes--Brocaded Curtains, Attar of Roses

By JACK WYCHE-FEENEY

SPAIN . . . Cadiz, white domed houses . . . matchless harbor. . . Battleships, airplanes, launches. . . Brilliance and beauty. . . The coast of Africa in the distance. . . Sunset,—a country and a continent. Fifty miles . . . fifty centuries!

A grilled window. . . A woman's face, flawless in contour . . . shoulders, the creamy pallor of an almond kernel freshly broken — blue-veined dimpled hand . . . fingers, tapering, pliant, each seemingly possessed of a separate intelligence, are raised languorously to a chignon of raven hair. . . Eyes,—limpid pools of deep water. A smile, revealing superbly matched pearls.

The uniform of the Royal Air Force. Andalusian twilight . . . Mediterranean subtlety . . . stars, and a silver haze of mystery and romance. . .

golden frame—reflecting ebony . . . old ivory-pearls. . .

Rapture! . . .

A low laugh—the kiss of a breeze on

mandolin strings. . . Brocaded curtains . . . attar of roses.

FOREIGN Office bulletin: "Embark for southern United States immediately."

LOUISIANA—land of Evangeline. . . The still water of Bayou Teche . . . vista a cypress trees . . . draperies of Spanish moss . . . magnolias—beds of peonies. . . The delicate perfume of Parma violets. Mocking birds. . . A white-pillared mansion house . . . mel-low lights—soft strains of dreamy music . . . lithe bodies swaying in gentle rhythmical motion. . .

An upper gallery—French windows—high celinged room—boudoir. . . A girl. A cheval glass reflecting blue-black hair as glossy as a herons' wing. . . Olive skin. . . Eyes, deep amber . . . long, curling lashes. . . Lips, scarlet threads. A slender, perfectly moulded figure. . . Cream colored satin—rose point lace . . . emeralds.

A ballroom . . . polished hardwood . . .

crystal chandeliers. . . Men, and beautiful women. . .

The sweet cadence of a waltz song is hushed. . .

The uniform of the Royal Air Force. A mahogany staircase. . . Regal loveliness, maiden simplicity. . . Grace and beauty of a Castilian — vivacity and charm of the Parisian — nobility of Orleans. A Creole debutante . . . the aristocrat of Louisians. . .

Rapture!

Memories, recalling brocaded curtains . . . attar of roses!

CALIFORNIA—land of the conquistadores. A mauve sunset hemstitched with a pale blue embroidered in orange bands. . . A white line of beach awash in a silken sea. . . The sun splashing a crimson stain across the blue waters reveals the beauty of the windows of an old Mission. . . Musical sounds as fragile as lace. . . A man and a girl. . . Orchids. . . Vestments of a priest . . . Mendelssohn.

Paradise for two in the Presidio of Monterey. . .

Where the Heart Is

Continued from page 15

a plain, substantial breakfast. But I told him," she continued, determinedly, "that he'd have to be in by eleven—just as I told you. I still think that's late enough for any growing boy."

"Stay out as long as I want to, now," swaggered Sammy, "got my own key."

"**G**RACIOUS," exclaimed Mrs. Mayhew. "If I didn't almost forget." She hastened to the kitchen. Sammy heard the oven door opening, and shortly after his nostrils were assailed by a delicious fragrance.

Suddenly he thought of the agonies of death by starvation. He took out his cigarettes and fumbled with them irresolutely. He strode nervously up and down the room, and beside him his shadow stalked like a gaunt, reproachful spectre. Finally Sammy sat down and clung to the arms of his chair.

"Smells good, ma," he re-

marked, as his mother returned, wiping her hands on her apron.

"It is good," said Mrs. Mayhew, with pride. "I'd give you some if you weren't in such a hurry. However, your dinner will be ready when you get back to the boarding house. No use spoiling your appetite."

"I'll take the pants with me," Sammy said, rising.

"All right, son. I'll wrap them up for you." She folded the trousers neatly. "There's paper and string in the kitchen cabinet," she said.

Sammy went to the kitchen and after several minutes came back with the wrapping paper but no string.

"String," requested his mother pleasantly.

Eventually Sammy returned with the string. He seemed to have difficulty getting out of the kitchen.

"Now, we're ready," said Mrs.

Mayhew. "Hold down the ends while I make a tight bundle."

As mother and son worked together, the doorbell rang. Mrs. Mayhew looked Sammy in the eye. "That's the new boarder," she said evenly. "Will you answer the door or shall I?"

Sammy answered it. "The room's already taken," he explained; and, as the young fellow went away, disgusted with such unbusiness-like methods, Sammy took down the sign.

Mrs. Mayhew rubbed her eyes and then blew her nose.

"I thought that chicken pie would do it," she murmured chokily.

On September 29 the residents of the Metropolitan Water District voted by an overwhelming majority the \$220,000,000 bond issue. In some cities the vote approached the 15 to 1 mark in favor of the bonds.

San Diego's Heredity and Environment

Continued from page 13

A LONG list could be cited of the names of men in and around San Diego who have donated parks, built roads, erected great buildings and made it possible for commercial enterprises to thrive. But perhaps the most notable achievement in San Diego and in all the surrounding country is the work of one woman—Miss Katherine Sessions, who admits her 72 years, and who has spent more than fifty of those years in planting trees, shrubs and vines.

It was Miss Sessions who planted many of the rare palms, bouganvillia vines and tropical shrubs in the patio at Coronado, that enclosed garden which is said to contain plants and trees representing more different countries than any other like-sized out-door space. Its Australian dame tree, its Mexican blue palms, its red bouganvillia vines from South America, its Vites Capenses, from the Cape of Good Hope, are rarely seen on this continent, but they are all intimate friends of Miss Sessions, and woe unto you if you should unwittingly refer to a cocus plumosis as a "royal palm" or insinuate that the magenta bouganvillia was native of Australia! At one time she was unable to get any horticulturist in the country to agree with her as to the variety of a certain palm in the Coronado grounds. She gathered some of the leaves of the tree, sent them to the Kew Gardens in London, and the greatest authority on palms in the world verified her classification. It was she who first introduced the poinsettia to California, and she, who by a long series of experiments, made it possible to grow them to commercial advantage.

Miss Sessions has been awarded many honors by horticultural societies, both at home and abroad. A few years ago she was sent by the state horticultural society to Europe, to study the gardens there. She is considered the best authority on trees and shrubs in the entire West. She graduated from Berkeley in 1881.

SAN DIEGO is the central point of two extremes. It has the oldest, most conservatively fashionable, exclusive hotel on one side, and the newest, sportiest, ultra-modern hotel on the other. Coronado, with its 50 years of summer and winter smart-set gayety, still dances beneath the same colossal wooden dome, over the same smooth ball-room floor which has been polished by the feet of celebrities from every country in the world in that half-century. Here the youthful Prince of Waes and the elderly Sir Thomas Lipton have danced, and here parties have been given for debutantes and duchesses. A Baron and Baroness make it their permanent home. It has an air of old world dignity and grandeur about its quaint turrets and towers which has never been changed since the day it was built. Viewed from a ship out at sea the hotel resembles some huge European castle, and the very fact that no attempt has been made to modernize its exterior in any way gives it much of its charm.

EIGHTEEN miles south of San Diego, just across the Mexican line, is Aqua Caliente, a place where gay youth of all classes, congregates. Here no one is asked for social pedigree, except the

horses which enter the races. Its motto is not "Who's who?" but "Say when." Here the sound of clinking glass and clinking coin broadcasts just how loud and how fast "money talks," and the check book is the only social register. But it is a fascinating place, full of hopes and heart aches, tinged with the gayety and glamour of Monte Carlo, and yet primitive and colorful as the mining-camp days of '49. Every type of human kind may be seen there. The casual, lunch-time tourist, whose horn rimmed glasse smake her eyes look even more startled, whose insufficient hat rests on hair that seems to stand straight up. The professional blonde bathing beauty, some where near, but never in, the million-dollar, ornately-tiled swimming pool. The long mustached, wide-hatted, watery-eyed, long-legged gambler, who might have just stepped out of one of Bret Harte's stories. The sleek sheik with the shifty eyes; the moon-faced, calf-eyed boy, just off the farm; the grey haired, hard-mouthed broker; the waitress on her day off; the slim sub-deb and her flamboyant mother, all sit at the same tables. Their laughter, their clothes, their chatter are all gay. They seem to say, "we have put the mock into democracy"

AND back in San Diego scores of church bells ring, the great, deep-toned pipe organ play in the park, the butterflies hover over the gigantic lotus pond; and from Torrey Pine heights the phiosophic trees look down and smile at the inconsistencies of man.



The Literary West

GALLOPING DOWN

BRAINERD BECKWITH is a young Californian of 28 who went east to attend Yale University but fell ill and returned to the west. "California, the smell of sagebrush, a good horse to ride, the open, they were in my blood." And he adds, "Anything in the saddle is a thrill." He writes vividly of the Kilgannons of Ireland who for 600 years had leagued with the Devil and drunk to his glory. It is a very wet story. It opens with a ride in the rain through Dublin's cobbled ways. Old Baron Michael "looked dazedly out through the coach window at the murky pall of the deluge. The weather was very wet and Michael was more than wet, he was drunk." His wife Dale was dying and he was on the way to her bedside. Rain, rain, gallop, gallop, aye, rain and brandy and the slippery streets of Dublin.

Dale dies and as Michael has squandered his heritage, he is forced to remove to a hunting lodge in British Columbia. Here, his son, Rory, grows to manhood. He has the Kilgannon love of horses and hunting, including the neck of a bottle, but he also has a determination to break with the family tradition of drink, especially after meeting Jan, the girl he loves and marries. After they had a first quarrel, Rory fell off the wagon into a roseate haze of liquid oblivion and then up jumped the Devil!

Old rip-roaring Michael is determined that Rory shall gallop down to the Devil like a true Kilgannon but there are other influences at work which make the pattern of the story.

The final chapter about Cup day at the Willows depicts a thrilling race between old Michael's mare, The Queen's Lady, and Rory's black colt and "the best horse won, that is all!"

—GRACE T. HADLEY.

GALLOPING DOWN—By Brainerd Beckwith, The Century Co., 313 pages. Price \$2.00.

* * * *

BURTON, ARABIAN NIGHTS ADVENTURER

RICHARD BURTON, one of the most interesting persons of nineteenth century England, is an amazing revelation of what one man can do and how brave he can be. He has been called one of the world's greatest explorers. But it is not for his explorations that he is so well known. It is due to his exploitation of the Arabian Nights, those truly enchanting fictions.

Burton's life and his explorations are revived in this fascinating new book by Fairfax Downey with such stimulating titles as "A Green Turban in Wound", "Sworder of Somali", "Captain of the Bashi-Bazouks", "Prince of the Magic Carpet" and "Aladdin Rubs the Lamp". Burton had written volumes about his explorations but without financial reward, until the Pilgrimage to Mecca, that event-

ful day he sat himself down in his study at Trieste where he was Consul and began to "weave the scarlet and gold threads of Arabic manuscripts into English to make that gorgeous fabric which is his rendering of Alf Laylah wa Laylah, the Book of a Thousand Nights and a Night. It was his translation of the Nights, adding so greatly to the solace of life and its joyance in the estimation of the English reading public, that made them glad to part with their precious English pounds to Burton's profit. In fact he was moved to proclaim: "Now that I know the tastes of England we need never be without money."

But can you blame the English public for loving that Arabian Odyssey, "Sinbad the Seaman", or reading with breathless interest that unexcelled prose poem on the Beauty of Woman, as set forth in "Hasan of Bosorah" and his love for the chief damsel who was the loveliest creature Allah had made. She outdid in beauty all other human beings.

"No one worthy, of consideration" states a biographer, "has ever censured Burton for writing such highly improper and scholarly works as the "Nights", and so Mr. Burton continued to produce similar work for students chiefly, that is, he made translations of Oriental erotology, believing honestly, that ignorance of such subjects has wrecked many an Adam and Eve.

When Consul Burton was on a visit to Tangier, he received a telegram. It was a message from Lord Salisbury informing him that Queen Victoria had made him Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George in reward for his services.

—GRACE T. HADLEY.

BURTON, Arabian Nights Adventurer by Fairfax Downey, Charles Scribner's Sons, 292 pages. Price \$3.00.

* * * *

"A SPEECH FOR EVERY OCCASION"

NOBLE and Noble, publishers of educational books, games and music have added a fine new book to their list and answered a burning question in "A Speech for Every Occasion."

"What will we say when called upon to 'make a few remarks'?" is a question perplexing to most people who have had no work in cultural conversation or public speaking. Not every one can get gracefully to his feet and "think out loud" adequately and effectively while facing an audience.

The author of "A Speech for Every Occasion" points out that the success of any speech depends upon two things:

(1) The absolute mastery of the question involved and

(2) The ability of the speaker to express that knowledge in a clear concise manner . . . and to be able to set forth one's thoughts convincingly in excellent

English is pleasing to the speaker and to an audience.

After-dinner speeches are still included in our programs. We say we do not wish to be called upon but secretly hope that we will be and are flattered when the moment arrives, therefore we should be prepared. The author suggests that every speech should contain a basic idea, even though a humorous one, around which the words are built. After offering some suggestions for the amateur toastmaster, he follows his plan in Holidays, Patriotic Occasions, Military Affairs, Political Gatherings, Civic Associations, Professional Gatherings, Educational and Religious Occasions.

In fact there is not a single occasion that calls for a speech that is overlooked by the author. No one need ever falter or grope for words when called upon to respond publicly to a toast, the presentation of a gift, emblem or a trophy.

"Social Affairs" and "Sporting Events" are chapters that will enable the average person to make proper and ready response. And as for christenings, birthdays and wedding anniversaries, the book provides a wealth of good material.

—GRACE T. HADLEY.

A SPEECH FOR EVERY OCCASION—By A. C. Edgerton. Noble and Noble, Publishers, 76 Fifth Avenue, New York City, 417 pages. Price \$2.50.

* * * *

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE SON OF HIS COUNTRY

IN view of the coming two-hundredth anniversary of his birth, books about George Washington are appearing and worthwhile books. In the first chapter of "George Washington, the Son of His Country," the author states the purpose of his book as: "briefly to untangle what came to him (Washington) from environment and what in him was superior to environment, and thus perhaps to throw light from a new angle on why this son of his country was able to become the Father of His Country."

Washington is presented as a young man earning his living, then as a frontier fighter against the Indians, as aide-de-camp to General Braddock, as commander-in-chief of the army of Virginia, and finally as a planter, a country gentleman and always a superb horseman. At 23 he was one of the outstanding figures of Virginia. The middle years of Washington's life coincided with the stabilization of habit and the organization of an effort. He broke his own riding horses. There were two pastimes to which he was given, fox-hunting and cards. In the chapter on "A Planter's Life" there are some delightful pictures of the social life at Mount Vernon. But far more important was the unusual power Washington had for winning the hearts of men; in spite of the severity of

Read further on page 25

Across the Editor's Desk

SAVING THE REDWOOD FORESTS

ALL lovers of trees will rejoice to learn that, through the generosity of Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr., some 10,000 acres of beautiful redwood forest in Humboldt County, California, have been purchased and added to the park area of the state. To make possible the purchase of this forest from its former owners, the Pacific Lumber Company, Mr. Rockefeller contributed to the cause the sum of \$1,000,000.

Many readers will recall that, in 1927, the California Legislature passed the State Park Bond Act, under the terms of which one-half of the cost of buying and caring for forest, park, or beach areas is to be met by the people, and the other half by private benefactions. It is highly gratifying to learn that Mr. Rockefeller has agreed to contribute another \$1,000,000 when an equal sum shall have been secured from other private sources. Here is a wonderful opportunity for individuals of large means to assist the Save-the-Redwoods League and other public spirited organizations in preserving a glorious heritage. J. F. C.

* * *

WHAT IS FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

WE HEAR much of the "freedom of the press." During recent months editors of papers in various parts of the country have come in for censure and damage suits for alleged misrepresentation. These publishers have been exonerated, much to the satisfaction of the press of the nation. The press should be allowed much freedom. There is, however, another side to this matter. It is an easy thing to tarnish the character and reputation of a person either by direct statements or implied irregularities in business dealings or personal actions. A recent Los Angeles case is in point. A publisher has been found guilty of defamation of character and sentenced accordingly. This action is likely to have a salutary effect. When editors, radio broadcasters and platform orators, to say nothing of street gossips, publish to the world hearsay evidence as fact, it is time to clip the wings of such scandal-mongers.—A. H. C.

* * *

PROFESSIONAL ADVERTISING

FALSE ideas of professional ethics coupled in some cases with hypocrisy, but owing especially to adherence to tradition, creates a stand in the medical profession against advertising. Your physician may tell you that it is against the ethics of the profession to advertise; that only the quack goes to the public through the medium of the printed page. Now comes Ernest Elmo Calkins, writing in *Medical Economics*, in advocacy of an advertising campaign for doctors both as a means of increasing the doctor's income and of cutting down the cost of medical attention. He says: "If people

understood what it meant to keep well, good doctors would be kept busy all the time."

We are interested here only in giving emphasis to the fact that if and when the physician believes his services necessary, and has therefore, something to "sell" the public, he has every reason for advertising on grounds both of ethics and of business. Indeed, any legitimate argument to be advanced in favor of advertising for the business man, the tradesman, the manufacturer, may be applied with equal or greater force to the professional man—lawyer, doctor, engineer, writer, teacher, even minister perhaps. Dr. George Wharton James, famous California man of letters and lecturer, once asked a friend who had written much, but had attempted no sales, why she wrote. The friend made reply, "Because I believe it does me good." "Then," said Dr. James, "if it does you good, why don't you send it out? It may do someone else good. Don't be selfish."

BY ALL means do away with false modesty and exclusiveness. The lawyer, the musician, the doctor, the Christian Science practitioner, the writer, in fact any person whose services are devoted to the cause of social betterment, and who in return is and should be paid for such services may, with honor to himself, and benefit to the community advertise his profession. Indeed, we sometimes find in actual life that it is the quack who refrains from advertising lest his lack of ability and intentions be made a matter of public knowledge and general comment. We have as yet seen in the public prints no advertisements of bootleggers, highjackers or racketeers.

* * *

THE ECONOMY OF BEAUTY

NEW forest service regulations in California look toward the preservation of scenic and recreational features along mountain roads and highways in the national forests. Rules recently set up provide that in locating roads in national forests, recreational and scenic aspects are to be considered, as well as the question of speed and economy of construction. Roads are to be projected where possible through regions of natural beauty. A strip of land 400 feet or more wide will be preserved along all federal and state highways, and a 200 foot strip along county and community roads. The present forest service policy which prohibits the display of advertising signs on government land will now apply as well to these reserved roadside strips.

In California there are nearly five million acres of privately owned lands within the federal forests. This land may be used or occupied as the owners see fit; but if roadside beauty is to be preserved there must be cooperation and concert of action.

Read further on page 26

The Literary West

Continued from page 23

his discipline, the troops he molded into form, became very fond of him. At the age of 43 he was a typical Virginia planter, but he was also something more—he was himself, George Washington.

In the final chapter the author estimates five fundamental qualities which enabled Washington to carry the terrible burdens life brought to him. The first was courage. Remember that letter he wrote after he had fled across the Delaware almost at the end of his resources? "Though friends, followers, country men should betray or abandon me, I will return to my own Virginia, plant the standard of liberty on my native mountains and, calling around me the friends of freedom, we will fight for our country and our homes in the enjoyment of our independence and beyond the reach of a tyrant."

His second quality was good judgment fine, and there was that mysterious . . . easy to recognize but hard to depower he had of winning the hearts of men, that power that caused the officers of the first army he trained in his twenties to write of him: "Judge then how sensibly we must be affected with the loss of such an excellent Commander, such a sincere friend and so agreeable a companion."

The author concludes that "The most dominant characteristic of Washington was magnanimity joined to a sense of duty . . . this remains, a greatness of soul, an entire lack of self-seeking, an absolute obedience to his sense of duty."

—GRACE T. HADLEY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE SON OF HIS COUNTRY—By Paul Van Dyke, Charles Scribner's Sons, 292 pages. Price \$2.50

* * * *

STRESEMANN

DRAMA, everyone responds to drama. In Frau Vallentin-Luchaire we have a biographer who is, too, a dramatist and who shows us in her book *Stresemann*, the great moving drama of the efforts to transform the belligerent nations of 1918 into peaceful nations. The great heart of Gustav Stresemann is shown in its single devotion to the good of his country. We have Stresemann and Haguenin, the Frenchman ahead of his time; Stresemann and Stinnes, who first recognized the political abilities of "Stinnes' young man"; Stresemann and d'Abernon, the English ambassador; best of all we have Stresemann and Briand stealing off to a small inn, where they could talk unreservedly, sweeping aside the little misunderstandings that otherwise would have delayed their coming to terms. Stresemann, President of the German Republic and afterward Foreign Minister, is conceded the greatest German statesman since Bismarck.

Stresemann's idealism, his growth, his recognition after the tragedies of war

that the old machinations should give place to a policy that would be of equal value to all countries concerned, we see as upon a stage where thoughts are visible. We see Stresemann in Geneva as the German delegation enters the historic hall. We hear him say:

"He will serve humanity the best who, rooted in his own people, develops its spiritual and intellectual inheritance to its highest significance, and thus, passing beyond the limits of his own race, is able to give something to humanity as a whole, as the great men of all nations have done, whose names are written down in the history of humanity."

Those who are wearied of fiction may find a new zest in Frau Vallentin-Luchaire's illuminating biography. To the young person who reads it, a new world may thereby be opened. To the older, new values or long-sought valuations may appear. The author and the reader may congratulate each other on the excellence of Eric Sutton's translation. One quite forgets that it is a translated book, except to wish that in as good a translation it could be read by the thinking people of all countries.

Stresemann. By Antonina Vallentin-Luchaire. Translated by Eric Sutton. Foreword by Albert Einstein. Richard R. Smith, Inc., New York. Price \$4.00.

Laura Bell Everett.

* * * *

BROWN EARTH and BUNCH GRASS

A. M. STEPHEN is an author whose free verse is admirable and whose work in the more conventional patterns is outstanding. The average reader may be somewhat confused over the controversy that has been waged in respect to the merit of the new verse forms. *Brown Earth and Bunch Grass* proves that this form of poetry (I like the word that was characteristic of the late Henry Meade Bland) is effective.

Mr. Stephen is author of three volumes of poetry, many dramas, two novels, and is editor of two textbooks of literature used throughout Canadian schools. Lecturing fills out the time of this busy creative artist who is rated as one of the major poets of the present day. His fame is more than national, for poets and poetry cannot be confined by boundary lines. One should have personal knowledge, if possible, of the different countries of the world and their literatures. Thus an added zest is given to reading and study. So it will be an advantage to meet this poet of the great Northwest. Visit the beautiful city of Vancouver! You will be amply rewarded.

I quote from his *Prelude*:

Life bright and splendid,
the eternal Now.

this Age new-born,
this continent, where man once more
builds upon Shinar's plain
his heaven-searching towers—
all these are poems waiting to be sung.

All this cowboy stuff I thought belonged to Los Angeles and its Fiesta neighbors; but no:

Everything is forgotten
but the rodeo,
the dust-clouds, the glory, the cheers,
the silver-mounted saddle waiting down
at Calgary.
Ride 'em cowboy, ride!
Let 'er buck!
If you see a star or two
Go razzlin' through the blue,
Ride 'em cowboy, ride!
Thus sings Stephen in his *Stampede*.

In *Steel Cliffs* he shows a different mood:

Arrogant, impregnable,
Gibraltars of Mammon,
monuments of Big Business,
the steel cliffs rise,
shadows cast upon a lake of blue sky.
(It is night and a charwoman comes out of one of the skyscrapers. She sees a street girl hiding in a cold recess of the building:)

Y'oughta be home!
(The charwoman has been a mother.)

Home—hell! Quit yer kiddin'!

(The old woman
unties a handkerchief.)

Take this, kid.
T'aint much but—
it'll getcha a bed.

The tall cliffs dwindle.
A skyscraper is not so big after all!

In *Bird On the Wing* he says:
Bird-On-The-Wing,
I have seen your flash of crimson.
The beat of your pinion was a wave-length,
tuned to the receiver in my heart.

Time flies.
Life is on the wing.
Can we not snare one moment of rapture?

A black shadow is racing
across the sky.
Before it overtakes us,
love me,
Bird-On-The-Wing.

That Which a Man Bequeaths is a beautiful poem; but I do not think Mr. Stephen believes what he writes. He is but expressing the mood of a poet:

That which a man bequeaths,
adding his brick to the guardian wall,
is not much in the final reckoning.
How can he know?
Who was there to tell him?
The winds talk together in meaningless
monotones.
The graves are silent.

Read further on page 32

In
San Francisco
the distinctive new
William Taylor Hotel



*offers modern hotel
luxury at moderate
rates*

Single Room with Bath
\$3.00 to \$5.00

Double Room with Bath
\$4.00 to \$7.00

WOODS-DRURY CO., Operators
 Also Operating
HOTEL WHITCOMB, SAN FRANCISCO

James Woods, Pres.

Ernest Drury, Mgr.



Noah's Ark



**Featuring Southern
Cooking**

94 Third Avenue

SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA

Across the Editor's Desk

Continued from page 24

The enforcement of the rules above mentioned are strictly in line with modern conservation policies. Roadside advertising that disfigures the landscape should be prohibited. Parkways along the roads and the proper location of highways will add much to the scenic and recreational values of any state.

YOUR VOCABULARY

THAT the average person speaks 30,000 words per day, is the statement of Professor William P. Sandford, head of the public speaking staff of the University of Illinois. The professor is careful to say however, that "success in life depends not upon the words, but the way they are used."

It would be interesting to know how many different words are used during the day. Some studies have placed the number at 600. To use words, and many of them, requires no particular ability. Choice of words is a different thing. It is a rare gift—that of choosing a word of exact tone and colour to fit the situation. Monotony and repetition in the use of words tends toward drab speech and uninteresting writing. If the average person were to be deprived of a dozen words or phrases which he regularly uses in everyday conversation, his speech would be wellnigh cut off, as for example, "yes," "indeed," "lovely," "listen," "colorful." A vocabulary is a mighty interesting and valuable thing to possess.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE"

WE have had occasion before to remark on the poor quality of English that characterizes many radio addresses and announcements. The United Press quotes a most timely criticism by Miss Florence Hale, president of the National Education Association:

"One of our greatest problems today is the improvement of radio as a cultural factor. How are we going to do that when most of the announcers you hear are murdering the king's English? Children talk the language they hear. The other night when I tuned in I heard an announcer say: 'I ain't gonna sing another song until you write in to the station.'"

Miss Hale is well within the bounds of fact when she says: "One of our greatest problems today is the improvement of radio as a cultural factor." We accept today over the radio not merely a type of expression, but a substance and form of technique that would not be tolerated from the platform or open forum. Indeed, as Miss Hale says, "Children talk the language they hear." If we are to find correct speech anywhere it should be that which is broadcast for the world to hear. By all means let us have clarity of expression on the radio and a quality of English that will serve as type forms to be followed by the listeners-in.

'Round About Southern California

Continued from page 7

around through Alhambra, Pomona, Claremont (Pomona and Claremont colleges are at Claremont, and Ontario. See the music room while you are on the campus. It is a most-satisfying bit of interior architecture. If you should land in Riverside before sun-down, drive to the top of the Sacred Mountain, Mount Rubideaux, the original sunrise service hilltop—and down again to the Mission Inn. The fall temperature there will be moderate but even when the days are hot the nights are always cool. They are soft and balmy and full of romance. Indeed the Mission Inn is founded on romance. If you should happen to see the Master of the Inn, Frank Miller, just mention my name and he or his son-in-law, DeWitt Hitchings, will show you the cathedral music room, the art galleries, and the catacombs underneath the hotel, filled with curios; or he may take you up in the bell tower where there is a collection of thousands of bells and may let you tinkle bells that are centuries old, taken from the famous bell towers of Europe. But be careful lest you forget what you are there for.

Your main purpose is to have dinner in the patio. Don't go in until after dark when the candles are flickering on the tables and the guests are speaking in low murmurs and the Spanish waitresses are floating about quietly. Above you, in the half-light, are balconies and towers and flowing banners and soft-lighted windows, and the stars. And as you absorb the oriental charm of the place, there come to you the strains of a guitar from one of the balconies above, where some Don sings a love song to his Senorita, a mist seems to gather about your eyes, and you say to yourself: "Well, here is one beautiful dream come true."

DOWN THE COAST

THANK you for reminding me, I had almost forgotten the trip to San Diego by automobile. Yes, indeed, that is a lovely thing to do. It takes about four hours to drive down there comfortably. You can go either of two ways: drive to Long Beach and then down the coast all the way, or else (as I very much prefer) go inland to Santa Ana and then cut across the coast road. You should stop for a spell at Laguna Beach, the paradise of artists, where the rocky coast-line is more picturesque than the Newport, (Rhode Island), shore. If you

care for missions, you should continue south, inland from Santa Ana, and stop at the San Juan Capistrano Mission (I like it the best of all) and then cut over to the coast. Another place where you should tarry is at La Jolla—a quaint, sleepy little village with a lot of character. The caves may interest you. Just loiter about awhile and take a squint or two up the bending coast line and exercise your long-distance eye muscles.

The San Diego Mission, not far from the center of San Diego is the first of the series of 21 missions dotting the California coast. You would enjoy a trip over to Coronado Island on the tub-of-a-ferry that plys back and forth to the Island—you drive your car right on the boat that pushes its way among the big warships like a petulant duck. This ride will give you a good idea of the harbor but your destination is the famous old Coronado Hotel, which for two generations has been the winter resort for eastern millionaires. If you make this a two-day comfortable trip, you could stay the night at the El Cortez Hotel. It is the tallest, thinnest building you will see. There, the rooms are spacious and modern; the meals and service par excellence, and the prices you would expect. At the U. S. Grant, in the heart of the city, the rates are less.

Oh, excuse me!—I misunderstood you—it is not San Diego, that you are interested in? Now I get you. Well, between friends, let me advise you to watch your step at Tia Juana. But, of course, you have read so much about it that you want to satisfy your curiosity. After a visit here and there in this interesting and picturesque border town, you will, surely, drive a mile farther on into Mexico to Agua Caliente, the Monte Carlo of this country.

AGUA CALIENTE

AGUA CALIENTE is fascinating in a way difficult to describe. The location is unimportant, the buildings unpretentious, low and rambling, of the Spanish type. There is an excellent hotel, oh, very good—where you can have metropolitan accommodations. The Casino is what you are there "for to see." Probably the first thing that you will notice will be the long, long bar, with its huge mirrors and glittering crystal and glass. You will be surprised to see men,

Read further on page 30

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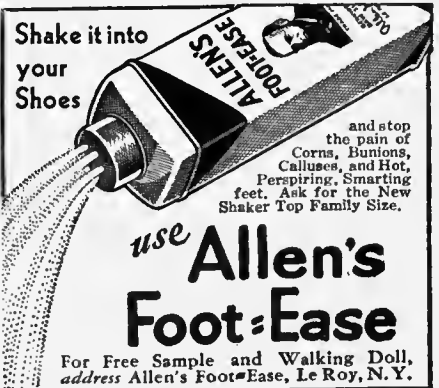
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Shake it into
your
Shoes



Weather As You Like It

Continued from page 8

company to the wind. It would blow across the Avenue like a white-crested wave at the seashore. The traffic soon showed evidence of snow and frost—snow on running boards and tops, windows sleeted over and wipers going. The liveried doormen across at the Club over-clad with mackinaw and boots spent most of the time shovelling the snow from the Club entrance. As the morning wore on the snowdrifts became higher and higher. Each taxi-cab had a harder time getting away from the curb than did its predecessor. Traffic slowed down materially, so that a pedestrian, if he could have mastered the gale, would have been safe in crossing the street. Large busses with snowplough attachments began to appear, waging a game but losing fight against the fury of the storm. Every now and then some car would stall in a drift and the man behind would lock bumpers and try to push it through, only to find that the delay had stalled them both. "Yes, Doctor," I thought, "I am fast gaining a new definition of weather."

The afternoon was just the same except for more of it. I could see crowds of ladies and men in the lobby of the Club, waiting for a taxi. All afternoon the melodious whistle of the doorkeeper tried to flag an empty cab but without avail. They were all "snowed" or busy. The big eight-wheeled busses were still able to get along in the middle of the street and passengers would fight their way from buildings through snow waist-deep to street centers to reach them. By dark they must have reduced their sched-

ule as they appeared only occasionally and then loaded beyond expansion.

THE business of my trip completed, I expressed some concern when told by an associate that in all probability no trains would move out that night. Better far to be snowbound in Chicago than out on the plains of Iowa or Nebraska. I fought my way back to the Club. The crossings of the Grand Canyon at the Colorado would have been much easier and more comfortable.

"You will get no taxi to the station tonight," said the doorkeeper, "and you had better figure on at least an hour and a half on foot." A telephone call to the station confirmed the fact that up to then, trains were still leaving on time for the West.

Did you ever walk about a mile and a half through a Chicago blizzard with a heavy grip and brief-case with your heavy overcoat wrapped around you and your hat collapsing your ears for safety's sake? The wind would whistle around some of the corners so strong that I could not move against it. Did you ever feel someone throwing fine, cold sand in your face with all his might? I passed a couple of car parking lots with only the tops of sedans breaking the evenness of the snow's surface. I tramped along under the elevated and was amused to see here and there an autoist attempting with a small shovel to dig out his faithful "Chevie." Far above and all around the electric signs flickered on and off,

casting a weird light through the haze of the evening.

I know how Washington must have felt when he crossed the Delaware. The Northwestern station was actually a haven. I went to my car and we moved out into the night and the storm. A large electric lighted sign caught my eye—A sandy beach, a waving palm and this caption in bold electric letters flashing on and off telling its story—"It's play time in California."

Tuesday morning found me back in Los Angeles. The skies blue and clear, and temperature about 75°. "Yes, Doctor, you certainly were right. I know now what you mean by "weather"; but what a whale of a difference a few miles make in one's definition of it!

Little Church of the Flowers

Continued from page 16

keenly interested in the reconstruction in Southern California of the historic Dumfriesshire kirk. In fact, eminent leaders of both England and America have praised the Wee Kirk not only as a perpetuation of Annie Laurie's fame, but also as a means of fostering international friendship and good-will.

One may not be able to visit the ancient shrines and cathedrals of England and Scotland, but no resident of Southern California and no tourist that comes to Los Angeles should fail to visit beautiful Forest Lawn Memorial-Park, the home of the Little Church of the Flowers and the quaint Wee Kirk O' the Heather.

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The Power of Print

Continued from page 10

speare and rare Ben at the Mermaid Inn; we suffered in prison with Verlaine, and lay on the grass, on a transparent summer morning, while the poet sang to us of the life-long love of comrades. We were filled with a strange and quiet happiness when we thought that the geniuses of every land and every age stood always ready to walk with us and be our friends. No matter what misfortunes and disappointments might befall us, we should always have a refuge ever at our call, and would be poured out for us with a lover's lavishness. For years we lost ourselves in this fairy-land, hearing immortal voices, passing freely among all peoples and all periods, and taming our savage hearts with the music of philosophy. It was bliss in those days to be alive; but to be young was very heaven."¹⁷

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword."

AND from the century that saw the birth of printing let us call our last witness for the present. Thomas A. Kempis, whose *Imitation of Christ* is perhaps the most widely read spiritual book, after the Bible.

Thomas A. Kempis: "Everywhere I have sought peace, and have found it nowhere save in a corner with a book."

Thereupon court adjourned.

The witnesses filed out. There were more who had not been heard than of those who had. As they were leaving the courtroom Emerson, eyeing the attorneys, was overheard remarking, "Our high respect for a well read man is praise enough for literature."

"Yes," answered his neighbor—Plato it was—"and had I known how, after twenty-three centuries had passed, men of all future ages were to regard my writings, the knowledge of which the invention of printing has made known to thousands instead of to the few, I might not have so exalted the spoken word above the written."¹⁸

And so we return to the study, there to continue, perhaps academically, the further consideration of the power of print with our attention directed, next, to the question of censorship.

⁹Doubleday, Page & Co., 1925 (c 1913).

¹⁰MacMillan, 1911.

¹¹Knopf, 1927.

¹²In the SEWANEE REVIEW, Oct., 1910; later reprinted as a separate pamphlet of eight pages.

¹³*The Higher Ministries of Recent English Poetry*, p. 232.

¹⁴LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, January, 1923.

¹⁵Wm. Byron Forbush, "Young Folks' Book of Ideals."

¹⁶Edwin Puller, "Your Boy and His Training."

¹⁷"Transition," by Will Durant, pp. 274-5.

¹⁸"Phaedrus."

(Concluded in November Issue)

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December will again bring to our readers an annual issue of this magazine containing articles and illustrations of great interest.

'Round About Southern California

Continued from page 27

and women too, standing at the bar. Yes, actually drinking all kinds of beverages and seeming to like them. And you will hear queer words in their conversations with the bartenders, words that, if they are in your dictionaries at all are marked "obsolete." Such works as Gin Rickey, Martini cocktail, Scotch highball, Sloe Gin Fizzes, Clover Club, etc. But you did not come here to watch people drink. Most people come here to gamble. You of course came just to look on, to gather impressions. If you have had no experience you will be wise to continue to be an onlooker.

