



Uncle Hiram ⁱⁿ California

**SARA
WHITE
ISAMAN**

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DOWN IT CAME WITH ALL ON BOARD.

Uncle Hiram in California

*More Fun and Laughter
With Uncle Hiram and Aunt Phoebe*

By

Sara White Isaman



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By
Sara White Isaman

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO
MY BELOVED SISTER,
MRS. WILLIAM HENRY AKIN

TEN YEARS IN "THE CITY BEAUTIFUL"

"IT'S just ten years ago to-day, Mandy," announced Aunt Phoebe Harrison, "since me and your Uncle Hiram first landed in California. So this morning when we were sitting down to our breakfast I asked, 'Do you know, Hiram Harrison, that this is one of our anniversary days'?"

"Your Uncle looked up from the mornin' paper where he was scanning the headlines for the latest news, and answered me back by asking, 'What do you mean, Phoebe?'"

"'I mean it's just ten years ago today since we'—'landed in California' finished your Uncle, glancin' at the date on the paper and throwing it under the table, and then, continuing in a reminiscent-like mood: 'Sure enough; how time does fly on golden wings in this land of the setting sun; seems more like ten months than ten years, and I've enjoyed every minute of it, too."

"'And Phoebe,' he continued, 'you don't look

a day older; and now that I take a good square look at you, I believe you look younger, and a whole lot handsomer, than you did ten years ago.

“This is a wonderful country to preserve women’s looks, provided, of course, they have any looks to preserve,” he added.

“Mebby I do look younger, and handsomer, than I did ten years ago, and mebbly I don’t, but all the same such talk listens good to any woman who is picking out gray hairs on the sly and living in fear of a three-ply double chin; especially since dame fashion has wished a lot of juvenile styles on us that we are supposed to wear regardless.

“Many a man walking behind a woman and admiring her trim, girlish-clad figure has had the shock of his life when he sees a grandmother face peeping out from beneath her flower-laden picture hat; and far be it from me shocking anyone like that if I can help it; and it certainly is encouraging to hear, at least, that you are holding your own, and not at all displeased at the compliment, I answered back:

“I suppose losing that forty pounds did improve my figure, and I must say the fifty pounds

you gained since coming to Californy made a fine looking man out of Hiram Harrison.

“ ‘And I was just thinking,’ I continued, ‘there was not a man on the golf links yesterday whose clothes set any better than yours. Since you have been patronizing that expensive tailor you look like a different man.’

“ ‘And I heard a party of swell-looking folks say, yesterday,’ he broke in, ‘that your new golf clothes had more class to them than anything seen in the club house for years.’

“Then we both laughed; for there we sat, throwing bouquets at each other worse than any young honeymoonin’ couple, and then I said ‘Well, there certainly was plenty of room for improvement. Yes, I guess, like a lot of other green tourists from the middle west, there was room for improvement, all right.’

“ ‘Middle west, nothing! I get tired of hearin’ that remark. One would think any tramp born in the slums of New York City was better than a gentleman from the middle west. Everybody has to learn the ropes when they come to Californy. Heard a fresh tourist ask a policeman the other day if he’d have to take the “Angel’s Flight car line” to see the Bunker

Hill monument, and another one wanted to know if there was an Indian settlement out of Alessandro street, and I've had a half dozen of them ask me this winter what convention was in town when they see the crowds on Broadway, so I guess we caught on about as well as the rest.'

" 'Well,' says I, 'I wouldn't want to go through it again. Remember the first time we ate at Levy's, because you thought it would be cheap—seeing them cooking in full view of the street? And the first time we ever was in a cafeteria, and you dropped a tray full of victuals onto a bald-headed man?'

" 'Just like a woman,' growled your Uncle, 'to get a man into a thing and then laugh at him. Well, I never got supper in the wrong apartment anyway; and you was pretty badly plagued when that smarty saw you in your bathing suit, and told the other bathers to look out, for when you got in—the ocean would rise a foot.'

" 'So the tables were turned on me, but I continued: 'Remember how the sight-seeing man told us Busche's Gardens was sunken by an earthquake?'

" 'Yes, and I'm not sure yet but what they

were,' argued your Uncle, who always hates to give up to being fooled; 'so long as there was earthquakes some fifty thousand years or more before that smarty was born, who knows for certain how they was sunk?'

" 'And then,' says I, 'when we asked him if he'd showed us all the curiosities we were entitled to for our two dollars, he pointed out a woman standing on the sidewalk and said, she was the biggest curiosity he knew of because she was the first woman he ever saw who stuttered. He was right about that but I never thought of it before.

" 'I've heard a woman can't keep a secret, too, but I never told a soul back home about the time you thought you was a capturing a Catalina mountain goat alive, and grabbed a nanny goat, that had her head in some bushes, by the hind legs and both of you tumbled, head over heels, down that steep mountain side and a moving picture man who happened to see the performance, offered you five hundred dollars to do the act over again?'

" 'Yes, I shut him up mighty quick by tellin' him I'd do it for nothin', if he'd take the part of the goat.'

“ ‘That wasn’t as funny though, as the idea you got into your head when we visited the ostrich farm, and saw a rooster ostrich sitting in the sand trying to hatch out some eggs, while the lady ostrich was gadding around enjoying herself; and you said, you was going to invent a Rooster Brooder Machine that would revolutionize the chicken industry and land you in the millionaire class.’

“ ‘Well, didn’t I do it?’ answered back your Uncle real peeved as he always is when I mention this subject, ‘even experts said the Rooster Brooder Machine was a marvel of simplicity, and if you hadn’t got chicken-hearted yourself when the old General I tried it on went on the hunger strike, we’d be livin’ now in a half-million-dollar house on some swell street in Pasadena. That Brooder would have been a bigger money-maker than any patent medicine or chewing gum ever put on the market. Trust you to interfere and spoil things. If I had it to do over I’d force-feed that rooster like they do them suffragette women they put in jail.’

“ ‘All the same,’ says I, ‘I’ll never forget the old General sittin’ on them eggs, with his head sticking out of a hole in top of the brooder,

and a flock of hens circlin' round him at a safe distance, with a curious look in their eyes, for all the world like I've seen a lot of wimin look at a man milliner, or a man dressmaker.'

" 'Well,' observed your Uncle thoughtfully, 'mebby the feathered kingdom won't take kindly to this new feminist movement, but it don't take a prophet to see the finish of mere man, and Californy with its deciding vote in the hands of the wimen is going to head the movement with a brass band.'

" 'I guess you are right,' I admitted; 'I used to take this equality talk as a joke, but after hearing that woman lecture at the club the other day I am prepared for anything; she is the President of a "Dress Reform Movement," to compel by law the adoption of a uniform dress to be worn by men and women alike. She said dressing different was an idea handed down from the dark ages, when folks lived in caves and the wimen dressed themselves in leaves and grasses and the men wore the skins of animals. She said, "There never would be a real equality of the sexes until they dressed so as you can't tell which from the other." '

"She showed us some drawings of the uni-

form the 'Dress Reform Movement' had in mind, in which they tried to cater to the pre-verted tastes in dress of both male and female, so as not to shock either of them too much by the change.

"For instance to please the men the derby hat style was to be adopted, but to cater to the savage taste of the wimen for decorating their headgear an upstanding butterfly bow of ribbon would be added to the back. The uniform itself was to be a Norfolk jacket bloomer style of dress, made of dark cloth in winter, and white in summer."

"Your Uncle groaned, and said: 'They will do it yet, Phoebe, see if they don't,' givin' the women the balance of power at the poles was a dark day for Californy. Things didn't go up at Sacramento this year exactly to their likin', and I've heard dark threats already that the remedy was to replace the anti-women men legislators with women, at the next election; and who knows what humiliating laws they'll saddle onto the men? Pretty how-de-doo, such a uniform dress law would make, when worked out.

"Take this young married couple next door

for instance. She's dark and tall, and he's small and blonde; dress him up in one of them white uniforms, with a sky blue butterfly bow on the back of his hat, and some man will be tryin' to flirt with him before he'd get a block away from home, and trust you, Phoebe, to put on the cleanest duds, if our clothes are both alike and you can have your choice.

"Let them go, though. It will save the men a lot of money when they don't have to pay a pack of milliners, to turn their wives' hats inside out, and upside down, so the old dome will look as much out of style as a last year's bird's nest. Its an ill wind that blows nobody good, even this crazy idea of a lot of wimen politicians."

"Speaking of politics,' says I, 'reminds me of a discussion they had at the club; they offered a prize, a copy of "How to Manage a Man," for the best answer to the question, "When is a Tourist a Californian?"' One woman said it was when they quit wearing overcoats; another said it was when they quit knocking California, but the woman who got the prize says it was when wimen commenced to talk politics, and men commenced to grumble about the

taxes. Now what would you have answered?’

“‘Who, me?’ said your Uncle. ‘I’d have said, it was when the wimen commenced to spend every dollar they can get their hands on for clothes and take an interest in the society news of the Sunday papers; and after makin’ a visit “back home,” where life is apt to be pretty tame after living in California.’

UNWELCOME GUESTS

FORMER NEIGHBORS VISIT AUNT PHOEBE AND UNCLE
HIRAM

“**I**’M glad you’re goin’ to make a long visit, Mandy,” observed Aunt Phoebe, “for I want to tell you about a lot of funny experiences me and your Uncle Hiram have had since coming out to California.

“First I’ll tell you about Caliope Campbell and his family descendin’ on us for a long visitation soon after we had got comfortably settled in our new home out Westlake way; and later, how they nearly mortified us to death by comin’ to the Virginia to see us and followin’ us up to the St. Francis in San Francisco, where Caliope nearly met his Waterloo gettin’ choked on a sand dab bone. Then some other time I’ll tell you about what a time I had tryin’ to get a good hired girl; then about apartment house life in California and buyin’ Twelve Hun-

dred Dollars worth of clothes at one time. And, oh, yes, don't let me forget to tell you about the time your Uncle thought I was crazy because I told him I saw a man drivin' a cow *a la horse* style on the women-crowded streets of Los Angeles. Then about our trip to Seattle and Portland and last but not least, our trip back to our old Indiana home that neither of us had seen since we left it on our weddin' day to carve out a new home on the prairies of Nebraska, and how rejoiced we both were to get back to the sunshine and flowers of dear, old California. But now I must get back to the Campbell's visit.