Last summer, three Missouri school teachers, seeing the world, dropped in on Agua Caliente. For a long time they watched the people around the roulette table playing, losing, and winning. At last the three teachers held a conference and decided to play. One of them—the smallest—edged her way through the crowd and placed a quarter on the red. The coupier reminded her, very quietly, that a half-dollar was the lowest form of tender allowed on the tables. The three teachers again went into a huddle and after much talk the little one emerged and placed a half-dollar on the red. The red won. She moved her two half-dollars over on the black. Black won. Growing bolder, she pushed the four half-dollars over on 30. Thirty won. The coupier piled up in front of her astonished eyes, 120 half-dollars. Little heeding the tug-gings at her skirt from the rear, but with

all the bravado of a true gambler, she pushed her towering stacks of half dollars away up the table to the double o section. Again the little white ball spun around the whirling wheel and clicked in and out of one compartment after another until it finally came to rest on 23. The little teacher had turned to remonstrate with her friends. When she looked back to the table, the coupier was raking in all her winnings. Comprehending, she pressed her hands to her cheeks and screamed: "My God! It's gone!"

This trip can easily be made in one day, but you will be tired. And seeing Agua Caliente in the afternoon is entirely different from seeing it at night. It is at night when the place comes to life. The swell Hollywood luminaries who have been golfing, horseback riding, tramping or resting during the day, come forth at night in all their glory. It is all so fascinating that if you get to bed by three o'clock in the morning, I will be very much surprised.

AND so, we could tour on together through California's diverse scenery, week on end. As a matter of fact, for the past three months I have been acting as your personally conducting chauffeur, driving you here, there, and yonder, contrasting the contrasts for you, airing the atmosphere, and romancing the facts. But now, all that is left for me to do is to touch the visor of my cap, and give notice: "I go. Will you give me a reference and come with me on our next excursion?"



The Bridge the Oyster Built

Continued from page 12

the United States Government requirements that 78 per cent of him in powder form will pass through a scree finer than the finest silk. The finest silk has a mere thirty thousand holes to the square inch but the screen which Billy and his brothers must pass has forty thousand to the square inch and will hold water for two or more days. Life—and even death with Billy is just one thing after another.

And in the cement plant, easily seen as you roll along in your car over "The Bridge the Oyster Built," one thousand

tons of him are daily made into this fine substance. And as if wonders never cease, the sacks in which Billy and his brothers reach the market are tied before they are filled—Billy enters through a hole in the bottom.

When next you cross "The Bridge the Oyster Built," just give a thought to Billy Oyster and the billions of his bivalve brothers, who worked for ages and ages that you might cross San Francisco Bay, quickly and comfortably—and not on a tule raft as did the Indians of Ortega's day.

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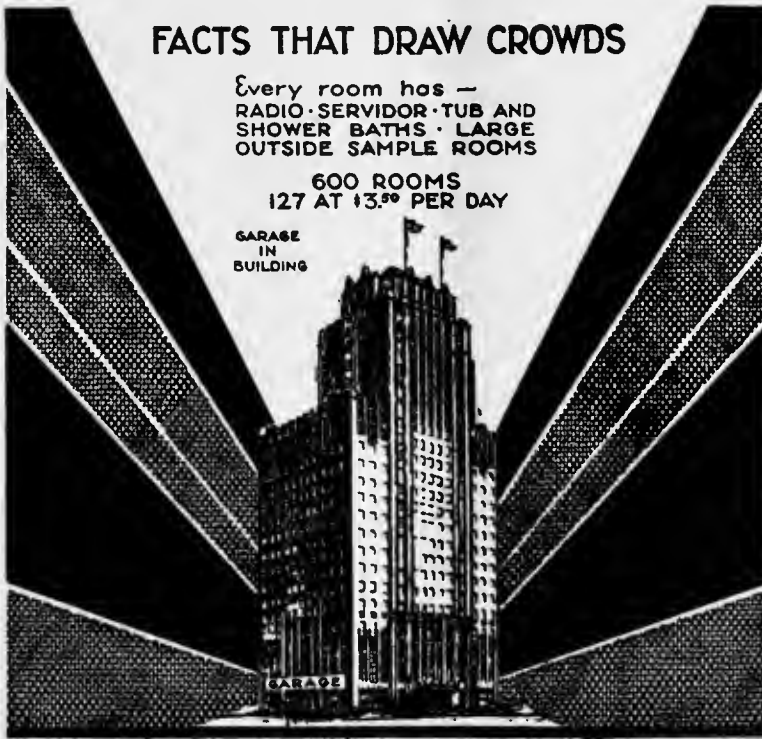
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La Fiesta de Los Angeles

Continued from page 11

the strictly business viewpoint perhaps the remarkableness of this eventuality exceeds that of all others, taking into consideration current conditions and past experiences of similar public enterprises. There actually is a surplus—not large, but real. Countless "good ideas" for disposing of it are thought up every day. Also, scores of people have wondered audibly whether the handsome shawls with which the streets were decorated are going to be discarded or given away. The reply is—neither will be done, either with decorations or surplus.

Second only in importance to the fact

that La Fiesta de Los Angeles has been revived with success, is the further fact that it may be revived again.

A wonderful impetus has been given and a financial foundation assured. Obviously it is not practical nor desirable to repeat the observance annually on the scale of the recent Fiesta; but time and money could not be better invested by the people of Los Angeles than in one or two days each year given over to remembrance and enjoyment of the charm, the romance and brightness and song of its incomparable and distinctive heritage from Old California days.

The Literary West

Continued from page 25

Witness his last stanza in *Passion*:

Only from fire
 Is there resurrection
 Into life which is eternal.

For exquisite rhymed poems, read his *Borderland*. In this he reveals his true vision of the other world that is all about us.

Also his *Spring Magic* which was published recently in *OVERLAND*:

I heard the bells of Spring tonight
 Ring out, and all the stars
 Made answer in a sudden chime
 Across their golden bars.

And then the bells rang out again.
 Love took me by the hand
 To show me all the joy that lies
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L. B. EVERETT.

DAVID STARR JORDAN

By N. J. HERBY

DECREED it was that he should fall at last
 As the sequoia falls in sunset glow;
 But we who knew his heart and saw him grow
 Great as a giant of the mythic past,
 With form and mind of true heroic cast,
 Beheld his frame unswayed by winter's blow
 Until in ripened age the weight of snow
 Came with its avalanche to hold him fast.
 Tho fall the tree, its timber-stock shall give
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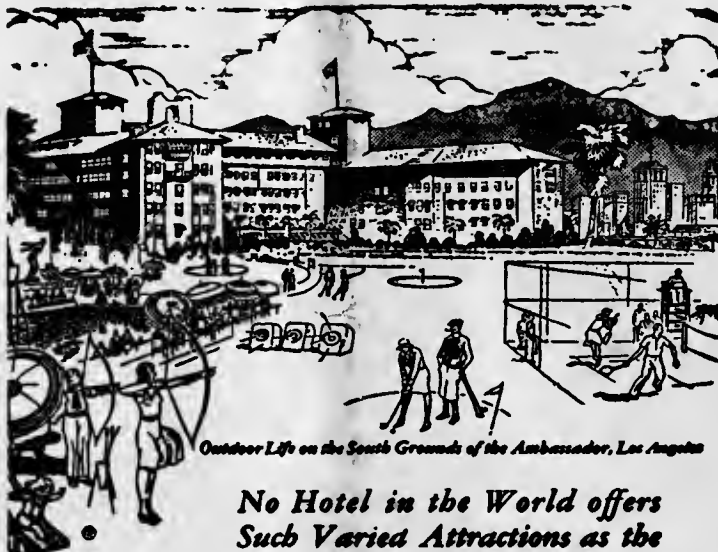
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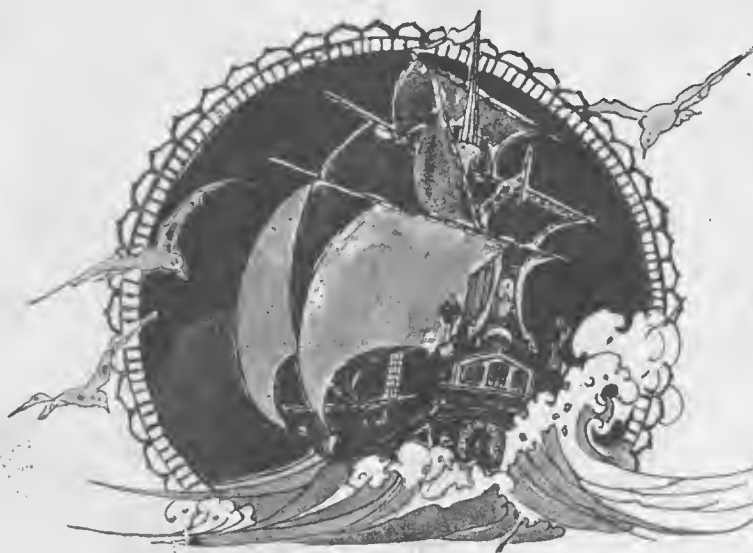
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Vol.
89

No.
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Founded by Bret Harte—1868

Founded by Charles F. Lummis—1894

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, *Publisher*
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DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY

Nov.

1931

CONTENTS

Desert View From Point Happy, Coachella Valley, California, <i>By Henri De Kruij, (Etching)</i>	Frontispiece	2
Personal Letter from Edwin Markham, with portrait and Original Poem "The Hills of Summer".....		4
Historic Expedition of Col. John C. Fremont and Kit Carson to California, (illus.).....	<i>Lewis F. Byington</i>	5
Does American Education Produce Criminals?.....	<i>Carlton Kendall</i>	7
Virgilia (verse)	<i>Edwin Markham</i>	8
The Power of Print (concluded from October issue).....	<i>John Boynton Kaiser</i>	9
The Olympic Games (illustrated).....	<i>Everett L. Sanders</i>	10
The Rise and Fall of Money.....	<i>Nathan T. Porter</i>	11
A Visit to H. G. Wells.....	<i>Cyril Clemens</i>	13
The Gilded Cage (a short story).....	<i>Charles Fletcher Scott</i>	14
A Salon of Painters of the West (Illus.).....	<i>Everett Carroll Maxwell</i>	15
Sonoma Treasures July Fourth as Important in California History.....	<i>Celeste G. Murphy</i>	16
Business, The Salt of Life: Wherewith Shall It Be Salted Again? (with portrait).....	<i>Orra E. Monnette</i>	17
California's Literary Wealth.....	<i>Ben Field</i>	19
June Lake (verse with illustration).....	<i>Ben Field</i>	20
Melody Lane		21
Moonlight at Avalon.....	<i>Mabel Whitman Phillips</i>	
Sonnet	<i>Louis Ginsberg</i>	
Creation	<i>Helen Hoyt</i>	
Chanson D'Amour	<i>Nancy Buckley</i>	
Death of a Dream.....	<i>Connie Leigh Hill</i>	
The Present Center of Population.....	<i>Augustus W. Dougherty</i>	23
Events and Comment		24
Books and Books.....		25
Sea-Wind and Mountain Trail.....	<i>Reviewed by Ben Field</i>	
Mexico, A Study of Two Americans.....	<i>Reviewed by Laura Bell Everett</i>	
A Book for Birdlovers.....	<i>Reviewed by Laura Bell Everett</i>	
Companions on the Trail.....	<i>Reviewed by Laura Bell Everett</i>	
My Father—Mark Twain.....	<i>Reviewed by A. H. C.</i>	28
The Cattle King.....	<i>Reviewed by A. H. C.</i>	28
Statement of Ownership, etc.....		32

Published at Los Angeles, California. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Los Angeles under the Act of March 3, 1897.

Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., 437 South Hill Street. San Francisco, Calif., 609 Mission Street.

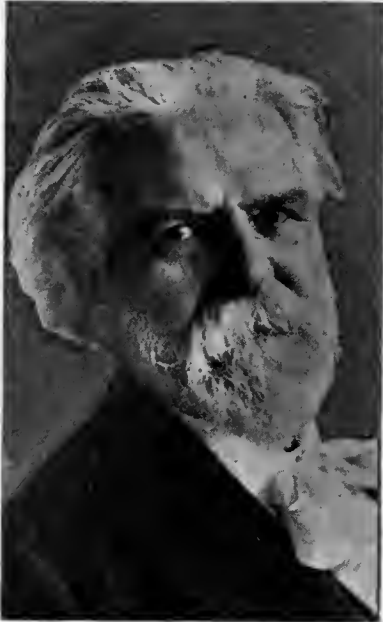


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Personal Letter From Edwin Markham and Original Poem

(Written expressly for *Overland Monthly*)



Edwin Markham

June 20, 1931.

MY DEAR ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN:

I AM pleased to get a word from your friendly pen, and to hear that you are opening an office for the *Overland Monthly* in Los Angeles.

For long years, you have carried the burden of the *Overland Monthly*, for the magazine is of too high a grade perhaps to win support from the onrushing, unthinking multitude. That the journal has survived speaks volumes for your courage and practical wisdom.

I hope to send you a short poem in the near future. You deserve the strong support of the intellectuals, including men and women who have money to help maintain the idealism of the Far West.

Your friend to the journey's end,

EDWIN MARKHAM.

The Hills of Summer

By EDWIN MARKHAM

June, 1931

GIVE me green rafters and the quiet hills
Where peace will mix a filter for my ills—
Rafters of redwood and of sycamore,
Where I can stretch out on the fragrant floor
And see them peer—the softly stepping shapes—
By the still pool where hang the tart wild grapes.

And there on the hills of summer let me lie
On the cool grass in friendship with the sky.
Let me lie there in love with earth and sun,
And wonder up at the light-foot winds that run,
Stirring the delicate edges of the trees
And shaking down a music of the seas.

Bring that old Book, *The Romaunt of the Rose*,
A song thru which the wind of morning blows.
Let me stretch out at friends with life at last,
Forgetting all the clamors of the past—
The broken dream, the flying word unjust,
The failure, and the friendship gone to dust.

Historic Expedition of Col. John C. Fremont and Kit Carson to California, 1843-1844

By LEWIS F. BYINGTON

IN ALL the pages of history, no people have shown more dauntless courage, more indomitable spirit, more strength and determination in overcoming dangers and difficulties, than did the hardy pioneers who brought American civilization and American institutions of free government across the deserts, through the forests, and over the snow-clad peaks of the Rockies and Sierras, to the fruitful valleys, the gold veined mountains, and the broad armed ports of California.

Kit Carson typified the spirit which won the West for America, and made the admission of California and Nevada into the Union possible. Kentucky, and the year 1809, gave to the nation two sons, born of humble parents and in log cabins, upon our then extreme frontier, who were to leave a lasting impression upon the future of the Republic. They were truly American in all their hopes and aspirations — Abraham Lincoln and Kit Carson. Lincoln, with his great love for knowledge, rose to the highest position within the gift of the people; and Carson, untutored, but with a love for the forest, the broad prairies and the mountains of the West, became a trapper and a pathfinder, blazing the way from the Missouri through the Rockies, across the desert, and to the shores of the Pacific, long before the discovery of gold in California. He had crossed the plains in 1829, when but 20 years of age, and as a trapper had followed the windings of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers

The expedition of Fremont and Kit Carson to California in 1843-1844 should prove of interest to the readers of *Overland Monthly* and *Out West Magazine*. I believe that the people of our state should familiarize themselves with the historic expeditions of the Spanish explorers who came from Mexico and of the Pioneers who came across the continent. —(From a personal letter of Mr. Byington to the Editors.)

* * *

through their fertile valleys. He was among those who brought to the East the first reports of the agricultural richness of this state, and it was the settlers who

the Pioneers came, and resulted in the construction of the picturesque Alpine highway leading down from the Tahoe region by way

and Stripes at Monterey and San Francisco in July, 1846.

THE expedition which resulted in the discovery of Kit Carson Pass through the Sierras, over which many of the Pioneers came, and resulted in the construction of the picturesque Alpine highway leading down from the Tahoe region by way of Alpine and Amador counties, was a surveying expedition sent out by the government at Washington, under command of John C. Fremont, a lieutenant in the army. Fremont selected Kit Carson, on account of his experience as a guide and his knowledge of the country, to accompany the expedition.

Fremont had been ordered to connect up a survey which he had made part way to Oregon in 1842, with one made by Commander Wilkes on the Pacific coast, so as to give the first completed survey across the interior of the continent. His orders led him through Utah to the South Pass in Idaho, and over the Oregon trail to the Columbia river. The survey finished, the expedition could select its own route home. It is said the arid waste stretching for 700 miles through what is now Utah and Nevada, and known as the Great Basin, haunted Fremont, principally from the danger to his



Photo Courtesy Security First National Bank.
Colonel John C. Fremont

came here prior to 1846, with the hope of ultimately seeing the confines of the United States extended to the Pacific, who made possible the acquisition of California and the raising of the Stars

horses. Turning south from the Columbia river at Klamath Lake, he discovered and named many of the lakes of southern Oregon. He then struck into what is now Nevada and reached and named

Pyramid Lake. The party then continued south with the intention of eventually turning eastward to the Missouri river. Fremont in his travels southward expected to find a river known as the San Buenaventura river, which it was believed in those days flowed from the Rocky mountains to the bay of San Francisco, but, as he later realized, there was no such river.

It was in the dead of winter, snow impeded their pathway and covered the trails; the rivers were frozen and the cold intense. If they traveled the sparsely timbered highlands, they were frozen and blocked by snow drifts; if they descended to the lowlands, they were starved and their horses without water or feed. They had the alternative of perishing on the desert or of crossing the snow covered mountains. With his footsore and weary animals, he hesitated to cross the Great Basin and finally determined to go over the Sierra Nevadas into California.

To all who love California, her mountains are inspiring, and especially so to the traveler who stands at the summit of the Sierras on a clear day and gazes out over the magnificent vista which spreads before him. The breath of the pine, the leaping waters which spring from crag and down ravine, the distant lakes, the snow capped peaks, the soft breeze which stirs the trees and invigoratingly quickens the blood, the deep blue of the heavens bending above, all thrill the heart and exalt the soul of those who love nature and appreciate her matchless beauty and charm. And when daylight fades and the myriad stars come forth, spreading a glory o'er the firmament, the traveler resting by the wayside or beneath the pines looks up and is thrilled by the beauty of the night. But when the winter blast drives the snow before it, and canyon, path and woods are covered by the frozen drifts, and the streams choked with ice, the bravest heart and most courageous soul hesitates to face the dangers of the mountain pass.

CARSON had told Fremont that the pleasant valleys of California were not more than 70 miles away. The land of which Fremont had heard so many glowing descriptions appealed to him. They were both young men, fired with the spirit of exploration and with the desire of accomplishing something for their country. They had traveled south to the Walker river, but now turned north intending to follow the Truckee, but came to a branch of the

Carson and followed it to the summit. Through a part of January and nearly all through the month of February, they fought their way through the deep snows. The Indians, born and living in these mountains, had refused to accompany or guide them, it being winter time, and by signs conveyed the information that the snow fell to a depth reaching the topmost branches of the trees. One very old Indian by sign language expressed it: "Rock upon rock, rock upon rock; snow upon snow, snow upon snow!" By the present of a most bril-



Photo Courtesy Security First National Bank.

Kit Carson was Chief of Scouts of the American forces which captured Los Angeles.

liantly colored blanket, they finally induced a young Indian to act as a guide, but when a fierce mountain storm came on, filling the air with sleet and blocking the trails with snow and ice, the young buck at night abandoned the party.

But nothing could daunt the fearless and unconquerable spirit of the American pioneer and pathfinder, and they concluded to brave the perils of the mountains without a guide. Day by day, with their animals and packs, foot by foot they fought their way up the rugged gorges, through the drifting snows, over the frozen streams, meeting and conquering the most implacable forces of the elements. With the snow at times fifteen feet deep, in breaking a trail, they would drive their horses into a bank of it and when those in the lead became exhausted have fresh horses take their places and renew the attack. Of their 67 horses and mules 33 perished or were killed for food. They slept at night be-

neath the pine trees or on the frozen snow, with the thermometer at times from five to ten degrees below zero. There was one entry in the official diary of Fremont which, in these days, is rather interesting. Under date January 25, 1844, he states: "A little brandy which I husbanded with great care, remained, and I do not know any medicine more salutary, or any drink more agreeable, than this in a cold night after a hard day's march. Mr. Preuss questioned whether the famed nectar even possessed so exquisite a flavor. All felt it to be a reviving cordial." Their stores ran so low that many of their mules and horses were killed to provide food for the famished men.

They at last reached the summit, at an elevation of some 9000 feet, at the place now known as Kit Carson Pass, and Carson blazed one of the pine trees standing there and carved his name and the date, 1844, upon it. It was on the afternoon of February 20, and approximately four years before the discovery of gold by Marshall (January 24, 1848). The tree stood for years by the side of the road, afterwards constructed, but was eventually cut down. A section containing the name Kit Carson and the date was sawed out and sent to the museum in the building of The Society of California Pioneers, San Francisco, but, a short time before the fire of 1906, was placed in Sutter Fort, Sacramento. The stump of the tree still stands by the highway. The Historic Landmarks Committee of the Native Sons of the Golden West has placed an artistic bronze tablet, with appropriate data thereon, at the historic spot. This is one of the few authenticated spots which bore the mark of the earliest pathfinders and is closely linked with the pioneering spirit of the first settlers. It appropriated and marked the future trail of the "forty-niners." The present Alpine highway, on which we find the Kit Carson Pass, is probably the most picturesque road leading over the Sierras and by means of which the Lake Tahoe region may be reached. From a peak near by, Carson pointed far in the distance to the Sacramento valley, the Coast Range and the bay of San Francisco.

FREMONT wrote that after their long wanderings in rugged snow covered mountains, where so frequently they had met with disappointments, and where the crossing of every ridge displayed some unknown lake, they were almost

Read further on page 22

Does American Education Produce Criminals?

By CARLTON KENDALL

"A vase was begun; why as the wheel goes around, does it turn out a pitcher?"—HORACE.

I.

THE annual cost of crime in the United States is over two and one-half times the total income of our nation and over three times the national budget. In 17 years, the number of persons in our penal institutions has increased from 100.6 prisoners for every 100,000 of our population, to 150 out of every 100,000. In the last 24 years, the crime of murder has increased from 2.1 per 100,000 to 8.5 per 100,000.

Approximately half the convicts in our penitentiaries are under 25 years of age and eight out of ten are under 30. It is estimated that 80 per cent of all crimes are committed by boys. During the first ten weeks of 1927, 26 American students committed suicide and during that same period more vicious crimes were committed in the United States than were committed in England, Ireland, Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and Germany combined. During August, 1930, 39 murders were committed in Chicago, 13 in Philadelphia, 11 in Detroit and 10 in Cleveland. During that same period San Francisco reported 1,503 offenses.

These are a few of the astounding statistics quoted by writers on sociological conditions in America today. Authentic figures for the months recently past would be even more startling than these. Even allowing for exaggeration, one cannot but be impressed by the serious situation they depict. If crime and lawlessness are increasing, especially among the young men of our nation, eventually the time must come when the honesty of our country will be permanently undermined and when respect for law and order will have vanished.

We know that a healthy mind does not plan theft, murder or arson with the hope of achieving happiness thereby. We know also that many crimes are committed by persons of unstable reason and that the violently insane are at all times potential criminals. Consequently, any permanent increase in a nation's percentage of crime signifies a permanent increase in that nation's lunacy—and this, according to our insanity statistics, is exactly what seems to be taking place in contemporary America.

The six year period of 1904-1910 shows increases sectionally of 21 per

cent to 40 per cent in enumerated hospital cases of insanity throughout the United States. In New York State, alone, the increase of insane persons since 1900 is over 25,000. At present the number of lunatics confined in American institutions equals four times the population of the State of Nevada.

Every twenty minutes one American goes insane and every hour one American idiot or "half-wit" is placed in an asylum to be supported possibly for the remainder of his or her life by the taxpayers.

These statistics, taken from reports of the Department of Commerce in Washington, have been carefully checked. They show that sanity in America is yearly decreasing—and with the decrease in sanity comes an inverse increase in crime and lawlessness, which is a startling parallel with the increase of the insane.

So, unless the spread of insanity in America is checked, the spread of crime and lawlessness cannot be checked. Eventually, inevitably the doom will strike when the majority of American citizens will be incapable of rational, logical thought and action. What then will become of our country? A nation ruled by lunatics and criminals! Similar situations have arisen before in history: the result in the case of an empire has been a revolution, in the case of a republic—conquest. When mental degeneration comes to a country, the affairs of state become corrupted, the vitality of government becomes inadequate and the administration of law dishonest. Complete collapse follows. No nation can maintain its sovereignty unless it be of sound body and sound mind. The struggle for existence amongst nations is as keen as the struggle for existence amongst individuals. The strong, the healthy, the sane devour the weak, the sickly, the insane in accord with the laws of the survival of the fittest.

The citizens of a nation are to that nation as are the cells to a man's body. If they are diseased in mind, the nation is diseased in mind. If a large portion of them suffer physical and mental degeneration, national metabolism ceases and the national spirit begins to die. We may look upon the increase in America of crime, lawlessness and insanity as

cancer cells developing in the national organism. If these malgrowths go unchecked, the infection will spread and at last become incurable; but if they are treated in time, the nation will regain its mental and moral health and retain its prosperity. Accordingly, it behooves us to attempt to understand better the cause of this growing cachexy which threatens to pollute the red blood of our country.

II.

THREE outstanding reasons, amongst others, are put forward by specialists to explain the crime-insanity situation in America. The first of these is *too much luxury*, the second *too little religion* and the third *improper education*. In reality, the three are interlaced as will be discerned when we examine them separately. Excessive wealth and paucity of religion go hand in hand; but only when they arise from unbalanced mentality fostered by inadequate education, do they become the roots of lunacy and criminal impulses.

To be rich, to be excessively rich, does not imply either insanity, or a predisposition toward crime. But unless a man who possesses wealth knows how to use that wealth wisely he is apt to swagger about the world like an African king who suddenly inherits a diamond mine. Every man who receives an income in excess of his intellectual, emotional and spiritual culture is in much the same situation as is a monkey with a patent cigar lighter and a keg of black powder. He is a menace to the peace and well-being of society. This, unfortunately, is the condition of many of our nouveau riche in America today. Their purse exceeds their good sense.

A Defective Educational System

WHILE our public school system—elementary and secondary, offers excellent instruction on ways of making money, it offers no instruction about the intelligent use of money. That is to say, it prepares its graduates to become economic successes but does not tell them how to act when they arrive at that stage.

The subjects daily taught to American school children are adapted to the citizens of a nation in its pioneering

period, not to the citizens of a country which has become the Croesus of the World. Our educational system is adequate to the needs of those who advance in the financial and social scale.

When the average public school graduate acquires a fortune, he reaches the limit of his educational preparation and society has no assurance that he will utilize his newly acquired riches in a wise, law-abiding fashion. Often his wealth exceeds his cultural tastes and unless he has personally developed those tastes, we find him at fifty, and perhaps his wife as well, in a most incongruous and unhappy position—the position of Maggie and Jiggs of the comic supplements. He is no longer financially a part of the working class society of his youth and is unprepared, even with the assistance of Elbert Hubbard's pony, to crash the gates of cultural society. In plain words, he does not know how to be a gentleman of leisure and still find a place in the world pro bono publico. Those occupations, those pleasures which claim the attention of the rich man of culture do not amuse him. He is bored with opera, art and good literature; he is unprepared for scientific research or spiritual unfoldment. His tastes are the tastes of a European peasant though he lives in the fashion of royalty. That dream of wealth for which he has toiled all his life, he finds an Apple of Sodom. Disappointed, disillusioned, he loses faith in the dignity and beauty of human existence and spends his time trying to escape from reality which, like a demon, ever holds him by the coat tails.

Not only is such a man out of harmony with his environment but out of harmony with what Manly P. Hall calls the true rhythm of life. And because of this inharmony, because he fits nowhere in society, he is unhappy. Here again his education fails him, for it teaches him nothing which may give him insight into the cause of his unhappiness and so he cannot cure it. Neither can he prepare his own children to avoid the same pitfall into which he has plunged. As his boy and girl come face to face with the complex problems of youth today, he is un-

able to help them with sound, practical suggestions. Soon they no longer have confidence in his advice and so are left to meet their problems as best they may. His education has prepared him neither to be a successful capitalist nor a successful father. His money, instead of being a blessing to him and his family becomes a Frankenstein Monster threatening to undermine the moral in-

man has riches does this come upon him but because he is unprepared for riches.

In a country like America where the composition of the social classes is continually changing, we need an educational system which prepares a man to be a successful millionaire as well as to be a successful merchant or steel-placer. Perhaps it is equally as important that our citizens of means should be thoroughly sane and well balanced as that our working classes should be able to read Karl Marx and the reports of the last Internationale.

But not for the millionaire alone is our educational system inadequate in teaching the wise use of material wealth. Far more disastrous is its influence on the working man who finds himself progressing economically and is earning a surplus over his actual needs. He has no criterion by which to measure his expenditure for luxuries, no standard of good taste to guide him in his amusements. He too is like the African king with the diamond mine—though his diamond mine is somewhat smaller than the millionaire's. In most cases he spends his surplus for luxuries and neurotic pleasures which excite his nervous system by unnatural stimulation detrimental to his mental and physical health and happiness. He, too, often misses the deeper, richer beauty of life because his consciousness has been defectively educated. Like the millionaire, his sense of values is warped; he is often really insane and a potential (if not actual) breaker of the law.

Thus we cannot place excessive prosperity as a basic cause for the wave of crime and insanity in America today. Whatever evils arise from too much luxury are rooted, as we see, in a deeper soil than the money bag—they are rooted rather in the poor loam of a defective education.

Religion vs. Theologics

LET us glance now at the religious situation and observe how it also traces back to inadequate education.

It has long been realized by many of the leading educators and divines of our

Read further on page 18

VIRGILIA

By EDWIN MARKHAM

WILL go out where the sea-birds travel,
 And mix my soul with the wind and sea;
 Let the green waves weave and the gray rains ravel,
 And the tides go over me.
 The sea is the mother of songs and sorrows,
 And out of her wonder our wild loves come;
 And so will it be through the long tomorrows,
 Till all our lips are dumb.
 She knows all sighs and she knows all sinning,
 And they whisper out in her breaking wave;
 She has known it all since the far beginning,
 Since the grief of that first grave.
 She shakes the heart with her stars and thunder
 And her soft low word when the winds are late;
 For the sea is Woman, the sea is Wonder—
 Her other name is fate.

Edwin Markham, for nearly half a century a resident of California, was for many years a school teacher about the hills of the Golden Gate.

His "The Han With the Hoe," is the most revered and well-liked poem, short of the Psalms of David, that the world has known. It has been translated in to about forty languages and reprinted in probably as many as fifty thousand newspapers.

He is an enthusiastic champion of the public school system and of higher education. His philosophy is one of a harmonious combination of mental and physical labor. This, he maintains, leads naturally to spiritual appreciation.

The above lines from his "Virgilia" are among the few of his poetic expressions that deal with the sea.

BEN FIELD, Poetry Editor.

tegrity of his children, to give them a false set of values, a false idea about life, to prevent them from developing into sane human beings, into worthy American citizens. In this, the most important period of his life, his education has fallen down and in most instances the man and his wife develop what is a recognizable incipient form of insanity—nervous irritability. Though he does not realize it, his mind is undergoing distinct degeneration and his home, instead of becoming a valuable unit in American life, becomes a potential breeding place for criminals. Out of such homes have come some of the worst American criminals of recent years. Not because a

The Power of Print

By JOHN BOYNTON KAISER

(Concluded from October Issue)

V.

It was intimated earlier in these pages that what we ourselves do is of less importance than the direction in which, as a result of our actions, we set others' imaginations working. This fact offers the psychological basis for such arguments as may legitimately be advanced to justify censorship of print. In reality it is the only logical basis for censorship in any field—art, drama, the press, literature, dress, manners, conduct—and is equally applicable as a basis whether the censorship be instituted for political, religious or moral reasons.

The battle over censorship has waged back and forth throughout the centuries. In one camp are those who ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" disdaining all responsibility. Nearby are those who know that

"What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink."

and claim no competence to judge for others,—though approving, as all do, the laws prohibiting the distribution of spoiled meat and necessitating labels on poisonous drugs.

Another group believes that the normal adult should have a free choice in what he reads, thinks, sees, or hears, though favoring some censorship for the immature or mentally unstable. A final group would seek to assume the right to say what anyone, even the normal, mature adult should at any time hear, see or read. One thus has a wide choice of associates.

If it is true that "there is no time of life when books do not influence a man," that "a book may be as great a thing as a battle," that "few are better than the books they read"; if it is equally true that there are books written with a corrupt intent, with an obvious appeal to all the baser passions of men, books that torture the body, craze the mind and sear the soul—and all these things are true—then indeed do we have an illustration in print of the truth that "a power for the greatest good carries with it the power for the greatest ill."

For most of us this is an individual problem (except as we influence others through example) varying in its importance for each of us somewhat in proportion to the subjective or objective character of our reading. We feel at

liberty to read books that leave us worse than they found us if we so desire. Our profound respect goes to the man or woman who finds at all times the inner controls sufficient and needs not to pray for freedom from temptation and deliverance from evil in books, but complete candor would doubtless force most of us to confess some limitations in this matter and to other admissions of which we are not entirely proud.

The subject offers a field for endless and fascinating discussion which cannot be indulged in here. Those interested in its legal and literary aspects especially are referred to a new volume entitled *To The Pure—A Study of Obscenity and the Censor*¹⁹, characterized by William Allen White as "history of the legal battle for frankness and freedom of expression in matters pertaining to sex and . . . a well considered and logical defense of the thesis that in the written or spoken word candor is the only cure for obscenity." The extent to which the use of this volume itself may, in the minds of some, justify limitations will doubtless irritate though hardly surprise its authors. As a convenient and select bibliography of the classics of eroticism, ancient and modern, it is not surpassed. The six- and eight-volume bibliographies of the same subject are, fortunately, not so easily available.

To those seriously interested in this question I commend most earnestly Professor John Erskine's article in the *North American Review* for November, 1922, on "Decency in Literature," and Henry Seidel Canby on "Sex in Fiction" in the *Century* for the same month.

As a final comment on the subject I offer this from Erskine:

"Sex is a proper subject for literature, so long as it is represented as a general force in life, and particular instances of it are decent so long as they illustrate that general force and turn our minds to it; but sexual actions are indecent when they cease to illustrate the general fact of sex and are studied for their own sake."

VI.

WHILE he is a special pleader for the power of print, the ethics of the writer's profession insist that he present all sides of the case before the bar

of public opinion. It therefore becomes necessary to ask whether the power of print is such that reading is always a virtue; or, may it indeed actually become a vice. He would prefer in answer to have you absorb in full a little booklet of charm and rarity by his colleague, Dr. Theodore Wesley Koch, librarian of Northwestern University, entitled *Reading: A Vice or a Virtue*, wherein either alternative is proved possible.

It was said of the great Lord Acton that his reading was so wide and his learning so prodigious that his own productive powers were not only seriously checked but nearly submerged thereby. Indeed it is not unusual for the student, especially at first, to try to absorb all that others have said on a subject before beginning himself to write. *Creative reading* is the beginning of genius, but one must know the time to stop reading and to begin thinking. Even our great Shakespeare warns us that

"Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books."

Complete illiteracy may be a blessing in disguise, intimated President John J. Tigert of the University of Florida before the Department of Superintendence of the N. E. A. a year or so ago, when he remarked that a sampling of some of the literary pabulum that is now being swallowed by the American people would lead one to surmise that illiteracy may have some compensations and at least serves as a literary vaccination which renders one immune to mental pollution.

The case for visual instruction is today making great headway in educational circles and is a competitor of print at least in the matter of time-demands, and also in the minds of not a few, from the standpoint of demonstrable results. Visual aids in education include works of art, educational pictures, films, and exhibits of all kinds from the single object shown in the classroom to the entire equipment of our largest museums. Henry Fairchild Osborn in *Creative Education in School, College, University and Museum* presents a strong case indeed for those who would echo Agassiz' laboratory motto, "Study Nature, not books."

Read further on page 18

¹⁹ Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle, "To the Pure," Viking Press, New York, 1928.

The Olympic Games

By EVERETT L. SANDERS

THE eyes of the amateur sports world are focused on Southern California and Los Angeles in particular. Between 3,000 and 4,000 athletes, trainers and coaches representing more than 35 countries will be our guests in July and August of 1932, as participants and officials in the Olympic Games.

It was fitting and proper that Herbert Hoover, President of the United States, should accept the invitation of the organizing committee to personally attend and officially open the games of the Xth Olympiad, in Los Angeles, on the afternoon of July 30, 1932, thus perpetuating the tradition of modern Olympism, that the titular head of the government of the country in which the games are being held, officially declare the games open.

The origin and history of the games is but a myth to the vast majority of those thousands who will scan the sport pages eagerly next summer for the results of the contests. It would be well to acquaint ourselves with facts concerning the outstanding athletic meets of history which take place every fourth year.

The ancient Olympic Games, the origin of which is buried in obscurity, were celebrated at Olympia in Elis—a small plain west of Pisa—between the confluence of the rivers Alpheus and Cladeus, and the mountains Cronion and Olympus.

The first historical fact connected with the Olympic Games is their revival by Iphitus, King of Elis, assisted by Lycurgus, King of Sparta, and Cleosthenes of Pisa. It is probable that during the Dorian invasion the celebration of the festival was discontinued, and it is said that Iphitus was commanded by the Delphic oracle to revive the games as a remedy for the internal difficulties then besetting Greece.

Different dates are assigned by ancient writers, some placing the revival at 884 B.C., others at 828. The Olympiads were not employed as a chronological era until 776 B.C. The Olympiads were not continued to be celebrated with much splendor under the Roman emperors, and the festival was finally abolished in A.D. 394, in

the 16th year of the reign of Emperor Theodosius.

The revival of the modern Olympic Games was due almost entirely to the energy and enterprise of Baron Pierre de

Coubertin, in whose mind, at the age of seventeen, arose a desire for international athletics. For a time he contemplated a political future, but within a few years he determined to devote his life and resources to the introduction of sports into French education. To this end he traveled widely in America and England, and became convinced that the organization of sports in these two countries was of real importance in the lives of the people.

On November 25, 1892, at a meeting of the Union des Sports Athlétique in France, he publicly proposed the revival of the Olympic Games. For a while there was no perceptible result, but on January 15, 1894, he sent a circular to all athletic associations asking them to "sanction, if not the realization, at any rate the preparation of an international agreement" that would revive the Olympic Games under modern conditions. To this, there was a very irregular response.

However, the Congress opened in June, 1894, in the Amphitheatre of Sorbonne, and unanimously decided upon the revival of the Olympic Games and the institution of the International Olympic Committee. Baron de Coubertin proposed that to Athens should be given the great honor of staging the Olympic revival. Consequently the first of the modern games were held there in April, 1896, and they have been celebrated every four years since then, excepting in 1916, as follows:

Paris, France	1900
St. Louis, Missouri	1904
Athens, Greece	1906
London, England	1908
Stockholm, Sweden	1912
Antwerp, Belgium	1920
Paris, France	1924
Amsterdam, Holland	1928

Reading from the Olympic events program for 1932 we find some interesting facts. It states that during the sixteen days of events there will be more than 135 distinct programs of competitions to be held mornings, afternoons and evenings, at nine or more stadiums, auditoriums, and water courses. The sports and events that go to make up the entire pro-

Read further on page 31



HARLOW P. ROTHERT, *Stanford*

Holder of the N.C.A.A. and I.C.A.A. 16-lb. shotput record of 50 ft. 3 in., who will be one of Uncle Sam's hopes in this event against the world's record holder, Hirschfield of Germany, whose mark of 52 ft. 7¼ in. is recognized officially by the International Amateur Athletic Federation. John Kuck of the United States was winner of the finals in this event in the 1928 Olympics at Amsterdam.

The Rise and Fall of Money

By NATHAN T. PORTER

AFTER the exchange value of everything exchangeable or saleable has collapsed, now comes a drop in the value of money itself that is some 90 per cent of the money in circulation throughout the world.



Nathan T. Porter

A desertion of the long established standard of gold is imminent—in fact it is fast being deserted. Result:—in vast areas of the business world current currency no longer maintains its parity. Money in the form of promises to be redeemed in gold is showing less and less each day.

In these United States where the dollar still registers 100 cents a large part of our currency such as national bank notes, silver notes, treasury notes, etc., are without a gold reserve for redemption purposes. In fact France is the only outstanding nation outside our own with a redemption of its I.O.U.'s in gold. That symbol of parity idolized the world over—the pound sterling—is now quoted at less than \$4 in exchange for our gold standard money.

So be it. Yet, Great Britain, "Empire of the Seas and of the Continents" is still doing business—more business. Demonetized white metal is taking on value and threatens a stimulation of business throughout the silver producing countries of the world. Moreover every country with its back to the gold standard finds it of advantage to do more business at home and more business with the other nations who have likewise abandoned the measure of values in terms of gold.

Obviously any nation finding the buying power of its money greater at home than abroad will do more buying at home. More spending at home means more development of home business, including home trade, home finance, intensified domestic economy, and general up-building of the place in which we live.

As proof of the above statement, read the recent history of France with its de-

motored franc, discounted to the bone, yet working over-time within the boundaries of the Republic, accelerating every economic move within, increasing money reserve, gold reserve, on and up until today the country of the demoted franc, within the short space of five years, has become the country of the greatest gold reserve per capital in all the world.

Why then take this break with the gold standard so seriously? Why treat as something vital this matter of the rise and fall of money? Why not be more concerned in the rise and fall of business—home business; and of the circulation of money and the extension of credit—home credit—credit of the individuals making up the mass?

Has it occurred to us that this pride we display from our awareness that our dollar is still a dollar, is at least 90 per cent a false vanity? What is that fact doing for us right now? Are people trading with us more freely because we discount their medium of payment? Does the discounting of their money have any effect in raising the price of our goods? Does it help our foreign markets? Haven't we just slid the crossbar up another notch making the traders hurdle a little higher in order to do business with us?

As we stop, look, and listen, may we not perceive that this standard of gold, a substance valuable as such only in the arts, this metal against which is to be reconed the value of every medium of exchange throughout the business world is not as sound a business principle as we have been led to believe—sound as it is said to be, and as it is in thought to be, and as it has been declared to be by our great seers of finance? Why should we be forced to abandon it at the very downward extreme of a great depression? If it is sound as to part of our currency in these United States, should it not be sound as to all our covenant paper which we use as money, and which goes generally as money, and which is accepted by our Government in discharge of what we owe the Government?

Shouldn't money standards as to their soundness be tested just as business standards are as to their soundness, by the acids of adversity?

The decrease in our exports has al-

ready reached the 1914 level and is moving downward at an alarming rate. Obviously this downward trek of our foreign market level is now being greatly accelerated by our relatively high-priced money.

THE UNDERPINNING OF OUR EXPORT TRADE

OUR dependence on foreign markets as disclosed by the frantic efforts of our financial leaders to maintain our export trade is more or less discomfiting when we take into account the processes by which this foreign trade has been built up and maintained during the past few years. An enlightening analysis of the means by which we have upheld this trade appeared recently in the *New York Herald Tribune*. Mr. Lippmann, the writer of the article states:

"We sold about 850 million dollars more good abroad than we bought. We also had coming to us that year about 200 millions on the war debts, and about 600 millions net returns on our foreign investments. How did our foreign customers and debtors get this 1,650 millions to pay us? They got 660 millions from the tourists. They got 220 millions from immigrants here who sent money home. That covered about half what they owed us. Where did they get the rest of it? They got it out of the 970 millions which we loaned to them that year.

In other words, the only way we were able to sell so much more than we bought was by lending the outside world the money to make up the difference."

As a further commentary, Mr. Lippman sums up the situation as follows:

"How did we come to do these things? We drifted into them by adopting national economic policies which have thrown all three national economic systems out of balance. The Germans were saddled with the reparations debt. The British were hemmed in on all sides by tariff walls. And we set ourselves the impossible task of collecting the money for our surplus exports and the money on the war debts and the

money on our foreign investments while we raised a prohibitive tariff. Other governments did equally unworkable things, and the combination of all of them has produced not a mere cyclical depression but a radical dislocation of the economic structure of the whole world.

A RECONSTRUCTION

A COMPLETE and honest analysis of the situation involves an imperative demand for an entirely new business guide in every fundamental process of our business activities.

First. We must adhere to the principles of a balanced budget, that is, we must heed the warnings which come from our ever increasing cost of government. Mr. Sullivan, in *The Nation's Business* refers to the extended cost of our government at 14 billion dollars per year and compares this cost of government with a gross farm value of all agricultural products of the United States in 1929, amounting to \$11,900,000.00. When cost of being governed exceeds the sum total of farm product values in an agricultural nation there is just reason for pause, he states. In terms of per cent of the national income our cost of government represents 17 per cent of the total aggregate national income for 1928. Further, in comparison with the income of the current year this cost would represent a much higher per cent or close to the 20 per cent dead line, marking a threat against national stability.

Second. Shaping the financial structures and national financial policies with a single end in view, namely, the welfare of the masses. As a concrete example our Federal reserve system was ostensibly planned and was to be operated as a cushion against financial shocks and as an effective preventative of the business sickness from which we now suffer. Today it is a matter of record that it has not worked out just that way. On the contrary, it stands indicted on the charge both of omission and commission.

On the side of omission it has failed to act as a balance wheel or a governor against the wide spread breaks with the principle of sound business such as have characterized the financial history of our country during the past decade.

On the side of commission, it has aggravated financial outlawry. For example, in the month of November, 1930, according to a report at hand, the Federal reserve bank withdrew 550 millions

of commercial loans and made loans totalling 107 millions to Wall Street. While at that very time in the Republic of France, a nation directing its financial energy toward the raising of the welfare level of the entire body of its citizenship, was making loans through its private banks for building homes at the unprecedented low rate of 1 per cent. In other words, the surplus available for loans in France was being made to home builders at a most favorable rate of interest to the borrowers. While in these United States our great controlling banking machine was withdrawing its loans from the legitimate avenues of trade and lending its available funds (funds intended to maintain the economic health of the nation) to a gang of racketeers who were taking the economic balance of an entire nation, and indirectly an entire world, "for a ride."

A striking reflection of the impotence of our national financial system and policy is set out in a summary in Mr. William A. Heartt, in comparing same with the functions and the functioning of the Bank of France:

"In contrast with our system and all other nations of the earth, the Bank of France issues all currency, loans money to the National government without interest, and controls interest rates to the public, by loans in competition with private banks. In spite of the Franco-Prussian War, 1871 to 1873, and the late war, 1914 to 1920, France maintained an average rate of interest on dwellings of three per cent, industrial buildings of four and a half per cent, and commercial loans of five and a half per cent, without serious depressions, unemployment, or cutting of prices, for sixty-one years. During the present depression France has had less than 800 idle, and according to reports of December, 1930, there were fifteen thousand jobs offered without men to fill them. In contrast we had no less than 11,000,000 idle, and millions in the bread lines.

The GOLD RESERVE of France is alarming the entire world by exceeding per capita even the United States at its best, and the Bank of France knows how to keep it in the face of a world of jealousy."

Further, a primary defect in our financing results is disclosed in the remarks of Premier Laval, in the *New York Sun*:

"The great mass of French peasants hold the national fortune. The

great proportion of savings is in their names, and the traditional *bas de laine* (woolen sock) is filled to overflowing, awaiting a chance to participate in some foreign investment which has the approval of the Government."

The location of the great proportion of the cash reserves in our country is common knowledge; the exact geographical reverse of the situation in France. Not all, but much of this dislocation of our reserves in our so-called money centers might be charged directly to the nature of our financial machinery and the manner in which it is operated.

Third. Equalize the burden of taxation by first undoing or minimizing so far as possible one of the gravest mistakes this country ever made namely, the exempting of securities (in essence strictly commercial or financial) from taxation; and, second, by resorting at once to a sales tax or some other equally equalizing plan of taxation.

Fourth. Restrict arbitrary radical and unwarranted inflation and deflation of capital securities both through inflations incident to merger and consolidations, and inflation and deflation due to manipulations on the exchanges. In other words, an effective control of investment markets. To the investment market control there might well be added a censorship of foreign loans.

Fifth. The practice of sensible protectionism (in the language of M. Pierre Laval); also paralleling an effective censorship of foreigners coming in with an aggressive repatriation of the *foreigners in who should be out*.

EXPEDIENTS

SINCE our discussion in the October number of this magazine, a national credit corporation has been proposed and its set-up is now being perfected. This devotes to liquefying purposes some half billion of capital. So far so good. It at least constitutes a gesture in the direction of a loosening of securities.

Naturally it occurs to us that if our great financial minds believe this move will tend to break the log jam of finance, what would the move proposed in our discussion under "The One Way Out," (October number this magazine) accomplish? It should not only loosen the jammed logs but send them down stream with such force as to run them completely through the woodworking mills. That is, if a half billion available will

Read further on page 30

A Visit to H. G. Wells

By CYRIL CLEMENS

H. G. WELLS, son of a professional cricketer, is a man of whom most of us know little. His first book, "Select Conversations With An Uncle," was published in 1895, and books from his pen have been appearing at the rate of one or two each year ever since.

Wells lives in a handsome apartment in a district of London known as Clarence Gate. At my entry Mr. Wells advanced to meet me; a stocky man of medium height, auburn hair turning slightly grey and thinned at the top; good teeth which became visible when he smiled however slightly. He did not look at all like a writer, resembling rather a prosperous business man. His voice reminded me of that of Calvin Coolidge: pleasant but not suited to oratorical effects. Wells introduced me to the publisher, Charles Doran and to an exiled Russian princess and almost immediately made me feel at home.

"I have always admired the humor of America," began Wells, "There is just enough difference between it and the English humor to make a delightful contrast, American humor serves as a relief from too much "Punch."

At the mention of Artemus Ward, Wells put his head on one side as is his manner in speaking, and replied, "I wouldn't write anything on that subject, if I were you. I do not feel that Ward is worth all the trouble necessary to produce a biography. A biographer should deal with things more modern; more vibrant with present day life!"

On this point there was ushered into the room a gentleman of medium height, of extremely fair complexion with ruddy cheeks, jet black hair, and with unusually eloquent hands—Dr. Emil Ludwig. Greetings over, he took a seat somewhat hesitatingly. It was some time before he joined in the conversation by saying in answer to a question:

"I am exceedingly fond of London, and I come over at the slightest provocation; the London literary life is extremely interesting, and forms a pleasant change from Switzerland where I live the greater part of the year!"

The Russian princess asked Dr. Ludwig about the German humorists.

"We have not nearly as many humorists," he replied, "as they have in England and America; our most famous

humorist is, I think, Theodor Fontane; without a doubt he was the most representative German humorist of the nineteenth century. His works afford the foreigner an idea of the quality of German humor. Much to my regret he has not been adequately translated and unfortunately, the same thing can be said of most of our German authors."

After showing Ludwig a medal struck to commemorate Napoleon's entry into Moscow, I said,

We in America greatly enjoyed your splendid life of Bonaparte; your fresh and original interpretation of a man who has been written about so much was as excellent as it was extraordinary!

Ludwig merely shrugged his shoulders as though writing such a marvelous life was merely part of the day's work—not to be thought about when once finished; and yet he replied with a look of conviction, "If I have accomplished anything in the field of literature, much yet remains still to be done." Noblesse oblige! Some three years ago on a lecture tour of America, Ludwig had taken as his subject in St. Louis, "Bismarck and Modern Germany," and I remarked to him that the lecture had thrown new light on this great character for his audience. The answer that Ludwig returned is still puzzling me! I cannot imagine what he exactly meant:

"I am afraid on that evening you heard a great deal of nonsense!" he muttered.

WHEN I told Wells that I had called upon Mrs. William J. Locke earlier that afternoon, he remarked.

"Mrs. Locke is a most charming and delightful lady; her husband and I were great friends and literary companions in-arms."

"To what school of English fiction does Locke belong?" I asked.

"He does not belong to any one particular school," replied Wells, rubbing his hands together as is sometimes his habit when interested in a subject, "his work was influenced by a number of authors, such as Bulwer-Lytton, Cervantes, Anatole France, and perhaps William DeMorgan. His novels contain so much spontaneity, humor, and charm of diction, that for anyone bored with life

they would serve as a most excellent tonic. Just the other day I ordered Locke's posthumous novel from my booksellers."

"Who is the greatest living English humorist?" someone demanded of Wells.

"I hate superlatives when applied to people," answered he, "but if I had to name one who is head and shoulders above the majority of humorists, it would be the delightful W. W. Jacobs. Although he has been writing now for some 35 odd years, his work is still as fresh as ever. His stories are such perfect little gems of literary art, done with marvelous deftness and precision. I can read them over and over again."

"Do you know Jacobs?" Wells asked me.

"Yes," I answered, "he is one of my best friends, and a most charming companion."

"Some people," commented Wells, "say that he talks very little. Lord Reading told me that he sat next to Jacobs at a dinner and that the humorist spoke hardly a word all during the meal."

"Most people," I replied, "have their quiet and their talkative days. There were weeks at a stretch when Mark Twain would hardly utter a word."

"That is true" said Wells "and it is very possible that Jacobs takes a little time to warm up to a stranger. It is most interesting, how Jacobs got the subject matter of his stories. It was really his father who had the experiences on the Thames. He was an excellent story teller and used to regale his family, night after night, with his inimitable yarns. They made an indelible impression upon the mind of William, and became the crude ore out of which his genius fashioned the stories that we know so well."

To hear one literary master talk about another in such an informal and engaging manner was delightful, and was proof positive that all great writers are not jealous of their fellows as certain critics would have us believe!

A few days before I had been to see John Galsworthy who, besides novels and plays, writes a certain amount of poetry. So I said to Wells,

"Do you ever write any poetry?"

Read further on page 32

The Gilded Cage---A Short Story

By CHARLES FLETCHER SCOTT



HOW could she have been such a fool? Never before in her life had she done such a thing. Was she losing her mind? Had he hypnotized her—drugged her will-power? She had handed her money over to a man she had never seen before. The blood surged through her temples as it had done a hundred times during the past week. Was it only a week? It seemed years. Every night she would wake up with a start at exactly one o'clock. In her dreams she had been fighting burglars in dank cellars—fighting mashers. And the rest of the night she would toss and turn, wide-eyed, reviewing every detail of the strange adventure and scourging herself with a thousand condemnations, wondering how she could have been such a fool.

It was not the amount—only ten dollars,—although it had ruined her holiday. It was not the loss of the ten dollars, but the loss of her self-esteem. In her well-ordered life she had never been swindled before. With almost uncanny perception, she had been able to sense shyster salesmen and solicitors. She saw through impostors with microscopic scrutiny. In the office, she would brush them out with a disconcerting repressed smile.

Ugh! It burned her alive to remember how she had fallen for this cheap trick. It was her cleverness and diplomacy in dealing with office pests that had first called Mr. Wentworth's attention to her, and started her on a rapid series of promotions, till she was now the head of the office, second only to Mr. Wentworth; and, indeed, she knew more about the details of the business than he did. Her greatest joy was the unconcealed admiration that lighted up his face whenever she turned a clever argument, or brought in an inspired bit of "ad" copy. With outward stoical countenance, she secretly glowed under his admiration. It was her life. And now she had failed him and herself.

In another hour, just one week would

have elapsed since it happened. It was Saturday at high noon—higher than noon, because Mr. Wentworth had gone to join his usual foursome, and all the girls had scattered to the beaches. She remained to clear up his desk and lock the vault. She was toning down her vivid color complexion, patting the powder-puff listlessly against her cheek, when there appeared in the mirror, over her left shoulder, the image of a man. She whirled around with a muffled cry of surprise, and faced the intruder.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a low bow, and continued in a well-modulated, cultured voice: "I am looking for my friend Hal. Where is the old rascal?"

"Mr. Wentworth has gone to play golf. Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"Just my luck. The first time in my life that I have ever needed that old bum, and here he is off playing golf."

"But he needs the rest," Mary hastened to explain. "I am his assistant. Probably I would do?"

"You do? . . . Say! . . . Indeed, you'll do. . . . But this is not advertising. This is personal. You know, Hal and I were pals in Harvard. Recently I have been East. Now I'm back, and I wanted to carry him off to lunch at the University Club. That is—I did—until this embarrassing thing happened."

Mary Astor stiffened perceptibly. She sensed a "touch."

"Clever girl!" the stranger ejaculated. "Hal wrote me that he had a marvelous little 'touch-detector.' Evidently you are it. Your detector-needle is sure working, for money is just what I want."

"I'm sorry that Mr. Wentworth is not here," Mary said with the disconcerting repressed smile.

"Never mind," he said. "The banks are closed. The Club is always broke by noon on Saturday. But I'm not going to the poor-farm. You see, I left my coat in the car at the curb while I was getting a package of cigarettes—just a moment. And when I came back, I dived for my pocket-book. It was gone, and twenty-five dollars gone with it. Rotten carelessness! Of course, I can get home; but I wanted to make a few little purchases for Sunday. If Hal were here he would let me have a 'tenner,' as I have done for him many a time. Well, *au revoir*. Tell your boss—imagine calling old Hal anybody's boss—I'll be back again when I don't need money."

It was right then that Mary's touch-detector broke down. There was something so sincere, so utterly genial and kind in his voice that she burst forth with: "Probably I could let you have ten dollars of my money."

For a moment he lost his *nonchalance*, but he snapped right back with: "Would you? . . . Bless you . . . Oh, no, I always swore that I would never borrow money from a girl. It seems vulgarly ungalant. But when I swore that noble swear, I had money." He looked at the door. A janitor was coming in. "But now I am strapped. Beggars can't be high-hatters. If you will, I'll return the money next Saturday, and as interest, I'll bring you the sweetest-voiced roller canary you ever heard. You know, we raise them out on the ranch."

Now, Mary had a passion for canaries. The little things got her. Something inside her loosened, and she pressed ten dollars on the stranger with almost an apology. And he bowed himself out with great ceremony.

ALL that Saturday, for no reason at all, she had been stepping on air. It had not yet occurred to her that the college chum might be an impostor. With nothing else to do now, she strolled down to the bird-store and speculated on what her canary would look like. Certainly, she reflected, she must have a cage for it. So she went to another store and looked the cages over. There was a cheap one that would do; but she decided that a sweet-voiced roller canary should have the best. So she sent the best one over to the office. She burned again as she thought of it, now hidden in Mr. Wentworth's closet.

It was not till Monday that Mary commenced to have her misgivings. Tuesday she put a hypothetical case up to that emotionless wizard—the treasurer of the office. He listened with tired condescension, and said: "Your friend fell for the Old Army game. She will never see that money again. Poor fool."

Wednesday she interrogated Mr. Wentworth. Had he a friend who lived on a ranch nearby and raised canaries? But she got small comfort from him.

Then she started working on her own motives. Why did she do it? Was she fascinated by the stranger? No, she realized that he was only an incident,

Read further on page 27

A Salon of Painters of the West

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

OF LATE, a great deal has been talked and written about the progress of art in Southern California, with the promise of a new school of painting to be derived from new soil. In the past there has been too much said about art and not enough done about it. Like Mark Twain's observation regarding the weather, it is "something everyone talks about but no one ever does anything about."

The field of Western painting is so vast, its interests so scattered, and the class of work so diversified, that I cannot hope to correct, in this brief article, the many false impressions that exist, or stress the myriad angles of interest that prevail in relation to our native art.

Apparently it is difficult for the average museum curator and art dealer to realize that a marked change has taken place in the public mind, during the past decade, regarding matters of art.

The bored society matron and the tired business man are not nearly as bored or tired as they once were. It isn't considered smart. We are living in an age when everyone must be on his toes. One is required to know something about everything;—otherwise you simply don't belong.

The public have become art-minded to a marked degree. They begin to realize what an important part art plays in modern home and business life. At least they are conscious of design, and that alone opens up a wide vista.

The strange sphere of art rolls along with our workaday world in a fantastic manner, like the fourth dimensional region, but the business man is no longer a stranger to it. It is not uncommon for a financier to walk out of an art gallery with a bit of canvas under his arm, and leave a check for many thousands of dollars behind him.

Those who can afford to patronize the arts are no longer willing to be fooled.

The organization of the society of "Painters of the West," with headquarters at the Biltmore Salon, is proving a long step forward in the development of local art appreciation. Here is gathered and exhibited the most representative works of artists who specialize in painting typically western subjects.

Due to the inaccessibility of some of the more important art colonies, much talent and accomplishment would be lost

to the public, were it not for the concentrated efforts of this organization, of which Charles O. Middleton is president and Jack W. Smith is secretary and treasurer.

Mr. Alexander Cowie, who manages the destinies of the Biltmore Salon, declares that his volume of sales within the past two seasons has shown a remarkable growth, and as further evidence of the presence of a strong Western culture, he points out that approximately 70 per cent of these were made to local buyers. This surely bolsters up our civic pride, and also proves the importance of maintaining a high standard in all local art galleries and of offering only works of proven merit to the buying public. This the society of "Painters of the West" has been seriously endeavoring to do, and one-man exhibitions throughout the year represent the work of many of our most outstanding California artists, including such able men as Jack Wilkinson Smith, F. Tenney Johnson, A. N. A., George K. Brandriff, Clyde Forsythe, Carl Oscar Borg, Aaron Kilpatrick, Hanson Puthuff and Max Wieczorek.

These artists will tell you that no section of America offers the charm of color and variety of subjects that is to be found

in Southern California. They will also tell you, that to successfully paint this elusive western landscape requires a knowledge of its myriad changing moods, that is acquired only after long study and sympathetic association.

For pure landscape rendering, Jack Smith, Hanson Puthuff and Aaron Kilpatrick are acknowledged leaders, while for landscape with figures, F. Tenney Johnson, Carl Oscar Borg and Clyde Forsythe are unexcelled.

Another highly talented member of this group is George K. Brandriff. He is one of the younger, and undoubtedly one of the most promising artists in Southern California at the present time.

For sympathetic and artistic portraiture, Max Wieczorek stands preeminently alone as foremost on the Pacific Coast.

The annual exhibition from the Vose Galleries in Boston is one of the highlights of the Salon art section. Mr. Vose has specialized in early English portraits since 1890, and his collection includes examples of the best schools, which are always to be seen in the colorful "Galleria."

Artists must sell their canvases or seek other means of livelihood, yet a false idea

Read further on page 29



Lure of Gold, by Frank Tenney Johnson, A.N.A.
Courtesy Biltmore Salon.

Sonoma Treasures July 4 as Important in California History

By CELESTE G. MURPHY

SONOMA CITY, cradle of California history, was the scene of important happenings in the history of the State, enacted there July 4, 1823, and July 4, 1846.

The first celebration on July 4, 1823, was not a patriotic demonstration. Sonoma was then a wilderness. Indians and grizzly bears were monarchs of all they surveyed. Just a few days prior to the day we celebrate as Independence day, Padre Altimira and a company of soldiers from the Missions San Francisco and San Rafael wended their way over the brown Petaluma hills into the fertile valley which they found was called by the Indians "Sonoma." They came to locate a site for another Mission, which proved to be the last of the 23 begun by Father Junipero Serra at San Diego in his spiritual conquest of another empire for Spain.

All the country around was inspected but none proving as suitable as the place Sonoma, Father Altimira decided the Mission, which he was to call new San Francisco, should be located on the northeast side of the valley not far from the base of protecting hills, sheltered and watered by many natural springs and surrounded by rich farming land.

At sunrise July the fourth, the camp of the new settlers in the valley was astir with great preparations. A cross was fashioned from the limbs of a tree and an altar of willow branches and other necessary construction completed. The preparations witnessed by the savages of the oat-grown wilderness created a profound impression. When the cross was planted and a volley fired over the new hallowed land, there was rejoicing, for the work of converting the heathens of Sonoma was well under way and California's civilization further assured.

The padres and escort returned to the missions at San Rafael and San Francisco, where it was agreed that the Sonoma cross should rise from a church to be designated San Francisco Solano instead of New San Francisco de Asis as first planned. This was done to avoid confusing the names, since San Francisco Mission was to be maintained. Sonoma was held to be very valuable, being far enough north to act as a barrier to Russian penetration. The Russians had colonized and fortified northern Sonoma county and were being watched by Spain with suspicion. However, when the Russian colonists heard of the great event of July fourth, 1823, they kept informed and when the new mission was built at Sonoma some months later they were present at the dedication and made friendly gifts to the church. They seemed pleased that the padres were to assist in the ways of peace and conversion of savage Indian tribes which had frequently challenged their energetic exploitation of their land of plenty. Thus began the Mission San Francisco Solano de Sonoma, whose birthday is July 4, 1823.

JULY 4, 1846, following so close upon the Bear Flag uprising at Sonoma, was to be one of the most critical in California history. On that day General Fremont, The Pathfinder, and a force of 130 men including the Bear Flag party, celebrated the Fourth on the plaza of the Mission town or pueblo, after routing a detachment of Castro's Mexican soldiers under Joaquin de la Torre. There was earnest and excited talk about coming under rule of the United States. The question was complicated by the Bear Flag republic advocates led by William Ide who had

been chosen leader of the insurrectionists. Events were crowding so fast that Fremont decided to celebrate the Fourth of July, have the Declaration of Independence read, and fire many salutes to stress the glory of a prospective state under the stars and stripes. History tells us that it was a noisy but liquorless celebration, for excitement had been running so high that it was deemed best by the Bear Flag leader to make all whisky contraband. As a further safety measure all the women of the surrounding country had been brought to Sonoma for protection and with Fremont's coming many felt safe enough to attend the grand ball held Fourth of July night.

Fremont and his force, including officers from some United States warships and frigates anchored in San Francisco bay, spent a portion of the Fourth organizing the settlers and followers into a battalion of four companies of 224 men. William Ide, commander-in-chief of the revolutionists, saw his Bear Flag government waning as Fremont called a mass meeting at the big adobe residence of Salvador Vallejo (a building which is still a proud landmark of old Sonoma.) Seventy armed men and the officers from the warships had a good effect on the 200 enthusiastic independents. They were eager for action in the move begun to free California from Mexican rule, and milled around to learn of the new plan of organization. Fremont was chosen commander July 5 and William Ide signed a document pledging cooperation in the formation of a new government having for its objective annexation to the United States as a State. Four days later, July 9, the Bear Flag was hauled down and supplanted by the stars and stripes.

THOMAS A. EDISON was a strange mixture of business-man, scientist, inventor, idealist, practical psychologist, philosopher, and hard-worker. On one occasion when a friend complimented him on the wonders of his inventions, Edison replied: "Genius is about two per cent inspiration and ninety-eight per cent perspiration." In the "Boys Life of Edison," he says: "I worked over one year twenty hours a day, Sundays and all, to get the word 'specie' perfectly recorded and reproduced on the phonograph. When this was done, I knew that everything else could be done, which was a fact." It is a significant fact that while Edison had little schooling of the traditional type and was generally considered dull in school, he ultimately became one of the world's best educated men.

Business, the Salt of Life: Wherewith Shall It Be Salted Again?

By ORRA E. MONNETTE

THE world is in gloom, apparently—the nation is upset, distracted—and, you, OH! LITTLE THINKER, (modestly), what are you going to do about it? You are withdrawing to yourself, hoarding your few precious dollars, "sitting and *thinking*," and very little of the latter mental exercise, watchful, suspicious and restless, because Life has suddenly become vacuous, vapid and discouraging? What has become of YOUR HOPE, YOUR COURAGE, YOUR OPTIMISM, YOUR AMERICANISM, and, by the way, just look around the corner and see what your elder brother, MAN OF BIGGER TRANSACTIONS, is doing, and see if he is scared to death, as you? NO!

The ANSWER must be immediate. We are in a period of economic readjustment, and you and I must take note of the fact. These are big words, but simple of meaning. Economics refer to what you do, how you live, and the few things you possess, which are only valuable, as *others may desire them*. Value and appraisal are only matters of opinion and desirability. If you cheapen what you have, by what you think about them, and decry the goods of your neighbors by similar measuring strings, you become poorer day by day, and are learning your first lesson in economics. The size, character and type of the doughnut is determined by the hole, but its value is in the sweet, savourous ring about the hole—that sugar-coated, hot, mellow circle, which makes the mouth water, as I write. The HOLE is LOST CONFIDENCE in your country, your co-laborers, in every field of work, big or small, your fellows, your friends, your family, even God himself.

"Readjustment" simply means a change of heart and renewed application to the laws of life, something in the nature of the old-fashioned Methodist idea of personal conversion, and consecration. It is not only practical, but ideal, sentimental and spiritual.

What is BUSINESS anyway, if it be under charge and must needs defend itself?

An old literary authority first uttered this aphorism, in language ringing with force and truth:

"BUSINESS is the SALT OF LIFE, which not only gives a grateful smack to it, but dries up those crudities that would offend, preserves from putrefaction and drives off all those blowing flies that would corrupt it."

In scriptural warning and admonition, it is said: "SALT IS GOOD, but if the



Orra E. Monnette,

Vice-Chairman of the Board of Directors, Bank of America, Director of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, has just returned from one of the sessions in Washington, D. C.

SALT have lost its SAVOUR, wherewith shall it be seasoned?" Another biblical writer more directly put it: "wherewith shall it be salted?"

Since the dawn of CREATION, practical exchanges between men, in the necessary intercourse to be had with each other, have been expressed in trade and barter. One gave up the excess or unused article of which he was possessed for that acquisition of his neighbor or trader, who possessed something which the former did not have, or which HE GREATLY DESIRED. The meat or SALT of the whole transaction has ever rested in the fundamental urge or thirst for WHAT IS GREATLY DESIRED.

This is BUSINESS, in modern language and social relationships. The SALT is the desire to trade, barter and exchange. And, if the literateur above is right, business is the salt of life. Life, of course, is living, and with one's neighbors, which is sociology, or the forms of social living together.

There are no distinctions in business, from the smallest to the largest, and the scale of magnitude of operation does not change the inherent principle of barter, trade and exchange, as labor for compensation, service for hire, or articles sold for monetary value. While, modernly, success and achievement are measured by financial prowess, that is only a phase of modern society, called by that badly used and much abused term of PROSPERITY.

All men and women are dependent upon each other and interdependent with every one else. The entire social structure and fabric depend upon BUSINESS for its proper and successful carrying on. The very food one eats, the clothing one wears, the shelter he enjoys, all necessities, comforts and luxuries are inaugurated, provided and sustained by the various business agencies which men set up by private industry and competition, under beneficent governments, to administer to their needs and desires. If any wrong thinking, inaction or hopeless approach be held towards BUSINESS, the smooth and productive running of the social machinery is set awry, becomes clogged, the output is lessened and the whole process put in the doldrums.

Again, what is BUSINESS? Quoting from the poet:

"He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart, and keeps it, has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life,
Has BUSINESS."

And this brings the whole proposition around to the mental attitude that is the ideal; the spiritual influence that is the sentimental; and individual hopes for better things, which is the optimistic.

At the risk of this being simply subjective analysis, with no practical con-
Read further on page 29

Education

Continued from page 8

country that religion as practiced in the average American home and church is no longer able to satisfy man's inherent spiritual craving. Prof. Leuba in "Belief in God and Immortality" even goes so far as to assert that "Christianity as a system of belief has utterly broken down and nothing definite, adequate or convincing has taken its place. This, however, we feel is an unwarranted conclusion. The facts do not indicate that Christianity has broken down, but rather man's comprehension of Christianity.

The truth is that the average American divine knows comparatively little about Christianity but much about theologies. He can denounce companionate marriage and rant against his rival sects but he is quite unable to explain intelligently the rudimentary laws of spiritual development or the known facts about the effect of prayer on the autonomic nervous system and higher ganglionic and glandular centers in man. So when a high school student asks him a simple question about the scientific basis of Christianity, he can only mouth quotations from the Bible and hedge, evade or tell him plainly that he does not know. He is unable to substantiate with practical reasons and examples the spiritual laws and beliefs he advocates. A salesman who knew no more about the goods he desired to sell than does the ordinary Christian minister about what he is trying to teach, would lose his position at the end of the first week. Probably not eight out of ten preachers of the Chris-

tian gospel in America can explain what is meant in the Twenty-third Psalm by the passage, "thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over." It is doubtful if an equal percentage of choir singers know anything about the profound mantric law which underlies all truly religious music and chants including even the pronouncing of the familiar "amen."

The public school has left religious education to the church and the church has fallen down. As W. E. A. Slaght remarks in an article of January, 1928, "the church school has not measured up to modern standards of education"; and as Franklin observes, "attendance on church or Sunday school has little or no effect on the comprehension of religious materials." Today it is rare to enter an American church where seats are at a premium as in the churches of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and Dr. Robert Norwood in New York City.

Undeniably there is a lack of religion in contemporary America, not so much a numerical falling off in church attendance as a progressive degeneration in the quality of the teachings from the pulpit. This qualitative poverty of American religion bears a direct ratio to the decay in our national character. Even though a youthful citizen attends church or a Sunday school, he may still mature with his spiritual centers undeveloped. In fact, Prof. G. B. Watson tells us in his "Experiences with Religious Education

Tests" that at one religious and ethical test given 15,000 boys in summer camps, absolutely *no correlation was found between Biblical tests based on present-day religious instruction and ethical tests revealing the morality and character of the boys.*

Did the American public school give an adequate basis for religious training, such absurdities as are practiced in some American churches would not be tolerated by their congregations. Here again the citizen is unprepared for life and insufficiently educated to demand of the church that it fulfill its proper function in the community and protect the youth of our nation from growing up with the warped and atrophied spiritual ganglia of criminals.

Unquestionably the lack of genuine religious education in America bears a correlation to our wave of insanity, lawlessness and crime. A well-balanced religious man does not commit crime nor go insane from over-strained nerves nor dissipated conduct.

It would appear, therefore, that neither too much luxury nor too little religion is the basis of the mental instability and crime which sweeps our country; but both are merely the surface results of an educational system which has outgrown its application to the needs of the nation and which originated when nearly every American home instructed its young people in the essential truths of religion, ethics and morality.

The Power of Print

Continued from page 9

Yet Osborn himself reveals his own fair-mindedness and breadth of knowledge in adding that what the great Agassiz really meant was to read nature more, not to read books less.

To be equally fairminded with Osborn one must name other influences acting powerfully on the lives of men. Among these great music stands preeminent for many. The power of the orator in pulpit or on platform has moved both men and multitudes to great deeds. At times the cartoonist wields an influence no writer can hope to command. Again, personal association has proved the one great hopeful means to character and

many a quiet, humble, kindly life has, sometimes unknowingly, brought salvation to others.

The influence and power of Nature herself have rarely been stated more eloquently than by Marguerite Wilkinson: "It is blessedness that I have found to save my soul alive in me when I have taken to a highway that leads to the first shrine of the first faith, where trees stand guard over boulders that are altars, and where birds and winds and waters make the hymns I need to hear. And at this shrine I have found bravery for my fear, and wisdom for my doubt, and life to do battle with life again."

The general question of the influence of experience compared with print has earlier been discussed.

VII.

IS THE power of print waning?

There are signs that point to an affirmative answer; there are others that point to the negative. The vast development of the radio and its present extraordinary use and influence can scarcely be measured or estimated.

Print continues to deluge us in ever-increasing quantities as the world-wide statistics of publishing will show. Li-

Read further on page 32

California's Literary Wealth

By BEN FIELD

THE creative work of the poetic and prose writers of the West is given in Mr. Edwin Markham's anthology, "Songs and Stories." Here is the greatest anthology of the West, comprehensive, inclusive—of quality. The Powell Publishing Company has demonstrated its service in this volume.