“One mornin' when your uncle was readin' the items from the Fairview Precinct in the Lincoln Journal, he suddenly threwed the paper clear across the room, and called out to me, who was busy in the kitchen: ‘Caliope Campbell has traded his west eighty for a chicken ranch out in the suburbs at Watts, and they are comin' out here for good an' all.

“ ‘Just my luck, of course,’ he grumbled, ‘after almost movin' to get rid of them, to have them up and sell out and follow me.’

“ ‘We're in for it, Phoebe,’ he continued, ‘for the correspondent from Fairview Precinct says

after visitin' their former nabers, the Harrisons, for a month or so, an' seein' the sights of the city, they will go overland to their new home in Watts.'

" 'Do as you please about it, Phoebe,' he growled, 'but forewarned is forearmed, and Hiram Harrison is goin' to be absent from the city 'bout the time his former nabers happen along. Wouldn't live in the same house a month with that clapper-tongued, long-nosed, tow-headed female if you's give me a thou——'

" 'Hush,' says I, interruptin' him; ' 'Taint becomin' for a man of your years to talk so against any former naber woman that way. If they come we'll have to make the best of it.'

" 'Best of your granny's nightcap!' he broke in. 'If them Campbells get into this house, 'twill be over the prostrate form of Hiram Harrison. I'd as soon entertain them young lions out to the park as them Campbell twin boys. Never could bear 'em since they put that dog into the front room that time an' nearly scairt you to death. Reckon Mrs. Campbell spread it all round the naberhood that I was scairt, too.'

" 'Then I commenced to laugh, for I never will forget how scairt your Uncle was, when he

opened the door first that night, and it bein' pitch-dark, he tramped right onto the sleepin' dog that jumped up with a bow-wow an' throwed him acrost the room. The dog was scairt too, an' run round and round, upsettin' chairs and things till it see the door an' run out, nearly upsettin' me, too; then I rushed in and lit the lamp, an' there stood your Uncle in a chair wavin' his arms an' callin' for me to git the shotgun.

“He never could bear them Campbell twins afterward, for the little rats was watchin' the fun, an' their mother told it all over the next day, an' folks laughed an' joked him 'bout it till your Uncle thought he was disgraced all over Lancaster county.

“‘Caliope,’ continued your uncle (they called him Caliope because when he snored, the noise one side of his nose made sounded so much like a steam caliope, ‘t would have fooled an expert), ‘is so henpecked he makes me ashamed of my sex. If she was to feed him froze sawdust for ice cream, he’d go round blowin’ ’bout the “ice cream my wife made.” Whenever he says “My Wife,” it seems to me he always says it in itallacks and capital letters. If the nabors out

here hears him snorin' an' her talkin' through her beak of a nose, they'd think we'd bought us a phonygraf, as well as a caliope.'

"There must have been a mistake 'bout the time they was to start, for a few days afterward I looked out of the window and saw the Campbells a comin'. They was comin' single file, stringin' along half a block, Caliope a-headin' the procession, luggin' a box with slats nailed over the top, through which three chickens, two hens and a rooster, was stickin' their heads. An awkward girl and Mrs. Campbell was loaded down with pillers and satchels and lunch baskets while the two twins, Silas and Sammy, was leadin' a yellow dog that was about the size of a Jersey calf. Your Uncle was upstairs, and come tearin' down in a hurry when I called up to him that the Campbells was a-comin'.

"'To the bathroom,' he commanded, like a general leadin' an army, an' just as the Campbells came stringin' catacornered acrost the lawn we was locked safe an' sound for the time bein' inside, prepared for a good long wait. When I looked at your Uncle I see he had most of a pie and part of a roast chicken an' a loaf o' bread that he had grabbed from the pantry

as we come through. 'A general always prepares for a siege,' said he, gazin' at the victuals; 'more'n likely they'll stay till dark, an' we don't want to get too far from our base of supplies.'

"Caliope rung the front door bell, and pounded on the door, an' Mrs. Campbell rung the side door bell and pounded on that door, while the girl went round to try the kitchen. The twins put in their time throwin' sand and pebbles at the windows and tramin' my ferns and blowin' the auto horn; and, failin' to raise us, they held a council of war and planned a second attack. A window had been hoisted a ways in the upstairs hall, an' Caliope got a ladder and tried that while the women took turns at ringin' the bell and the twins squirted water from the hose onto the windows and everything. When I caught sight of Mrs. Campbell makin' for the back of the house I had my fears. We could see the kitchen door from one of the bathroom windows, and we watched her while she tried the screen door, which was hooked on the inside. Your Uncle chuckled when it wouldn't budge, but he laughed too soon, for, after thinkin' a bit, she fished out a hairpin from her little

wad of hair, and shapin' it somethin' like a hook, she picked around till she had the door open, and with a triumphant whoop Silas and Sammy landed in the kitchen. There was a table under a transom in the bathroom, where I could see through into my bedroom, and through the dinin' room door. I clum up and watched 'em as they come in sheddin' things right and left till they reached my bedroom. 'They ain't to home,' said Mrs. Campbell, takin' off her short-backed felt sailer, and her brown plush coat lined with brown quilted satin that she bought when they was all the rage back in the early eighties. 'No, they ain't at home, and I've heard folks get the gallups just as soon as they get to Californy, so we may as well make ourselves at home, for there's no tellin' when they will get back. But they can't be very far away,' says she, openin' a closet, 'for here's her hat and cape. Aunt Phoebe's gettin' gay, and puttin' on as much style as a country school ma'am,' says she, takin' out my bird-of-paradise hat an' puttin' it on hind-side before. Then she put on my new black opera cape with the lavender linin' outside. 'There's no fool like an old fool.' says she, and although she was lookin' in the

lookin' glass, I knowed she wan't talkin' about herself.

“By this time Sofie was busy in the parlor with the pianola, Caliope was helpin' hisself to things on the sideboard and the twins had caught the white angora kitten and greased its head an' tail slick with my face cream. The rest of his fluffy fur stood out straight from fright, an', mad as I was, I couldn't help laughin', he looked so funny. When one twin took him by the ears and the other one by the tail and swung him round, he let out such scairt, pitiful yowls that your uncle, who set great store by the kitten, couldn't stand it any longer, and tiptoes hisself up onto the table alongside of me to see what was goin' on.

“He hadn't any more'n put his two feet on till the table swayed, an' with a noise like the crack o' doom, down it went with all on board.

“‘Earthquakes,’ yelled Mrs. Campbell, headed for the front yard, the rest a-follerin' her. The nabers came out to see what the commotion was about, an' there she stood wearin' my hat an' cape, and tellin' the nabers that she felt two distinct earthquake shocks (one when I came down and one when your uncle did, I suppose).

I heard she wrote back home that she went through an awful quake, but the folks in Californy denied it for fear it'd hurt the country. In the meantime, we was takin' an inventory of ourselves, an' found your uncle had banged his nose up pretty bad hittin' it on the bath tub, and I had twisted my ankle so as I couldn't stand up alone.

“ ‘Outgeneraled by a woman with a hairpin,’ blurted out your uncle, holdin' his handkerchief to his nose.

“ ‘We're in for it,’ says I, weakly; ‘go and——’

“ ‘Who's runnin' this campaign, Phoebe, you or me?’

“ ‘It seems to be runnin' itself,’ says I, and he answered:

“ ‘Obey orders, and I'll get rid of them Campbells in twenty-four hours or call in the police, one or the other.’

“ ‘With a cane and your uncle's help I got to the spare bedroom upstairs, and just as I turned the key in the lock I heard the Campbells all come troopin' back arguin' whether there was one or two earthquake shocks.

“ ‘Puttin' on his hat, your uncle slipped out a

side door and come in the front one like as if he'd just come home from town. A little thing like me bein' too sick to see any of them didn't matter, an' Mrs. Campbell soon turned her attention to gittin' supper. Your unclè told her the Jap boy would be back soon, but she said after four days of stale light bread on the cars, she was pinin' for a mess of soda biscuit, and she hadn't fell low enough yet to eat biscuits after a heathen—'you might ketch the yeller peril or some other furrin disease from 'em', she said.

“When the Jap boy 'come back a little later and found all the baggage and them chickens, not to mention the dog, tied to the table leg in the kitchen, and two new cooks wearin' his best white aprons, gettin' supper, he was so excited he forgot all his boasted fluent English an' jabbered to himself like a crazy man.

“To go back a little, it seems that Sofie's beau, Mosy Saunders, had come through with Caliope's household goods, so that night, nearly 'leven o'clock 'twas, we heard the awfulest poundin' on the front door an' trampin' on the porch. I thought 't was a runaway horse, an' your uncle thought mebbly the house was on fire

an' the firemen was a-tryin' to break open the door, so he jumped out of bed in an awful hurry an' hoistin' the window, hollered down:

“ ‘Who's there, an' what do you want?’

“ ‘Why, it's me,’ spoke up a cheerful young voice from out the dark; ‘Sid Saunder's youngest boys, Mosy, an' I've come to set up.’

“ ‘Well, you can set up on the telephone pole, or mosey back to town, for all I care,’ answered back your uncle, mad as a hornit, slammin' down the window and divin' back into bed.

“ ‘Hiram Harrison, I'm ashamed of you,’ said I, takin' a hand in the Campbell fracas for the first time that day.

“ ‘Of course,’ growled your uncle from the bed covers, an' I went on: ‘Surely you ain't forgot that awful time when we first come to Nebraska and I had pneumony an' no one come near because of a smallpox scare, an' when you was nearly dead waitin' on me, who but Mary Saunders come through a blindin' blizzard to nurse me, leavin' little Mosy, that you've just drove from the door, at home to cry his eyes out after his ma?’

“ ‘He twisted 'round and said: ‘She got paid

for it; let a body lift a finger for you an' you remember it forever.'

"'You can't pay such debts with money,' I answered, 'and besides there's been so few fingers lifted that I can't afford to forget them that was. Hoist that window at once an' tell Sid Saunders' youngest boy Mosy, to go 'round to the kitchen door.'