And "Songs and Stories" is but one of a series of nine dynamic western books just off its press. They are entitled as a set, "California."

Years ago Ella Sterling Mighels of San Francisco brought out, through the Harr Wagner Publishing Company, her "Literary California," the most important effort of its kind up to that time. She said: "A California writer is one who was born in California; or one who was reborn in California."

Mr. Markham accepts these definitions and proceeds to honor his poetic and prose writers of the Golden State in a book of impressive size and compelling interest. In his fine introduction he tells of California's early publications: Hutching's California Magazine; The Hesperian; the Californian; The Overland Monthly; the Sunday Mercury; The Sacramento Union; The Wasp; The Wave; the News Letter; The Argonaut, and The Out West, founded and published by Charles F. Lummis and now merged and published with Overland Monthly. In the Overland Monthly we have the conspicuous survivor—founded in the roseate days of 1868, sixty-three years ago in San Francisco by Bret Harte. Now, after that near three-quarters of a century in San Francisco, the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine is published in Los Angeles.

Many of the stories, articles, and poems which Mr. Markham reproduces in his anthology, had their first introduction to the world in Overland. Bret Harte, Mark Twain, John Muir, Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, Ina Coolbrith, Jack London, George Sterling—he tells of them all and of many others in story, incident and poem. And woven into it all is the atmosphere of the West, the drama, the dynamic struggle for achievement, for power and for gold.

These world-renowned writers and others, including Charles F. Lummis, George Wharton James, Wallace Irwin,

During the decade past, California has produced many notable writers. Many others of national reputation have taken up their abode in California. The achievements of these writers, past and present, are emphasized through outstanding selections in prose and verse, and included in a recent volume entitled "Songs and Stories." The book is more than an anthology, it is a critical study. Edwin Markham and editor and publisher as well are to be commended for their discriminating work. So too is Ben Field for his intelligent and critical review and comment.—
EDITOR.

and other notable writers were on the staff of Overland Monthly or Out West Magazine as writers or editors. George Meredith, friend of S. S. McClure, tried to induce Ina Coolbrith, young genius and beauty, to leave the West and live in London. She preferred California, however, and her medium of publication, Overland Monthly Magazine, where her first poems were printed. It is interesting to recall that the first eight stories by Jack London appeared in Overland Monthly.

Mr. Markham features some of the immortal stories of early California. Mark Twain's "The Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" is here. And the book is illustrated! Glance but inside the covers or flutter the pages through your fingers and you will know it is Californian. Bret Harte tells the story of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and you live again the tragedy of "Cherokee Sal" and "The D—d Little Cuss." You read once more "The Outcasts of Poker Flat."

Robert Louis Stevenson, our own Stevenson, that amalgamation of cavalier, pirate and churchman, gives us his "The Old Pacific Capital." We thrill with Bailey Millard over his "The Only Dashwood." There are full-length stories by W. C. Morrow; Gertrude Atherton; Charles F. Lummis, Charles Dwight Willard; Ambrose Bierce; Mary Austin; Chester Bailey Fernald; Frank Norris; Jack London, and Charles Caldwell Dobie. And the type is large and readable and the lines well-spaced.

THE verse quoted takes up 215 pages. And what an anthology it is of western poetry! Songs and Stories has brought back dignity to the word, Anthology, in which 139 western poems are quoted in from one to several poems each. As we turn the leaves, the authors make an impressive list, in both poems and stories.

Edward Pollock, on the staff of The

Pioneer in 1854, was one of California's earliest poets.

Francis Bret Harte, in 1868, published his "The Heathen Chinese" in The Overland. This poem made him famous. The first stanza is as follows:

"Which I wish to remark
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar.
Which the same I would rise to explain."

Ina Coolbrith printed her From Russian Hill, an historic landmark of San Francisco, also in Overland. Here are the first two verses:

"Night, and the hill to me!
Silence, no sound that jars;
Above, of stars a sea;
Below, a sea of stars!

"Tranc'ed in slumber's sway,
The city at its feet.
A tang of salty spray
Blends with the odors sweet."

The reader is intrigued by poetic quotations from Charles Warren Stoddard; Joaquin Miller with his, "Behind him lay the gray Azores"; Ambrose Boerce, whose sharp pen wrote:

"If genius stumble in the path of fame,
'Tis decency in dunces to go lame."

Edward Rowland Sill and Helen Hunt Jackson are represented.

Annie Elizabeth Cheney is well known as poet and prose writer throughout the west, wife of Judge William A. Cheney, orator, poet, novelist and sculptor. Both have passed to the Beyond. Her "Taj Mahal" is one of the most rhythmical of the poems in her published work. I quote the first stanza:

"O Beauty
Soft sighs the wind within the echoing
turrets of the Taj.
What fair, unearthly, dim mirage
On the horizon matches thee,
Or what rare dream of ecstasy
Is like thy moonlit magic—O Mahal!"

AND here is Edwin Markham himself, a resident of California for almost half a century. The writer of this sketch asked him, several years ago in New York, when he intended to take up his residence again in California. He replied: "You tell my friends out there that when I feel old enough to settle

down, I am coming back to California." All right, Mr. Markham, your friends are waiting expectantly, but may you never feel old.

The readers of Songs and Stories will want to find some of the great Markham poems in the volume. And they will not be disappointed. The publishers insisted upon this. "The Man With The Hoe"; "Virgilia"; "Child Of My Heart"; "The Heart's Return"; "A Blossoming Bough"; "The Lizard," and "Paid In Full," are there. I wish the Lincoln Poem and "The Shoes of Happiness" might have been also included. I like especially his "A Mendocino Memory," and quote the opening stanza:

"Once in my lonely, eager youth I rode,
With jingling spur, into the clouds'
abode—
Rode northward lightly as the high
crane goes—
Rode into the hills in the month of the
frail wild rose,
To find the soft-eyed heifers in the
herds,

Strayed north along the trail of nesting
birds,
Following the slow march of the spring-
ing grass,
From range to range, from pass to flow-
ering pass."

Of John Vance Cheney's "The Man With A Hoe," prize-winning poem written in answer to "The Man With The Hoe," Mr. Markham says: "Your poem is black with pessimism. It is perhaps the most undemocratic and un-American of all poems." Readers will be interested in perusing these two famous poems again as they appear in the volume, almost side by side.

David Starr Jordan delights us with his "Vivérois," and Charles Erskine Scott Wood, the seer of Los Gatos, speaks from his "The Poet In The Desert." Charles Granger Blanden, now a resident of San Diego, gives a fine poetic picture of the Torrey Pines. Those who have had the privilege of reading his published works and meeting him in his beautiful

home on Mission Hills, listening to his talk of poets and books, think of him naturally as one voicing true lyricism. Yone Noguchi, Japanese-California poet, speaks eloquently through his "Mighty Yosemite."

I pause to refer admiringly and reverently to the work of Grace Atherton Dennen. Her "Gold-of-Ophir Roses" is on the page before me. A true woman and poet, her writing has graced our Western literature. I had the privilege of cooperating with her in organizing the Verse Writers' Club of Southern California, and founding and conducting The Lyric West Poetry Magazine.

Ridgely Torrence, with his beautiful lines, "Santa Barbara Beach"; Stanton A. Coblentz in his "Sea Call"; James Rorty and "Good-bye, California"; Grace Hyde Trine in "Coming and Going"; Glenn Ward Dresbach and "The Patio," and Charles Mills Gayley with his "El Dorado."

Concluded in December issue.

JUNE LAKE

In the High Sierra Mountains, California

By BEN FIELD

JUNE LAKE, snow bound, beneath the immaculate moon.
You cast upon the glacial hills your sheen;
Set by the Lapidary who sang a rune
For giant Jeffrey pines eternally green.

A glacier like a mother's eager breast
Gives down to you its melted, snow-pure milk
And I the worshiper, the lover-guest
Who fondles with my oars your skirting silk.

O Lake of June! Mount Carson rises high
That he may gaze upon you from above;
You rest where pines and cedars forever sigh
And reach their arms and touch you with their love.



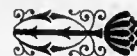
❦

June Lake, over 300 miles from Los Angeles and beyond Bishop, lies on the Easterly slope of the Sierras, opposite the headwaters of the Sacramento River which are on the Westerly slope. It is of unknown depth, the crater of an extinct volcano, and its waters are used in the homes of Los Angeles by the way of the aqueduct. One of the most beautiful lakes in America, its Indian lore is intriguing. Devotees of Walton make many limit catches here of great steelhead trout.

❦



MELODY LANE



BEN F. FIELD, Department Editor

MOONLIGHT AT AVALON

By MABEL WHITMAN PHILLIPS

WHEN it's moonlight on the bay of Avalon
 There are golden stars a gleam above the hills;
 And little songs that drift far down the canyons
 To thread the air with cadences of rills;
 These hold the notes of grasses softly blowing
 In the vales of spring toward the eastern sun;
 The call of birds that nest in leafy forests,
 The sound of flutes that echo one by one.

When it's moonlight on the bay of Avalon
 There are beckoning paths that lead across the sea,
 Where tender flowers that once the heart has cherished
 Unfold anew upon a smiling lea;
 And countless sails drift out to far horizons
 Like tinsel dreams full-winged and fancy-blown,
 That nevermore shall touch at any harbor
 But fade into the silences alone.

The author is the newly-elected secretary of the Verse Writers' Club of Southern California for the ensuing winter season. Her poems have had wide publication in western mediums.

SONNET

By LOUIS GINSBERG

IT DOES me not a bit of good to hear
 the accidental rumor of your name;
 For if I try to hold my heart austere,
 I might as well attempt to bandage flame.
 While raindrops on the pussywillows glitter,
 I might as well attempt to blackball Spring,
 When all her rout of thoughts like sparrows twitter,
 As try to banish my remembering.
 I might have known that, when I met your gaze,
 No happy ending was I coming to.
 Now that you have uncalendared my days,
 I walk anonymous. I know of you—
 I should not think—each thought's a dagger's thrust!—
 But whether or not it's good for me, I must.

Louis Ginsberg, of Paterson, New Jersey, is well known to the readers of American literary magazines.

CREATION

By HELEN HOYT

DREW it out of the dark,
 I fashioned it out of the air;
 I gave it a substance and mark
 And the shape it should wear.
 I ordained its birth and place,
 Meaning and name;
 I put a new thing into space;
 Something—became!

Helen Hoyt, author of two recent volumes of poetry: "Apples Here in My Basket," and "Leaves of Wild Grape," is a former associate editor of "Poetry, a Magazine of Verse," of Chicago. She is not only western in her choice of residence but Californian as well.

CHANSON D'AMOUR

By NANCY BUCKLEY

SHALL I give you a fragrant rose
 Fresh as dew on a summer morn?
 Ah no, for near its slender stem
 Would be a small, sharp thorn.

Shall I sing you a tender song
 When the evening fires burn low?
 Alas, the music would be strains
 Of sadness, muted, slow.

Shall I write you a poem—lines
 That will treasure the joy of years?
 Strange, how every tender word
 Would show a blot of tears.

I shall give you my gypsy heart,
 And my love—it shall always be
 Sent back to you on singing winds
 That blow across the sea.

Nancy Buckley, poet, beloved by San Franciscans as well as all lovers, of wide America, spends much of her time in Paris. She has appeared often in "Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine."

DEATH OF A DREAM

By CONNY LEIGH HILL

ALL out-bound on the evening tide
 A host of furtive fishers glide,

A host of furtive fishers pass
 Like figures in a looking-glass,

Like strange mirages of the sea,
 Like spectres of reality!

And we who watch along the shore
 Know them for dreams that live no more,

Know them for little dreams that men
 Have dreamt—and shall not dream again:

Whose forms are fashioned of our breath,
 Whose death precedes our lesser death!

But O, my friends! can you divine
 Which ones were yours, and which were mine?

Conny Leigh Hill's work is well known to readers of this Magazine. She writes both prose and verse. "Applause to a Gull" and "Song of the Sandpiper" are two of her recent poems. "None but the Brave" and "Skinflint Scores Again," are among her best short stories.

Fremont and Carson

Continued from page 6

afraid to believe that they were at last to escape into the genial country of which they had heard so many glowing descriptions, and dreaded to find some vast, interior lake whose bitter waters would once more crush their hopes.

They had many miles of snow filled canyons yet to cross and it was not until March 8 that they reached the hospitable home of General Sutter. It was a woeful, famished band of half starved men, leading skeleton horses, that reached Sutter Fort. From the summit they had followed down a little ice-covered creek which was a tributary to the American river. Four years later, on this river, Marshall made the discovery of gold which brought thousands from every land to California.

When they were within ten miles of Sutter Fort, Fremont states that they had the inexpressible joy of meeting a well dressed Indian who came up and made his salutation in Spanish and in answer to the inquiry of Fremont informed him that they were upon the Rio de los Americanos (the river of the Americans). Never did a name sound more sweetly, he said. "We felt ourselves among our countrymen, for the name of American in those distant parts was applied to the citizens of the United States." Sutter received them with open arms as he did all travelers who came to his gates. The most remarkable journey in the history of the West was completed.

This extraordinary expedition from the Dalles, on the Columbia river, to the junction of the American and Sacramento rivers, the season of the year and the entirely unknown and forbidding character of the country penetrated constituted one of the boldest adventures ever undertaken. It was the first exploration of a vast region four thousand to five thousand feet above sea level, shut in between lofty ranges crowned with snow, the Rocky mountains on the east and Sierra Nevadas on the west, inhabited by savage tribes that no traveler had ever described. Throughout this great basin the streams have no connection with the seas, but flow into numerous wide lakes or sinks, some deeply impregnated with salt and other mineral ingredients, but others clear and pure and stocked with delicious fish. Many portions of the vast tract are dreary deserts from which all vegetable and ani-

mal life are driven. Other portions are most fertile and possessing the beauty of valley, cliff, forest and stream. Above all, however, is spread a sky with an atmosphere clearer and a blue deeper and softer than almost any other region can boast. Of this remarkable tract, the great central basin of the continent, Fremont and Kit Carson, and their party, were the first explorers, and the courage, resolution and unconquerable perseverance of these American frontiersmen provides one of the most interesting chapters in the brilliant achievements which resulted in securing this continent for American civilization and institutions and brought it at last under the American Flag.

MANY thousands have followed where Carson and Fremont blazed the way, spurred on by their accounts of the wealth and opportunities here in California. The young, the old, the adventurous, the stalwart liberty loving Americans, and those with high ideals from other lands, have come over this trail, down through the canyons and ravines, to people our valleys and hillsides. The gold seekers and Pioneers of '49 followed in their footsteps. As you today ascend the Alpin highway toward Kit Carson Pass, and along the mountain streams, you pass the old mining camps and towns where were enacted the stirring dramas of the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49. In dim perspective, the canyons, ravines and hillsides, are once more peopled with the hardy miners who dug the gold from the beds of the streams and the veins of the mountains. Here moved the characters depicted by Bret Harte and Mark

Twain, and immortalized in story and song.

*"Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,**

*The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.*

*The roaring campfire, with rude humor,
painted*

*The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped
and fainted*

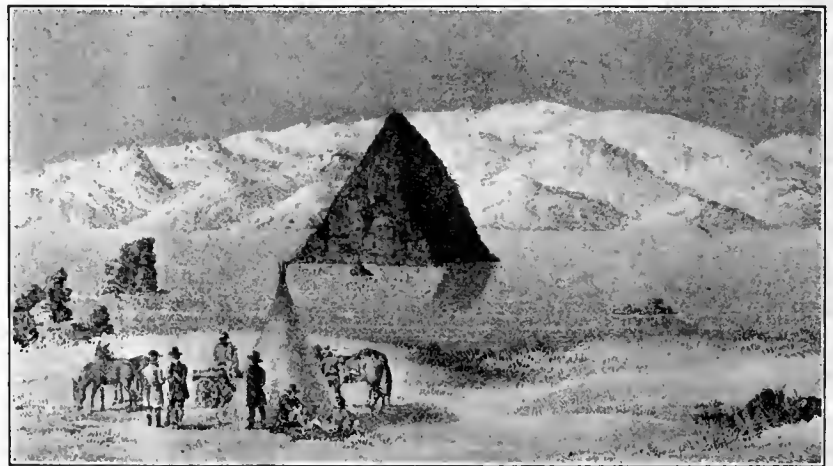
In the fierce race for wealth."

When the old pathfinder, Kit Carson, died at Fort Lyon, Colorado, in 1868, his will provided that the proceeds derived from the sale of his ranch, his 200 head of cattle and 7 yoke of oxen and 2 ox wagons be used for the education of his children. The frontier women took the paper flowers from their bonnets to place on the casket and the wife of Capt. Casey lined the casket with silk from her wedding dress. Shortly before he passed away, the old scout called for his pipe and feeling the end approaching turned and said: "I'm gone! Doctor, compadre, adios!" Brave, chivalrous, unaffected to the end. A Brigadier General, he was buried with military honors. *"This is the happy warrior; this is he That every man in arms should wish to be."*

General John C. Fremont, the California Pioneer who commanded this historical expedition, was the first man to raise the American Flag at the summit of the Rocky and Sierra Nevada moun-

*Dickens in Camp. Appearing first in Overland Monthly of July, 1870. Bret Harte was then Editor of this magazine.

Read further on page 31



Pyramid Lake and Pyramid Island, about 40 miles north of Reno, Nevada, as they appeared to the great pathfinder, John C. Fremont, the day on which he discovered them, January 10, 1844.

The Present Center of Population

By AUGUSTUS W. DOUGHERTY

THE present center of population of the United States, according to late reports from the Census Bureau in Washington, is two and nine-tenths miles northeast of the town of Linton, in the state of Indiana.

This center point, which is less than 100 miles southwest from Indianapolis, the capital of the Hoosier state, has been determined by careful survey, the calculations being based on the fifteenth decennial census figures for 1930, which were gathered from information obtained by the vast army of enumerators sent out by Uncle Sam in the early part of that year.

Linton, the nearest town to the population center, is in Stockton township, Greene County, in southern Indiana. The identical spot fixed by the Census Bureau for the present title of "center of population," is in a farming community, the exact point being 31 miles southeast by south of the city of Terre Haute and 33.6 miles from Vincennes, Indiana.

The United States population center in 1920 was situated eight and three-tenths miles southeast of Spencer, in Washington township, Owen County, Indiana. During the decade between 1920 and 1930 the center of population shifted 22.3 miles toward the west and seven and three-fifths miles southward. The center of population in 1910 was in the city of Bloomington, the seat of Indiana University. The center point of population is still in southern Indiana, where it has remained since 1890.

The total westward movement of our population center from 1790 to 1930 was 589 miles, the greatest advance westward being from 1850 to 1860, when it moved in ten years a distance of 80.6 miles.

The center changes of population have ever shifted westward. When the first census was taken in 1790 the center of population was then 23 miles northeast of Baltimore. At that early period, however, the youthful Republic known as the

United States consisted of a mere fringe of land along the Atlantic coast, the Mississippi River being then about the farthest known boundry toward the sunset. All the facts of that first census were fully stated in a little octavo pamphlet of 56 pages; while the report upon population in the census of 1910 filled four quarto volumes.

THE geographical center of the United States, as most everybody knows, is located in northern Kansas, which middle point is some 500 miles farther west than the present population center.

And with this continued westward movement, the population center making a gradual advance each decade of a few miles farther toward the sunset, it is predicted, and confidently hoped by western optimists, that the center mark of population may continue to go forth on its westward course until, at some future date, it will be found occupying the selfsame spot that is also the geographical center of the United States.

The taking of the decennial general census was begun in this country 141 years ago, though it is only since the year 1902 that the Bureau of the Census has been a permanent institution under the Department of Commerce and Labor, where a corps of regular workers are constantly employed in bringing out special reports and preparing volumes which appear annually. This permanent force forms a nucleus which is invaluable in the training of additional workers, many of whom must be engaged as long as two years to entirely complete the stupendous task of perfecting the decennial reports.

Enumeration is, of course, of vital importance; yet it is really the simplest part of the great work of the census. For after the schedules from the great army of enumerators reach Washington the labors of the supervisors and canvassers cease. Then begins the period of the greatest activity with the force of clerks

at the main office, for the returns must be counted, and classified through all the long series of answered questions.

An official enumeration of the population, including the registering and rating of persons and property, has been taken by the United States once in ten years, beginning with 1790. Many of the states, however, take what is known as an intermediate census.

Before the work of enumeration is begun, the whole country must be divided into well-defined enumeration districts. Each district must contain approximately the same number of persons, and must not be too extensive to be fully covered by the canvassers in the time allotted to them. In some cases an entire state is given to one supervisor, while in others one official may have charge of a single big city.

The territory of each supervisor is subdivided into smaller districts, each of which is assigned to an enumerator. In cities, each of those minor districts may contain from 2000 to 4000 names, while in rural communities there may be in some instances not more than 500 people for the canvasser to interrogate, by asking each one more than 30 questions. Two weeks of time is usually given the enumerators in cities, and a month in rural districts. After each censor's list has been completed, his papers are sent to Washington for examination and tabulation.

Down until the time the eleventh decennial census was taken all the returns were tabulated by hand. The work sometimes required five years or more before all the accurate detailed information, regarding the population and various other statistics, would appear in printed form.

But now electric tabulating machines are used, which do the work in one-tenth the time required by hand, at one-third the cost of hand work, and with a much greater degree of accuracy.

THERE is no section of California or of the Pacific Coast that does not offer scenic attractions or allurements. Sentiment and glamour of the past and present attaches to every metropolitan center or far away corner of mountain and desert. It is interesting to note that several of the northeast California counties in cooperation with three Oregon counties have formed the Shasta-Cascade Wonderland Association, with the purpose of drawing the natural beauties and industrial possibilities to the attention of the country at large.

EVENTS and COMMENT

Thomas A. Edison
Cornwallis Surrenders
Old Ironsides
Community Relief
American Education
Week
Book Week

TOO much could hardly be said in eulogy and praise of the life and work of Thomas A. Edison. President Hoover, Harvey Firestone, Henry Ford, and other close personal friends along with the world at large, paid highest tribute to his genius. All agree that of the hundreds of inventions made by Mr. Edison, none is more valuable or adds so much to the world's comfort and convenience as does the incandescent light. The shutting off of all light for 60 seconds was an impressive ceremony and a significant event. In advocating such action Arthur Brisbane says: "The dullest would be impressed and made to realize the value of Edison's work if suddenly, instantaneously, electric light in every city could be changed to utter darkness." Says the *Pasadena Star News*: "Had Mr. Edison given the world no other contribution than the incandescent light, this would have entitled him to rank among immortals." The *Christian Science Monitor* says: "Electric light is the classic example of Edison's persistence in searching for the right materials to meet his needs. More than 6,000 kinds of fibers were carbonized to be tried as filaments before he found first a verification of his theory in a filament made from a simple cotton thread, and finally the needed durability in a fiber from a palm leaf fan. Mankind is indebted to Thomas A. Edison for the example of his career hardly less than for his inventions."

It is yet too early to fully evaluate Mr. Edison and his contribution to humanity. The average

Events and Comment

mind can not fully grasp the significance of what his work has meant to the life of the world, whether from the standpoint of satisfaction and enjoyment or of progress measured in terms of the social and industrial. He stands now, however, as one of the greatest men who ever lived.

THOSE who contended it was unpatriotic and a side-blow at Great Britain to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown were fittingly rebuked in the pageant and memorial at that historic shrine on October 19. The great of many countries were present. "Here," declared President Hoover, in a commemorative address, "America became free to be America." The actual surrender was reenacted by some 5000 soldiers, some in uniform of the Continental Army and others clad as British Redcoats. The sesqui-centennial was in no sense a glorification meeting. President Hoover said, the victory was "not essentially a victory over the British," but a triumph of democratic ideals and ideas that had their inception much earlier in the hearts of the English themselves. A descendent of Lord Cornwallis assisted some time ago in the unveiling of a bust of his illustrious ancestor. It is to be regretted that as a lesson in true patriotism it was not possible for every boy and every girl in the land to witness and take part in the Yorktown celebration.

FOR some years, the question of the saving of the frigate *Constitution*, known as Old Ironsides, was one of foremost discussion. Not long ago while the historic boat was rotting in the navy yards, the public school children of the United States contributed to a fund thus making possible the rebuilding and saving of the ship. Only recently it began an historic cruise when word came that the paring down of Federal appropriations meant the return of the old boat to its berth, where it ulti-

mately would go into decay. It has, happily, been determined that the ship shall really be saved. The American people need to remind themselves that while progress is inevitable and thrift necessary, historic shrines should nevertheless be preserved to posterity. America owes it to itself to save "Old Ironsides" for all time.

IN HIS appeal for a nationwide campaign in the interest of the nation's needy, President Hoover touches a sympathetic cord in every right-minded citizen. "No governmental action," he says, "no economic doctrine, no economic plan or project can replace that God-imposed responsibility of the individual man and woman to his neighbors." The President then goes on to relate the relief steps taken by the Federal government, among these being first the giving of work in public construction to members of 700,000 families.

Of course the President is right in making this humanitarian appeal. We can only trust that the response will be prompt and generous. It is necessary that there be community relief measures set up. But such measures should be necessary only to supplement opportunities offered for the needy to help themselves. Much is made of the 700,000 engaged on Federal projects—a comparatively small number compared with the 7,000,000 who are out of work. It is to be regretted that the President did not earlier in the depression take the initiative in plans that would have made it possible for this larger number to be self-supporting and self-respecting members of society. An adequate bond issue for needed Federal developments would have made work for these idle, and rendered much less necessary the community support now so essential. Prompt and aggressive action in time of emergency does not seem to be a prominent characteristic in the makeup of the administration at Washington, especially when the emergency is with our own people.

Read further on page 26

Books and Books

SEA-WIND AND MOUNTAIN TRAIL

IN THIS day of the moderns, when most authors deluge their readers with philosophy, the psychic, psychology, the occult, and much preaching, it is refreshing to find a poet who writes simply and appealingly of the common things about her on the coast of Washington.

Dolly Stearns Harman does not attempt fine writing. We hope, almost, that she will never learn how. Her poems are graceful, natural, delightful. We can see her flowers, her trees, her ships and we even hear her foghorn. Her birds and animals appear just as nature made them. She doesn't know how to write free verse. At least we feel inclined to hope she does not—for her beautiful rhymed lines are quite satisfactory. Read her "Pioneer Home":

"He had a sturdy heart, the pioneer,
And courage, when he built his little home
Of hand-hewn logs, or cedar shakes,
and they
Who lived beneath its roof, were glad
to come
And nestle there; to be a part
Of life, out here; but now, alone
The old home stands, all mossy-grown
and gray,
Back in the wood, and from its saddened
eyes,
It looks upon grand-children there at
play,
Around the big new house; and longing
sighs
Breathe from its chimney hearth; a sad
door creaks,
Out of its loneliness,—the old home
speaks."

—BEN FIELD.

Sea-Wind and Mountain Trail by Dolly Stearns Harman, 33 poems daintily bound, just from the press of The Kaleidoscope Publishers, Dallas, Texas.

MEXICO, A STUDY OF TWO AMERICAS

STUART CHASE'S "Mexico, A Study of Two Americas" might have been entitled, "Mexico, an Experience" or "Mexico, a Picture," so easily does it proceed, so vividly does it present mesas, cliffs, pinnacles, and erect figures in *sarape* or *reboso*. The author has done much for those who are eager to read of the past but easily frightened by the older type of book. Here is a volume fresh from the press, with a cover by Amberger that will make every one who sees it want it for decorative purposes in his den or her living-room. Even the maps on the end-pieces are decorative. The dozen full-page illustrations in black and white, and the colored frontispiece as well, are the work of Diego Rivera, the Mexican artist whose name is familiar in California, as in Mexico.

In such attractive exterior Stuart Chase has given a study of economic conditions, a contrast between Mexico, which he characterizes as a land of machineless men, and our own country. Just a year ago *Harper's Magazine* presented in its November number Chase's ten-page article, "The Enemy of Prosperity, Overproduction: What Shall We Do About it?" and in a personal paragraph quoted Professor Robert E. Rogers as naming Stuart Chase as one of the twenty-three "rulers of the United States . . . whose national influence is not based on their business connections." Chase is the author of "The Tragedy of Waste," "Men and Machines," "The Nemesis of American Business" and, in collaboration with F. J. Schlink, "Your Money's Worth." Having completed studies of life in the machine age, Chase went to Mexico, he tells us, to rest and to see the paintings of Diego Rivera. It is not in the nature of the economist to do things by halves. He has given us a well-documented history of Mexico from the earliest times in the light of the latest discoveries and with running comments that make the reader his confidential friend. The selected bibliography of about thirty books is of especial worth because of his evaluation of each. The additional page of magazine and pamphlet material is of value for reference for the same reason.

The wantlessness of machineless men, as Chase expresses it, contrasted with our wants, makes the author warn Mexico against adopting our thirst for possession. In the fifteenth, and last, chapter, "Advice From A Parvenue Cousin," Chase urges Mexico to appreciate what it has. The United States has nothing to offer it, he thinks, except medicine and agricultural science. Like other visitors he is impressed with Mexican rural education. He comes away from a rural school "filled with an unreasoning affection for these people; convinced that there is no limit to their possibilities." His message to Mexico is, "Hold to your handicrafts and the philosophy of your handicrafts." The book is of value to every one who is interested in Mexico or in the contrast with this other America.

Laura Bell Everett.

MEXICO, A STUDY OF TWO AMERICAS. By Stuart Chase in collaboration with Marian Tyler. Illustrated by Diego Rivera. New York. The Macmillan Company. 338 pages. \$3.00.

A BOOK FOR BIRD LOVERS

EVERYONE who is interested in the preservation of birds should read "Bird Memories of the Rockies," by Enos A. Mills. The chapter, "A Bird in the Bush," gives convincing arguments to show how much we owe to the weed seed-destroying, insect-destroying birds. Their work in the protection of the forest is well brought out in the

chapter, "The Adventures of a Tree." Armed with the information here given you can combat the arguments of those who think we suffer no danger if we do not protect the birds.

Then you, if you are a bird lover, settle yourself to read the exquisite idyl with which the book opens, "The Love Song of Little Blue." Enos Mills, known for "The Grizzly, Our Greatest Wild Animal," "Your National Parks," and "Wild Life on the Rockies," has observed the birds familiarly in their haunts for years, and he has written with charm. Give the book to your bird loving friend and keep a copy for yourself.

Laura Bell Everett.

BIRD MEMORIES OF THE ROCKIES, by Enos A. Mills. Houghton Mifflin Company. 263 pages. \$2.50.

COMPANIONS ON THE TRAIL

IF YOU enjoyed "Roadside Meetings," if you grew up with "A Son of the Middle Border" or loved "A Daughter of the Middle Border" or followed "The Trail Makers," if you like people, you will clutch "Companions on the Trail," by Hamlin Garland, and be lost to the world through more than 500 pages of smooth, flowing narrative. The ambitious boy, who left the little Dakota farm, to make his own way in the East, has told us in "Roadside Meetings" of his early privations and subsequent success. "Companions on the Trail," beginning with the year 1900 when he was already known as a writer, deals with Garland's literary life. It is based on his carefully kept diaries and might, as he observes, have been called, "Red Letter Days From a Diary, with Later Comment by the Author."

Mark Twain, Frank Norris, Thomas Nelson Page, George W. Cable, Irving Bacheller, Will Carleton, Charles G. D. Roberts, Charles Dudley Warner, Brander Matthews, Israel Zangwell, William Dean Howells, Charles F. Lummis, Henry James—these are among his companions, but the list is endless. Garland's comments on men and affairs are singularly frank and intimate coming as they do from a record set down very fully for his own perusal. At this distance they have lost their sharpness and have the charm of a personal experience. He includes charming bits of letters, humorous and friendly, from the critic, Henry B. Fuller, Roosevelt and others.

His interest in the West and in Indian life is sincere and deep. On one occasion he took William Vaughn Moody up to the summit of the Colorado Mountains and gave him material which was probably the inspiration and the core of "The Great Divide." A luncheon with Roosevelt during the last stren-

Read further on page 28

NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS



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Events and Comment

Continued from page 24

BOOK WEEK

EACH year in November, special attention is given to the best in literature. Book Week this year falls on November 15 to 21. The schools, the libraries, the homes of the nation will concentrate upon outstanding fiction, biography, science, the creative arts, travel, education, history, politics and economic problems generally. Especially will attention in schools be focused upon the best for children's reading—books that claim interest, train the imagination, advance ideas and make for proper habits and for citizenship and character.

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK

AT THIS time of year, when tax bills are being paid, the cost of education is much discussed. Approximately one-half of each tax-dollar is applied to education. The cost is of necessity large, for there are in our schools some 30,000,000 pupils and 1,000,000 teachers.

Does the average citizen know the objectives of education? How frequently does he visit a school? Is he acquainted with the teachers of his children? Does he know what attributes are being woven into their mental and moral lives?

Our nation faces grave responsibilities and dangers. Its future depends upon the children now in school. How will these citizens-to-be deport themselves? That depends very largely upon how their lives are being shaped by education. The responsibility for proper training does not belong entirely to teachers, for our schools are literally owned by the people.

To make it possible for laymen to know the objectives of education, and intelligently to participate in the work of the schools, there was established, ten years ago, an annual American Education Week. This is sponsored by the United States Office of Education, the American Legion, and the National Education Association. People are invited and requested to visit the schools during this period.

The topic for 1931 is "What the Schools Are Helping America to Achieve." The dates are Monday, November 9, to Sunday, November 15, inclusive. The following are the sub-topics: Monday, Economic Progress. Tuesday, Child Health and Protection; Wednesday, Citizenship and Loyalty to Law; Thursday, Improvement of Rural Life; Friday, A Higher Level of Intellectual Life; Saturday, Enrichment of Adult Life; Sunday, High Ideals of Character and Home Life.

We urge upon all the importance of making at least one visit to the schools during Education Week. Listen, observe, think, question. Read the press reports. Make use of the radio. You will thus become better informed regarding the work, value and needs of the schools. You will more fully realize YOUR responsibility, and you will be better prepared to discharge it.—J. F. C.

The Gilded Cage

Continued from page 14

not a cause. She gave him that money simply because he so evidently liked the man whom she liked. . . . Liked? . . . No, *loved*. Why fool herself any longer? She had been in love with Wentworth for years, while he thought of her only as a clever office girl. He admired her, but had never shown a sign of anything else. She had often watched him as he gave dictation to that dumb little Elsie, with her dominant feminine appeal. Why should nice men be like that? But she enviously wished that he would look at her that way.

NOW, it was all settled in her mind. She was hopelessly, unrequitedly in love. But, anyway, she would never let him know—not even about the ten dollars.

Just then her buzzer buzzed. She hurried into the private office. Mr. Wentworth was sorting over a lot of proof, damning softly under his breath.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Oh, a bum just got in here and made a touch. I had an awful time getting him out." He glanced at her face. "Oh, no, it wasn't your fault. He slipped in by the private door as a friend of mine went out. By the way," he continued, changing the subject, "what is that thing up in the corner of my closet?"

"That," answered Mary, hesitatingly, "is a bird-cage."

"A bird-cage? Whose bird-cage?"

"Mine," she admitted, guiltily.

"Yours? Are you getting a bird?"

In spite of herself, Mary was trembling. She knew that he was noticing it. "Oh, I thought of it, but I have changed my mind. I am going to send the cage back."

"Let's see it. It looks good to me. I am fond of birds myself."

Mary brought the gold cage and set it on his desk. She stood waiting. How foolish she had been. Now she was sensible. He cared no more for her than he did for her buzzer.

"Well, you know how to pick cages," Wentworth said. "It is too pretty to send back. Why don't you keep it and start a bank?" And slyly he slipped a crisp ten dollar bill through the bars, where it fluttered down into the cage.

"What do you mean?" Mary flashed back sharply. Her business self was reasserted.

"Only this," he said, "my best college

friend, who raises roller canaries, was in here a few moments ago and left that ten dollars for you. Said he had borrowed it from you. Wanted to pay it back in person, but I told him you were busy."

Mary's emotions ran the whole gamut before she could gasp: "Then he wasn't an impostor?" And she gurgled a cooing, inarticulate sound of joy of which she had never thought herself capable. Her eyes were blurred with tears. When she looked again, Wentworth, who had kept his hand in his coat pocket, had opened the cage door and slipped into the cage a sleek little canary. It was hopping and gazing about, as if it took in the situation perfectly. As Mary stared in surprise, the little thing rolled out a low bewitching triller.

"Where did that come from?" she demanded.

"Left by your roller-canary friend. He said it was interest he promised you on the ten dollar loan."

"Oh, you darling," Mary cried, putting her arms around the cage.

"Here!" Wentworth commanded. "Look at me when you say that." And he gathered her into his arms.

Read further on page 31

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FOLLOW THE AUTO TRAILS

Can you do it? Every trail twists and turns, crossing other trails again and again. This baffling test is a challenge to your skill, but I'll give you a fair start, to make sure you understand.

Begin with trail marker No. 1 in the small circle at the left. If you can follow this trail through the tangle you will see it leads to the car marked "E". Some of the trails go from left to right, others from right to left. When you have done your best with each trail, write your answers like this: "Trail No. 1 leads to car "E". "Trail No. 2 leads to car . . ." and so on with all the trails. If you prefer, you can draw straight lines from each marker to the correct cars.

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W. M. CLARK, Manager, Room 000, 52 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois



Books and Books

Continued from page 25

uous days of the McKinley-Bryan campaign when Roosevelt insisted on keeping the conversation on the safe subjects of "Injuns" and Montana Trails, furnishes a humorous touch to an exciting episode. The book is a window through which we see, without distortion or enlargement, the people whom he saw and knew. A delightful book.

COMPANIONS ON THE TRAIL, by Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company. 540 pages. \$2.50.

Laura Bell Everett.



Hamlin Garland

MY FATHER—MARK TWAIN

HARPER & BROTHERS have done a distinct service in bringing out some heretofore unpublished letters by Mark Twain. The great humorist's daughter, Clara Clemens, has done a

greater service in making possible a wide-spread knowledge of these letters. The book is divided into 22 chapters appropriate to the time and place of the letters. The lovers of Clemens will find in this book much valuable material throwing light upon Mark Twain's life and interests at home and in his travels abroad. The human side of the man is brought out more directly in this volume than perhaps in any other publication regarding him. Many readers of the book will recall the Mark Twain edition of the "Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine," of April, 1929, in which there appeared some unpublished material from the humorist's pen together with comments on his life and work by leading men and women of the country. The volume under review carries 9 illustrations, is attractively printed and bound. The book is anything but a formal biography, but is an interesting story from first to last. The book is dedicated to Albert Bigelow Paine.

MY FATHER—MARK TWAIN, by Clara Clemens. Harper and Brothers. 292 pages. Price \$5.

THE CATTLE KING

A DRAMATIZED biography can not be found on the book shelves every day. A book recently from the press of the Macmillan Company entitled "The Cattle King" is indeed a dramatized biography. It portrays the life and activities of Henry Miller who, during his lifetime, owned and controlled large reaches of territory in California, Nevada, Oregon, and other western states—the Henry Miller whose name is known to thousands in connection with the Miller and Lux holdings.

Edward F. Treadwell, the author of

the book, has written many volumes, but of an entirely different nature than the one under review. It is an interesting observation that a lawyer has produced a work with the imaginative background and holding quality of "The Cattle King." The foreword states that Henry Miller owned "a million acres of land situated in five states, over one million head of livestock, two banks and their branches, reservoirs, and other properties, all operated as a unit, appraised at fifty million dollars, and acquired, developed, protected, reclaimed and irrigated by the sole efforts of one man starting in life with nothing but his natural endowments."

The recital begins with the Miller family in Wurttemberg, Germany—simple village people—and carries on through the boyhood and youth of young Miller, his journey to this country, his interest in learning of the gold discoveries of '49 and trip to California by way of the Panama Canal. Follows then his development from small beginnings, resulting in his great cattle industry and the acquiring of his tremendous holdings on this coast.

The State of California, through legislative act, permitted the change of Miller's original name, Kreiser, to that of Miller. Henry had purchased a ticket for California, originally bought by one Henry Miller and which was not transferrable. This incident ultimately led to his change of name.

The book is as interesting as fiction and forms a splendid background to California history.

THE CATTLE KING. A dramatized biography, by Edward F. Treadwell. The Macmillan Company. 367 pages. Price \$2.00.

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Business, the Salt of Life

Continued from page 17

tent, it is, at the same time, difficult of acceptance. For here is where the SALT has lost its SAVOUR, as LIFE has lost its BUSINESS. Therefore, while practical considerations, as jobs, wages, employment, social service and trade are running the gamut of social expression in these days of economic readjustment, the real truth is the necessity immediately urgent to get back to business activity again. Work! Work!! Work!!!

"Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before Kings."

Recently there gathered in the city of Washington, the nation's capitol, a forceful group of business representatives, examples of power, wealth, business success, with every ability of mind and character to be brought to bear. Stripped of all deliberate features and opinion expressions, with every seriousness of the hour, these exemplars of BUSINESS urged the necessity for business exchange and found no CAUSE for lack of faith, of confidence, of optimism. The future is in the hands of courageous, characterful Americans, descendants of ancestors who wrought a nation by the courage of faith and by the force of character.

In the beautiful city of Washington, with the leaves falling from the trees and the mantle of Autumn upon everything, here centers the governmental, political, business powers and influences of the nation. Serene and confident, in the shadows of the past, out of which valiantly stride Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and many other sturdy leaders of the nation—there was but one answer to every strong heart and true citizen of the realm: "GOD IS IN THE HEAVENS" and all is well.

Even since the adjournment of that majestic and forceful meeting of 50 Representative Men, who counselled, directed and inspired the forces of business action and recovery, already the current public press reveals the movement of sturdy business reaction and beneficent administrative measures, calculated to restore public confidence and to bring refreshment to the thirsty souls of the people.

How easy it is to lose one's faith—to forget the wise judgment and safe administration of affairs in the hands of an earnest statesman and President. Not in many years has the solidity and prosperity of the nation been in such able, fearless and safe hands as with our beloved President, Herbert Hoover, wise counsellor and trusty guide at the helm. Recent events, tending to business forms and banking reconstruction, in present needed phases, have spoken thereby thus loudly for peace, comfort and prosperity, as the wise and timely efforts of business leadership and executive function.

Temporarily, BUSINESS may have lost some of its SALT, but, definitely and practically, sure and certain movement of recovery are on their way.

BUSINESS, of course, is hard work and industry combined. Yet, it is the SALT OF LIFE. These are the romantic and imaginative expressions of life which are the colorful, attractive features of human existence. They energize activities and relieve the monotony of living. These expressions are the courage of hope, stride of faith, and character of action which give value and substance to everything one may feel in his soul or touch with his hands.

THE SALT OF LIFE!

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Memories of Spanish-Mexican California—the first circus, early families, Presidios, Missions, Ned McGowan, Jack Powers, Concepcion Arguello, in Katherine Bell's new book, "Swinging the Censor." Called "a unique record of glamorous days." Clothbound, 307 pages, \$2.75 postpaid.

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World Books by a California Author

A Salon of Painters of the West

Continued from page 15

seems to exist that a good painting will sell itself and that advertising cheapens art.

Much of the value and success of the Biltmore Salon lies in the fact that its management has kept a sane and safe course through the red sea of commercialism and avoided the abnormalities of so-called modernism in the arts.

In presenting through the courtesy of this publication a series of articles on

painters of the West, the writer will draw his observations and materials from exhibitions as they occur. The majority of these men exhibit annually at the Biltmore Salon, due to its central down-town location and the intimacy a small gallery offers for individual showings.

The splendid, if somewhat conventional foundation laid by such well-known artists as Burbank, Sharp, Couse, Groll, Rollins, Blumenschein, and others of the

older men who have successfully painted the great Southwest, has given our younger men a healthy heritage and a noble inspiration upon which to build with a clearer vision and a more flexible technique, thus enabling them to go farther into the realms of art expression, and interpret rather than depict the silent, brooding beauty of this, our last frontier, now so rapidly disappearing. It is with these painters that our series will deal.

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Our annual number in December will carry noteworthy features in fiction, travel, history, finance and education. On news-stands at 25 cents.

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Illustrated by H. H. Hall with block prints

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The story of Tumba the Elder, a gnarled old giant of the Torrey Pines Preserve, and of Tumba the Younger. Tumba the Elder tells the history of his kind, the last of their race, to Tumba the Younger. The lives of John the Artist, Sally the Actress, and of Bobbie and Billie become interwoven into the story of this most famous species of California Pines. Mr. Hall has illustrated the book with beautiful block prints of the pines and of El Punto de los Arboles, the home of the Torrey Pine.



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The Rise and Fall of Money

Continued from page 12

do much, 25 times that amount should work wonders in the way of results.

Then too, wholesale bank liquefying or the thawing out of the reserves in each individual and widely distributed banking machine would start the circulation of funds and credit simultaneously over the whole country even to the remotest and most obscure individual, and all this without any additional financial machinery.

In this connection, every good citizen in our country appreciates the myriad half hidden difficulties involved in any major move looking toward general relief. And with this in mind, there should be much hesitancy in criticizing our Chief Executive in taking counsel with and from the men near-by, and from those who occupy strategic place in financial affairs.

But we dare venture the suggestion that sometimes a Cincinnatus at the plow, a business lumber jack fighting in the woods, or a leading grocer in the village, might be contacted who would be nearer the heartbeat of the masses and more familiar with their symptoms and the things which might give immediate relief.

The interests of the individual down at the level of the mass are more simple and less complicated than the interests of the men at the financial top. As the accepted leaders in finance with their numerous connections and highly involved interests, though possessed of the best qualities of citizenship, might unconsciously want to push up to the fire and warm *their own feet first*. So it makes some difference where we start the fire or where the thawing process begins.

HURRICANE and PENHALLY

TWO recent books by Scribners are attracting more than unusual attention: "Hurricane," by Nahum Sabsay, and "Penhally," by Caroline Gordon.

"Hurricane" may be characterized as a historical novel depicting the Russian Revolution of 1917. "Penhally" might be called a period novel as it pictures the lives and activities of a house and family during the 100 years past—"Penhally" being a great Kentucky manor.

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Continued from page 22

tains, and gave the name Golden Gate to the entrance of San Francisco bay, because, as he said, it was suggested to him by the beauty of the sunset, the gate-like entrance to the bay, and the value of the harbor to the commerce of the world. He was also one of the first two United States senators from California, and in 1856 a candidate for President. When in 1890, at the age of 77, and in the city of New York, death was on its way to close his eyes, he roused momentarily from a deep sleep and said: "If I continue so comfortable I can finish my writing next week and go home." Seeing his eyes closing again, his friend, the attending physician, said in order to test his mind: "Home? Where do you call home, General?" One last calm look, a pleased smile, and the answer came clear and distinct: "California, of course."

Olympics

Continued from page 10

gram are: Track and Field, known officially as Athletics; Boxing, Cycling, Equestrian Sports, Fencing, Field Hockey, Gymnastics, Modern Pentathlon, Shooting, Rowing, Swimming, Diving, Water Polo, Weight Lifting, Wrestling, Yachting, National Demonstration, and Fine Arts.

The Olympic Stadium with a capacity of 125,000 will be the center of Olympic activity. In it will be held the opening and closing ceremonies as well as numerous other events, including track and field athletics. Thus we have a brief outline of past Olympic history as well as what is in store for use in 1932.

The Gilded Cage

Continued from page 27

"Mr. Wentworth . . . Mr. Wentworth," Mary protested, struggling. "You must not do that. . . . You could not marry me."

"Let anybody try to stop me," he parried, with conviction. "Or let any best friend who raises roller canaries try to beat me to it."

And deliberately he walked into the gilded cage along with the canary.

Survey of Higher Education

THE last legislature authorized a survey of higher education in California, appropriated \$25,000, and called for the

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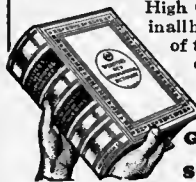
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Frank Leslie's Historical Register of The Centennial Exposition in 1876. 800 wood cuts and illustrations, containing Joaquin Miller's Songs of the Centennial, 4 pages of Miller's poems. A rare book published by Leslie's, 1877. Price \$10.00.

St. Nicholas Vol 3 to and including Vol. 6. 3 Vol. in one contain complete The Boy Emigrants, a true story of the California Gold Rush, with illustrations. This runs through 1875 and 1878. Price for this 3 volumes \$5.00.

McNally's System of Geography. Old edition, Monteith and McNally's series. Pub. by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, 1867. In fine condition, rare. Price \$2.00.

Vagabonding down the Andes, by Harry A. Franck, Century Co., 1921-612 pages. 176 annual photographs. 1st edition. Price \$2.50

20 old and rare Almanacs, one French and 20 American, dating from 1802 to 1877. Some titles and years as follows: Poor Richard, revived, or Albany Almanack, 1802; Bennett & Walton's, 1816. Western Almanack, Coopertown, N. Y., 1825, '26, '29 and '31 Columbian, Philadelphia. 1831 New England Farmer, Concord, N. H., Horace Greeley's Wig Almanac, 1845 '49, '52, and Greeley's New York Tribune Almanacs 1857, '58, '62, and N. Y. Tribune Almanacs 1875 and 1877; Family Christian, 1857; The Methodist Almanac, N. Y., 1869; Loomis Pittsburgh Almanac, 1850; David Young's Almanac, 1851. Some of these are over 140 pages. All are rare. Price for lot \$10.00. Send for my list of Old and Rare Books.

T. G. MAURITZEN, 534 Douglas Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

report in July, 1932. The Carnegie Foundation will make the survey and will contribute another \$25,000 if needed. Dr. Henry Suzzallo, president of the Foundation, is now in California preparing plans for the survey.

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Power of Print

Continued from page 18

braries increase in numbers. They have invaded every field. The special libraries movement, so-called, has had its own professional journal for over 20 years. Newspapers have their own libraries. Likewise industrial plants and hospitals—"Medicine for the soul" was the inscription over the doorway of the great library in ancient Thebes—public utility corporations, not to mention the three traditional professions.

In one city with just under 300,000 persons, with numerous bookstores, a public library system, a school library system and several special libraries, there are also well over 160 commercial circulating libraries renting books at so much a week to an ever increasing reading public. All of these in spite of the competition for our reading time of social demands, athletic events, the theatre, the movie, the radio and the great outdoors summoning us either a-foot or a-wheel. While new powers wax strong, the powers of print seem not to wane.

The relative merit of the old and the new in print has not been touched upon in this article although the controversy is as old and as heated as the debate over censorship. Sir William Osler's *The Old Humanities and the New Science* comes to mind on the subject and clamors to be read. The freedom of the press as a factor in the power of print has also been omitted from consideration. And many another aspect on the subject could well receive attention.

Man is a being of body, mind and spirit. All three require education for complete self-realization. In the education of each *experience, the spoken word, and the power of print* have their respective roles to play. We are, too, creatures of thought, feeling, willing and action,—each in the last analysis a phase of personal and individual experience. Their synthesis is *Life*. Through the right use of the power of print may we have *Life* more abundantly.

A Visit to H. G. Wells

Continued from page 13

"There are limits to one man's working ability," he replied with a good natured smile, "with only two eyes, and two hands, I must husband my powers."

Recalling that Wells has written over 50 books, and is at the present time engaged upon a new one, I felt justly rebuked.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for October 1, 1931.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss:

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur H. Chamberlain, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine (Consolidated), and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Arthur H. Chamberlain, Los Angeles, California

Editor, Arthur H. Chamberlain, Los Angeles, California.

Business Manager, Mabel B. Moffitt, San Francisco, Calif.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Arthur H. Chamberlain, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Mabel B. Moffitt, San Francisco, Calif.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of October, 1931.

(Seal) ADA DAY.
 (My commission expires Nov. 25, 1931.)

THE Macmillan Company announce the appointment of Mr. John H. Beers as manager of the Pacific Coast Branch at San Francisco, replacing Mr. F. E. Cobler, deceased. Mr. Beers is well known in the West and his appointment meets with universal favor.

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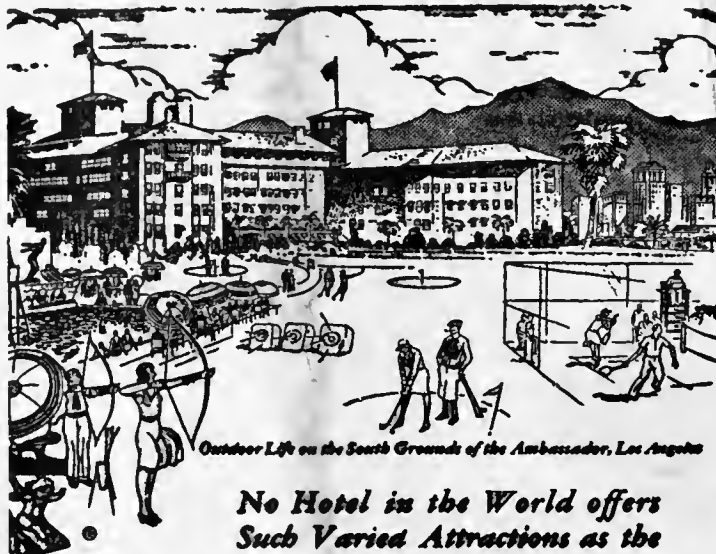


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Outdoor Christmas in California

IN THIS ISSUE:

Why Blame It On
the War?

Nathan T. Porter

□

Historic Outposts of
Western Trails

Leetha Journey Probst

□

Pan-American Relations

Alvin Edward Moore

□

Singing Games of Southern
Mountains

Carl Holliday

□

Seein' Things

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□

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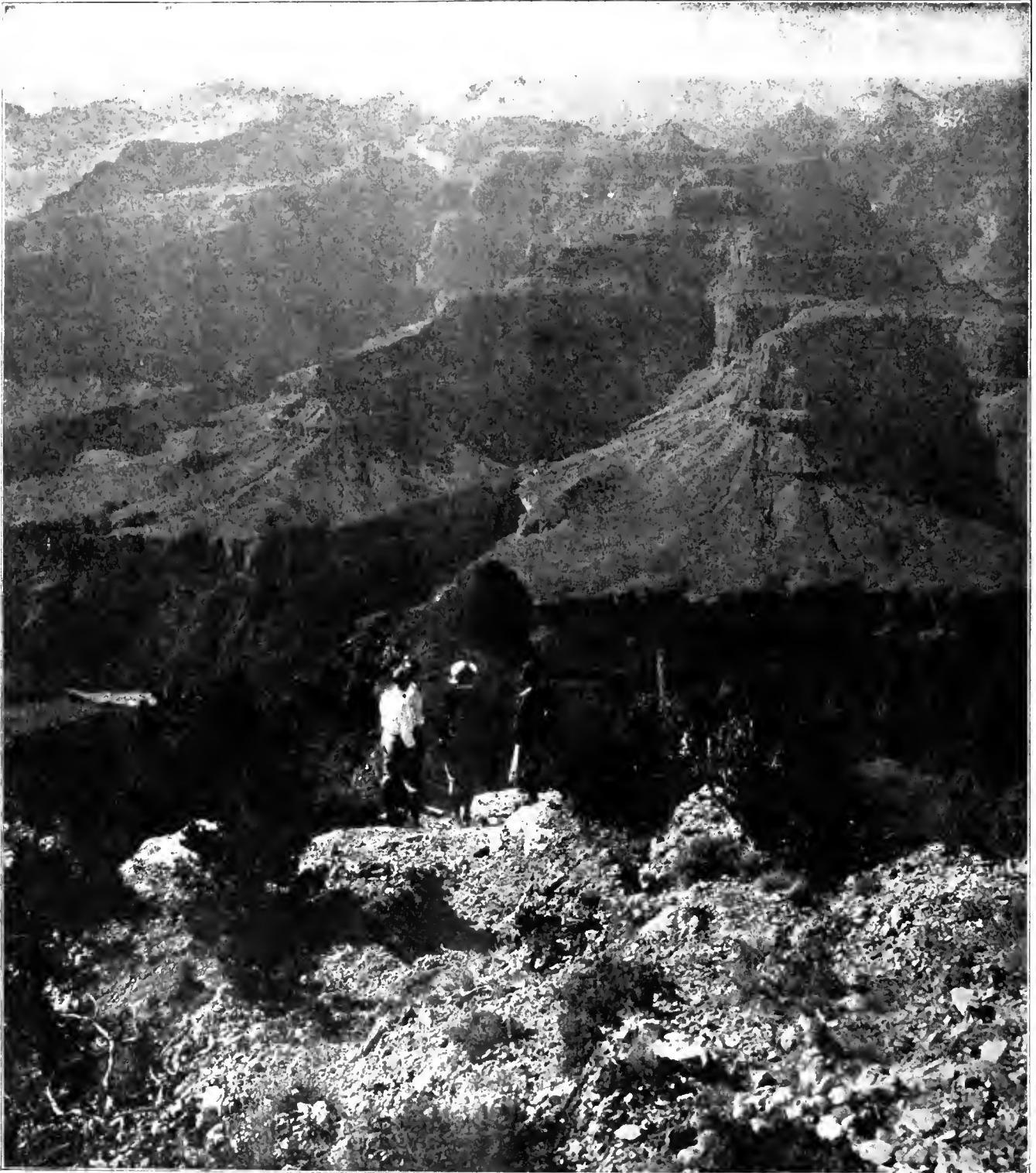
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Vol.
89

No.
12

Overland Monthly *and* **Out West Magazine**

Founded by Bret Harte—1868

Founded by Charles F. Lummis—1894

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, *Publisher*
Editorial Director

MABEL B. MOFFITT,
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DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY

Dec.
◆
1931

CONTENTS

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado.....	Plate. Frontispiece	2
Melody Lane		4
Wings Over All	<i>Ethelean Tyson Gaw</i>	4
The Vision of the Sycamore.....	<i>Ben Field</i>	4
On Leaving the Woods.....	<i>Stanton A. Coblenz</i>	4
Homecoming	<i>Stanton A. Coblenz</i>	4
Pan-American Relations	<i>Alvin Edward Moore</i>	5
Christmas Eve (verse)	<i>Elizabeth Vore</i>	6
Arrow Rock, Outpost of Frontier Days (Illustrated).....	<i>Leetha Journey Probst</i>	7
Singing Games of the Southern Mountains.....	<i>Carl Holliday</i>	9
Seein' Things (Illustrated).....	<i>Marjory M. Fisher</i>	10
A Christmas Tree (verse).....	<i>Arthur Truman Merrill</i>	11
One Winter Night.....	<i>Katharine Buoy</i>	12
Why Blame the War?.....	<i>Nathan T. Porter</i>	13
The Death of Uncle Tom's Cabin.....	<i>Burton Rose</i>	14
Progress in Thrift and Conservation Education.....	<i>Arthur H. Chamberlain</i>	15
California's Literary Wealth (Concluded from November issue)	<i>Ben Field</i>	17
When Romance Rides (Illustrated).....	<i>Everett Carroll Maxwell</i>	18
The Literary West (With Portrait of Bret Harte).....		19
Spending for Thrift	<i>Earl J. Dove</i>	20
Romance of British Columbia.....	<i>Grace T. Hadley</i>	20
This Athletic World of Ours.....	<i>Everett L. Sanders</i>	24
The "Hay-Wire" Page.....	<i>Charles Fletcher Scott</i>	25
None So Blind (verse)	<i>Eugenia T. Finn</i>	26
Old Coins in a Window (verse).....	<i>Ben Field</i>	26
Room—A Christmas Thought (verse).....	<i>Elinor Lennen</i>	26
Tuning In (verse).....	<i>Jane Sayre</i>	28

◆ ◆
Published at Los Angeles, California. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Los Angeles under the Act of March 3, 1897.

Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., 437 South Hill Street. San Francisco, Calif., 609 Mission Street.



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MELODY LANE



BEN F. FIELD, Department Editor

WINGS OVER ALL

By ETHELEAN TYSON GAW

PRIMEVAL night where slimy things spawn—
Stir up a quickening breath—
Wings in the dawn!

Strong men of Ninevah reach from the clod
Groping, to fashion
A winged bull-god.

Ageless the wine-dark Nile billows roll
Where the winged scarabaeus
Speaks of the soul.

Jerusalem desolate, bearing Cain's mark—
Still the wings of the cherubim
Shadow the ark.

Over glory-drenched Hellas the centuries long—
From rainbowed Olympus
Swift winged gods throng.

Through Andean jungles, down the highway of kings
Shattered stones blazon
The serpent with wings.

Over lost Atlantis, through uncharted skies,
Youth, questing, undaunted,—
The Lone Eagle flies!

Up through the æons, from primeval clod,
Fashioning pinions,
Man battles toward God.

The author is the former editor of The Lyric West Poetry Magazine of Los Angeles; past president of the Browning Club, and prominent in literary and club circles. Her husband is Dr. Allison Gaw of University of Southern California English department.

THE VISION OF THE SYCAMORE

By BEN FIELD

AS I came through the canyon-sage,
Where quail called on the hill,
I paused beneath a sycamore.
Everything grew still.

And there went by a spectral throng
Which Jesus calmly led,
While in the leafy sycamore
Zacchaeus bent his head.

"Come thou from out thy leafy place
And on to thy abode,
For I must rest and dine with thee
And lay my weary load."

From Zacchaeus I looked to the Lord again—
Startled I gazed around—
The scent of sage rose faintly sweet:
Silence possessed the ground.

ON LEAVING THE WOODS

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

SURELY I shall remember,
When many a league away,
This gale-enlivened forest,
Where redwoods creak and sway.

Surely I shall remember
These shadowy, chequered aisles
With brown leaf-paths that loiter
Along the sloping miles.

And I shall see the blue-jay
Rustling amid the green;
The gray wood-squirrel sporting
Where red madronas lean.

And the round hills of evening,
Lit with a violet glow,
Shall call, like birds and brooklets,
To bid me rise and go.

So let stone walls contain me!—
Often unseen I'll rove
Here where the tall trees tremble
Deep in the sighing grove.

HOMECOMING

(In California)

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

WALKING all year beneath high shuttered walls,
I had forgotten how the wood-birds trill,
Forgotten how the templed sunset falls
On reverent sea and hill.

But now, among far-turning mountain lanes,
Beauty has clasped me in a hushed embrace,
And in my mind the towered past retains
Only a dwindling trace.

Brief though the moments that have made me free,
Their width is more than hastening time can span,
For time is not where years move tranquilly
As when the world began.

These trees and streams and slumbering slopes may know
Secrets undreamt-of by the great and wise,
Which none may guess, till with bared heads they go
Under the roofless skies.

The author, while maintaining nominal residence in New York City, has just written me that ninety per cent of his time is spent in California. He says: "I am glad to be able to send these typically California verses to a California magazine."

Mr. Coblentz is known everywhere by lovers of poetry and his work needs no encomiums

Pan-American Relations

By ALVIN EDWARD MOORE, Former American Vice-Consul in Mexico

IS OUR Monroe Doctrine an outmoded policy no longer applicable or enforceable in these modern times? Must this representation of the power of one nation be substituted by a like policy backed by the combined power of all the American nations?

These are questions which repeatedly have been voiced during the past few years by students of our international relations. In the next few years we have the opportunity to answer in peace; after that we may have to answer through war.

Mexico recently has been invited to join the League of Nations. Soon thereafter, Senor Don Manuel Telles, Mexican Ambassador and popular dean of the Washington diplomatic corps, was recalled to Mexico. Since Senor Telles knows more about Mexican-American relations than probably any other man in his country, the two incidents may be connected.

If Mexico becomes a member of the League, 18 nations of the Western Hemisphere would be members. This League is therefore not so much a European affair as the average American believes. Of the 64 states in the world, only 10 nations now do not belong to it. These are: Afganistan, Brazil, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Egypt, The Hedjaz and Nejd, Mexico, Soviet Russia, Turkey, and the United States of North America. Only two of these are world powers, the United States and Soviet Russia; only four, Brazil, Ecuador, Costa Rica and Mexico (which doubtless will become a member) are of Latin America.

If one of the 16 Latin American members of the League were to play the part of aggressor to another—if Argentina, for instance, were to attack Nicaragua—the League, including its European members, would have the right to intervene. If its intervention included the landing of troops to maintain order—as our interventions have done—what would we do under the Monroe Doctrine?

"Non-American governments cannot occupy any portion of the American republics even temporarily for the satisfaction of any kind of claims against these republics," states that historic document. Our adherence to it thus would compel us to go to war with the League of Nations. Strong as we are, we could

but lose in such a conflict. We would have no friends. Isolation does not bring friends either in personal or international relations. Even Great Britain might forget her traditional friendship in her desire for the coveted Latin-America trade. Self-preservation takes precedence over friendship.

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Mr. Moore is well qualified to write on the subject on Pan-American Relations. His long contact with political and diplomatic activities, and his practical experience with problems having to do with the republics to the south of us, give to his pronouncements a special force and interest. Readers of this magazine will recall his article entitled "Problem of Mexican Immigration" in a recent number.

EDITOR.

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TAKE another example of the impracticability of the Monroe Doctrine, especially as it is interpreted by the present administration.

All Latin-American countries have thousands of European residents and much invested European capital. During one of the periodic revolutions, suppose these European nationals and capital were ravaged, as so frequently happens. Under the commonly accepted principles of international law, the aggrieved nations, unless due reparations were made, would have the right to intervene by armed force. At the same time our Monroe Doctrine would impel us to prevent the intervention. The only way we could do this and still be just to the aggrieved European country, would be by intervening ourselves, to force the Latin-American country involved to make reparations for the detriment suffered during its revolution.

This is what we always have done in the past. In order to uphold the Monroe Doctrine, enunciated by Monroe and approved by the Sage of Monticello, originally intended to perpetuate liberty in this hemisphere, we have actually detracted from the liberty of Latin-American nations in that we have limited their sovereignty. Following this policy, we have made suspicious enemies of the Latin-American people, have earned for

ourselves the hatred-borne soubriquet of the Colossus of the North, have unwittingly and undeservedly developed a reputation for imperialistic ambitions which will require many years of fair dealing to wipe out. Any intelligent person who reads the newspaper editorials of any of the Latin-American countries, with the possible exception of Brazil, will realize the truth of this severe statement. We are not merely unpopular, we are very much disliked to the South.

Where there is so much smoke, there is usually some fire. Had we never taken Mexican territory at the end of the Mexican War, nor Porto Rico and the Philippines at the end of the Spanish War, nor so definitely placed Cuba under our tutelage, nor encouraged Panama's revolt against Colombia to secure the Panama Canal, we could with better success demonstrate the present innocent semi-altruism of our motives.

But reading history and the text of our famous doctrine, the Latin-American says: "Your policy protects us against European aggression, it is true. But there is no word in it against American aggression. You keep foreign bullies out in order that you may be the bully yourself."

PRESIDENT HOOVER sensed the mire of distrust into which our traditional policy was pushing us when, after a tour of Latin-America, he determined to diminish American intervention. During the Nicaraguan trouble this spring, he warned Americans that our government could not undertake to protect its citizens who were in the interior of the revolutionary country. This statement marks the beginning of a gradual breaking-down of our policy of intervention.

Yet that policy was born not of any imperialistic aims on our part, as Latin-America has thought, but of our desire to uphold the Monroe Doctrine and through it the liberty of Latin-American republics. We had to intervene, to keep Europeans from intervening. What now?

If our policy of intervention is to go by the board, we must adopt one of three courses: (1) We may abandon the historic Doctrine and allow other nations to protect their nationals and property; (2) we may involve ourselves in Euro-

pean wars to prevent intervention by European nations; (3) we may find some force to uphold the Monroe Doctrine other than the armed might of the United States Marine Corps.

The third alternative, if possible, is the only sensible one to adopt. The might of one should be substituted by the might of many.

Paradoxically, we have demonstrated that we are in harmony with the desires of the League for world-wide peace and at the same time we have rejected the League.

We have led the world in disarmament conferences. In 1921, we scrapped real and partly-built ships in return for the scrapping of obsolete and planned ships by other powers. In 1922, I examined one of the ships to be scrapped by Great Britain, then at anchor in the Halifax harbor. It was an obsolete cruiser which the American navy long since would have scrapped in the interests of efficiency.

Of course, we have saved in the long run during the ten years' naval holiday. As we have had no wars, our destruction of new ships even has constituted a saving. Even though the other powers sacrificed less, the 1921 disarmament conference proved a successful move from our point of view. We engineered it, in harmony with League principles.

Furthermore, President Hoover has just ordered a \$61,000,000 further cut in Naval expenditures for 1931-32. Our Army is now a mere skeleton force when compared, in the light of our large territory and population, to the size of other armies. We are now maintaining recruiting offices all over the country just because, were they closed, it would be too much expense to reopen them should the present rigid economies cease. No new enlistments are being made. All this, tending toward disarmament, is in harmony with League principles.

THE Briand-Kellogg pact to outlaw war, initiated by France, extended by us to include all powerful nations, links us up indirectly with the League. For instance, not only did the League take a hand in the attempted settlement of the Japan-China crisis, but our government protested against war between the two nations, referring in a very diplomatic way to the Kellogg pact.

As a people, we are wholly in sympathy with the working of the League. The only reasons we have not joined it are the fact that we regard it is largely

composed of European nations and that we have an inherited prejudice, due mainly to the pronouncements of Washington and Monroe in our pastoral age, against entangling ourselves in any way with European nations. This is despite the fact that all our major external wars have been with European countries—with Great Britain on two occasions, with Spain, Tripoli, and Germany.

However, neither Washington, Monroe, nor any of our other leaders has ever advocated a policy of isolation from

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CHRISTMAS EVE

By ELIZABETH VORE

NOW at the holy Christmas eve,—
The sacred night when Christ was born,

Ring! Ring! Glad tidings blest of heaven!
Behold the great Lord Christ has come
To every heart and every home
From Heavenly mansions, high above.
Let saints and sinners bow the knee,
And grasp the miracle—the free
And wonderous glory of His love!

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the international affairs of this continent. They have realized instead that our policy of isolation cannot be extended to this hemisphere. It is our traditional policy to lead in inter-American affairs.

We cannot divorce ourselves from Latin-American problems now any more than we could in the days of Jefferson, Monroe, Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding, or Coolidge. We have the same reasons for keeping European arms out of Latin-America now as we had before. When European countries win a war, they demand lands and property as tribute, as Wilson learned to his sorrow when he was forced to barter some of his ideals at the Peace Conference of Versailles for his supreme ideal, the League. Such a loss of territory in South America would involve us in endless European wars, for that which affects our near neighbors affects us.

We are very closely connected from an economic point of view. The bulk of our enormous foreign trade is with them. One aviation system now regularly serves 30 American countries; and soon we will be able to tour by automobile from Canada to Argentina.

We therefore can not let Europe protect itself in undeveloped Latin-America, and we can not afford to embroil ourselves in constant wars to keep Europe out of this hemisphere. The only alter-

native is to find some means of enforcing the Monroe Doctrine by a treaty or union with other American nations.

A MULTI-LATERAL treaty signed by all the members of the Pan-American Union to collectively enforce the Monroe Doctrine by the force of their combined arms would be of far more direct value in securing peace than will be the Kellogg-Briand pact.

Like the modern miracle of the surgeon's knife, it at one stroke would cure a major complaint of long standing which has possible disastrous consequences. It would eliminate the universal Latin criticism of the United States' inter-American relations, such as that voiced recently by Louis Guilaine in *Le Temps*, the French *semi-official* daily in Paris and that by Diomedes de Pereyra, famous Bolivian novelist, in an article in a prominent American magazine.

The French writer states that the Pan-American Union has failed to date because the United States has used it as an instrument to further its economic and political ambitions, because it has not established the American customs union which it advocated and has not been strengthened by a common agreement among union members to guarantee the independence of Latin-American republics. He foresees that it will end in utter failure if it continues to develop along present lines and suggests, as a substitute, that the coming Pan-Europe, formally proposed by Briand to the League in May, 1930, and to be considered by a League committee that meets January 19, 1932, be extended to include the South American nations. Such a union, he states, Great Britain, due to her present economic and political troubles, would be compelled to support. This article has authority, as it is written in the daily which closely reflects the opinion of the French government.

The Bolivian writer, De Pereyra, has written an able article on the Latin-American opinion of the Pan-American Union. He damns the Monroe Doctrine in no uncertain terms, states that if we allow the present conditions to continue after the next conference of the Pan-American delegates, at Montevideo in 1932, that Argentina, Chile and Brazil will withdraw from the union and seek to secure a union with the Latin nations of Europe.

There is no doubt of the fact that Latin-Americans generally are disappointed with the Union and are in the

Read further on page 31

Arrow Rock, Outpost of Frontier Days

By LEETHA JOURNEY PROBST

"BACK in Old Missouri" on the banks of the Big Muddy, stands the old brick Tavern of Arrow Rock, gray and hoary and dreaming like an old man in the sun. On a tablet on the front wall are these words: "This Old Tavern, erected in 1830, marks the first trail from east to west. Standing like a sentinel on guard, its ivy'd walls contain the secret dreams of those who built the western empire and helped mold the motto of this great state."

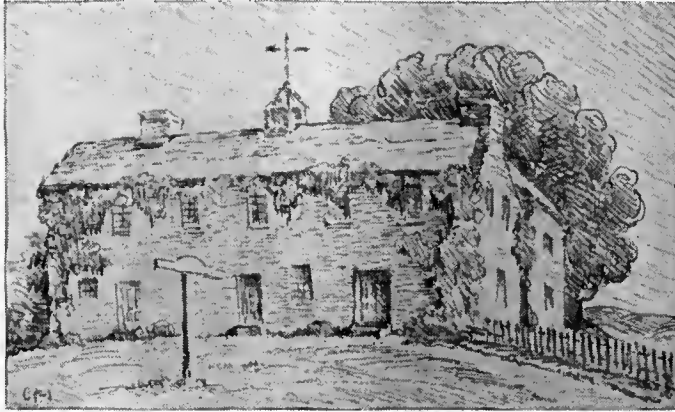
Missouri has often been called "The Mother of the West." Regardless of whatever sentimental though justifiable emphasis we Californians place on our Spanish heritage, we know that it was in the mid-west that the old trails had their beginning. Missouri was the hub; receiving from the east and sending out to the west. Southward, they came through the Shenandoah valley,—Welsh, English, German; up through the Cumberland Gap, the sturdy Scotch-Irish, to Franklin, Booneville, Arrow Rock and Independence, and from thence over trails of their own making to the West and California.

No migration in all the history of mankind is more replete with hardship nor more courageous and determined in its spasmodic course than that which crossed the plains and deserts of the western United States.

Today, none of these places, regardless of accelerated vehicle traffic, can present the appearance of the bustling, purposeful activity of a hundred years ago. Old Franklin has long since been claimed by the bed of the river; Booneville, though still retaining some of the charm of a river town, is engrossed with the things of today as is also Independence; but in the race to keep step with progress, Arrow Rock has been left far behind.

Today as one speeds along Highway No. 40, the great National Highway through Missouri, one may, if especially interested and in not too great a hurry, at a point a few miles east of Booneville, peer down through a jungle of sumach, black-oak and wild blackberry brier and see the faint imprint of an old road. A road bitten deep into the earth by cloven

hooves; a road that took account of each little rise and declivity; that followed streams to cross them gently; a road that was the beginning of the most famous and romantic of roads in all history—the old Boon's Lick Trail from St. Charles to Arrow Rock. Here is the beginning of all the great trails; the Santa Fe, the Overland Trail, the Ore-



The Old Tavern, Arrow Rock. Built in 1830. Sketch by Author.

gon Trail. Roads of adventure and of golden promise beyond the dreams of Midas; roads of tragedy that balk the telling; roads to an Empire.