"Your uncle minded me for once in his life, and while Mosy was waitin' for him to come down I heard voices below. The policeman on our block had heard the commotion an' come over to see what was up. Mosy, innocent as a lamb, said 'Howdy-do,' an' asked him if he was a-boardin' with Aunt Phoebe. The policeman told your uncle afterward that he was puzzled for a minute as to whether he had nabbed a famous crook who was shammin', or whether the feller was actually that green.

"Well, your uncle finally got Mosy in, an' Sofie out, so to speak, and she went, sleepy-like down the back stairs, buttonin' the back of her dress as she went, an' missin' a step, she went humpity-bump down them stairs, burstin' open the stair door and landin' in the middle of the kitchen in front of the astonished Mosy.

Then he told her the reason he was so late was because he had lost the address she give him, and rememberin' somethin' about Westlake, he had knocked at half the doors 'round Westlake Park till he found us.

“The course of true love run smoother after this, for Sofie was soon gettin' Mosy his supper, and everything was fine.

“Your uncle, gettin' up middlin' early next mornin' found 'em both settin' on the couch with their shoes off and their arms around each other sound asleep.

“How did your uncle get rid of them Campbells? I'll tell you some other time, for I see your uncle comin' an' I dassent tell it afore him. He gets mad if I even laugh when I hear a band playin' ‘The Campbells is comin’.’”

HIRED GIRLS

AUNT PHOEBE RELATES HER EXPERIENCES IN
CALIFORNIA

“**S**UCH a time as we had in Californy, Mandy, gettin’ a good hired girl,” complained Aunt Phoebe to her niece. “I thought at first it would be lots handier than it used to be back home, just to ring up an employment agency and have ’em send one out, an’ save all the fussin’ your uncle used to do, when he had to hook on to the buggy and drive over to the Swede settlement and fetch one home. My goodness, Mandy, it seems like a dream the way them clean, good-natured girls worked day in an’ day out, after a siege of them employment-agency kind. I see now I didn’t half appreciate what they done for me, so I sent every one of them a nice present from Californy last Christmas. Yes, after you got one of them good Swede girls your troubles were over—at least

till she married the hired hand. But out in Californy a new hired girl means as much trouble as a run of the grippe, or housecleaning back home.

“Well, the first thing I done after movin’ into our house out Westlake way, was to call up one of them agencies and asked fur a girl. The woman who answered the ’phone, instead of answerin’ my questions commenced to put me through a cross-examination about things I had always thought was only family affairs. She seemed disappointed when I said there was two of us and said most of the girls was desirous of obtaining situations in a family of one. However, she said if I could furnish satisfactory references as to our respectability and financial standin’, she would try and send me a maid, who had seen better days and expected to be treated as one of the family. When I told your uncle he ’lowed he’d been in some families where he’d hate to be treated like one of ’em, and as for her havin’ seen better days, says he, ‘I don’t wonder a mite, for the wind is blowin’ a regular Santa Ana out of doors.’

“She didn’t show up till nearly night, after me an’ your Uncle had all the hard straitenin’-

up work done. The 'maid' turned out to be about the hombliest specimen of a muchly married female I ever laid eyes on, and a curious fact I'd often noticed before struck me with renewed force, to wit: that I never see an outrageously ugly woman that wa'n't married to something at least once, an' mebbly a time or two more. Instead of tryin' to a kitchin apron an' takin' holt at onct, she spent the first hour tellin' me how she had bore up under loosin' a choice collection of husbands by the suicide, divorce court, and other routes; but the saddest part of her monologue was that her last husband refused to efface hissself by any of the aforesaid routes, and continued to eat off her while she 'went out.'

"What she went out for while he was a eatin' I don't know, less he gulped his coffee, or champed his victuals, an' made her nervous.

"At last I got her out into the kitchen, where your Uncle was introduced to her, by runnin' into her when she was nearly standin' on her head tryin' to light the gas range by puttin' a match clean under it, instead of in the oven where she had the gas turned on. He was carryin' a rockin' chair over his head an' the mix-

up was something awful, especially as the gas exploded at what writers call the 'psychological moment,' an' come nigh burnin' all their hair off.

"Your Uncle set there flat on the floor like's if he'd been struck dumb, while the maid, who was busy pullin' off scorched hairs from her eyebrows and false transformer was in the meantime givin' him the best tongue-lashin' I ever hear a man take.

"I shut off the gas, an' got him out before she struck him, an' while he was gettin' his breath an' pullin' off burnt whiskers, I tried to pacify him; but as soon as he could get his breath he broke out. 'Nice old wild cat you've landed onto me, hain't you? I'd as soon go into that savage lion's cage at the park as to run amuck the likes of her again. I'll have the next hired girl——' 'Stop,' says I, 'she's listenin', an' she objects to bein' called a 'hired girl.' she calls herself a maid.'

"'Made in Californy,' jeered your Uncle, 'self crankin', pure brass——' 'Hush,' says I, tryin' to stop him, 'she is awful easy insulted, she says she has seen better days.' 'If she sees any ones worse,' says he, interruptin' me, 'I'll have her arrested, woman or no woman.'

“When we went back into the kitchen, instead of gettin’ supper we found her pokin’ ’round huntin’ up all the bottles, an’ emptyin’ of them into the sink. Your Uncle rescued a few doses of his Peruna, and of course such actions didn’t pour any oil on the troubled waters betwixt ’em. I tried to smooth matters over by sayin’ mebbly she was sick an’ lookin’ for medicine, but your uncle will have it to this day that she was lookin’ fur licker. She said it was about her meal time, and when I told her to go ahead an’ get supper she looked awful surprised and said she didn’t hire out to cook, an’ besides her doctor had told her never to eat her own cookin’. By this time I had a nervous headache, so I went upstairs to bed, leavin’ her an’ your Uncle to fight it out between ’em.

“From what your Uncle told me, an’ what I see myself next mornin’, she must a dished up a terrible mess of victuals. After he eat his supper he brought me up some of her biscuits, sayin’: ‘If I could get holt of the recete, Phoebe, from which them biscuits was made, I’d be a bloated millionaire before the month is out. I’d sell it to the government to use in the war. One of them biscuits dropped from

an airship, half a mile up in the sky, would crack a skull like an eggshell—jest heft 'em, if you don't believe me.'

“ ‘But,’ says I, ‘the employment agency woman said she was a good plain cook.’ ‘She’s plain enough, all right,’ observed your Uncle, interruptin’ me, ‘but as fur her cookin’, I could do better myself with my hands tied behind me.’

“ ‘When I told her next mornin’ we’d give her two dollars if she’d go, she was dreadful mad, an’ said she knowed there was goin’ to be trouble just as soon as she see the look that come over that old crank’s face when he nearly broke his teeth out on her biscuits.

“ ‘Well, things went on without any help for a few days and then I picked up courage and told the employment agency woman to send out another maid, and, Mandy, as sure as I am settin’ here, when I opened the door an hour later there stood the same woman I’ve just been tellin’ you about. She looked kind of dazed when she sees me, for it seems she thought she was goin’ to another place and got the address mixed. When I told her there had been some mistake she demanded her carfare and to save trouble I give it to her. As she went down the

steps she jerked her head back in the direction of your uncle, who was pickin' out devil grass in the yard, and said she knowed she had seen that old crank somewhere before.

“The next one we got was a big, raw-boned, jandiced lookin' oldish woman from Missouri who demanded to know before she set down, if we did our own reachin'. ‘Reachin’? I asked, puzzled to know what she meant. ‘Yes, reachin’, she repeated, ‘reachin’ fur your own victuals at the table. I ain’t no nigger, an’ if you don’t do your own reachin’ I go.’

“She was of a pessimistic dispositun, an’ used to threaten suicide, and off she would start fur the beach sayin’ her wages was in a stockin’ under her bed ready for the coroner, and the water was a-callin’ her again. Your uncle, who didn’t take much stock in her from the first, said mebby it was, for her neck didn’t look like it had seen any water sense she left old Missouri.

“When she left, your uncle put his foot down on any more middle-aged female maids, so we tried a young English girl, six weeks from old England, whose specialty was makin’ tea in the middle of the afternoon an’ grumblin’ at the

'beastly American ways.' She shocked your uncle's patriotism by scornin' everything American and when he said, 'I believe you would rather kiss King George's shoe than shake hands with our President,' she looked astonished and said, 'Well, I rathah foney I would.'

"Then we tried a Jap boy, and when he went to your uncle to know if he would have to shave before breakfast and serve dinner in a tuxedo coat, your uncle told him he could wear a bathin-suit and Vandyke beard fur all he cared, if he'd only cook us something decent to eat. The Jap looked at him curiously and lookin' at one of the books one day, I saw he had written down what your uncle said, under a headin' of 'Curious remarks made by excentric Americans I have met.'

"Well, we lived high while he was with us, for he was a fine cook, but he made me nervous settin' books up around the kitchin an' studyin' while he worked. He was daffy on Sheakspear and declaimed Shylock and the pound of flesh while he pounded the beefsteak, and ranted around nights in his bed-room about Hamlet's ghost till I got shivers up my backbone, and he got me into deep water tryin' to explain

some of the capers them women cut in that piece called 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.'

"When he left us we sent back home for Tillie Johnson; then I had a good rest till she married the Swede milkman three weeks after her arrival. She hated awful bad to leave us and said nothin' but Gus would ever 'a' made her do it.

"She was about \$25 back on the money your uncle advanced fur her ticket, the amount bein' made up by Gus, who sheepishly handed me nearly a peck basketful of milk tickets the morning after he asked her."

THE CAMPBELLS' ARRIVAL

SOME STRANGE AND EXCITING HAPPENINGS AT THE
BEACH

“**A**FTER Caliope Campbell and his folks, who moved out to Watts on a chicken ranch from Nebraska, got through visitin’ us, we was so tuckered out we just shut up the house and went to the beach for a good rest. Yes, your Uncle was always partial to Long Beach, Mandy, so nothin’ would do but we must go there. Some folks don’t think it sounds so stylish to say you are at that beach, but your Uncle Hiram ’lowed he’d ruther be out of fashion than to go to one of them eclusive places, where you ain’t in it if you don’t play golf an’ tennis, an’ joy ride, an’ change your clothes three times a day.