Now Arrow Rock is no longer the goal of the hurried traveler nor an objective on the main road. One must leave the smooth highway that dips and winds through fields of tasseling corn and wheat falling in thick swaths before a horseless binder, and follow a lane overgrown with tangled thickets. After driving a few miles and crossing a few high wooden bridges that rumble ominously, one comes, around a sharp turn in the road, upon Arrow Rock. A few dilapidated, sleepy looking buildings nestled among old, gnarled, lightning-scarred trees, a garage quaintly reminiscent of blacksmith days, a shabby post-office and a general merchandise store. The Tavern, vine-clad and gray, dominates the scene. Across the meadow the shining river flows which once passed the Tavern's very portals but which now shuns it by half a mile.

It was here in Saline County, where two old Indian trails once met, and known to the Indians as Arrow Rock even before the advent of the white man, that the Santa Fe Trail had its beginning; and it was here, in the spring of 1811,

that the Bicknell brothers came; William to be known as the "Father of the Santa Fe Trail" and Joshua to build and operate the ferry which was to be the first link in the long road west. Twenty years later and about the time the Tavern came into being. Thomas Benton, Missouri's first senator, presented to Congress a petition from Boon County, that

the government survey and mark the most acceptable route for a new road to the west. President Monroe signed the bill and Arrow Rock became a seething center of activity. No matter what the ultimate destination, whether Oregon, California, or Mexico, whether by way of the Santa Fe Trail, the Oregon, or the Overland, they all ferried over at Arrow Rock. Here the North met the South; the East met the West. Here came travelers in buckskin and homespun; high beaver hats and coon-tail caps; travelers carrying powder-horn muskets and red carpet-bags. Adventurers, traders, homeseekers, soldiers in blue and gray; gallant officers and men on their way to Mexico, gold-seekers and forty-niners passed beneath the portals of Arrow Rock. Calm eyed women and their little ones found shelter here from the vicissitudes of the trail behind and made ready for the unknown trail ahead.

Tragedies of bowie-knife and gun during those stirring days of border warfare, have left a bloody imprint, for the tangled thickets and deep timber of Saline and Howard Counties made an almost impregnable hiding place for Quantril and Anderson and their red-shirted guerrilla bands. Beneath the old rafters, burning questions of religion and war have been discussed; and the men who dug up the leaden coffins from the nearby burial ground and molded them into bullets, molded at the same time, something of the woof and warp of a nation.

The records show that Washington Irving and Kit Carson were guests here at the same time, although no mention is made of the place by Irving. Could he return he would surely not leave it unmentioned, for it is more than an Inn,

a place dispensing hospitality for a price. It is an old soul dreaming on the river bank. The soul of a gay, tragic, mystical and poetical phase of pioneer life, such as never before was nor will be again.

What was once the old tap-room is now a cool, quiet place housing mementoes of other days. The weather-worn hub of an ox-wagon that creaked up from Tennessee; spinning wheels and looms; an old piano that tinkled gay tunes and sacred hymns. On the walls are notices of runaway slaves and slave auctions, and not least in interest, a collection of the current literature of the time. To read it is to feel for the moment something of the very spirit of that early day.

The building is two story, every room upstairs being connected downstairs with an individual stairway. Just what the original idea was seems to have been forgotten, but the arrangement has given rise to numerous ghostly legends.

Doors, stairs, treads and casings are of solid hand-hewn native walnut and the nails and hardware were forged by slaves. From a huge flat stone that serves now as a doorstep, human chattel was once auctioned. The upper rooms furnished with ancient four-poster canopied beds and ornate marble-topped bureaus have offered succor and rest to many men distinguished now as builders of this great commonwealth. Governors, Senators, Representatives, have sojourned here and many have at some time made this their home. The town of Arrow Rock has given its state three governors: Merideth M. Marmaduke, Claiborne F. Jackson, and John Sappington Marmaduke. All in one way or another extended their influence far beyond the boundaries of their respective states. Another governor, Benjamin F. Reeves, relinquished his gubernatorial position to take a place on the commission appointed to survey and mark the Santa Fe Trail.

The Sappington name is one remembered by westerner and mid-westerner alike. Doctor John Sappington's ague

pills were an important part of the equipment of every western wending caravan, for Doctor John was the first to successfully combat this dread disease which claimed more victims than were claimed by Indians. A mistake in ordering quinine which asked for pounds instead of grams, loaded the doctor with more of the drug than he could hope to use in a lifetime of regular practice and the pay-



Senator Thomas H. Benton

Reproduced from an old issue of Out West Magazine.

ment for which involved financial disaster. Having already used the drug with great success the doctor conceived the idea of working it up into a patented pill. "Doctor Sappington's Ague Pills" became a household remedy and the Doctor prospered through the mistake. In the Tavern, dropped as if it had just been left, is the clumsy old medicine kit with its vials of powders and nostrums which once accompanied this good man. Just what such men contributed in the making of a nation can scarcely be calculated.

Four of this same doctor's daughters married governors, three of them marrying one man, Claiborne F. Jackson.

Jackson was Missouri's civil war governor and his unusual romance with three sisters has a flavor peculiar to the time and place. It is told that young Jackson first fell in love with the youngest of the Sappington sisters, Eliza. When he asked for her hand he was told by her father, after the manner of Laban of old, that there should be no choosing among his children but that if he wished he might court Jane, the eldest. Jackson acquiesced and married Jane. A few years later Jane died and Jackson renewed his request for the hand of Eliza. Again the doctor refused, stating that the second daughter, Louise, was next in line. Again the suitor accepted the dictum and married Louise. Seven years later Louise also died and in the meantime Eliza had been wed and widowed. Now for the third time Claiborne Jackson sought her in marriage and when it seemed that no whim could intervene we are told that the Doctor gave his consent but with this admonitory remark: "Yes, Claib, you can have her; but for God's sake don't come back in a few years and ask for the old lady, for she is all I have left."

It is true that the memories that cluster about Arrow Rock are only a hundred years old and that in the history of migrations a hundred years is a mere bagatelle; but in the history of these United States, in fact, of the civilized world, it is this period, 1830-1930, which ushered in the new era, which we who are a part of it, are scarcely able to comprehend in all its wonder. It was here among these people, their eyes straining westward, their footsteps turned relentlessly westward, that the dreams and visions which presaged this new age took place.

Not alone to those who turned their eyes toward "The Shining Mountains" do we owe a debt of gratitude and a word of praise, but to those who stayed; who dreamed roads, express and telegraph service, industrial and educational expansion, and who never for a moment lost sight of the West as an integral part of the nation—these also we salute.

WRITING has become a specialized thing. It has got away from its beautiful natural sources, human speech. —Too many writers write like writers. The result is that, instead of clarifying their thoughts with simple, natural sentences, they obscure them with elaborate phrases and long-winded sentences. —Often I am impressed with the spontaneity of a person's conversation, the freshness of his expression. Yet when I read what he writes, the spontaneity is missing. He writes like a writer, and his ideas are clogged in the stilted phrases and unnatural language that writers use. —Writing should be the spoken word set down, clarified and repetition eliminated. —The trouble is that writers don't learn their business. If writing is difficult for the reader, the writer hasn't worked out his ideas."—John D. Barry in "The Relation Between Speaking and Writing."—Quoted in *The Commonwealth*.

Singing Games of the Southern Mountains

By CARL HOLLIDAY.

FAR BACK from the beaten paths in the mountains of Tennessee, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Virginia, there dwell a folk who, even today, speak and seek entertainment after the manner of two centuries ago. Many of them have never ridden on a railway train; thousands have never seen a street-car or electric light; the words "motion picture," "wireless telegraphy," "radio," and "flying machine" are almost meaningless symbols to them.

To the stranger who happens among these people of the deep mountain gorges or coves, the life of these "coveites," as they are often called, may seem unbearably primitive and monotonous. They hunt and fish, dig ginseng or "sang," cut out timber, gather tan-bark and herbs or "yarbs," and raise scanty patches of corn on the steep hillsides. The roads are so rough that few wagons could stand the strain of carrying the grain to the distant markets; therefore the moonshine still flourishes and there is deep hatred of the natives for the government raider, or "revenoo man."

In spite of the bracing air, pure water, and outdoor life these mountaineers are not a healthy people. The girls, generally pretty in early youth, soon grow to be yellow and withered; the men, always lean and lank, turn into shaggy, stoop-shouldered consumers of infinite tobacco. Whiskey, salt bacon, sodden corn-bread, and coffee boiled in pots not emptied of grounds for weeks, do a perfect work that even the "yarb doctor" can never undo.

What do they have by way of amusement? This is the question asked by nearly all the "stranger folks" who come among these coveites. For one thing, they can dance. Your true mountaineer would rather dance than shoot a deer—or a revenue officer. And as they dance they sing bits of crude verse probably not heard in other parts of America in nearly a century. Some late fall or winter afternoon the passerby will notice the "furniture" of one room of the "double-pen" log cabin being stacked up on the "lean-to" porch or in the open gallery connecting the two parts of the house. This indicates a dance, at which all the mountain friends, and maybe their feud enemies, too, will be present. Possibly a fiddler will be there, but he will not be necessary; for every young fellow will

bring his lustiest voice with him to bawl out the words of the dancing songs.

The evening entertainment will doubtless begin with some quiet game, such as "slap out," an amusement older than the days of Shakespeare. Out into the gallery go all the boys; into the room go all the girls. One damsel, chosen as leader, commands all the lassies to "set down," and all being seated on the floor along the walls, she has each girl confess what mountain cavalier she chooses to have sit beside her. Then the door is opened cautiously, the name of one of the chosen lads called, and in stumbles the loose-jointed, unkempt sappling, rather red in the face, giggling, and looking silly in general. He is told to pick out the girl who selected him and to sit down beside her.

If he happens to choose the right one, he and the girl vainly endeavor to hide their embarrassment and their happiness; but if he chooses the wrong one, woe betide him; the derisive shouts, the hissing, the clapping, the pushing, and the slapping he receives as he retreats would shatter the nerves of even a veteran city-park flirt. Doubtless many a mountain lass has lain on her "shuck" bed weeping half the night because, forsooth, the boy she secretly loved had not possessed the good sense, "the gumption," as they say in the mountains, to sit beside her. And just as sure it is that many a withered mother of numerous progeny could say that she married her coveite husband because "he set down right at a slap out game."

NOW, that everybody invited to the party is present, with perhaps a few family or clan enemies spying in the dense woods nearby, the dancing games begin. One that these almost grown young people play may be heard to this hour among the little children of the city—"We're marching 'round the levee." Doubtless many of the mountain folk have but a vague idea of what a levee is, but the game is enjoyed nevertheless. A circle is formed around a boy or girl, and all sing slowly:

We're marching 'round the levee,
We're marching 'round the levee,
We're marching 'round the levee,
Since we have gained the day.

Go forth and face your lover,
Go forth and face your lover,

Go forth and face your lover,
For we have gained the day.

Then the young man or girl within the circle selects a mate, and taking each other's hands, they spread out their arms until their faces are brought dangerously close together, while all again sing:

I measure my love to show you,
I measure my love to show you,
I measure my love to show you,
For we have gained the day.

Just here is the exciting moment; for the boy, and the circle, suddenly commence to yell most lustily:

I'll take a sweet kiss and leave you,
I'll take a sweet kiss and leave you,
I'll take a sweet kiss and leave you,
For we have gained the day.

Generally, of course, the girl attempts to break through the ring, but frequently, amidst blushes and shrieks, she is captured and held in the bear-like embrace of the partner while he claims the forfeit.

"Let's play Wilson's ballroom!" shouts some young giant. In a moment the crowd has divided into two distinct rows, the boys in the one, the girls in the other. Two young men at one end step out and come forward to meet two "gals" from the other end, while all sing:

Hurrah, ye for Wilson's ballroom,
Hurrah, ye for Wilson's ballroom,
Hurrah, ye for Wilson's ballroom,
So early in the morning.

Meanwhile the two boys and the two girls, having executed certain dance steps in the center space, are soon joined by a dancer from each row, and these, as they go through maneuvers similar to those of the old Virginia reel, are cheered on by the song of the others:

Fiddler's drunk, and he can't play,
Fiddler's drunk, and he can't play,
Fiddler's drunk, and he can't play,
So early in the morning.

Thus the song and dance continue until the two rows have melted away, and all the partners are whirling and shouting:

Whoop 'em up, boys, with your big wagon,
Wheel is broke, and axle's draggin',
Right and left to your little wagon,
So early in the morning.

Read further on page 27

Seein' Things

By MARJORY M. FISHER

FROM sands to sands . . . the sand of the San Francisco Bay to the sands of the desert, over night. Waste lands? Nay. For the desert has a fertility all its own. None that serves the practicalities of man or beast, perhaps, but rather one that bestirs the thought forces of those who have eyes to see the beauty and perceive the message of its flora . . . a message that be-speaks eternity.

Cacti, yucca, and the shrubs of the southwestern desert offer a profusion of colorful bloom . . . an arresting sight, one that makes its vastness seem far from formidable. Yet one rejoices that it is being traversed in comfort via a modern train rather than in the prairie schooners of our forefathers.

And a mirage is guaranteed along with the ticket purchase! No mirage, your money will be refunded . . . (Maybel) . . . Anyway, the mirage appears, and a short distance from the train windows the vast area of sand merges into what appears to the eye as a quiescent sea . . . Whether the phenomenon transpires at 10:30 o'clock (as the ticket man prophesied) or at a later hour, the effect is the same, and one sympathizes with the hundreds who have been led astray by similar visions . . . victims of uncharted paths.

THE Grand Canyon. . . More miraculous than a mirage . . . a picture that instills a new sense of "grandeur" and makes one wonder if there is such a word as "awesome."

Glimpsed in the early morning as the Grand Canyon Limited rounds a turn in the road, the tremendous chasm gapes a colorful welcome. . . An irreverent tourist exclaims—"It looks just like its pictures." It does. After all, could a more flattering comment be made? Artists are wont to idealize . . . but no artist has yet put on canvas nor a writer conveyed in words the torrential majesty of Nature's wonderwork. However here is what Stewart Farmer has to say about the Grand Canyon of the Colorado:

"THIS morning I turned out before dawn and walked several miles along the rim of the Canyon to watch the sunrise. When I arrived at my high gallery seat the overture had already begun, and I say to you that a Beethoven or a Brahms never could have captured

in copy the dulcimer sweetness of the soft wind breathing through those pines and tamaracks.

"Presently Old Sun stepped forth from behind a lofty crag to announce the prologue; and then, with the slow lifting of the purple curtain of darkness, the mighty drama was on. What a majestic, breath-taking performance to witness! I remained there motionless, entranced, unbelieving, as there was re-enacted before



my eyes every phase of the gigantic historic struggle between the Apollonian God of Light and the Cerberus forces of Black Night for the possession of this, one of Earth's loveliest jewels. The action raged back and forth across that magnificent amphitheatre in a war of ever encroaching color and receding shadow. Finally, the climax and a perfect denouement in the glorious triumph of Light and the birth of a fair daughter, Day.

"As I sat there on a rocky ledge 7100 feet high, the thought occurred to me that the Woolworth Tower, one of man's most ambitious sky-scraping achievements, is a mere 700 feet one inch. That lofty tower represents the ultimate in architectural scheming and structural engineering; while this canyon is a masterpiece that Nature, true artist and artisan, simply dashed off in an idle moment of a few millions of years.

"I stepped closer, and scarce daring to breathe lest I lose my balance, I peered over the end of the ledge into an awful chasm dropping straight down for 5000 feet. As I cringed there at the edge of

the precipice, a miserable little lizard scampered across my foot and went scurrying down the smooth, perpendicular face of the cliff, at once up-setting seven different man-evolved laws of gravitation. Half a hundred feet down he paused and winked at me, a wink that ridiculed the builders of sky-scrapers and strange machines.

"Then a contemptible sparrow flew over my head and out across the canyon, chirping an impertinent challenge for me to follow. He returned presently to twit me upon my inability to fly with him and upon the insufficiency of mankind in general who can conceive a great symphony but yet cannot sing the simple notes of the nightingale or the humble sparrow; and then with a scornful twist of his tail, he soared nonchalantly forward on his journey cross canyon, leaving me to ponder a second revelation from one of God's most lowly.

"Now the savant may teach and the theologian may preach, but would man acquire the rich habit of humility and really come into tune with the Infinite, he need but consider the wisdom and ways of a tiny earth creature or contemplate the majesty of a Grand Canyon."

HARMONIZING as perfectly as could any man-made structure with such a setting, is the delightful El Tovar Hotel to which Victor Patrossa welcomes the transient guest. Whether one's stay is for the day or for a fortnight, the genial host extends a royal welcome and a remarkable chef sees to it that no visitor suffers the pangs of physical hunger while viewing the soul-satisfying grandeur created by unknown powers.

Hopi Indians reveal their crafts in the Hopi House across the way, and in the late afternoon demonstrate tribal dances for the interested onlookers. Fortunate is the wayfarer who is permitted to view the upper stories of the Hopi house where costumes, wares, and the fascinating little Katchina dolls are kept. Due to the graciousness of the host and hostess of this Hopi House, an invitation to visit the upper stories is extended to more than the privileged few.

If one is lucky, Nature will stage a passing storm and it is with an increased sense of humility, plus that feeling of pleasant satisfaction derived from hav-

ing one's anticipation more than fulfilled, that one bids farewell to the Canyon and its hosts and returns to the waiting train . . . the regret at departure being only slightly lessened by the anticipation of scenes to come.

EASTWARD, through the great southwest, the Santa Fe Limited makes its way. The Arizona-New Mexico border land . . . geologically reminiscent of the Grand Canyon . . . but not on so lavish a scale. . . More flora, some of a more sturdy sort . . . and not many hours later a Harvey Courier comes abroad . . . a picturesque vision of the great southwest . . . as writers have painted it.

Wide felt hat . . . colorful blouse half hidden from view by coat or jacket . . . silver and turquoise Navajo jewelry ornamenting her fair person . . . a charming speaking voice . . . and an irresistible smile . . . No wonder there is a general exodus at Lamy, the starting point for the Indian Detour! From there a motorbus conveys one to the fascinating old town of Santa Fe, the terminal of the historic Santa Fe Trail.

There, at Hotel La Fonda with its old world atmosphere and its ultra modern comforts and conveniences, one enjoys a refreshing night . . . Spanish and Mexican architecture and decorations, consistent in every detail . . . Mexican meals if one so requests . . . Mexican orchestra in National attire . . . Indians intriguing the visitors with their bead and basket work . . . Navajo jewelry . . . and peaceful dreams.

Morning . . . A Harvey Courier introduces herself . . . a de luxe five passenger car driven by a stalwart son of the West awaits you at the curb . . . Introductions ensue, and in a friendly mood you begin the ride to the ancient Indian pueblos where the first Americans continue their primitive mode of living.

The snow-capped Sangre de Cristo . . . cottonwood trees . . . the Tesuque lands . . . a government school wherein Indian children are taken through the six grammar grades before being sent away to boarding school and there introduced to a civilization to which they are not accustomed . . . an increasingly rugged land . . . and in a little valley, the Santa Clara Pueblo.

At our approach the Indian women emerge from their little one story adobe homes like so many ants from an ant hill and form a picturesque circle in the plaza, making an inner circle of their wares . . . The famous black pottery of meaningful designs . . . beads woven into

bands with decorative patterns . . . each maker hopeful of a sale but never forcing her wares, merely replying in Spanish or English when questioned . . . often the children of the Pueblo act as interpreters.

Lufena—champion pottery maker of the pueblo . . . and with an eye to busi-

. . .

A CHRISTMAS TREE

By ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

THERE is a place
Where delphinium sky
Bends so low
And russet hill
Towers so high
That the hill
Cuts a slice out of the sky.

There is a rill
That forms a pool
Where shadows lie—
Russet hill high
Against delphinium sky;
At a precise hour of the day
A dapper young evergreen tree
Found that he
Could tower as high as they
In the depths of the cool
Dreaming pool.

Two lovers found him so
Standing a-tip-toe;
"O see," they said, "This shall be
Our Christmas Tree."

I heard the wild things say: "Oh, I
Am so glad they left the hill and the sky."

. . .

ness! She too displays her wares in the plaza . . . but she leaves the circle (entrusting her wares to a daughter or granddaughter) and opens her home to the curious wayfarers who are being piloted by her favorite couriers. There she also has a display of her pottery, and hung in conspicuous places are the badges and medals of honor her skill has won for her. . . . We prize an attractive bowl with prairie dog motif. . . . She is an artist of strictly one price . . . we take the bowl at her figure (which is so reasonable as to be irresistibly tempting) and request the canny Lufena to pose for a picture—which she cheerfully does. . . . She knows the most picturesque setting (the old bake-oven by her back door) and is so apt a subject one knows instinctively that posing is an every day affair with her.

As the visitors return to their respective cars, the Indian women repack their wares in their baskets and re-enter their primitive adobe abodes there to do

their daily tasks until the next contingent of Harveytour cars arrives. For only those visitors accompanied by Harvey Couriers are welcome. These charming young women (who come from all parts of the States and from England to seek the Harvey schooling and wear the Harvey uniform—(very few of them are natives of the southwest) have won the confidence of the Pueblo Indians and are welcomed by them. . . . Unescorted tourists are not looked upon as friends . . . and only friends may enter the well kept homes and view the intimate surroundings of the pueblo Indians.

There is the old chief who has been to Washington. . . . He shows (and sells!) photos of himself in full regalia, and proudly displays his collection of pictures in which he has posed with presidents and other famous men. . . . There is the squaw who molds her clay while her papoose swings in a cradle suspended from the ceiling and the man of the house rests on the bed. . . . Children are not reluctant about accepting sweets from strangers, and appear to be amply fed.

The pueblo Indians retain their age-old pride and a sense of superiority. Courtesy begets courtesy; impertinence, impertinence. Asked why he didn't take better care of his dog, and Indian replied—"It's none of your business!"

Nor is it any one's business to know what takes place in the kiva . . . the tribe's ceremonial house . . . underground and fully protected from surreptitious glances, it is the meeting ground of the chiefs . . . and the site for secret ceremonies. Only on the occasions of ceremonial dances may the Indian woman enter the sacred portal.

Beans . . . corn . . . chili . . . squash . . . watermelon . . . the Indians' chief crops . . . and principal foods . . . Babes are fed beans as soon as they are weaned . . . and appear none the worse for such diet.

WESTWARD and upward the Harveytour car wends its way . . . the ruins of the Puye Cliff Dwellers' ancient homes, its destination . . . High above the valley where clouds and sun alternately lower and raise the temperature as much as 20 degrees and more in the space of a few minutes, there is the Puye rest house—a modern structure, lying at the foot of the Puye cliffs where excavators have unearthed the age-old homes of a primitive people. Irregular stone steps . . . a ladder constructed from sturdy limbs and a rocky path lead one

Read further on page 30

One Winter Night

By KATHARINE BUOY

TREMBLING with cold from the damp chill of the winter day, Uncle Jimmy Howe sat humped over the high seat of the rickety old-fashioned buckboard. It contained a small load of apples. They were the last apples from the stunted tree that grew in the rear of the premises where stood the shed that housed his old horse. The owner of the place had given him permission to sell the apples for whatever he could get for them.

The old man was hungry. For days he had eaten little but apples. The money he had taken in from the sale of his fruit had gone to buy feed for his horse. His growing weakness warned him that soon he might be unable to care for the animal—the companion that had shared with himself, the vicissitudes of so many years.

"Git up, Dandy," he called to the horse, whose dingy white hue matched the beard that straggled over his own sunken breast—a beard saturated with grime from the city's smoke-tinged atmosphere. "Git up," he repeated and slapped the reins over the horse's back for emphasis, "it's gittin' late, old boy, and we've got to sell these apples before we eat, or sleep!"

The old horse plodded wearily onward, with only a switch of his tail to show he noticed his master's gesture, or heard his voice.

Uncle Jimmy drove to the curb where a feeble light from a street lamp sent its dull glow through the murky shadows of late afternoon. Slowly and painfully he descended to the pavement where he arranged his sign:

"Apples 5c a pound."

Then he staggered to dandy's head, laid his face lovingly against that of the horse, and crooned to him softly:

"Old Pard, I guess maybe this is goin' to be our last trip together," and his bony hand, with purple ridged veins standing out like welts, rubbed the horse's velvety nose caressingly. "I don't seem able to keep agoin'" he further confided. "Gittin' too old—you and me, Dandy. People don't realize how hard it is for old fellers like us to git along. They don't mean to be cruel. Just don't think."

The horse whinnied a sort of assent

as he nibbled at the shaking hand that fondled him so affectionately.

Uncle Jimmy continued: "'Way out on A street there is an old livery stable run by Bob Allen. I knew him when he was a little feller. He was always kind to animals. Maybe we had better go there tonight. Bob will take good care of you, Dandy."

A pedestrian halted beside the wagon



and Uncle Jimmy left the horse, drew a paper bag from a pile beneath the oil-cloth that protected the bundle from the rain, and proceeded to fill the sack with apples.

Only a few others stopped to buy of his stock. It was too cold and wet, and the winter evening grew darker and darker, till it was obvious that no more apples could be sold that night.

Uncle Jimmy glanced up and down the wet street. The city lights rippled in wavering reflections from the slippery pavement. It was such a long way to A street on the outskirts of the city, and it was terribly cold this evening. But Uncle Jimmy had been told not to bring his horse back to the old quarters. The barn had been rented to one who could pay more. But he must find a place for Dandy, even if he himself must go without lodging. Good, faithful old Dandy, they had been pals for twenty years and more now. Always gentle and reliable, he was like a tried and true friend—the only thing in the world left for the old man to love!

The rain finally ceased, but the wind grew stronger and colder as the buck-

board rattled through the emptying streets. Uncle Jimmy shivered, as he held the reins between his thin knees and beat his hands together to start the circulation of his sluggish, half-starved blood.

At last he reached the old livery stable that still stood, despite the reign of the automobile. His ragged coat flapped in the wind as he climbed stiffly down from the high seat. He stumbled and almost fell as he gained the pavement. The old horse turned his head and neighed hopefully.

"Yes, old boy, we'll be gittin' something to eat pretty soon, and be sheltered from this dratted cold, too!" He stroked the horse's chilly nose, and passed into the stable.

"**S**URE, Granddad, you can leave the old horse here," answered the young manager of the stable, as he gazed compassionately at the shivering frame concealed by the raincoat.

"Thank you," the wrinkled face broke into a smile of gratitude. "You see I remembered how good you was to animals when you was a little tad, so I thought I'd bring Dandy to your place. Here is money enough to pay for his keep for awhile," and he drew forth a worn pocketbook containing several soiled bills. "I been savin' up for him for quite a spell, because something might happen to me. You know I ain't as spry as I used to be, and . . . and . . ." his voice trembled as he hesitated.

They walked out to where the waiting horse and vehicle stood and he continued, "Dandy ain't been gittin' as much to eat, lately, as he ought to have, but he'll be right peart soon as he has more feed—won't you, old pal?" he added, clutching the bedraggled wet mane with one hand to steady himself, while with the other he rubbed the lean neck, running his stiff fingers back and forth lingeringly.

Dandy responded by nuzzling his nose in Uncle Jimmy's shoulder.

Bob Allen gazed sympathetically at the two derelicts—man and horse—and felt the close affection existing between them. But what action he would have taken is uncertain, for just then he was called

Read further on page 29

Why Blame the War?

By NATHAN T. PORTER

WHAT did it? Who did it? I didn't do it—I am just a human victim! Thus old man Alibi is certainly having a busy time of it.



Nathan T. Porter

Meanwhile our minds are working overtime coining, or better, fabricating excuses or explanations that will shift the wealth of blame to the backs of the other fellows or to whomsoever is responsible for this whole wretched business. Quite naturally, in nine hundred ninety-nine cases, and possibly the remaining one of the thousand, it's the other fellow, or the other business, or big business, or nobody's business, that has brought this all about.

On the other hand, we hear the usual charges of mal-administration of our own Government and other governments and of politicians generally, who are customarily, and apparently of necessity, indicted at every bad turn of the human road. Lastly, we have the outcry of the masses against what to them is an epidemic of greed and graft and gambling. Joined to this is a general outcry of the spiritual shepherds of the world that the morale of the whole human group has gone sour.

While the foregoing recitals placed the blame here, and the blame there, and the blame anywhere, except on the person of the recitor, big business, little business, the politician, and even the churchmen,—all are willing as a sort of compromise, to place the entire blame for the whole mess on the late World War.

IT'S TO be admitted that laying the great burden of blame on the late war is the greatest conscious-easing practice so far discovered. The reason is, it is not yet known who started the War, and probably never will be, so the blame can lie buried in an unknown grave. Now has it not occurred to us that some thirteen years have elapsed since the close of this world conflict; and that between the close of the World War and the beginning of the present hard times,

eleven full years have elapsed? Then immediately following the war we experienced the ills and accompanying pains of readjustment. Supplies and various war material orders were cancelled immediately upon declaring the Armistice; values of stocks on hand fell to near, and in some cases below, pre-war levels. Millions of men engaged in the business of War were suddenly faced with the necessity of fitting themselves back into the activities indicted to Peace. But all this is history. Within five years from the signing of the Armistice, and in most cases in a much less time, these admitted cruel and financial wounds of war were healed.

Individual losses were absorbed. This ex-war man power, all that were able and willing to do were doing. Prices all along the line were advancing on and above pre-war schedules. In fact, over

the whole spread of business and industry, there was a health tint distinctly richer than the coloring reflected during the pre-war period. In fact, there was already showing the dawn of the light of the greatest day of material prosperity in human existence.

TRUE, the war accusers are everywhere heard to say that there was saddled upon us an immense debt, an obligation such as would stretch itself more than a generation's length into the future. But what about this pain and grief incident to indebtedness? Do we not recall that during the boom period it was scarcely noticeable? We had plenty of income to take care of it. We were not only absorbing fixed operating charges, including interest charges on the debt, but we were amortizing the prin-

Read further on next page

MANY well meaning people speak in glowing terms of the "good old days." It is a fact, however, that history repeats itself. There is a glitter and glamour attaching to the days that are past. There have been periods in history as dark and gloomy as those of the present. Such a time was experienced away back in 1857. There is given below an exact quotation from an editorial in Harpers Weekly of October 10, 1857. It reads as if it were written in the present day.

"IT IS a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years—not in the lifetime of most men who read this paper—has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable as at this time. In our own country there is universal commercial prostration and panic, and thousands of our poorest fellow citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment, and without the prospect of it.

In France, the political caldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty; Russia hangs, as usual, like a cloud, dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly Indian insurrection, and with its disturbed relations in China.

It is a solemn moment, and no man can feel an indifference (which, happily, no man pretends to feel) in the issue of events.

OF OUR own troubles no man can see the end. They are, fortunately, as yet mainly commercial; and if we are only to lose money, and by painful poverty to be taught wisdom—the wisdom of honor, of faith, of sympathy and of charity—no man need seriously to despair. And yet the very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of this widespread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity.

Good friends—let our conduct prove that the call comes to men who have large hearts, however narrowed their homes may be; who have open hands, however empty their purses. In time of peril we have nothing but manhood, strong in its faith in God, to rely upon; and whoever shows himself truly a God-fearing man now, by helping wherever and however he can, will be as blessed and beloved as a great light in darkness."

In quoting the above, a local print follows with the most appropriate admonition:

"Now, for God's sake, let's get back to work."

Why Blame the War?

Continued from page 13

cipal of the debt. It follows then that our distress from the indebtedness is a result of the panic rather than the cause of the panic.

But what about our statisticians? These writers of epitaphs over the bodies of the dead past. Some of them are bold enough to tell us that two hundred and twenty billions of property, or wealth or whatever it might be termed, was wasted or destroyed directly or indirectly by the activities of the late world conflict. Possibly so, but is it not equally a fact that what passes as waste and as destruction of things listed in the asset column of our individual or of our group financial statements, is about as mythical as the de-

struction of matter in the processes which make for change in the material world?

AS AN illustration: Of the two hundred twenty billions of destroyed or wasted wealth or property, the country of France was left with a large share. Yet the same France, as it is reflected from the financial map of the world today, is one of the whitest spots of all the national spots on the great globe of the earth. Instead of bankruptcy at the point of greatest destruction, we have the very reverse of it, the peak of prosperity. There is a tinge or irony about it, but our case might be diagnosed as one suffering of too little waste or destruction. So-called destruction is little less or more than change,

and change in the last analysis, is life itself.

As the boy on the street puts it: "Why not can this war alibi bunk?" Why not label it just what it is? A distinct yellow streak in our make-up. There is nothing as wholesome and as healing as out-and-out honesty. Admit the blame. We caused it. The great majority of us brought it on. It was 100 per cent man-made. Over-extension of credit, over-capitalization, inevitably results in the unbalancing of production set over against consumption. True also, this matter of excess credit and excess capitalization are in return results of the wildest orgie of speculation in which the human group has ever indulged.

WHY BLAME THE WAR?



The Death of Uncle Tom's Cabin

By R. BURTON ROSE

WHAT might be called the greatest tradition of our nation has ceased to live somewhere in theatre or tent show. After 79 years of continual production throughout the country, no show is now playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." No Topsy "just grows"; no Little Eva jerks heavenward on creaking stage ropes; Uncle Tom has ceased to whimper under the biting lash; and Eliza no longer flees ruthless bloodhounds.

Two generations of life have grown up since the premiere performance in 1852. During this period Uncle Tom has become a tradition to the world and to the stage, the most famous character in dramatic history. Not less than 10,000,000 people, it is estimated, have sat enthralled with Eliza's wild flight across the ice, or wept in Little Eva's last moment and laughed to Topsy's "I'se so wicked."

Practically every great actor has grown up through that southern cabin's gripping atmosphere at some point in his career. David Belasco once held the rank of an Uncle Tommer and Mary Pickford portrayed Eva for years. Uncle Toms were more often born—sons of older Uncles—who played their parts until death.

At the suggestion of his brother, a theatrical manager, G. L. Aiken created

the first stage version of Harriet Beecher Stowe's popular book early in the fall of the year she published her novel. For this to-be world famous play, he received a gold watch and felt well paid for his efforts.

On September 27, 1852, three Troy newspapers announced "The New Drama from the late popular work "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly."

Uncle Tom.....Mr. G. C. Germon
St. Claire.....Mr. G. Howard
George Harris.....Mr. G. L. Aiken
Eliza.....Mrs. G. C. Germon
Topsy.....Mrs. G. Howard
Eva.....Little Cordelia Howard

To commence at eight; doors open at seven; admission 25c, boys to gallery 12½c, box seats 12½c extra."

Merely a first night experiment, this program shows many later characters lacking. Skepticism faded immediately that night, however, when the show played to a full house. For nearly three months the townspeople packed the theater solid.

Appearing at the crucial moment when the book had just swept both the nation and even England, this melodrama stormed the country. No book ever became so widely heralded in so short a time. Editions in several languages to-

taled 1,500,000 within a decade. Then burst the play proving Hamlet's, "The play is the thing.

ONE month after the first performance a second dramatization by G. L. Aiken, entitled "Death of Uncle Tom, or Life Among the Lowly," created a new sensation. Shortly afterward he combined these two brief dramas, thus making one of full length perfectly balanced in tragedy and joy. Since then triumphant waves of this production have rolled across the country and have helped stamp out slavery's curse by bloody conflict.

Responding to insistent demands the troupe finally left Troy on December first for New York. There they brought Christmas tears and smiles to critical Broadway's audiences.

The next troupe season found many scattering with the new irresistible call of freedom. Northerners rose in their seats to applaud; Southerners rose to threaten the characters. But nothing could stop the message which was flaring across a continent, widening the break of a nation. A mighty civil war in exchange for a gold watch!

From the decidedly broad indications between humor and pathos of the 60's to the subtleties of later years G. L.

Read further on page 24

Progress In Thrift and Conservation Education

By ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN

Secretary California Association for Education in Thrift and Conservation

THRIFT education ranks in importance with other phases of modern school work. Its basic values lie deep-rooted in human nature. An understanding of what thrift is, the creating of thrift habits and the practice of those principles that underlie thrift, lead naturally to good citizenship and furnish basis for the best character training. The conservation of our resources, human and natural, is absolutely essential to the happiness and prosperity of the present generation and the safety of those generations that are to follow.

The practice of thrift by the on-coming generations may be expected only as the boys and girls in schools today are led to realize its value and necessity.

We may roughly divide the history of this type of education into three epochs: first, the period preceding and up to the beginning of the World War; second, the period covered by the conflict; third, the subsequent years to the present time.

Until the year 1914, the word thrift had little significance in this country and the idea had made scant headway. Emphasis had not been placed on the conservation of human or natural resources. Safety precautions, fire hazards and the need for preserving our forests and wild life from exploitation and extinction, while freely discussed, had not been given consideration in the schools.

In Europe and in certain Asiatic countries there has for many years been consistent practice of thrift and application of the principles of conservation. The people in France, in Belgium, and in the Orient have always been frugal and economical. They have believed in thrift and have practiced these beliefs. In school, in the home, in the business world, emphasis has been placed on thrift habits. Conservation of materials and elimination of waste were generally advocated, and these virtues were prac-

ticed. France and Belgium have saved themselves through thrift. Germany has long led in the utilization of by-products and in conservation methods. The Savings Bank flourished in Europe from its beginning there. European children universally have been taught to save and to

of thrift in education had not knocked at the door of the curriculum. Only a few far-seeing educators and others advocated the inclusion of thrift in the course of study at school, and urged its application to home life. The need for conservation in all its phases had not been thought a necessary and fundamental study for boys and girls in schools.

DURING the recent annual convention of the National Education Association in Los Angeles, there was held an epoch-making conference on thrift and conservation presided over by President A. R. Clifton of the California Association for Education in Thrift and Conservation. The following resolution received unanimous approval and Secretary Chamberlain was authorized to transmit same to the national officers:

"Whereas, the need for appreciation and practice of thrift and conservation in the life of the people is universally conceded, and

"Whereas, such appreciation and practice can not be realized until adequate thrift habits are made a part of the lives of the boys and girls in the public schools, and

"Whereas, the teaching of the principles of thrift and conservation as embodied in plans and projects and in connection with the required school subjects is no longer adequate; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the subject of thrift and conservation should be taught in the elementary and junior high schools as a regular subject in the curriculum, and

Further Resolved, That the officers of the National Education Association be urged and requested to include the subject of thrift and conservation in the program of the general sessions at the annual meetings."

The time for temporizing is past. To receive the attention they deserve, thrift and conservation must be accorded full status in the school program. The aim should be to foster the teaching of thrift in home and school; to establish thrift habits and general practice in all phases of the subject; to make clear the need for conservation, human and natural, and to look toward proper expenditures and economies in the family, in business, and in local, state and federal units.

conserve. Everywhere nature was assisted rather than hindered or thwarted.

In America, not until the years immediately preceding the Great War was there any systematic attention to thrift in the schools. Social values in thrift were not recognized at first. The importance of school banking was acknowledged by leaders and the establishment of school savings banks here and there in progressive school systems was a deliberate growth. Committees reported upon the necessity for "economy in education" but this related specifically to expenditures for buildings, equipment and the like. Our people, in home and in business, were less than saving, were careless for the future, while the subject

WITH the coming of the World War there was thrust upon us a situation critical and insistent and one that had to be promptly met. In the summer of 1915, there was held at San Francisco in connection with the annual meetings of the National Education Association, the first Thrift Congress. The Committee on Thrift of the National Education Association and of the National Council of Education was an outgrowth of this conference. The personnel included some of the leading educators of the country. This committee was from the beginning under the chairmanship of the present writer.

During the years of the War this committee functioned actively and contributed to the advances made in Thrift teaching through a number of far-reaching studies

and reports on various phases of thrift education. Chief among these constructive documents was the report entitled "Agricultural Preparedness and Food Conservation." Another equally important report was that on "Financing the War Through Thrift." Two especially important thrift conferences were held subsequent to the closing of the War—a two-day conference at Washington, D. C., in 1924, and another at Philadelphia in 1926, both held under the auspices of the National Education Association and National Council, with this writer as chairman, and participated in by leading educators, economists and conservationists.

While the War was in progress, it

was popular to advocate thrift, to practice it and to conserve in every way. There was noticeable development in school savings banks. The children in the schools were encouraged to save their pennies, nickels and dimes. School and home gardens were grown; fruits, vegetables, and garden truck were cultivated, marketed, and canned. Boys and girls in city and country did their part in contributing to the common weal, and in saving and conserving. Waste was eliminated. Children at school were taught the value of food substitutes, how to buy economically, how to utilize otherwise waste materials, how to conserve and renew wearing apparel and other things of use. Articles of value were collected, saved or sold—papers, magazines, tin foil, metals and the like. Tools and furniture were repaired. The schools taught the need for the saving of time and energy; the advantages of physical fitness; the reasons for earning and saving and investing, as well as for proper spending. In these and other ways, Thrift Education found entrance into the school as a practical and clarifying feature. The practice of conservation was popular and far-reaching.

In order that thrift should claim attention of curriculum makers, the one most important step first needed was increased realization on the part of the teachers themselves of the need for thrift instruction. From 1915 on there ensued a long and determined campaign to bring to the class teacher and supervising officer understanding of the need for such work in the school. The teaching load had been constantly increased. To crowd more into a program already over-full seemed to most teachers impossible or unwise.

PROGRESSIVE teachers soon acknowledged the value of thrift instruction. With the need for Thrift Education no longer in doubt, it became a question of *what* to teach and *how* to teach. During the last few years notable progress has been made in settling these issues, and in showing how thrift may be taught in correlation with other important school work. When articulated and presented in connection with the required school subjects, excellent results may be obtained. One topic "meshes" with the

other. In this way nothing is added to the teachers' burden; in fact, quite the reverse.

It may be observed that with a beginning made and the fundamental importance of thrift and conservation in the life of the nation more fully appreciated, many leading school people and others now believe that thrift should be included in the curriculum as a regular and separate subject of instruction.

With the close of the War, the impetus in thrift teaching was for a time carried forward; then with the ever-increasing demands made upon the schools, and the ease with which the average income was secured, the interest lagged. In the home and in the business world a spirit of recklessness again manifested itself. With almost unbounded material wealth centered in this country, few people seemed to appreciate the need for the practice of thrift. Under these conditions, it was difficult for the schools to establish courses in Thrift Education or to successfully advocate the practice of conservation, when, in the world outside the school, and in the home, thrift and saving were frequently looked upon as miserly tendencies. "A good deal of the waste of time and money in education," says Superintendent George N. Child of the Salt Lake City Schools, "viewed from the standpoint of justifiable returns, may be eliminated, and it is the duty of administrators to discover such waste and reduce it." During the last few years, and up to 1928 especially, thrift gained slowly but deliberately in forging its way to the front.

Previous to the last decade, practically the entire literature on thrift had to do with the theory of the subject; the need for its practice, and the like. As indicating the present trend and the developments in a practical way, a study of recent thrift literature is enlightening. A number of meritorious books have appeared having to do with thrift in the school. These followed the publication of a volume entitled "Thrift and Conservation," by Professor James F. Chamberlain, in collaboration with the present writer. In various places throughout the country progressive educators have prepared outlines and bulletins setting forth

problems, lesson helps, and various projects of a nature to teach thrift and conservation. In addition to these bulletins and monographs, articles have appeared in magazines and periodicals, featuring thrift in a dramatized manner—thrift plays, for example. In these and other ways there has been a noteworthy contribution to thrift literature.

A MOST significant step is the introduction into many schools of the country of the "Outline of the Course of Study in Thrift Education." This manual was prepared by the writer of this article at the urgent request of the Thrift Committee of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

As indicating the increased appreciation for and understanding of the value of Thrift Education in home and in school, is the attitude of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. This great organization has interested itself in the need for the general teaching and practice of thrift. The cooperation of leading members of the Parent-Teacher organization, and especially that of Mrs. Ella Caruthers Porter, National Chairman of Thrift, has been of tremendous importance in promoting rational thrift practices in school and home.

Each state now has its thrift chairman working in cooperation with and under the direction of the national chairman. Thus is impetus given the movement. The support and cooperation of the Parent-Teacher Associations will do much to develop in the coming generations, through practices at home and at school, valuable lessons and the establishment of desirable habits.

The Course of Study is a manual of 100 pages, prepared for use in the first eight years of school. A chapter is devoted to each year with problems and projects included under each of the various required school subjects. These problems and projects are drawn from actual life experiences and are thus real and practical. The Outline is used as supplemental to the work in arithmetic, history, English, geography, and other lines, and tends to enrich and amplify the regular school work.

Concluded in January issue

THRIFT is that habit or characteristic that prompts one to work for what he gets; to earn what is paid him; to invest a part of his earnings; to spend wisely and well; to save but not hoard. To be thrifty means not merely the proper making and saving and investing and spending of money. It means also the proper use of time and talents; the profitable employment of the leisure hour; the observing of the common laws of health and hygiene; the practice of moral and social virtues. It means the needed conservation of all human and natural resources. In a word, thrift is use without waste.—A. H. C.

California's Literary Wealth

By BEN FIELD

During the decade past, California has produced many notable writers. Many others of national reputation have taken up their abode in California. The achievements of these writers, past and present, are emphasized through outstanding selections in prose and verse, and included in a recent volume entitled "Songs and Stories." The book is more than an anthology, it is a critical study. Edwin Markham and editor and publisher as well are to be commended

for their discriminating work. So too is Ben Field for his intelligent and critical review and comment.
EDITOR.

Continued from November Issue

THE volume is full of fine things. Some of the authors are producers of both prose and poetry. Read the poem, "Mastery," by Charles F. Lummis. I saw him first when, as a youth, he arrived in Los Angeles from his tramp of 3000 miles across the continent. His arm had been broken by a fall, but a smile was on his lips. And a smile was in his heart, too, as he fought the good fight for many, many years here in Los Angeles or away on far adventures of exploration.

Hamlin Garland, resident now of Southern California much of the time, and a prose writer of fame; Harriet Monroe, pioneer poetry magazine editor, and Anna Catherine Markham. It is hardly necessary to say the latter is the wife of Edwin Markham and for many years was secretary of The Poetry Society of America. As a true Californian, born in California, she gives us her fine poem, "Sierran Memories." With all the help she has been to her famous husband and her gifted son, she has still been able to make an honored name for herself amongst the poets of America.

And read the sonnets of James D. Phelan. As I turn the pages I am reminded of that inspiring occasion when the members of the League of Western Writers, under the Presidency of Arthur H. Chamberlain, sat at open-air banquet on his lawn at Montalvo. This was in August of 1929, and the courtly Senator dispensed palpable and spiritual hospitality to 200 and more writers and artists.

Richard Burton won the hearts of the West from the lecture platform. We are glad to read his "Song Of The Open Road." Clinton Scollard, whose extensive poetic work is technically and beautifully perfect, came to Los Angeles not many years ago. Charles S. Greene, formerly of the Oakland Public Library, contributes a sonnet about San Francisco, and Derrick N. Lehmer, Editor of the University of California Chronicle, who writes a ballad of 400 lines as prettily as a senorita flashes her ankle—witness the last stanza of his "The Apples of Andaman":

"Songs I have heard in the forecastle dim,
Tales I have heard them tell,
Till never a man but I envied him
(God pity me!) but I envied him
His taste of the fruit of Hell!

JOHN STEVEN McGROARTY of Mission Play fame—would you hear him sing of "The King's Highway," and that graceful dancer on Poetry's page, Madge Morris Wagner; read her "To The Colorado Desert"; also get her own volume and peruse again the poem of wide appeal:

"I hear her rocking the baby
In the room just next to mine."

Harr Wagner, of San Francisco, has done many great things in the West, but this was the greatest—to have loved a singer like Madge Morris!

How can one write in a few lines of George Sterling? He was a sincere admirer of *Overland Monthly*, a frequent contributor, and was at one time on the staff of the magazine.

California's latest poet laureate, Henry Meade Bland, holds us tense with his sonnet, "Sunrise Over The Sierras." Not all men know that Robert Frost was born in California. Although an expert on stone walls in New England, he can and does tell us of California in his "A Peck of Gold" and "Once By The Pacific." Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote sonnets to his lady. And Petrarch composed 170, many of them to Laura, but as Byron remarks:

"Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's
wife
He would have written sonnets all his
life!"

But Ernest McGaffey, of Hollywood, has published a beautiful volume of 140 sonnets to a wife, and just one wife at that. You should meet Mrs. McGaffey, if you haven't already done so, and sit at her table. Read his "A California Idyl," one of the wife's rivals!

Kathleen Norris and Witter Bynner—no scant lines could do them justice! Jessie B. Rittenhouse (Mrs. Clinton Scollard), famous for her anthologies, as well

as her own poems, gives us "The Onset":

"The gulls, a multitude upon the sand,
Seeking the friendly succor of the
land,
Retreated at each onset of the wave,
Then moved back, imperturbable and
grave,
Till, in a swift accord, they took the sky
With strident cry."

Sarah Bard Field, wife of the Seer of Los Gatos, writes poetry of glowing gold. She is a lover of peace and gives of her time and enthusiasm to this great cause. And Ruth Comfort Mitchell, another who has made Los Gatos famous, is the author of the recent prose work, "Water," and of that powerful dramatic poem, "The Night Court." As we read it again, we recall that old, drab building in lower New York City. You will better appreciate the West by reading Marguerite Wilkinson's "Mountain Lilac."

Eunice Mitchell Lehmer, wife of Derrick Norman Lehmer, shows us her heart in "A Sea Song." How many California poets write of sea gulls! Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Mrs. Lehmer—and there are others too, for instance, Robinson Jeffers.

William Rose Benét's "The Falconer of God" is a fine emotional prelude to the powerful, dark and sometimes obscure lines of Jeffers. But "A California Vignette," "To The Rock That Will Be A Cornerstone Of The House" and "Not Our Good Luck" are samples of the work of California's greatest resident poet. Not lyrically the greatest, to be sure, for Robinson Jeffers does not sing—I think he must have written many of his lines with his hands rough and calloused from placing rocks in the building of his Tower at Carmel.

Arthur Truman Merrill grows flowers and cactus and writes poetry in Glendale. His "Spring In The Desert" is not just what the title indicates; but it makes such an entrancing picture that it does not need a title at all. The work of this fast-moving poet is fitted to his own mold. No other writer has a similar powerful, vital style. It is his very own. Ethelean Tyson Gaw and Grace E. Bush are well-known Los Angeles writers of poetry.

Read further on page 22

When Romance Rides

The Art of F. Tenney Johnson, A.N.A.

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

NO DOUBT the most understandable, hence one of the most popular contemporary Western painters is Frank Tenney Johnson, A. N. A., who bids fair to climaxing the work of that rapidly diminishing group of artists who specialized in typical Wild West subjects, and included Oscar Berneinghaus, H. W. Hansen, Wm. R. Leigh, E. Narjot, Charles Schreyvogel, Charles

F. Tenney Johnson is one of the few present day artists who has had real training in the practical school of frontier life that he so adroitly portrays.

He was born on a cattle ranch in Southwestern Iowa, and as a boy herded cattle there, later transferring his activities to the open ranges of the far West. It was here that he plied his brush more diligently, recording in pigment the lurid

to the archives of native research, reconstructing as they do the most romantic and picturesque period of our historic Western background. It is often difficult to draw the line between illustrative and interpretative painting, for as in the case of Johnson, it would be a severe test of critical judgment to say where one ends and the other begins.

His recent exhibition at the Biltmore



Mountain Meadow, by Frank Tenney Johnson, A.N.A. Courtesy Biltmore Salon.

Russell and Frederick Remington, not to mention others still living.

I do not anticipate any great amount of contradiction in declaring that Johnson is in a measure the rounded consummation of his Western predecessors, and apparently his one desire is to preserve upon canvas the true spirit of the old West, and not allow it to die out of memory with the passing generation.

pagentry of Western life. It was on our open ranges that he got to know the horse, for he moved through the changing years in true cowboy style.

Today, as a successful painter, Johnson stands wholly in a class by himself. He visions the romance of the vanished past, and records it upon his canvas with great feeling for pictorial beauty. In time these records will become invaluable

Salon tells the rest of his story far better than we are able to do it in this brief article.

Needless to say, Johnson is a consummate draftsman, and it is his drawing of his horses and men that helps his pictures as much as their scintillating color, and brooding mystery. He handles his brush with masterly ease, and with

Read further on page 28

The Literary West

BRET HARTE REVIVED

BRET HARTE has never ceased to capture and hold the imagination and to charm the reader of literary taste. As a portrayer of character and a writer of short stories he stands supreme. Of late, however, a new Bret Harte era seems to have dawned. His appealing verse, his heart-gripping story form, his human interest essays and book length novels are read as never before. Students of Bret Harte are, through studies and researches, bringing to light new and heretofore unpublished facts regarding his life and work. George R. Stewart, Jr.'s book "Bret Harte, Argonaut and Exile" just from the press of Houghton Mifflin Company will be welcomed with delight by lovers of Bret Harte everywhere.

Stewart has done an exceedingly good piece of work in his volume of 385 pages. Some years ago the same author, who is Professor of English at the University of California, wrote an interesting introduction to a splendid little volume put out by Macmillan's entitled "The Luck of Roaring Camp and Selected Stories and Poems." The Argonaut and Exile is the result of some years of study and investigation of original sources and much new Bret Harte material has been brought to light; rather it may be said that new and interesting interpretation has been placed on Harte and his work. Stewart sets a perfect frame for his picture through building up a background of ancestry and environment. He shows that Harte came naturally by his ability for creative writing.

The book is divided into five parts:—Part 1, 1836 to 1854, Harte's early life; Part 2, 1854 to 1860, the first years in California; Part 3, 1860 to 1871, Harte's greatest productive period during which he assisted in founding the Overland Monthly and became in 1868 its first editor; 1871 to 1878, covering his life in the east; and finally, 1878 to 1902 when he lived abroad. Ten illustrations enliven the volume. There are several pages of source references and a copious sheaf of notes and general references to which is added an exceedingly complete index. The volume is attractively printed and bound and sells for \$5. It is a noteworthy literary contribution.

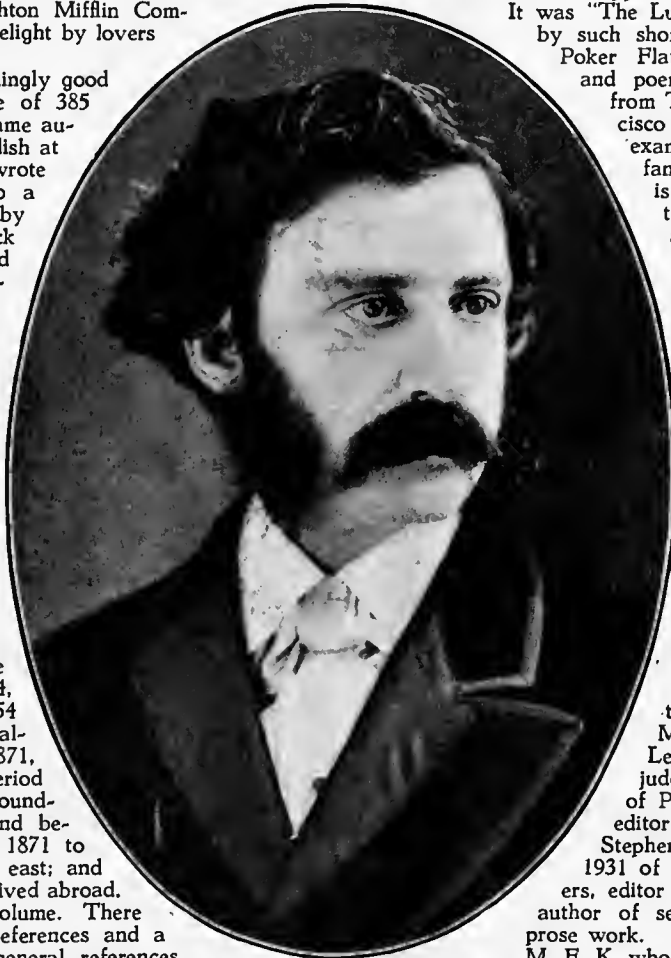
The jacket carries these interesting sentences: "Bret Harte's life was an amazing paradox. He wrote of frontier ruffians, but he wore a monocle. He was the greatest publicity agent California ever had, but he hated California. He was ardently democratic, but he hobnobbed with dukes and duchesses. He lived in Europe for twenty-four years, but he was a passionately patriotic American. He wrote the most famous humorous poem of his generation, but he was ashamed of it."

WE have also before us the seven volume illustrated edition of Bret Harte's works published by Houghton Mifflin Company. No library of Harte material or of Californiana is complete without this set. The volumes are: "The Bell-Ringer of Angels and Other Stories"; "Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation and Other Stories"; "Colonel Starbottle's Client and Some Other People"; "Stories in Light and Shadow"; "Three Partners

or The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill," and "In a Hollow of the Hills," the last two being full length novels; and finally "The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches."

These seven volumes in handy size and attractive covers total 2018 pages and carry a wealth of material. The volume containing "The Luck of Roaring Camp" embodies in its 256 pages the cream of Bret Harte's published work. In addition to "The Luck" there are nine Sketches, three Stories and four Bohemian Papers together with Harte's preface written in San Francisco, December 24, 1869. Practically all these stories and sketches appeared first in the Overland Monthly.

It was "The Luck of Roaring Camp" followed by such short stories as "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and "Tennessee's Pardner" and poems of which "Plain Language from Truthful James" and "San Francisco from the Sea" are outstanding examples that carried Bret Harte to fame. Each of the seven volumes is enlivened with a full page frontispiece illustration. The type and general make up of the books do credit to the publisher.



Francis Bret Harte

CALIFORNIA WRITERS' CLUB POEMS—1931

THERE has come to my desk for review the book of The California Writers Club Poems. I wish that space allowed me to quote from each one of the half hundred poems, for all are excellent. The standard of work of the California Writers Club is high. Among its members are some of the leading writers of poetry in the West. Many of the poems have been published in prominent American magazines.

The committee in charge of the publication consists of Minnie Faegre Knox, Derrick N. Lehmer, and Mira Maclay. The judges were J. C. Lindberg, editor of Pasque Petals; C. A. A. Parker, editor of L'Alouette, and A. M. Stephen of Vancouver, Secretary for 1931 of The League of Western Writers, editor of The Voice of Canada, and author of several volumes of poetry and prose work.

M. F. K. who signs the Foreword states that the book is not an anthology. I do not know why this attitude is taken, unless it be that in these modern days anthologies have fallen into some disrepute. The volume certainly has dignity, worth, and is of vivid interest.

You see the casual, natural child-bearing in Torrey Connor's Indian Corn; Edith Daly puts Age and Youth in hauntingly beautiful apposition when she writes her Dust of Dreams. A wild gypsy heart must be throbbing somewhere over beyond old Death, for Don Farran. How did life teach him to write: For One Who Asked About Gypsies?

And I wouldn't trade her heart, alive,

For good folks' virtue or poor Priest's shrive.

An unusual angle John T. Grant puts into his vision in Judas Meditates. The poem is strong, and why not logical? And yet, and yet, you or I would hardly like to be the medium used for such a base, though necessary, betrayal! Not if we love the Nazarene really, as a worshiped big brother.

Continued on page 21

Spending for Thrift

By EARL J. DOVE

Southern California Production Supervisor National Thrift Corporation of America

THE old meaning of thrift implied hoarding. To be thrifty one had to be acquisitive. A person who had the ability or disposition to possess himself of money, goods or any material things of value whatsoever, and to hold to and add to the store, was a thrifty person. To acquire, to keep, to hoard were considered thrifty characteristics.

Thrift in its newer and more rational meaning does not condone miserly tendencies. Spending for thrift, as opposed to hoarding for thrift, is the natural and rational objective. But **spending for thrift** means also **thrift in spending**. It is better to spend for a purpose than to save and hoard to no purpose. One who spends is not necessarily a spendthrift; nor is one who saves always thrifty.

You may spend all your money and yet be happy and comfortable in your old age if you simply balance your expenditures. Old age in want, will regret the spendthrift folly of youth. In saving, one should save with a specific object in mind; and in spending one should spend with the thought that each amount spent is an investment. One must have adequate returns on his investments. You must follow Benjamin Franklin's admonition and not "pay too much for your whistle."

Youth too often spends thoughtlessly

and with little regard for the proverbial rainy day. The years slip by and with them goes the earning power. No attempt is made to **capitalize the present for the benefit of the future**. Old age arrives and with it no needed cash reserve.

Under the new meaning—"Spending for Thrift," the setting aside of money for emergencies and old age is in fact the most liberal spending. Such spending should take the form of permanent investments. A systematized saving plan is usually the foundation for such permanent investment. Nothing is safer or more desirable than properly secured gold bonds.

Every individual, every family, every business should make and work to a budget. At the beginning of the year when home budgets are being made, the family holds council, makes a mental inventory, lays plans for the coming year and reduces the findings to budget form.

You may spend your money for food, homes, education, insurance, recreation and other things that make for a well-rounded happy life and yet provide amply for competence in old age which lies ahead. You may reach old age happy and contented and independent, or you may reach it miserable, dependent and with unavailing regrets.

Money is of no value unless used as

a medium of exchange. You may, with profit, spend every cent that comes into your possession. Money is only good for what it will buy. The moment it is taken out of circulation it loses its value and ceases to be a real asset.

Put not your trust in money but put your money in trust. Under the newer meaning of thrift you should adopt a systematic plan of investment that provides for the expenditure of all of your money in a way that gets most service out of your money. You should, whatever your walk in life, adopt "a plan that makes spending for thrift a pleasure" and with no regrets. Choose a simple, practical systematic method that puts thrills of achievement into the task.

With the habit of spending for thrift thoroughly established, you should be investing in something permanent while at the same time, you will have more money for necessities and for pleasure, recreation and improvement than you could possibly have in a hit-or-miss program of spending.

You can have comforts. You can have travel. You can have a new home and garden. You can educate your children. You can build up an estate. You can have all of these things and experience a new thrill by "Spending for Thrift."

Romance of British Columbia

By GRACE T. HADLEY

THE whole story of British Columbia is vividly colored. Romance abounds in books and original material to be found in the Provincial Library in Victoria. British Columbia was explored by Captain Cook and Vancouver. Its interior was traversed first by scouts of the fur companies, then by the fur brigades. Soldiers of fortune carved their way through the wilderness, enduring hardships that would strike terror to many a modern tenderfoot. Their narratives thrill us with accounts of their exploits.

The Provincial Library in the fine parliament building in Victoria contains the best collection of books in Canada west of Winnipeg. In its archives are

many original maps, charts, logs and journals of early explorers and pioneers. In this remarkable library the early history of the Pacific Northwest is presented as a pictorial pageant. There is the case of Captain Cook. Vancouver came with him as midshipman and was thus introduced to this country. There are many valuable papers relating to the exploits of Captain George Vancouver. There is a marvelous collection of Cook records and relics.

There are original manuscript records and journals of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. The original commissions granted by Queen Victoria, by the Grace of God, to Sir James Douglas and other officials, may be seen here.

And also the great seal of England as attached to the old Vancouver Island and British Columbia grants.

A quaint feature is a marvelous old chart of 1575 which portrays the state of California as an island, and there is also a priceless old atlas, an original Pieter Goos atlas which shows California still an island while Alaska is entirely missing. There is a rare old book by Sir Francis Drake titled, "The World Encompassed" from which one deduces that this gentleman adventurer thought he had seen just about all the world there was to see. The coast was visited by Drake after sacking Spanish coast cities and he sailed north to seek the

Continued on page 29

The Literary West

Continued from page 19

Minnie Faegre Knox hurts us with the sad charm of her "Tears and Tinkling Bells"; but we like to be hurt this way.

It is up there for everyone to see, whose glasses are rightly ground! You saw it. I saw it. And Gertrude La Page saw it—the mystery, the wonder of Tamalpais!

With things first hand like these for us to see,

All forms of art seem but idolatry.

And Oh, magical lines of Eunice Mitchell Lehmer! Hidden Beauty is one of the sweetest song poems I have seen for a long time. The author out-generals Napoleon, outshines the reigning beauty, and is more holy than a saint—all because of what a baby recognizes.

The poem: I Have a Son, by Anna Blake Mezquida, strikes a new note in kinship. It is quite worth while to pen a brave story like this on a vital life-subject. Lori Petri tells a way to escape, in Refuge. It sings into the reader's heart. And all the witching philosophy of Beauty is here. There are five poems by Harry Noyes Pratt, all in his usual lyrical style. Each one has that intangible something which marks the work of a poet. Eva Riehle writes depressingly, yet beautifully. If poets must write of Death, why not stamp it as man-made? Or, better, why not call it Birth? That is really what it is—birth into a partly-known and beautiful Beyond!

Most of us like Little People poems. Mabel Rose Stevenson gives us a mystically-beautiful one in Springtime In Donegal. A fine, strong, closing poem is Guy Winfrey's Sequoia Gigantea. It has more philosophy than limbs and branches, but it makes the reader think. For me it conjures up the Sequoia Club and Harr Wagner and many happy times with poetry-loving people of the Bay District of San Francisco.

BEN FIELD.

SWINGING THE CENSER

VOLUMES of reminiscence are sometimes tiresome and frequently of chief value to those only acquainted with the characters portrayed. Such is not the case with Katherine M. Bell's recent volume "Swinging the Censer"—reminiscences of old Santa Barbara. The author has a way of dressing up facts and incidents so as to make them instructive and interesting to the general reader as well as to those who know and love California and the Santa Barbara of the old days. It was for her children and grandchildren especially that Mrs. Bell wrote these delightful reminiscences and romances of early California. The appearance of the volume is owing to many requests that came for the issuance of these stories in book form.

The author is recognized as an au-

thority on early Santa Barbara history. There is much of information carried in such chapters as "A Santa Barbara Childhood," "The Idyl of Concepcion Arguello," "A Reminiscence of Placer Days," "A Row of Old Houses," "Black Pages in the History of Santa Barbara," "The Santa Barbara Presidio," "Lordly Days of Santa Cruz" and "The Story of Manuelita," the latter being a true Romance of old California with the scene laid in historic Los Angeles.

The book is compiled by Katherine

of Wiczorek's paintings, sixty all told with a photographic reproduction of the artist himself used as a frontispiece. Max Wiczorek specializes on the human face and form and there are included in the volume portraits of numerous notables, one of Mr. Maxwell, who has written clearly, not alone of the life of the noted painter, but also in sufficient detail of his work quoting where necessary from various outstanding magazines and periodicals. This book of reproductions in halftone together with the text results in a volume that may well grace any library table. Price \$5.00.

FLASHES FROM THE ETERNAL SEMAPHORE

IN a previous number of this magazine was included a review of a companion volume "The Upward Reach." Mr. Leo J. Muir is well qualified to write under caption "Flashes from the Eternal Semaphore." It would be difficult to select a particular thesis upon which Mr. Muir bases his book. He does however, indicate that service to mankind is an ideal for everyone. The real theme of the book is that the deep truths of life have been discovered and placarded by the great thinkers of all time. Work and hard work are essential to character training. "The Pursuit of Easy Things Makes Men Weak" is the title of Flash One from the Semaphore. These flashes continue, for example: "Joy Dwells in the Ordinary," and again, "Thy Speech Betrayeth Thee"; concluding with "The Majesty of Law." Mr. Muir quotes with discretion and as in the case of his "The Upward Reach" uses epigram readily and with telling effect.

FLASHES FROM THE ETERNAL SEMAPHORE, by Leo J. Muir. Order from the Author, 437 South Hill St., Los Angeles. 113 pages. Price \$1.00.

THE DAWN OF LITERATURE

HERE is a volume by an author who is well prepared to discuss intelligently the rise of letters and the development of a literary spirit. Dr. Holliday is professor of English in the San Jose State College; is president of the League of Western Writers, and an author of many volumes. As Dr. Holliday points out in his preface, it has been customary in the past to give chief attention to the literature of the Greek and Roman periods. Little indeed has been done to emphasize the literature of the earlier peoples and times. In consequence of this, "The Dawn of Literature" is a distinct contribution, as the author brings forward much material of high literary quality of the days long preceding the Iliad or Odyssey. Those earlier peoples in Babylonia and Persia and the Orient were making literature in

Read further on page 22



Bell Cheney; the pen drawings are by Margaret Webb. C. A. Storke writes an appreciation of Mrs. Bell and Charles Cheney gives an afterword. The inside covers are delightfully illuminated with reproductions of the Old Mission. The full page portraits in costumes of the period and the design of the book, type faces, margins and binding produce a delightful volume.

SWINGING THE CENSER, by Katherine M. Bell. Lloyd E. Smith, Agent, P. O. Box 1398, Hartford, Connecticut. 307 pages. Price \$2.75.

MAX WICZOREK

THERE has come to our desk a volume devoted to the Life and Work of Max Wiczorek, eminent artist so well known to Southern Californians and to lovers of art generally throughout the country. Everett Carroll Maxwell has done a distinct service in bringing into permanent form reproductions of many

California's Literary Wealth

Continued from page 17

John Russell McCarthy is famous as a writer of lyrics and keen, philosophical poems. Some of his lines remind us of Ambrose Bierce and "Yorick" who edited a page on the San Diego Tribune. But perhaps he is coming to be known best as a writer of ballads. Read his "First Across The Sands," an episode of Spanish California. Like many other of the gifted poets included in the volume, Mr. McCarthy is also a writer of prose.

MANY are the names of talented poets in this California Anthology. Edith Daley, Librarian of the San Jose Public Library; Anne Bremer; Mrs. Fremont Older, wife of a great Western editor; and Mrs. Upton Sinclair; and Roy Walter James of Covina; Mary Carolyn Davies, graduate of the University of California, tells us of "The Circuit Rider" in her prize-winning poem. Leslie Nelson Jennings, and Beulah May of Santa Ana, sing to us. We may not escape the thrall of Lillian White Spencer's "Fray Serra" or Belle Willey Gue's "That Year," nor Sydney King Russell's "One Spake To Helen." And how Sarah Hammond Kelly's beautiful lyric, "Caught," brings back the keen competition of the Overland Monthly's poetry contest in 1928 and this poem as the winner.

Ruth Le Prade, of Los Angeles, is going to reorganize the earth socially and industrially. She tells about it all in her volume, "A Woman Free." Clark Ashton Smith, of Auburn, California, was greeted royally by George Sterling when Smith's volume, "Ebony and Crystal," was published. Truly, Mr. Smith's poems are worth while. Poetry-lovers admire the work of Hildegard Flanner of Altadena. She lives high up in that foothill town back of Pasadena and her poems enthrall us:

"Who sings upon the pinnacle of night?
Down, down, unearthly bird, you sing
too soon!

O bird, be still! O bird, the earth is
stricken

To hear you at the bosom of the
moon."

The women shoulder out the men in the poetry section of Mr. Markham's volume. But what man isn't happy to have a beautiful woman do that? And if a woman is intellectual, men love her just the same—perhaps more. This is proven to be true amongst the poets. Idella Purnell, Editor of Palms Poetry Magazine of Guadalajara, Mexico, and New York City, says in her "Silhouette":

"Serape-wrapped, sombrero-peaked, they
passed

Serene as clouds, remote as any star
Far down the road a rushing motor car
* * * * Mexico is all of that:

A motor car — behind a high-peaked
hat!"

Nancy Buckley, sweet singer of San Francisco, tells us of the ships in the harbor at the Golden Gate:

"A thousand setting suns have blazed
On them their dazzling lights:
A thousand rising moons have gazed
At them through silent nights;
And now, where blows the western
breeze

And leaps the snow-white foam,
At last, these welcome argosies
Are harbored safe at home."

Esther Yarnell's fine poem, "Color," is reproduced. On the Los Angeles Police Force is Cyrus C. Johnson. They call him the poet laureate of the department. If you will, you may be captured by this almost shy policeman. Read his "Hills of California." Jake Zeitlin, popular Los Angeles bookseller, is typically cryptic in his "Mono Lake." Anna Blake Mezquida, poet and novelist, lives anywhere in California, and her poem, "The Captive," should be enjoyed when you acquire your copy of *Songs and Stories*. "Evocation" by Lionel Stevenson, formerly of the English Department of the University of California, is very much worth while.

Neeta Marquis, the well-known Los Angeles writer, stresses the fundamental thing in poetry. Her three stanzas on "Beauty" make a flawless gem. I quote the last stanza:

"And yet, if alien fields appear
More lovely than the ones I see,
Beholding them too bright and near,
How should I bear the ecstasy?"

Anne Hamilton has a first prize poem, "Anxiety." I give it in full:

"Dear God, if You should chance to find
A tiny angel, still quite new,

Would You mind being very kind?
This is her mother asking You.

"If You will hold her precious hand
To keep her, Lord, from missing me,
Until she learns to understand,
You, too, will love her tenderly."

Virgil Markham is perhaps better known as the author of such novels as "The Scamp," "Death in the Dusk," and "The Black Door." But while he is prose-writing or lecturing, he yet finds time and inspiration for poetry. Read his "Thalatta, Thalatta!" If you would be couraged to meet the Great Change, this poem will take away fear. Helen Wills Moody shows that she is adept with a pen as well as at tennis.

In the Southern part of the State are found Salton Sea and Carriso Gorge—two of the wonders of California. Ben Field writes of them. Following are two stanzas of his "Carriso Gorge":

"Eastward the wise men sought to find a
pass

Where tensile steel could stretch its
glistening limbs,

Where steam could whistle from brave
lips of brass

And continental traffic lift its hymns.

"But from the javelined San Diego bay
Across the chaos of the mountains'
girth,

There seemed no place where nature
formed a way

To reach this empire of unreckoned
worth."

Some will regret omission of such names as Leroy McLeod and Helen Hoyt with her "Leaves of Wild Grape" or "Apples Here In My Basket." Also, D. Maitland Bushby and Whitley Gray are deserving of mention. But such omissions only show the extent of the field to be covered and the wealth of material from which to choose.

By all means secure a copy of *Songs and Stories* by Edwin Markham. The edition will come to be invaluable. The Powell Publishing Company, Los Angeles.

The Literary West

Continued from page 21

what Dr. Holliday speaks of as the "Dawn" period. There are 6 chapters in the book — The Dawn in Egypt; The Dawn in Babylonia and Assyria; The Dawn in India; The Dawn in Persia; The Dawn in China; The Dawn in Palestine. The illustrations, of which there are a large number, are unique in the extreme, many of them never having before found their way into books for common usage, taken from the archives and orig-

inal sources. Dr. Holliday intersperses the prose and poetry selections that he uses to illustrate his subject matter, and his discussions and characterizations are such as to produce a volume of extreme value, not only for the purpose of school use but for the general reader. There is an extensive bibliography and a complete index.

THE DAWN OF LITERATURE, by Carl Holliday. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 367 pages. Price \$3.50.