“‘At such a place,’ says he, ‘if you don’t do as the Romans do, you are apt to set around mighty lonesome, while at Long Beach there’s the Pike an’ things.’

“So to Long Beach we went, and after we got there nothin’ would do your Uncle but the very best hotel in the place, an’ I worked ’most as hard tryin’ to keep drest up as I would if I’d a’ stayed at home an’ kept house.

“Your Uncle is just wild over seaweeds an’ ocean water an’ tides an’ things, so one mornin’ when I was settin’ comfortable in a rocker on the west porch watchin’ the sea your Uncle come rushin’ out with a writin’ pad an’ a sharpened pencil in his hand an’ said: ‘Here I’ve been foolin’ round fur nearly a week, an’ no ode yet.’

“ ‘Who was you expectin’ one from?’ said I, not catching his meanin’ at once an’ thinking mebby he meant a dun, an’ he answered back as cross as two sticks:

“ ‘Pheba, sometimes you act as dense as a ticket agent. I was referrin’ to an ode to old ocean, to be printed in the poets’ corner of the *Farmer’s Guide*. An’ now, with the call of the sea in your ears, an’ the smell of the salt air on the breezes, a man ought to be doin’ his best work. I want to ketch the atmosphere of old ocean at close range, an’ make this deep sea pome reek with the odor of seaweed, an’ smack

of old ocean in every line. I feel it in my bones that this is the time an' the place, an' I'm the man to write her.'

" 'Well,' says I, always ready to beat a retreat when he gits one of them writin' fits on, 'I'll go to my——'

" 'No, you won't,' says he, before I could finish. 'I want you to help me pick out a meter. We'll pick out several, an' use the one that sounds the pomiest.'

"So I settled back resigned-like in my chair an' said: 'The gas an' water meters are the only ones I know anything about,' an' your Uncle answered back: 'Now, don't get funny when anything as serious as a sea pome is in the makin'.'

" 'I ain't,' I answered, tryin' to look sober, 'for the gas meter is about the last thing I'd think of bein' funny about.'

" 'Well,' says he, 'to business; put on your thinkin' cap an' try to reckon a rattlin' good sea pome er two.'

"Thus put to, I ransacked my brain for sea pome meters, but bein' a native of a prairie State for nearly the first half century of my life, sea poetry was about the last branch of

literature that ever appealed to me. But by an' by a faint glimmer of a pome that used to be in one of the old school readers come floatin' back on the wings of time, an' I stammered out: "Break, break, break. On thy cold gray stones, O sea!"'

"'Good enough!' said your Uncle, brightenin' up. 'Now we will see what Hiram Harris can compose along them lines an' meters.'

"'But,' says I, doubtful like, 'wouldn't that be copyin', or whatever——'

"'Plagiarism, I suppose you mean, madam,' says he, real huffy like; 'but it's the words you dassen't steal, not the meter.'

"'Not even a gas meter?' I asked, an' he growled back: 'Cut it out about your old gas meter! A woman would risk spoilin' a masterpiece to get off some old chestnutty joke. Now let's see.'

"After scowlin' at the ocean as if 'twas the cause of all his trouble, he read:

"'Boom, boom, boom,
All day goes the moanin' sea,
And in the night she's a-moanin' still——'

"'What word rhymes with sea?' he demand-

ed. 'I can't finish that last line till I find a word to match sea.'

"'Why,' says I, 'there's bee an' knee an' flea.'

"But he shook his head, sayin': 'Bee an' knee hain't got anythin' to do with this pome; an' if I was to mention a flea, Long Beach would boycott me forever. I'll try somethin' with a little more ginger in it, like that "Life Boat."'

"Then he read: 'There's Ocean Park an' Venice, an' Clifton-by-the-Sea. But old Long Beach, my boy, is the only beach for me.'

"'That ain't so bad,' says I, 'but why don't you make your own meter?' So after a-writin' a while, he read:

" 'I love to set on Long Beach sand,
 While softly, softly plays the band,
 For while the band does softly play
 In fancy I am far away
 Till evening shadows round me fall;
 'Tis night; again I do recall;
 For all around me hungry groups
 Say to Cafeteria or to Schroops?
 Here you can lead the simple life;
 The sea breeze lulls all envy, strife,
 An' life at last is free from trammels—
 Great Scott, Phebe, here come the Campbells!'

“Sure enough, there they set in the poultry wagon, drawed up in front of the hotel, an’ Caliope was makin’ the most unearthly noise I ever heard by usin’ his two fists, like a megaphone, an’ callin’ through them to attract attention.

“A bellboy went runnin’ out to see what on earth was the matter, an’ when they asked for us, he must have asked them for a card; anyway, he come huntin’ us, carryin’ one on a silver platter. The card was about six inches long, an’ told all about the prices of poultry an’ settin’ eggs, an’ how to get there by takin’ the Watts local. Mrs. Campbell’s name was printed in big letters on one side of the card and your Uncle was considerable taken back when he see it, believin’ as he does in wimmen’s spheres bein’ at home, and so on, so he argued about it as we took the longest way round the hotel to meet ’em, sayin’:

“ ‘There ought to be a law makin’ it a misdemeanor for any woman to belittle a livin’ husband by printin’ her name on a bizness card. If this here “vote for women” business spreads any further,’ says he, ‘Caliope won’t dast call his head his own. Mark my words, Phebe, he’ll

be stayin' at home doin' dishes, while Mrs. Campbell is settin' on juries, or runnin' for town marshal, an'——'

“What more he was goin' to say against Mrs. Campbell I don't know, for as we turned a corner in the porch we come on to Caliope, who was making for the office to get the proprietor to loan him a bucket to water the mules with.

“Your Uncle was so mortified he almost dragged Caliope back to the wagon, promisin' to show him a good waterin' place further down the street. ‘Caliope's that green,’ says he to me aside, ‘it's a wonder the cows don't eat 'im up in this dry country.’

“In the meantime the word had gone round the hotel that the Campbells was some sort of an amusement outfit bound for the Pike, an' sich grinnin' an' cranin' of necks you never see.

“The twins had come to grief by this time; they tried to walk the iron railin' that fenced in the hotel, an' tumbled down about twenty feet on to their heads, and such a commotion I never heard.

“Our main object now was to get the Campbells and their chicken wagon, which was painted all over with poultry pictures, away from the

front of the hotel, where the folks was laughin' at some jokes a smarty made about 'The Chanticleers.' Mrs. Campbell wanted to go with me to my room for my hat, but I wouldn't have run the gauntlet of them folks on the porch for anything. I rode down the street, for the first time in my life, bareheaded.

“They didn't attract near so much attention on the Pike, for there you see all kinds, an' your Uncle was so relieved at gettin' them away from the hotel that he treated them to lemonade an' cornecopas with a lavish hand. I felt awful sorry for Caliope, for he didn't have a cent to spend, and I could see he felt bad to see your Uncle standin' all the treats. I heard him plead with her like a beggar for jest a quarter, but she shut up her little pocketbook with a snap, sayin' for him to use the quarter he took out of the chicken money last month.

“ 'Bout noon we left 'em at a cafeterry, your Uncle claimin' he had to go back an' take his bitters, promisin' to meet 'em in front of the bath-house on the Pike, which we did.

“We found Mrs. Campbell awful excited over somethin', an' when she got over her mad long enough to talk without chokin' she told us she

had been trapped, robbed or held up, as it were, in the cafeterry where they ate their lunch.

“It seemed, from her story, that they hadn’t had any green corn on the cob since last roast-in’ ear time, the year before, in Nebraska. So when they see green corn marked ten cents on the bill of fare card, an’ comin’ from a country where corn was cheap, they naturally thought it meant ten cents a dozen, instead of a single ear. So they ordered eighteen ears—five apiece for Caliope an’ Mrs. Campbell, an’ four apiece for the twin boys. When Mrs. Campbell see her check (one-eighty for corn, an’ forty cents for the rest) she nearly had hysterics then an’ there, an’ attracted such a crowd by her loud talk that a policeman had to clear the sidewalk in front of the cafeterry.

“Well, she paid to keep from bein’ arrested, an’ she’s got it figgered out that at that rate a bushel of corn would cost ten dollars. The Campbells used to be poor, but now that they are rich she can’t seem to get over bein’ as stingy as ever. To get Mrs. Campbell’s mind off the corn episode, your Uncle proposed we go up an’ see the big whale in the Park Library Museum. Caliope thought your Uncle Hiram

was playin' a joke on him, an' wouldn't believe 'twas the bones of a real whale fish till he called on several strangers to make affidavits to the fact.

“After sizing it up from all sides an' measurin' it from head to tail, he owned up he'd never doubt again that a whale could swallow a man. ‘Yes, siree,’ said he, gettin' excited, ‘such a whale could swallow ten men, an' still have room to let.’

“After seein' all the sights uptown, we went down on the beach again. Mrs. Campbell wouldn't let Caliope have the price of a bathin' suit, so he took off his shoes an' stockin's, fixed his trousers up so they wouldn't get wet, an' waded in as fur as he dared. I don't know whether 'twas the cold water or eatin' so much green corn, or what give Caliope so much courage, for usually he was the meekest of men; but all to once he made up his mind he was goin' to ride in that crazy whirligig they call a spiral airship.

“Mebby there's nuthin' new under the sun, but that airship was new enough fur me, swingin' folks round up in midair at the rate of forty miles a minute. Well, your Uncle had been

threatenin' to ride it ever sence he first saw it, an' when he see Caliope was goin' he said aside to me that if such a weak-kneed, hen-pecked specimen of humanity as Caliope Campbell could ride the spiral, 'twas high time a man who was a man among men got a move on himself.

“Mrs. Campbell looked on in stern disapproval when she saw Caliope was bound to go. She had been in a gloomy mood ever since the corn episode, an' when the twins nagged to go along with their pa she cuffed their ears till a woman who wore club badges said: ‘The humane society ought to be informed.’

“Your Uncle an' Caliope started off in high good humor, jokin' an' shakin' hands all round, an' jesting with the crowd gathered round to see 'em off.