Read further on next page

CALIFORNIA

ROCKWELL D. HUNT is well known as a historian, and especially as a historian of California and the West. Many readers are familiar with his *Short History of California*, which is in fact a volume of dignified size written in collaboration with *Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez*. Now comes a less pretentious volume of an elementary nature, entitled "California: A Little History of a Big State." This book may be considered as a companion volume to his book, "California The Golden," and will find place as excellent supplemental material in the earlier years of school. Dr. Hunt gives in 21 chapters, making up seven parts of an interesting portrayal, many of the important facts and incidents connected with the early history of the state—the Indians and their manners and customs; the early discoverers and explorers; the Spanish period; the American supremacy, with the glamour of the gold days. The geographical influences on the state are also brought out. There are a number of full-page illustrations and other excellent half-tones, together with a pronouncing vocabulary and an interesting pictographic map of California on the inside covers.

CALIFORNIA: A LITTLE HISTORY OF A BIG STATE, by **Rockwell D. Hunt**. D. C. Heath & Company, 148 pages.

* * * *

THROUGH THE FOG

DOCTOR SPENCER has dedicated this volume as follows: "To the Russian intelligentsia, regardless of nationality and race, rank and station, who died in the revolution. Through the Fog relates the twelve years of Russian history between 1908 and 1920 in a vivid convincing style. The author, himself an eye-witness to the advance which he relates with sympathetic understanding as well as with an unbiased hand, describes Imperial Russia just before the War, during the War, and in the tragic days of the revolution itself.

Joseph Smil Morozov, the son of an aristocratic Hebrew mother and a distinguished Russian father, is the chief subject of the story. Joseph and his brother David, who was his companion through the years of schooling, were constantly thrown in the society of both Hebrews and cultured Russians. Their love affairs give reality and interest to pages which must necessarily chronicle much suffering. Doctor Spector recommends that all who are interested in the history of his former country should combine the study of various epics of history with the leading novels at the same time, as much is thus made clear that otherwise would remain obscure in the manners, customs and conditions of those periods. Though now a citizen of our country, since 1926, and under no ban in writing of facts as he chooses, the literary heritage of his fatherland is his and he writes from choice in the same medium—that of fiction. He is now Pro-

fessor at the College of Puget Sound in Tacoma.

The young man Joseph, bereft of all, his family, his fiancée having been tortured to death, turned his face toward the new world, the land of promise. Perhaps the future will bring us a continuation of his experiences in this country. A fearless, hopeful spirit, a victim of circumstances involving turbulence, he challenges the interest and admiration of all who read his adventures.

L. J. COSTIGAN.

THROUGH THE FOG. A Russian novel written in English by **Itzehak Spector**. Uraithe Publishing Company, Tacoma, Wash. Price \$2.

* * * *

ON THE TRAILS OF YESTERDAY

THERE is need enough of interesting and authentic stories of the days of the Argonauts. The hardships that were encountered by those who braved the dangers of the plains and deserts in the covered wagons should be fully appreciated by members of the present and future generations. "On The Trails of Yesterday" is a little volume by one whose forbears came across the country to California. These related to him the stories of their trials, tribulations and joys and these stories have been set down in a form to be readily used by the children in the schools and homes today.

The book begins with the life and background of an Indiana family and of the preparations they made through reading of the experiences of earlier travelers and in outfitting for the trek westward. The story then proceeds as the group travels on and finally reaches the Golden State. Then there is interspersed bits of western history; also interesting experience that make the volume one of distinct value for supplemental use in school or for general reading in the home. The illustrations are by Ray Bethers, the headpieces and tailpieces being typical of the overland trail.

ON THE TRAILS OF YESTERDAY. California stories by **Roy W. Cloud**. Illustrated by **Ray Bethers**. **Harr Wagner Publishing Company**, 219 pages.

* * * *

DREAMS IN THE DARK

"**DREAMS IN THE DARK**," by **Anna Kalfus Spero** of Berkeley, is a slender little volume in silver and black, which has aroused considerable interest among psychologists. **William Lyon Phelps** mentions it in his department in *Scribner's Magazine*, "As I Like It." The librarian of Yale University, **Francis Uridge**, who is especially interested in the psychology of the subconscious, called the poems to his attention.

The collection contains 27 poems, the record of dream consciousness. The poems have the atmosphere and illusion of dreams, but there is also a simple di-

rectness about them which give them the stamp of sincerity. To quote the foreword, "In these experiences my mind was apparently effortless, with everything done for it except where the lines assert endeavor." To those who are interested in dream psychology, and to the poet as well, the volume contains much of interest.

—ELIZABETH ABBEY EVERETT.

DREAMS IN THE DARK, By **Anna Kalfus Spero**. University of California Press. 17 pages. Price \$1.00.

* * * *

SPOILS OF MARRIAGE

ONE of the most sensational and startling books of the year has just been completed by two prominent local attorneys. This book is most unique and as a story of modern life filled with human emotions, heart throbs, romance, love, and adventure. It explains clearly the confusion and complexity of the laws that so vitally affect the property status of every man, woman and child.

The manuscript ran as a serial in one of the Los Angeles daily newspapers several months ago and created considerable interest. The two authors, **Nathan Goldberg** and **Edward Linder**, have with surprising effectiveness torn asunder the curtains of mysteriousness that enshrouds our laws, and have created a novel which very discreetly and entertainingly explains in simple everyday language the meaning of these laws. The story has for its setting the glamorous background of Hollywood life and brings to the reader the characterization of a fine, upright young man, **Jimmy Knowal**, in love with **Jerry Nixon's** daughter. **Jerry Nixon** is a banker who is caught up in the mad whirl of modern life and falls a victim to the wiles and coquetry of the fair sex. He is eventually entangled in a whirlpool of sin which is climaxed with his embezzling monies from his bank and disappears.

Jimmy arrives in Los Angeles to further his practice of law, leaving **Dorothy**, his sweetheart, in the small town of **Brockton** with a promise that he would marry her as soon as he secured a start in California.

The reader will be held spellbound as he reads of the problems that beset **Jimmy** in California, particularly when he faces a situation where he doesn't know whether he is in love with **Dorothy** or with **Constance** and how adroitly and cleverly the enigma is solved.

The heart-breaking scenes are touching, particularly where the authors depict a situation in which "Stern Justice" as represented by the law, tears away from a mother her child because of her indiscretions. Its tragedies will touch you to the quick.

J. J. SOLO.

SPOILS OF MARRIAGE, by **Edward Linder** and **Nathan Goldberg**. **Publix Press**, Los Angeles. 300 pages. Price \$2.50.

This Athletic World of Ours

By EVERETT L. SANDERS

NEW YEAR'S ROSE BOWL GAME
WHAT chance has Southern California to defeat the mighty champions from Tulane University of New Orleans? With the

and heads-up football for four full quarters. A lapse at any point in the game should be disastrous.

Mr. Harry Cross of the New York Herald-Tribune says among other things,

ball teams have ever been equipped with the offensive and defensive weapons that Southern California possessed."

It is possible for U. S. C. to live up to the many fine things that have been



University of Alabama football team at Rose Bowl, January 1, 1926, when they defeated University of Washington 20 to 19. Wallace Wade shown pointing hand.

Georgia game out of the way, this is all that remains to complete gridiron history for the season of 1931! What chance has Tulane with Southern California? Coach Bernie W. Bierman and his assistant, Ted Cox, have built up one of the most formidable football machines in Southern Conference history. The writer thinks Southern California will come out on top, but not without playing smart

in an analysis of the Notre-Dame-U. S. C. game that Howard Jones has molded together one of the best balanced elevens developed among American colleges for a long time. Its extensive assortment of plays included every kind of maneuver to meet any given situation. The Trojans were an impressive football team. According to the Literary Digest of December 5, 1931, "Few high-grade foot-

said about them. They will have to if the West is to win its first game from the southern team in the Pasadena Rose Bowl.

In 1923 U. S. C. won from Penn State, 14 to 3; in 1930 they over-whelmed a strong University of Pittsburg team, 47 to 14. The Tulane game is the third appearance of Southern California in the Rose Bowl. What will they do on January 1, 1932?



The Death of Uncle Tom's Cabin

Continued from page 14

Aiken's powerful representation has served with few changes as the standard six-act version of the play.

What has happened to a nation that can let die so vivid a picture of life with

its compelling human emotions? Are we growing too intellectual and rich to still appreciate "Life Among the Lowly," or to feel the surge of Uncle Tom's divine loyalty?

As the Troy National Budget remarked nearly 80 years ago, "this is one of the rich, pathetic and rare things which interest the feelings and find their way directly to the heart."

The "Hay-Wire" Page

By CHARLES FLETCHER SCOTT

BUG-HOUSE

A COUPLE of bums were shambling along Hope Street the other evening just at sunset, when, for no accountable reason, their attentions became fixed upon the University Club across the street. They stopped and scrutinized the building from pavement to peak, evidently commenting on the perfect details of the Early Italian architecture.

"What is it, Bill?" asked Jim.

"Damn if I know. Can't be a church, too big. Can't be a hospital—it ain't no office building."

And thus perplexed they decided to investigate at closer range. So they crossed the street, peered into the entrance, backed off, veered around, and finally poked their noses through the stone window-grilling, much to the consternation of members, bell-hops, and attendants on the inside. After feasting their eyes on the sumptuous lobby for a while, they went back to the curb and gave the whole building another sweeping survey.

"One on me," said Jim. "Never seen nothing like that before."

"Guess it must be a harem," ventured Bill.

"Harem nothing. You movie nut. Oh, look! Over the door. That'll tell us."

Over the entrance is a welcoming inscription "writ'in Latin. *Floreat Haec Societas Fratrum Vi Et Concordia.*" Jim started to spell the sentence out.

"You ain't readin' that right, Jim, and it don't make no sense."

"I am readin' it right, and it don't make no sense."

Just then the doorman, all gold-braid and brass-buttons, advanced upon them. Evidently he had been ordered to chase the gaping pair away and descended upon them with all the dignity and despatch of a commissioned officer.

"Beat it, Bill," admonished Jim. And they scurried down the street in what to them was precipitate haste. When they were at a safe distance, Jim explained in a hoarse whisper:

"Did you get it That was the keeper. If he had caught us, he'd a dragged us in there. Don't you see?—all them barred-windows, and that crazy writin' over the door. It's a lunatic asylum!"

LEAGUES AND LEAGUES

SOMEBODY could write a very interesting article about all the new modes of thinking that the automobile has brought into vogue. Even the manner of giving directions has entirely changed. In the old days, if you asked some wayside Samaritan how to get to a certain ranch, he would usually hem-and-haw, and finally say:

"Well, go down this road five miles; turn north three miles, and then east one mile."

But now if you stop along the highway and ask for directions the answer will probably be something like this:

"Go straight ahead to the third boulevard stop; turn right to the second boulevard stop, and then left to the second filling-station."

The mile, as a unit of highway measure, is entirely out-of-date. Now, your destination is five boulevard stops and two filling-stations away.

MANNA FOR MODERNS

A VETERAN Golfer, playing over the Victoria course at Riverside for the first time, was surprised to find the turf of that arid region in such good condition. He was surprised, also, to find such well-trained caddies. The one he drew was a little colored boy about eight or nine years old, with the brightest, big, rolling eyes and an ingratiating smile. He would always press the flag upon the grass so that not the slightest flutter would distract the concentration of the putt. The Veteran Golfer soon found that his caddy's estimates of distances were accurate. He was tremendously pleased by the soto voce gurgles of approval that greeted every good shot.

When they reached the fifteenth fairway, the turf was not so good as formerly. The grass was streaked with drifts of sand. The lies were abominable.

"How come?" asked the Veteran Golfer of his caddy. "The rest of the course is so good and this hole is so bum."

"Oh, dat," said the caddy. "Dat is silt washed down off the mountains. Dey had a cloudburst up here a few weeks ago, and all dat dirt washed down on dis end of the course. The Caddy-Master says that dis whole place was a ragin' torrent. Something awful!" He rolled his eyes up in the direction of the

canyon down which the water had swept.

"And dirt wasn't all dat the water brought down," the boy continued, "dere was hundreds of watermelons stacked up in dat canyon and the water just washed dem all down and scattered dem all over the course." The muscles of his mouth twitched involuntarily.

"You must have had a grand time that day," ventured the Veteran Golfer.

"No, sir," the little fellow replied. His mouth stopped twitching and stiffened at the corners. "No, sir. Those days I was sick in bed."

DESERT ENGLISH

A FRIEND of mine and his wife recently returned, brim full of experiences, from a trip around the world. Just give him the slightest opening and he will metaphorically grab you by the hair of the head and drag you frantically down the Riviera, up the Rhine, over the Alps, and through the Catacombs. Every thing you mention reminds him of something abroad. If you ask him if he has seen Don Campbell yet, away he goes on camel-back, loping across the Sahara desert enveloped in stinging hot sands by day, and frozen with fear at night lest the marauding Bedouin bands circling around their camp shooting their carbines into the air and shrieking their college death-knells should close in on him, his wife, and the guide, and murder them all in cold blood for the wife's diamonds. And then his mind will narrow down to that famous guide. There never was another. He was a real native who had picked up enough pigeon-English to make himself very valuable. "Quite a fellow! Undoubtedly a great Shiek down on his luck, masquerading as a guide," he will say.

But at this juncture, his wife will invariably break into the narrative, knowing that she could make a better job of a Shiek-guide than could any mere male—especially a mere male husband.

And away she will go with feminine exaggerations of that marvelous dusky, handsome Shiek. So graceful and gracious. Such manners! Her heart fairly stopped beating every time he wrapped his flowing robes about him and bowed low. He was such a treasure! How

Read further on page 32

NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS



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Literary adventures by the author of "A Son of the Middle Border".....\$2.50

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ROOM

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

By ELINOR LENNEN

NO ROOM for Him
That winter night of His holy birth;
No room for Him
While He walked the friendless roads of earth.

So the manger-child, the despised man
Departed life as He began.
No room at the Inn; no room in their hearts;
Life pierced Him with such selfish darts!
He must have rejoiced to return above,
Where there was room in the Father's love.

She is the Secretary of the Los Angeles Chapter of the League of Western Writers and was introduced to Overland-Out West readers in a recent issue.



OLD COINS IN A WINDOW

By BEN FIELD

GRECIAN, Egyptian, of glorious ancient years,
Shining and worn as they left the tradesmen's hands,
Given for a slave, or to still a woman's tears,
Or perhaps the price of passage to Byzantine lands!

Coins in a window stamped with Caesar's head,
Mayhap Christ Jesus saw them on a day,—
Hid by Mary Magdalen one night in her bed,
And given to a beggar at Bethany.

Silver denarius of dynasties sublime,
Where Constantine and Claudius' figures dimly show;—
How much of stark ambition, of storied love, of crime,
Is stamped on those coins of two thousand years ago!

Published in the Circle Magazine of New York, August, 1930. Reprinted in The Numismatist of Baltimore, October, 1930, and in other publications.



NONE SO BLIND

By EUGENIA T. FINN

WE did not see
Beneath the grey-hued mask Age made him wear,
Youth clutching eagerly a cherished dream;
When sorcery of silver in his hair
Transformed his ruddy day to night's cool gleam.
We did not see or try to understand.

We did not see
His aching feet upon the upward climb;
Nor did his tightened lips with shadowed smile,
Reveal the courage that could conquer time,
And make the burden bearing seem worth while.
We did not see or try to understand.

We did not see,
The goal that he beheld with steadfast eyes
Nor realize the price he gladly paid
For every flashing glimpse of clearer skies.
His spirit soared triumphant, unafraid.
We did not see or try to understand.

Singing Games

Continued from page 6

What the words mean nobody could possibly tell, but what difference so long as the game is enjoyed?

Perhaps by this time the dancers choose a more rollicking tune, and, as each man swings his lass entirely around him or "weaves her in and out" from one fellow to another down the length of the room, they all sing:

Oh, we'll all go won to Bowser's, to Bowser's, to Bowser's,
We'll all go down to Bowser's and get some good old beer.

It's right and left to Bowser's, to Bowser's, to Bowser's,

It's right and left to Bowser's to get some good old beer.

Then with a sudden slowing down, the tune and the words change:

Come, my love, and go with me;
We'll go down to Tennessee.

'Tis so far I cannot go,
Cannot leave my mother, O!

Evidently "my love" is steadfast in her refusal to go; for those last words are frequently the ones with which the dance closes.

Doubtless many of these songs and games crept up into the mountain coves from the plantation settlements of 75 or 100 years ago; for some of the verses sound very much like those sung by the children of the South long before the Civil War. For instance, "Susie Brown," still heard at the mountain parties, has lines perhaps yet remembered by some aged farmer owner of vast cotton fields that once swarmed with negro slaves.

This game, executed in various forms, is sometimes played by having a girl and boy within a revolving circle of dancers, choose a partner while all express the seeker's sentiments in the words:

Love in the middle as we go 'round,
Love in the middle as we go 'round,
Love in the middle as we go 'round,
Love you, Susie Brown.

When the couple within the circle have chosen a couple from it the four dance within the ring, and then the original two return to the rank and file, leaving the new couple to repeat the performance. Sometimes the partners have to be stolen from the whirling group, and often they escape, and thus the dance is changed to "Skip" or "My Lou,"

with the vigorous but not exactly artistic accompaniment of

Lost my partner, skip to my Lou,
Lost my partner, skip to my Lou,
Lost my partner, skip to my Lou,
Skip to my Lou, my darling.

I'll get another one, better than you,
I'll get another one, better than you,
I'll get another one, better than you,
Skip to my Lou, my darling.

As the night wears away, some of the young fellows, excited by too much "mountain dew," as their home-made whiskey is commonly called, begin, perhaps, to sing some such ancient highland lyric as

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,
He washed his face in the frying pan,
He comed his hair with a wagon wheel,
And died with the tooth-ache in his heel.
Get out of the way for Old Dan Tucker.
Get out of the way for Old Dan Tucker.

PERHAPS by this time someone has snatched the battered old violin from the peg on the wall, and commences to heat the blood of the crowd with such classics of mountain music as

CALIFORNIA

Reminiscences of Old Santa Barbara

Memories of Spanish-Mexican California—the first circus, early families, Presidios, Missions, Ned McGowan, Jack Powers, Concepcion Arguello, in Katherine Bell's new book, "Swinging the Censor." Called "a unique record of glamorous days." Clothbound, 307 pages, \$2.75 postpaid.

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LONG BEACH CALIFORNIA

"Cumberland Gap," "Run, Nigger, Run," and "Turkey in the Straw." The jigs become more violent; there is rough
Read further on page 32

12th PRIZES of \$625.00 each!

Just recently over \$26,000.00 in prizes have been paid in our good-will prize distributions! These unusual offers are rapidly creating favorable advertising and making new friends. Now join our latest "treasure hunt!" Scores of valuable awards totaling over \$3,200.00 will be paid this time. Easier to win a first prize now—there are 12 equal first prizes of \$625.00 each and duplicate prizes for all persons tying when prize decision is made. Here's the test. Act quick!

FOLLOW THE AUTO TRAILS

Can you do it? Every trail twists and turns, crossing other trails again and again. This baffling test is a challenge to your skill, but I'll give you a fair start, to make sure you understand.

Begin with trail marker No. 1 in the small circle at the left. If you can follow this trail through the tangle you will see it leads to the car marked "E". Some of the trails go from left to right, others from right to left. When you have done your best with each trail, write your answers like this: "Trail No. 1 leads to car "E". "Trail No. 2 leads to car..." and so on with all the trails. If you prefer, you can draw straight lines from each marker to the correct cars.

QUALIFY FOR THIS OPPORTUNITY

Rush your answer to me on a post card or in a letter, for submission to puzzle judges. If you can follow three of the six auto trails successfully and win first prize, you will be awarded one of the 12 equal prizes of \$500.00 each.

12 Extra Prizes of \$125.00 Each for Promptness

making the total of each of the twelve first prizes \$625.00 each or a new 1931 fully equipped Ford Tudor Sedan and \$125.00. Duplicate prizes paid in case of ties. Cash reward for all taking active part. No obligation. No charges to try for prizes. No prize less than \$10.00. No more puzzles to solve. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside the U. S. A. or in Chicago. Send no money. Hurry! W. M. CLARK, Manager, Room 199, 52 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois



Whem Romance Rides

Continued from page 18

great directness. This artist stands alone in his ability to depict an incident in the life of the old West, or the West of today, without losing sight of the mood—the mystery of haunting night, or the stinging heat of desert noonday.

It is this mastery that saves Johnson's pictures from being illustrations, and makes them fundamentally works of art. To be sure, the trail was blazed by Remington, Russel and others, but in Johnson's canvasses, particularly the night scenes, one notes a more intellectual development of the works as artistic ensembles.

He paints horses and cowboys with a verve, a spirit and a picturesqueness, avoiding the hardness of draughtsmanship which was Remington's one handicap. He also avoids many of the static qualities that rendered Russell's works over-graphic. This artist is, in fact, uncommonly fluent, with a touch happily adapted to the movement characterizing so many of his subjects. He arrives at a dramatic consummation with the most engaging ease, and astonishing technical dexterity.

Johnson saw his first oil painting at the Layton Art Gallery, in his native city of Milwaukee, at the age of 14. From that time on he wished to become an artist. His early art studies were under F. W. Heine, and Richard Lorenz. Later at the New York School of Art, he came under the instruction of Robert Henri and William M. Chase. Then followed years in the West, where the

young artist lived the life of the open ranges, mixing with cattle men, outlaws and horse thieves and living in the lodges of the Blackfeet, Piguans, Sioux, Ogalallas and Navajos.

Hundreds of studies made during this period are the inspiration of his present-day works, which show the old romantic West without either modernizing it, or softening it. His artistic descent is reckoned from Richard Lorenz, his early teacher, who awakened his interest in painting Western scenes, and the colorful figures of the plains and ranges.

An outstanding characteristic of Johnson's work is his ability to paint moonlight, and in this field he stand pre-eminently alone. He delights to flood his canvasses with clear moonlight, which he characterizes as the poetry of light. He also excels in his portraying of horses and men in violent action. At the present time, Mr. Johnson maintains a studio in Alhambra, California, in addition to his New York studio.

F. Tenney Johnson, A. N. A., is represented in practically all of the important galleries and private collections in the United States. His works are included in the collections at the National Gallery, Washington, D.C., the Dallas Art Association, Dallas, Texas, and it is interesting locally to know that he designed and executed the drop curtain and the flanking murals in the Carthay Circle Theater, also the Paramount Theater in New York. His painting entitled "A Wanderer" was awarded the Shaw Pur-

chase Prize at the Annual Oil Exhibition of the Salamagundi Club in New York. His painting, "Texas Night Herders," received the Purchase Prize for ranch life in the Edgar B. Davis competition at San Antonio, Texas, in 1929. "Cattle Rustlers" received the Brown and Bigelow Silver Medal at the Allied Artists' Exhibition in 1929.

He is an associate of the National Academy of Design; a member of the Salamagundi Club; Allied Artists of America, Inc.; American Water Color Society; New York Water Color Club; American Federation of Arts; New York Society of Painters; Painters of the West; California Art Club; Laguna Art Association. He is also artist life member of the National Arts Club of New York, life member of the Highland Park Society of Arts, Dallas, Texas, the Fort Worth Museum of Art, Fort Worth Woman's Club, Fort Worth, Texas, and the "First American" Association of Dallas.

TUNING IN

By JANE SAYRE

WHAT shabby trick of fate is this,
That when you hunger for my kiss,
Invariably I am dismayed
By Johnny's latest escapade;
Yet when with eyes of tenderness,
I shyly wait for your caress,
My time all yours, my heart aflame . . .
You tune in on the football game!

Dedicated to the Trojans.

HOLLAND'S FAMOUS RICHLI-FLOWERING DARWIN TULIPS

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One Winter Night

Continued from page 12

away, and in the interval quite forgot about them.

Uncle Jimmy led Dandy to the rear of the stable and with numb fingers began fumbling to remove the harness.

The wind increased in volume, and the accompanying chill grew more intense. The old man spread over the horse the quilt used to ease the board seat of his wagon. Now with only his raincoat for protection against the bitter cold, the tired man laid himself down in the wagon-bed to sleep.

But he was restless with fatigue, and the cold bit into his half-starved body. As he climbed out of the ramshackle affair he caught at a wheel to keep himself from falling, and struggled across the stall. Placing his arms around the horse's neck, he felt the warmth penetrate his own chill frame. As the wind blew through the cracks of the old building, Uncle Jimmy hung onto the horse, while slow tears rolled silently down his face.

"Dandy, dear old pal, I'm afraid it's goodbye tonight. I have a sort of empty feelin', like I was all hollow inside. It kinder aches, too. I'm afraid you're goin' to be left alone, old boy, and you'll miss me," he smothered the sob that rose in his throat. "But this young feller, he'll make it easy for you as he can, I know. I'm trustin' him. Maybe we'll be seein' each other, you an' me, Dandy, some where . . . somehow, before long. Goodbye, Dandy . . . old . . . boy, goodbye . . ." he choked back the tears as he bowed his head on the old horse's neck and clung to him desperately. . . .

ALL was quiet in the big, barn-like structure, but for the heavy breathing of the few horses it sheltered, and an occasional stamp from a restless hoof.

Colder and colder grew the night. Walls snapped and creaked, now and then, with the sound from a nail loosened by the contraction of the wood. Silence, almost sentient, prevailed despite the dull, muffled roar of the city's night traffic.

At last, morning! Morning that broke on a white sleet-covered world! The network of wires crossing and recrossing the city were encased in crystalline sheaths of ice. Each twig and leaf wore a covering of silvery enamel that glittered and shone with iridescence in the hard clear light of the winter sun. A "silver thaw" was on.

Bob Allen, awakened during the night by the cold, remembered Uncle Jimmy and wondered uncasily where he had stayed.

When Bob entered the dim stable, he looked toward the gloomy stall where the whinny of old Dandy caught his attention. He moved forward, then paused with a startled exclamation. The old man lay still and inert at the horse's feet where he had fallen . . . he would never wake again!

Bob stooped and drew a smudged paper from the loose clasp of the frail fingers. The penciled words blurred as he read:

"Friend—if anything should happen to me, I want you to have old Dandy. I know you will be good to him for my sake.

Uncle Jimmy."

Bob folded the pitiful note, and glanced toward the poor animal draped in the quilt. The old man's last thought had been for the welfare of his horse.

Bob's throat tightened as he drew the tattered raincoat over the peaceful face, and straightened the gaunt limbs tenderly, while he murmured:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for a friend."

British Columbia

Continued from page 20

mythical northwest passage. Failing in this he sailed back to the pleasant port of San Francisco, claiming the whole of the Pacific Northwest for England under the name of New Albion.

An old Spanish book sets forth the "Relacion Historica of the Life and Teaching of Fray Junipero Serra." Unique and outstanding is the Harris collection of voyages and travels and discoveries in English, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch and German tongues, a thrilling, fascinating account of all the explorers and adventurers. Add to this all the early editions of the Voyages of Captain Cook and Captain George Vancouver, the Indian lore and legends, journals of the old fur traders and one realizes that the archives of the Provincial Library are storehouses rich in the romance of British Columbia.

Mr. J. Gordon Smith, Department of Public Information, Victoria, B. C., has made a special study of this colorful, historical material.

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Seein' Things

Continued from page 11

still higher. . . On the trail one finds scraps of pottery of ancient make, representing different eras. . . The rooms dug out of the hillside . . . so low as to make one believe the primitive inhabitants to have been of amazingly short stature . . . Each has its "safe"—a hole in the rocky ceiling . . . and other dug-outs for the storage of food and grain. . .

Entering one of the rooms a tourist was reported to have exclaimed—"How on earth did they ever get a bedstead in here?"—which, together with the query—"Why did the Indians always build so far away from the railroads?" is listed at the top of the list of wise-cracks innocently propounded by tourists along the Indian detour.

At Puye, the kiva is not guarded. . . One descends into the circular underground room with no feeling of guilt or intrusion for the Puye chieftains have long since joined their ancestors and left their earthly domain for a later civilization to explore.

And what a domain! Its vastness can not be realized . . . for excavators have revealed but a fraction thereof. . . Hundreds of rooms are visible-tier upon tier . . . where at least a thousand are known to be. . . And from the top of the cliff one enjoys a view of valley, sky, and mountains that seems, at the moment, to be unparallelled. . . Across the valley—in the dim distance beyond the Rio Grande—is Taos-Kit Carson's land—where one is to spend the night. . . The retracing of steps . . . the Puye rest house . . . lunch . . . and, refreshed, the groups continue on their way.

THROUGH the canyon of the Rio Grande and Taos Rivers . . . rugged mountain fastnesses made colorful with the yellow bloom of the chamisa and the greens of foliage of infinite variety . . . volcanic formations . . . clouds of majestic grandeur . . . an occasional swarm of flying ants . . . sage pastures with goats leading bands of sheep . . . prairie dogs . . . the Ranchos de Taos—once a Franciscan Mission and now a Penitenti (secret brotherhood) church . . . with its ancient altar and two incongruous modern ones . . . and finally the little old town of Taos where one is fascinated by the town characters seen gathered round the village square and rejoices to find a comfortable hotel, rustic, but surprisingly modern.

Quaint streets . . . shops filled with Indian wares . . . artists' studios . . . saddle horses . . . an occasional Indian . . . Mexicans galore . . . wagon loads of children . . . flat adobe houses with chili drying on the roofs . . . a little bit of old Mexico in the New . . . Kit Carson's house and Kit Carson lore . . . such is Taos.

At night—when the number of guests justifies their coming—Indians from the Taos Pueblo give a dance program in the hotel lobby . . . Two men and a boy of about five . . . their costumes being composed largely of white paint spotted with color, and the traditional feather head dresses. The lad showed the effect of the jazz age . . . incorporating a bit of cake-walk and a bit of jazz in his dance technique, much to the amusement of his senior dancers as well as to that of the audience.

MORNING . . . and the Taos Pueblo . . . the largest and most interesting one on the Indian Detour. Its five-terrace houses suggest the domains of the cliff dwellers . . . Ladders lead to the different levels . . . and on the higher ones Indian mothers will forget their traditional dignity and run a few steps if their youngest offspring toddles too near the edge.

An ideal setting . . . The Taos River flowing through the center of the Pueblo, a never failing water supply. . . The Sangre de Cristo mountains . . . the Taos peaks hiding the famous Blue Lake sacred to the Indians and scarcely known to the White Man. . . Such is the Pueblo background. . . Here and there, at short distances from the communal dwellings, separate houses where the more progressive Indians maintain separate living quarters. . .

Blanketed figures on fine horses . . . (Taos Indians always wear blankets, in former days, entirely of white buckskin) . . . the horse corral . . . the branding—a runaway . . . an intermingling of the Tigua, Spanish, and English languages . . . clan kivas (not merely the tribal ones) . . . political rivalry . . . a near fued when one Indian was told his dye was less fast than that of another across the river. A squaw who is an artist and has good paintings of the Pueblo for sale in her well kept home . . . the proud father who displays the woodblock prints his son makes at the Indian school . . . bags of

Read further on page 32

Pan-American Relations

Continued from page 6

mood to foresake it for a possible minor league with European nations.

"Of what use is this Union to us?" enquires the *Diario del Plata* of Montivideo. "What benefits do we draw from it? Would we not do better to withdraw?" Such instances of editorials adverse to our influence could be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

Our friendship with Canada is also suffering detriment. Major William Duncan Herridge, recently appointed Canadian envoy to the United States, is expected to endeavor greatly to better our country's relation with its northern neighbor, but more than a friendly envoy is necessary to do this.

Our new tariff since 1930 has been condemned continually by Canadian newspapers. Although Canada has conceded the right of Coast Guard cutters to chase suspicious vessels to the twelve-mile limit, it still protests that such vessels should not be sunk. Our Federal Radio Commission, according to Canadian papers, has arbitrarily assigned certain broadcasting wave-lengths to the Canadian people without consulting them in the matter.

TO SUM UP, we are very unpopular in our home continent at the present time. We may shout legitimate reasons for our policies until we are blue in the

face, but it will not lessen our unpopularity.

What would an individual do if he found himself so unpopular in his home town? He could not isolate himself; his only alternative course would be to prepare to fight, or to mend his ways.

We are not preparing to fight; instead we are cutting the Navy by \$61,000,000 per year, and the Army to a skeleton force. The only thing left is to mend our ways, to realize that one cannot exert an influence in a community without having that community exert an influence upon him.

We should strengthen the Pan-American Union—in the opinion of many students of the situation, we should make it a minor League of Nations. A Pan-American Court should be established, permanently divorced from the Union, to settle inter-American disputes. And a multi-lateral treaty among American nations guaranteeing a common enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine should be made.

The opportunity to remedy a bad situation will be before us during the next few years. If we do not take advantage of it, it may forever pass out of our reach. If we do take advantage of it, it will mark the beginning of a new era of good feeling on this continent.



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Seein' Things

Continued from page 30

colored buckskin ornamented with metal fringe that makes a musical tinkle as it is carried in the hand . . . a drummer practising inside his home while the women model clay into pottery of traditional designs . . . groups sitting lazily in the sun . . . dogs galore . . . dogs that remain loyal regardless of care . . . or the lack of it . . . Such are the vivid memories of Taos Pueblo, home of the Tigua tribes.

Those who know them best, think most highly of the existing Red Men . . . Many have fitted themselves into modern civilization . . . many never will . . . but those who do are accepted by the townspeople . . . A Navajo Indian practices law in Santa Fe . . . and marriage with white women is not unknown . . . nor has it proved unfortunate—in cases cited.

Back through the Rio Grande Valley to Santa Fe . . . a visit to the old church . . . the art museum (and if you are lucky,

a lecture by Ernest Thompson Seton) . . . a stroll through the plaza back to La Fonda . . . and by motor bus to Lamy . . . to connect with the East bound train. . . Two fascinating days spent in an old world that lies in the heart of the new.

OUT of the ruggedness of New Mexico . . . into the fertile greenness of Kansas . . . dogwood trees . . . red buds . . . winding streams . . . and rain. . . A storm wrecked bridge . . . a detour . . . along the banks of the Mississippi to Burlington . . . to Fort Madison . . . and Chicago . . . a mad rush between stations . . . a berth on the New York Central . . . and finally—New York . . . the maddest, craziest, dirtiest, and best loved (or most hated) city in the U. S. A. . . Would the whole of Europe offer greater thrills than the pure joy of being once again on Manhattan? We wonder!

Singing Games

Continued from page 27

shoving and sprawling; and then some fellow kicks his heels recklessly as he sings hoarsely:

First to the courthouse, then to the jail,
 Hang my hat on a rusty nail;
 Oh, come along, Jim, along, Josie,
 Oh, come along, Jim, along, Joe.
 Nail it broke, down it fell,
 Mashed my hat all to hell.
 Oh, come along, Jim, along, Josie,
 Oh, come along, Jim, along, Joe.

It is time for strangers to go. There may be the report of guns before long, and it may be more comfortable for some mountaineer, rather than yourself, to go limping about for a few weeks.

This genuine mountain folk is a class fast disappearing. Industry, with its resulting civilization and standardization, is pushing in upon them from every side. Their timber-lands, their treasures of coal, iron, copper, and marble, their turbulent streams with immense horsepower going to waste, their coves and hillsides unrivalled for orchards—all these are too valuable to remain unexploited. The man of the mountain is speedily finding it profitable to connect himself with the twentieth century.

One mountaineer of my acquaintance,

a man born and bred in a cove, has turned his wilderness into a vast apple orchard, and now year after year has the Eastern dealers buying his fruit unpicked and at their own risk, and paying him annually from \$10,000 to \$15,000 for the privilege. Such success is an object lesson sure to be observed by the younger generation of the mountains, and soon the jingle of cash will sound so much more musical than the old-time dancing ballads that the crude folk-songs will be but a dim memory.

The "Hay-Wire" Page

Continued from page 25

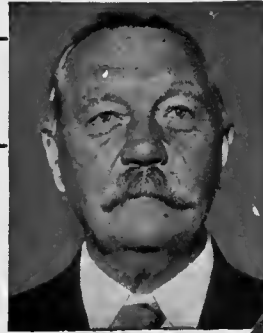
they had hated to part from him. And she will close each peroration with the stinging challenge: "Now, you know that is true, John."

Then she will hasten on to tell of the touching scene at parting—after John had tipped him regally. He had fallen upon his knees, bowed so low that his forehead touched the sand. Then, he had risen, slowly, ceremoniously, with tears glistening in his eyes, his face half-averted, evidently to conceal his overpowering emotions, and had said in a trembling basso voice:

"I hope to hell you get to home safe."

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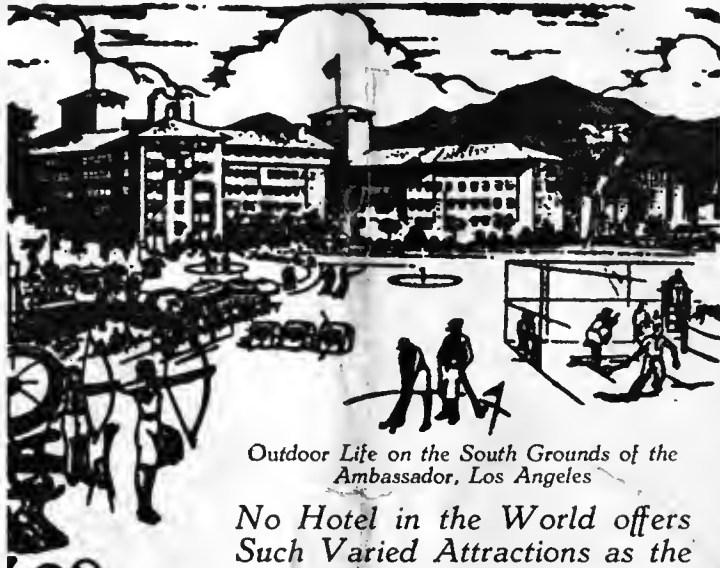
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