“All at once Caliope turned pale an' come back down the steps to where me an' Mrs. Campbell was a-standin'. He had forgot to ask her fur money to buy his ticket, an' was scared to death for fear he would have to back out goin' before all the crowd. For a wonder she give it to him, but this comin' back an' forgettin' somethin' meant bad luck, an' bein' as superstitious as a darky, nothin' would do her but

Caliope must set down an' break the spell. The fact that there was nuthin' to set on but the sand didn't matter to her, so down he set in front of all that jeering crowd before he got his money.

"Well, my heart went pit-a-pat when they clumb up into their seats, and it nearly scared me stiff when it swung away out in the sky, goin' higher an' higher, an' faster an' faster. Mrs. Campbell, who see it work for the first time, was roused out of her gloom over the corn episode at last, an' called on 'em to stop, an' tried to climb over the railin', hollerin' till you could hear her all over the Pike: 'He'll be kilt! He'll be kilt! Oh, Caliope, if I only had you back! He's the best man alive!'

"I was wrought up, too, an' I said: 'Yes, Hiram Harrison is a good man.'

"Who's talkin' about that little peppery whiffet? Caliope's got the disposition of a lamb 'longside of him.'

"Then all at once some one shouted: 'Some-thing's broke, and them men are liable to tumble down any minute!'

"An, sure enough, that airship was caught up there in the sky, an' would neither come nor go,

an' your Uncle and Caliope was prisoners in that scary-lookin' thing that might dash 'em to pieces any second. They wasn't killed, but they had to stay up there for hours, till a mechanic from Los Angeles come down an' tinkered it up.

"Your Uncle told me afterwards that a curious change come over Caliope while they hung up there between heaven an' earth. All at once he set up straight, drew a long breath, an' with shinin' eyes said:

" 'Harrison, for the first time in years I see clear. Yes, sir,' says he, 'it seems like's if I've been in a long sleep, an' my life unrolled before me seems like a dream. From this minut for'ard I'm a free man—I've turned a new leaf, an' by gum she's a-goin' to stay turned! I've been a weak-kneed fool, an' from this time for'ard I boss my own house er know the reason why! Incidentally, I've begged that woman that's carryin' on down there about me fur money fur the last time, so help me cornecopa. She's been bit with the money-makin' microbe, an' brags 'bout how she's goin' to run things since women vote in California. But I see clear once more,' says he. 'This rarified air has made a man of me again, an' I'll tell you what I allow

to do: I'm goin' to sell part of my land an' buy me a house as close to the beach as I kin, an' carryin' my own pocketbook I'm a-goin' to march up an' down that Pike seein' movin' picture shows, an' drinkin' lemonade, an' eatin' wineworst sandwiches to my heart's content. My family's got to dress right, an' we'll get an auto, and a fine piano and live up to date like other folks who have money. No more beggin' quarters an' raising chickens fur me. I've had a vision, Harrison. Shake!'

“Well, to humor him, your Uncle shook, thinkin' the whirlin' or the root beer, or some-thin', had gone to his head. But the funniest part of it is, Mandy, that Caliope done every-thing he said he would while settin' up in the sky in that flyin' machine; an' Mrs. Campbell is as meek as a lamb, an' joined the anti-suffra-ettes, an' is that proud of Caliope she nearly busts.”

ANSWERING LETTERS FROM BACK HOME

“**O**NE of the troublesome things 'bout livin' in Californy, Mandy,” said Aunt Phoebe Harrison, “is how to answer letters from folks back home, wanting to know about things out here, an' askin' for advice which they never take.

“Your Uncle got this sort of a letter from old Mr. Hilderbrandtder, wantin' to know all sorts of things, an' it took him a whole day to answer it, so as to tell the truth an' not give Californy a black eye at the same time. The letter read:

“‘MISTER HIRAM HARRISON: Knowin' you to be a truthful man ('cept 'round 'lection time) me and some of your other former nabers, searchin' fur the truth, the whole truth, an' nothin' short of the truth, 'bout Californy, hereby subscribe our hand, and seals, to a kind of a

round robin letter to ask you a few pertinent questions, regardin' the aforesaid country.

“ ‘In the first place, we are inturrested in Real Estate, both town an' country. I have a chanct to sell my home in Grainville, consistin' of house, a acre of ground, corn cribs, cow pens and cyclone cellur, fur a thousand dollers. This place is only two blocks frum the court house square, an' I wanta know if I kin get holt of sich a piece, that nigh your court house square fur the same money. My son has a offer on his quarter section a mile and a half frum the court house square, of seventy-five dollers per acre. Could he git holt of a good payin' orange grove, that distance frum yore court house for the same price or a leetle less?

“ ‘Some goin' to Californy are thinkin' of tryin' the chicken bizness. Which is the most popular in that country—incubated er henned chickens?

“ ‘Did the eggs Miss Campbell toted through by hand ever hatch? What is the length of ropes allowed fur larrietin' out cows in Los Angeles?

“ ‘A Chamber of Commerce book from Pasadena I got holt of said a man could make a livin'

on a acre out there. A acre of what? Do they burn corn or wood out there?

“ ‘Caliope Campbell wrote back to his wife’s pap that he hadn’t any use fur the follerin’ articles he took along: artick shoes, buffalo robe, corn sheller, sled, ear mufflers, and big barl to scald hogs in.

“ ‘I kin easy understand, how as Los Angeles is in the Tropified belt, you might do without all the artickles annumerated, ’cept the barl fur scaldin’ hogs in. How in creation you git the hair off the hogs ’thout a-scaldin’ of ’em is past me.

“ ‘Do you have to git out a permit to bild a corn crib in the city limits? This town is all split up over a story Mayor Thorndyke told when he got back frum tourin’ Californy. He claimed he see with his own eyes a missionary nearly two hundred years old. Now what do you know about that? The Mayor has allus bin considered a truthful man, but he’s tellin’ some queer yarns sence he toured the West, an’ if he sticks to this yarn, it looks like he’d haf to hand in his resignation, which is all made out an’ ready.

“ ‘It hain’t for me to mention names, but I

know of a party that's a much fitener man fur the office if I'd except.

“ ‘Comin’ down frum polatecks to love affairs, the Widder Whipplegate has had an idee in her head fur some time that she had rumatiz in her left knee j’int, an’ now she’s trompin’ round claimin’ it’s in both knees, an’ nothin’ short of being jounced out to Californy on the cars will cure it. Her childer thinks it’s all put on, fur when the elefant got loose at the circus th’ other day, she was home an’ in the cyclone celler before the rest of the folks reached the front gate. Be that as it may, she’s got the Californy bee in her bunnit, an’ has had ever sense she ’herited them thousand dollers from her pap. What’s hurtin’ the childer is that they have heard a widow who as ’erited a thousand dollers hain’t safe in Californy from fortin’-huntin’ husbands. Mary Jane Whipplegate’s that homebly that one would think she might be safe in Timbucktoo, but you can’t allus tell. Some men prefur a wife they don’t have to lose any sleep jealasin’ about; an’ besides there’s them thousand dollers she’s just ’herited. I hain’t mentionin’ no names, but there’s a stiddy widerer with a house and a acre of lan’, etc.,

who's offered hisself, but she says the novilty's all wore off Nebraska husbands fur her; she's got the Californy husband bee in her bunnit bad, an' like as not she'll land him, fur Mary Jane's a master hand at landin' what she goes after. If all they say about men marryin' fur money in Californy is true, a good stiddy widerer with a house, an' lot, in Nebraska, might do a little bizness in that line hisself. Mary Jane has got holt of a Nebraska Society's book that gives all the names an' addresses of former Nebraskans. Now what she lays out to do is to visit all her old nabers a week er jest as long as they will let 'er stick 'round. Then she counts on a few days with ever'one frum her county, an' a meal er two frum folks frum any old place in the State. In this way she expects to cut down her board bill considerbil.

“ ‘What's the outlook fur office in Los Angeles fur a seasoned Republican that never run fur office but twice, an' never was beat but twice, except that last time when I was beat by a Pop, which didn't count?

“ ‘What's the age limit? I've got some crack-in' good idees 'bout runnin' a town if I only had a chanct to work 'em out. Did gettin' the ballet

make the wimen run up bigger store bills than usual? Is there any truth in the report that there's somethin' in the Californy climate that makes wimin wanta gad all the time? Your answer will of course be treated confidential, fur I hain't one to raise fambly disturbances; the rest of your letter may be used fur publication—see?

“ ‘Please anser as soon as you kin, fur it may save me layin' in my winter flannils an' fuel.

“ ‘JACOB HILLDERBRANTER AND OTHERS.’

“Well, your Uncle set about answerin' this letter early next mornin' an' worked on it, without hardly gittin' up from his desk all day. 'Twas a long day to me as well as him. I'll wager that he tore up twenty commencements and half a dozen finished letters before he got one to suit.

“He'd read 'em out loud to me, an' if I said it was all right, he'd fly all to pieces, an' say I didn't take any interest or care what sort of an epistle come out in the paper above his name. 'An' if I criticized it he'd say I never could see anything smart about anything that come frum his pen.

“ ‘The editor always fixes it up,’ says I, ‘an’ mebbly it won’t be printed anyway,’ but he answered back as mad as a hornit: ‘Name the oc-casun, Madam, when Hiram Harrison, Esq., ever was handed a lemin in the form of a rejection slip from an Editor; but a prophit is not ’thout honer ’cept with his own wife.’

“ ‘Well, we fussed, off an’ on, all day ’bout Jake Hilderbranter’s old letter, but toward night he decided on this:

“ ‘MR. JACOB HILLDERBRANTER AND OTHERS: I take my pen in hand to answer your questins, both pertinent an’ impertinent, to this country. But before I go a step further I want it understood here an’ now that I am for Californy—first, last an’ all the time, an’ everybody out here is in the same fix.

“ ‘Folks out here are so in love with the coun-try they jest naturally hate to spare the time it takes to tour other countries. The fact is when you’ve seen Californy you’ve seen it all, an’ it’s kind of embarrissing to have to tell folks in other parts, over an’ over again when they are tryin’ to show off their country, “I’ve seen that in Californy—I’ve seen that in Californy.”

One womin told me when she come home from a visit to New York that the only thing she see back there, that she hadn't seen in Californy, was good-lookin' men, an' of course she was a-jokin' about them. A couple tried for a year to find a time between seasons to slip back East on a visit without incountering a cyclone or a blizzard, but they had to give it up; not that I'm insinuating anything against your country, for she's got her good points.

“ ‘Incubated chickens, they are all the rage out here; in fact, settin' is almost a lost art amongst the Californy hens. A poulterman frum over Pasadena way told me had had a pen made and shut up his hens when they showed signs of settin', and he tells me that they are so well trained that they come up of their own accord to be shut up, jest as soon as they hear theirselves a-clucking.

“ ‘Of course, Miss Campbell's eggs she toted through by hand hatched—sure, personly I don't like her, but bein' a just man I must admit she's a master hand at poultry, an' can hatch out anything short of a hard-boiled egg.

“ ‘Yes, there's sich a thing as milk-fed chick-

ens, though how they manage it with milk 15 cents a quart an' soarin' I don't know.

“ ‘As for makin' a livin' on a acre I dunno; I reckon it all depends on what you call a livin'. A man I know is tryin' it, an' sells everything he raises and buys olive oil and breakfast feed. He argues with me thet a man livin' on sich a diet might live to a great old age. “Sure he might,” I answered, “but who'd want to?” and he snapped back that “there's none as blind as them that won't see,” an' I come back at him, sayin', “thet there's none so hungry as them that don't gitt enough to eat.” Mebby I'm wrong, but the folks that are makin' good livin's off an acre of ground are mostly rich cranks whose stummicks has gone back on 'em.

“ ‘I will pass on to the Mayor. I think I can straiten out that little misunderstandin' you are havin' by sayin' he likely meant Mission instead of Missionary; or a building instead of a man.

“ ‘As for Mary Jane Whipplegate, the only thing to do is to let 'er come—one woman more, er less, don't count out here where the country's alive with 'em. One man told me when he bought the lease to a roomin' house here, he fell heir to twenty-eight lone wimin along with

the good-will of the place. So let 'er come an' join 'em, an' marry if she will, and her husband won't be the first man that's banked his wife's money. Mary Jane's a good-hearted woman, and she wouldn't be so bad-lookin' when she fixed up, if she wa'n't so blamed ugly. But ugly won't keep her frum marryin'.

“ ‘As fer your political asperations, the bizness is overdone out here now, and as a friend I'd advise you to forgit it and cut it out.

“ ‘As for the age limit, anything under a hundred goes out here. I hain't pursonly acquainted with the city fathers, but I see a bunch of 'em once, years ago, a-ridin' round in a carriage in a Fiesta parade, wearin' plug hats an' white vests, an' prancin' around (the horses, I mean) as big as cuffy. I tho't at first 'twas some sort of a tableau entry, representin' “Age Before Beauty,” er somethin'. I ask a man who stood on the curb with me what sort of an entry it was, an' he said they was the political bosses of the city.

“ ‘In concludin' this letter, I want to say a word to the tired, an' retired, business men an' farmers who have made their pile an' come to Californy to live: this retired business hain't

what it's cracked up to be, an' I'd advise every man who can walk a block to git himself into some kind of a job even if he loses money holdin' it down. There was a time not very far back when Hiram Harrison, Esquire, being actively ingaged in helpin' to shape the business affairs of his community, was a man amongst men; but out here, the best he can say of himself (an' there's a lot of other fellers in the same boat) is that he is a man amongst wimin.

“ ‘There's a small army of men, moseyin' round in Californy (havin' done all the sights) that was men of affairs back home, who have degenerated into machines for pickin' weeds out in the lawn, an' interferin' with what's goin' on in the kitchen. Them that hain't doin' that are scuddin' 'round, carrying paper bags from a delicatessence store to an apartment house, with a sheepish look on their once open countenances.

“ ‘A naber of ours from back there, who was a prominent man an' shipped train loads of grain an' stock to Chicago every year, found time hangin' so heavy on his hands (not being eligible to join a woman's club) that he was nearly tickled to death when Monday come around and he could turn the ringer an' washin'

machine for the hired girl and feel hisself of some use once more to his fellow men. Wednesday was a red-letter day too for him, as he got the three county papers; but the rest of the week—oh, my! With the wimin it's so different. I never see a woman that didn't take to Californy like a duck to water. It's amazin' the places she can find to go to, an' betwixt times she trots from one department store to another wonderin' how she'd look in every bloomin' hat an' dress she sees in the store windows.

“ ‘As for the wimin running up bigger store bills on their husbands since they have the Suffrage I can't say, but I do know that the men who had a sneaking notion that if they got them interested in politics they would be so carried away with it that they would forget that the Spring styles was in, was mightily disappointed; and to be fair all around, them anti's who predicted that the mixing a mess of biscuits would be a lost art if the wimin was allowed to go to the polls had another guess coming.

“ ‘In fact, my wife celebrated the day she cast her first vote by getting up the tastiest little supper for me after coming home from the polls I'd tasted in many a day.

“ ‘As for the wimin being on the go all the time, it’s no use denyin’ a fact. The tourist who said he didn’t half get to see Los Angeles for looking at the women told the truth. But what are you going to do about it?

“ ‘One man locked his wife up in the house and got put in jail for his smartness, so there’s nothing to do but let them run themselves down like an eight-day clock and blame it—like they do everything else out here—onto the climate.

“ ‘As for the climate, I’ve lived in Californy too long to commit myself. Come and try it for yourselves.

“ ‘If this letter is too short I will come again.

“ ‘HIRAM HARRISON.’

SAN DIEGO

“**W**ELL, if you want to hear about our trip to the San Diego Exposition, Mandy,” said Aunt Phoebe Harrison, “I may as well commence at the very beginning.

“For weeks before the opening I’d worked and planned to have everything ready and in apple-pie order ’gainst the opening day, and in fancy I saw myself seated, comfortably early, in the observation car, chatting with your Uncle or mebbly answering the questions of some curious tourist, ‘Seeing California’ for the first time, and enjoying the sights and scenes to my heart’s content.

“But, my! things never turn out like you expect, and if I’d taken a sudden notion to go to the Exposition the day before it opened, I’d have been just as well off.

“The first in the train of mishaps was the tailor shop burning up your Uncle’s new suit, and he nearly drove me wild fixin’ up his old one; then the woman who was going to take care of my angora cat took a sudden notion, the last minute, to go herself, and I had to bother with that, and to cap the climax, our auto had an accident and we had to change bag and baggage into a jitney bus, where a ten-year-old boy wiped his muddy feet on my new tailor suit and almost ruined it; so when I finally climbed into the car it didn’t improve my temper to find a big, good-natured-lookin’ man about forty-five years old occupyin’ my seat. We told him, as polite as we could, that the seat was mine, along side your Uncle’s, but he said he’d been warned before leaving home that he’d have to learn to hold his own while touring California, and he didn’t propose bein’ done out of the two dollars he’d just paid a young fellow wearin’ a blue cap for a seat on the ocean side of the car.

“Your Uncle told him he’d been ‘worked,’ but he answered back that he’d come clear from Illynoise to see the ocean, and he was satisfied, providin’ the ocean showed up and dashed

ocean water against the window panes like the fellow said it would.

“A gentleman, hearin’ the argument, got up and offered me his seat, saying he was going back into the smokin’ car for an hour or so; and I went back and set in his seat till the conductor came for our tickets. Then your Uncle set down with the man from Illinois, who asked:

“ ‘Goin’ to San Diego, I reckon?’

“ ‘I am,’ answered your Uncle shortly.

“ ‘Do you know,’ he observed, squarin’ himself around more comfortable-like for a talk, ‘this California Exposition business is considered a big joke in the East?’

“Your Uncle was so taken back that he nearly choked before he answered: ‘Well, all I’ve got to say is, that any man who can look upon the beauties of nature and art, as blent together at the Exposition, and call it a joke has about as much humor as a mule.’

“The man from Illynoise looked at your Uncle in surprised amazement, and continued:

“ ‘You don’t mean to say, stranger, that this little side show could hold a candle to the Chicago fair, do you?’

“ ‘Not in size, mebby,’ argued your Uncle;

'a Cecil Bruner rose hain't in it in size when compared to a cabbage rose, but there's lots of folks who like the Cecil Bruner best.'

"'Oh, well,' said the man patronizingly, 'you're young yet. Now Chicago's different. I belong to one of the F. F. of C. myself.'

"'What's that—a lodge?'

"'No, it means First Families of Chicago. My grandfather hunted rabbits on State Street and our meat market sign had read "SMITH & SONS" for four generations. I was born durin' the Chicago fire. Some record, that! Our meat market had the honor of butcherin' the cow that kicked over the lamp that started the big blaze. Got her horns mounted on velvet, and goin' to hand 'em down as heirlooms. Now if you Californians had had such a noted cow, her horns would 'a' been on sale at every curio store from San Francisco to San Diego.'

"'What! I thought the cow was lost in the fire,' said your Uncle.

"'Not on your life!' answered the man. 'Ever know a cow, or a woman either, for that matter, that let loose and kicked up a row and got a lot of folks into trouble, ever gettin' a scratch herself?'

“Before your Uncle could answer this disparagin’ remark on womenkind, he continued: ‘I guess they tell the tourists out here some pretty big whoppers. Now this young fellow who sold me this seat on the ocean side of this car said somewhere’s down betwixt here and San Diego I’d see an old missionary called Cap—somethin’ or other—who was nearly two hundred years old. Must be an Indian or Mexican or something. Guess he was stringin’ me. I don’t believe any man ever lived that long.’

“Your Uncle laughed.

“‘What’s the sell?’ asked the man from Illinois, lookin’ puzzled.

“‘Oh, nothing,’ answered your Uncle, ‘only he meant a building, not a man. The Mission Capistrano is one of the oldest missions in California. We have sure got Chicago beat on ancient history a few years.’

“‘That’s it,’ said the man; ‘everything out here is either old or new, big or little.’

“Just then I come across the aisle to speak to your Uncle, and the man, lookin’ me over, continued: ‘Even your women seem to run odd sizes. You have some of the runtiest women and some of the biggest women extant.’

“He kept on lookin’ at me again; I was disgusted, and, turnin’ on my heel, I walked with what dignity I could, considerin’ the train was roundin’ a curve, back to my seat. What more he had to say about the California women was cut short by the conductor, and I was soon seated by your Uncle on the ocean-side of the car, enjoyin’ my trip at last.

“On arrivin’ at the grounds, history repeated itself, for me and your Uncle commenced thrashin’ over old straw by arguin’ about which building we would see first, just the same as we argued at every Exposition we ever attended. We compromised by his going with me to the California Building. We registered and paid our respects to the managers, and then your Uncle left me, saying:

“‘You look around amongst the things that interest wimen, while I run over and see the machines. Now, Phoebe,’ says he, ‘you stand right in front of them folks who are demonstratin’ that salad dressin’ right in front of the post, so’s I can see you from the door. I’ll be back in half an hour.’

“Half an hour later I come and stood in front of the post; then I wandered ’round again; fif-

teen minutes later I stood in front of the post again and every ten minutes for two hours, I stood there lookin' for your Uncle. People began to look askance at me. I heard one woman say, if she likes salad dressin' that well, she'd buy a bottle and be done with it.

“An old man walked clear 'round me, eyin' me curiously, and then remarked to his wife, who was hard of hearin' that he thought mebby I was carryin' some sort of an advertisement on my back. I was so mortified that I could hardly keep back the tears, but I dassent leave for fear we'd get lost from each other.

“Then I got to thinkin' mebby your Uncle was hurt or dead, and I was vergin' on hystericks when he come calmly up and asked if he was late. I made a vow then and there I'd never wait for that man again if we lost each other for a week.

“ ‘What in the world happened?’ I asked.

“ ‘Oh, nothin'; I met old Jimmy Graves from Nebraska down on the Isthmus and he was feelin' awful good because he just had a telegram sayin' they got the top notch war price for his ten thousand bushels of wheat he'd raised this year. He was feelin' so good he offered to pay

my way into every side show on the Isthmus. I was so astonished you could a knocked me down with a feather, seein' how he's usually so close. But we had a rather good time. Had our fortune's told and now he's worryin' about sellin' his wheat too soon. Fortune teller said it was goin' higher before long. Guess I'll take a little flyer on the wheat market myself to square up these Exposition jaunts.'

"We stayed out to the Exposition grounds pretty late, and when we got back to our hotel some policemen were guardin' the door entrance and keepin' open a pathway for some of the big guns who was comin' to the entertainment goin' on there. We couldn't get in nor out so we stood with the others waitin'. A little news-boy, not much higher than your Uncle's knees, was near us. He had big brown eyes and was just as sweet as could be. He wore a little thin shirt and blue jumpers, and his little brown feet were bare. I know he was cold. He looked up into your Uncle's face and says: 'What's the matter, mister?'

"Your Uncle patted his head and said, 'Young man, in about fifteen minutes you'll see the President's proxy.'

“The little fellow wiggled his bare toes on the pavement and said, ‘Aw what-che givin’ me. My ole man says there ain’t no such things as spooks.’

“Just then the President’s proxy came marchin’ through the open path we made for them, into the hotel.

“ ‘Who’s the gent with the funny nose? Saw folks rubberin’ him once before to-day?’ asked the little newsie.

“ ‘That’s the President’s proxy,’ said your Uncle, ‘the honorable Mr. McAdoo.’

“Before any one sensed what he was about to do, the little fellow flapped his arms, and craning his neck for all the world like a bantam rooster, crowed out: ‘Mac-Adoodel-doo, Mac-Adoodel-doo.’

“A policeman made a grab at him, but he slid behind a post and hopping across the pavement jumped onto the running board of a passing jitney, still crowing Mac-Adoodel-doo. The policeman was only human, so he laughed with the rest of us.”

SEEING SIGHTS IN SAN DIEGO
OR
THE REAL RAMONA.

“WE hadn’t much more’n got comfortably settled in our hotel down at San Diego, a few years ago, before your Uncle took a notion to see the real Ramona of Helen Hunt Jackson fame.

“We had been readin’ Hiawathy, Ramona and old stories of the early missionary days, and our minds were full of all sorts of romantic fancies regarding dons, Indian braves, and beautiful Indian maidens, when we started out to get a guide to show us the real Ramona.

“‘I expect she talks good English by this time,’ observed your Uncle, ‘and if she really is as fetchin’ as the author made out she was, I’d like to talk to her a while,’ said he, referrin’ to Ramona.

“‘I’ve made up my mind to write a pome on every object of interest I see while attendin’

these Expositions. Such a collection of pomes, reflectin' the local color that California has lent to these Expositions might make them worth their weight in gold a hundred years from now. 'T would be quite a feather in my cap' says he, 'to have the papers (when they get to arguin' about the real Ramona) to have them quote extracts from my pome regardin' my interview with her today. You bet I sign my real name and address to them good and big, so as not to have some other man bobbin' up and claimin' them, like Bacon did them Shakespear pieces.'

“You soon contract the habit of tellin' your troubles to a policeman at Expositions, so your Uncle approached a policeman and asked him where we could hire a guide to show us Ramona.

“‘Don't give us any of the young smarties, who are doin' this sort of thing to pay their expenses, whil' takin' in the Fair,' cautioned your Uncle. ‘What we want is a seasoned guide, who knows San Diego's history from the landing of the first ship in the harbor, down to the landing of the latest tenderfoot, doin' California for the first time.’

“The policeman looked at nothing for a minute and then pointing to a man seated in a

buggy across the street, said: 'Dakota Smith over there ain't got the latest thing in the auto line to show you 'round in, but if you can put up with his means of locomotion, he'll tell you more about San Diego's ancient and modern history than all the guide books ever published in California.'

“ 'Dakota Smith,' says he, 'was an old settler before San Diego had her first boom.'

“ 'Dakota Smith's my man then,' said your Uncle, and the policeman after wriggling his little finger at Dakota made a megaphone out of his hand and hollered, 'two fairs,' Dakota seemed to understand, and after wriggling back at him, answered, 'In jest a minute.'

“Then he jumped out of his buggy awful spry for a man of his years and went into a building. A minute later he came out again, wiping his mouth on a big red handkerchief.

“We went over to him and he took off his wide rimmed hat, an' waving it 'round, he put his two heels together and bowed almost to the sidewalk.

“Putting your two heels together and bowing so low ain't no easy trick. Your Uncle tried it when we got back to our hotel and nearly fell

over hissself, and got mad because I laughed at him.

“But to get back to Dakota; he had the biggest moustach and the nearest nothing of a chin I ever saw on mortal man, and I couldn’t help thinkin’ he could ’a’ evened up matters a bit, if he had growed more hair on his chin and less on his upper lip; however, his looks didn’t seem to be worryin’ him any.

“We all climbed in and after cluckin’ up his horse he leaned back over the front seat he was settin’ in and talked to us real sociable-like. Only pausing now and then to fill his mouth with cloves and apples, till his breath smelled like a mince pie with too much brandy in it.

“By and by, bein’ so busy talkin’ mebby that he didn’t sense what he was doin’, he throwed a handful of them cloves into his mouth in such a hurry that most of them stuck in his throât and the man come near choking to death.

“Honestly I was scairt, for he coughed till you could have heard him over to Coronado, and turned all the colors from orange green, to putty yellow, and back again.

“In the excitement your Uncle grabbed the lines in one hand and both of us beat him on

the back till he must have been black and blue, tryin to dislodge the cloves.

“In the meantime, we bein’ so engrossed with Dakota the horse was ambling along at his own sweet will, taking a short-cut through the flower beds in front of one of them fine tourist hotels.

“Your Uncle brought him up with a jerk just as a Jap gardener come running toward us with a broom in his hand, talkin’ and babling about the ruined flower beds.

“Your Uncle, to get out of the mixup as soon as possible, hit the horse a sharp cut with the whip, which sent him (the horse, I mean) tearing out into the street where we upset a tall lanky lady, who wore glasses and cotton in her ears, and was leading a dog. Whatever her other afflictions were, there wasn’t anything the matter with her tongue.

“By this time, Dakota, who had either coughed up or swallowed his handful of cloves and was drawing a natural breath once more, grabbed the lines, and continued telling about the big real estate boom that was coming, right where he left off, just as though nothing unusual had happened.

“By and by Dakota drew rein in front of a

queer-looking house, which Dakota said was the oldest adobe building in San Diego County.

“An old Indian woman with the complexion of a mahogany sideboard and wrinkles that would have driven a beauty doctor to despair, set on a bench near the open door sunning herself.

“She was smoking a pipe, and was wrapped up in striped red and yellow blanket.

“She wore a beaded moccasin on one foot and a carpet slipper on the other.

“‘This,’ said Dakota, waving his hat at her by way of an introduction, ‘is the only, and original Ramona.’

“Your Uncle, his mind still full of beautiful Indian maidens, was nearly struck dumb, but at last managed to gasp out, ‘That!’

“‘Yes, that,’ echoed Dakota in accents that showed very plainly he was a little miffed by your Uncle’s attitude toward the erstwhile beauty.

“‘Yes, yes, now I remember,’ said your Uncle Hiram, looking at the old woman in a dazed manner. ‘I remember the book did say that when Alessenodro saw Ramona kneeling at the brook washing clothes he said, “Great

Scott!" er somethin', an nearly collapsed and I don't wonder at it a bit.'

" 'Phoebe,' said he, leaning weak-like over the buggy seat, 'this havin' your ideals shattered at one fell blow is turrible; someone ought to be sued.'

" 'Well you tourists brought it onto yourselves,' said Dakota, scowling at Ramona, who was feeling over him and saying 'bacca.' 'Yes sir,' said he clucking up the horse, 'you tourists readin' that Ramona yarn let your imaginations run away with you. In the first place any one who has ever lived amongst 'em knows there hain't any such thing as a purty injun, Hiawathy, Minniehaha and Ramona notwithstanding. We old settlers knowed Ramona was a fiction from the first but the tourists wouldn't have it so. The first ones that come acted like's if we was hiding Ramona and insisted on seeing her. It bein' an unwritten law in Californy that the tourists shall have anything they are willin' to pay for, the demand for Ramonas was soon supplied. The squaws made so much money posing for Ramona that an Irish wash-erwoman right here in San Diego left her tub and colorin' her face with walnut juice an' buy-

in' a black wig an' a red blanket an' beaded moccasins went into the Ramona business for herself. One day a near-sighted professor from Pasadena came down to San Diego, huntin' data for a new book, in which he was trying to prove that there was two missin' links, instead of one, as some man named Darwin claimed. One link was betwixt the ape and the cliff dwellers and the other link betwixt the cliff dwellers and the Injuns. When he see the Irish Ramona he was dumfounded, for while she had some of the characteristics of the whole bunch, he couldn't for the life of him decide which bunch she linked together. He stood for hours studyin' her an' makin' notes about her till it got on her nerves, an' grabbin' a ripe tomato she banged away and hit him square between the eyes; in the mixup her wig come off and with her red hair flyin', she chased that professor clear to the depot, where he scairt nearly stiff at the sudden strenuousness of his missin' link, hid in a freight car till the train come along for Pasadena.'

“On the way back we passed a patch of ground called Ramona Acres and Dakota told us another story about Ramona saying, ‘the reason it is called Ramony Acres is because Ra-

mony's uncle chased a jackrabbit across it once.' 'Well, what become of the jackrabbit?' I asked, and he answered:

“ ‘Well, to make a short story long, I'll tell you about it. A couple of Wall Street fellers, doing Californy from the East, ordered a deer supper up at Hotel Alexandria in Los Angeles. Now it was off season for deer so they decided to feed 'em on sage brush jacks from San Diego, which tastes mighty like deer, and never let on. When the order come from Los Angeles for sage-seasoned jacks, Ramona's uncle got busy to earn a few bits, and with his dog he chased a jack acrost these acres; just as the dog was about to grab the rabbit, it clum upon the roof of that old adobe house you see over yonder, jumped down the chimney, out of the door into the front yard, where he squeezed through a palm fence; then seein' he was safe he set down in the road and waved his ears and winked his eyes at the dog as much as to say: “Meet me at Hotel Alexandria.” ’

“ ‘Ruther intrusting,’ said your Uncle, ‘but what's the sequel?’

“ ‘The only sequel I ever heard of,’ answered Dakota, ‘was that the sage jacks all got away

and the Wall Street bunch et canned jackrabbit from Fresno, and thought it was deer.'

“ ‘It was dear, if they eat it at the Alexandria,’ observed your Uncle drily.”

AUNT PHOEBE'S AND UNCLE HIRAM'S TRIP TO MOUNT LOWE

“**Y**ES, we went to Mount Lowe, after all, Mandy,” said Aunt Phoebe Harrison to her niece, “but nuthin’ short of force would ever get me there again.

“My goin’ was as usual a little un-expected for when your Uncle went out into the back yard that mornin’ to trim the geraniums and pick out devil grass, he hadn’t the least idea of going up there; but about twenty minutes later he come’s rushing up-stairs where I was sewing like as if the house was afire, sayin’, ‘We might as well go through it today as any other day, an’ shut their mouths on the subject. I tho’t maybe ’twas kind of blowed over,’ he went on, ‘but I see I’m a-goin’ to be hector’d an’ hound-ed an’ have insinuations that I’m a coward throwed into my teeth till my dying day if I don’t go.’

“ ‘What on earth are you a-talkin’ about anyway?’ I asked—an’ he hollered back at me from the depths of the big stair closet where he was a-rummagin’ fur his clothes:

“ ‘What in creation are we a-talkin’ about but that cable trip up that Mountain Lowe? I tho’t after riskin’ my neck a-goin’ to Cataleny an’ doin’ all of them summer resort towns an’ nearly every other place on the map of Californy, maybe nobody would notice our not doin’ Mount Lowe. But, no; it seems like a fellow knows by intuetion as soon as he sets eyes on me that I hain’t bin hoisted up that pesky mountain.

“ ‘Even that tourist family that’s settled for the winter next door are a-goin’ just as soon as they get settled, and the first thing he said to me over the back fence this mornin’ when I went out to wrastle with that blamed devil’s grass was, “Been up to Mount Lowe, of course?”—accent on “of course,” an’ when I said I hadn’t, he looked at me like as if I was a freak an’ went off mutterin’ to himself ’bout folks livin’ in the very shadow of such a noble mountain an’ never goin’ up her.

“‘So, Phoebe,’ he continued, ‘we’ll mount Mount Lowe today, even if they have to blind-fold us an’ back us onto them cable cars, like I’ve seen ’em do with horses goin’ on a boat; so hurry up an’ git ready, for it’s like havin’ a tooth pulled; if you don’t do it on the spur of the minute, you’re apt to lose your nerve and not do it at all.’

“Well, of course, I laid away my sewin’ an’ getting ready in a hurry, we caught the last forenoon car.

“Your Uncle had everybody lookin’ at him, for he wore what he called his Alpine suit, which consisted of a pair of wide yellowish corderoy pants, stuffed into high boots, and a coat that looked like a mother hubbard wrapper cut off around the hips; a peaked hat, and a crooked end stick, completed his costume.

“‘You certainly do look queer,’ says I when I see the folks we passed lookin’ back at him, an’ he says, ‘You expect to look —— if you look English.’

“If it hadn’t been for the cloud in the shape of that cable-car climb up Mount Lowe hangin’ over my head, I would have enjoyed the ride through the orange groves and poppy fields to

Rubio Canyon first rate. I tried to put it out of my mind, but jest as soon as I caught sight of that tipsy looking car that was goin' to hoist us up into space, my knees got weak under me and I made a scene then and there by settin' down on one of them seats an' refusin' to budge.

“Your Uncle was so put out fur fear he'd loose the carfare that he nearly had a fit when he sees the car agoin' off without us. Two men was settin' on benches not far away, an' when they sees how wrought up an' disappointed your Uncle was one of them said to the other, 'I've studied wimen an' I've studied mules, that bein' my business, most of my life, an' I must admit fur pure ever day contraryness, the wimen have the mules beat ten to one.'

“‘I don't believe in divorces,' chimed in the other man, 'therefore findin' myself tied to sich a wife, I'd ride up in that car a ways, an' jump over an' break my neck.'

“Your Uncle heard every word, an' as usual took the opposite side of the argument, an' layin' his hand on my arm, he faced about on 'em an' said real dramatic like, 'Gentlemen, my wife; right or wrong, my wife.'

“I felt real proud of your Uncle for standin'

up for me in spite of his disappointment, and I rewarded him an' surprised the others by takin' the next car that was jest a-startin'. The car started upward, so gently, yet swiftly, and shuttin' my eyes I could almost imagine how it would feel to have wings. I wanted to shut my eyes at the steepest places but the beautiful panaramy of clouds, mountains and sea held me spellbound by the beauty of the scene. I had read a good many descriptions of the trip, but they all seemed weak and flat compared to this glorious reality.

“ ‘Clouds, mountains, valleys and sea,’ said your Uncle, standin’ up in his seat to view the inspirin’ sight, ‘haint this a pictur to recollect a lifetime?’ he asked of a tourist-lookin’ man settin’ near.

“The man glanced over the scene with a bored look on his face an’ said, ‘It does very well fur the West; I’m from New York City.’

“His tones nettled your Uncle who answered him back, ‘I’m from Nebraska, but that don’t keep me frum seein’ a scene when I see it.’

“My, but some of them deep gorges the car swung over looked scary and dangerous. I heard a man they called ‘Doctor’ tellin’ some

others that for years he had been experimentin' on crazy folks with suicidal manias by bringin' them on this trip an' by pretendin' he wasn't watchin' give 'em a chance to jump overboard. 'But,' says he, 'you couldn't 'a' pushed one of 'em off, an' not one of 'em ever tried to commit suicide again. Strange,' says he, 'but truth is allus stranger than fiction.'

“Me and your Uncle was more wrought up in our feelings at the beauty of the trip than we had been in any of our travels before, 'less 'twas the first time we see the ocean. We was brought back to earth again by a young man who clumb around reckless-like on the other side of the car askin' your Uncle fur his name to be printed in a paper published a mile above the sea.

“‘Sure,’ said your Uncle, pleased with the idea. ‘Since we have risked life an’ limb to get here, an’ you have risked your neck climbin’ round to get our names we may as well let the world know we’ve bin to Mount Lowe at last.’ Then your Uncle gave the young man our Los Angeles address, an’ added, ‘formerly frum Lincoln, Lancaster County, Rural Free Delivery Route No. 2, Nebraska.’

“He went on to give some other pointers about hisself, but the young man halted him sayin’, ‘See here, if you want your autobiography printed, you will have to hand it in up at the Tavern. It will cost you fifteen cents for your name alone.’

“‘Fifteen cents!’ echoed your Uncle, in astonishment. ‘Such prices is scandalous, Pheba; just think, about a cent a letter! Why, young man, I’ve had a lost-hog notice printed in a Nebraska paper once for that!’

“The young man passed on makin’ some sort of a joke to the rest of the passengers about the lost hog bein’ found on Mount Lowe, but as we caught a glimpse of the tavern through the trees just then, nuthin’ more was said.

“‘We can get our names in the paper by registerin’ an’ payin’ a dollar fur a meal,’ said your Uncle, as we went up the steps to the tavern; ‘may as well let the world know we have been here after all this hubadoo and expense.’ But, bless you, they wouldn’t even let you register less you took a room and stayed a spell.

“At the table where we ate there was an actor an’ actress eating, or more truly speakin’ drinkin’; the actor put in most of his time watchin’

us an' jottin' down things in a note book. I heard him tell the girl he was a-writin a *Rube* play an' he was gettin' some 'local colerin,' whatever that is, at 'first hand.'

"The dinner was real tasty an' after we got through we walked up a trail to a place called 'Inspiration Point,' where we could see Pasadena, Los Angeles, and the ocean plain as day through our field glasses.

"On our way up we see a tree with thousand of cards with names on 'em tied to it, so your Uncle wrote ours and stuck it on and then hurried away fur fear some one would tax him fifteen cents fur it. I never see the like of squirrels as there was up there, cute little fellows and as tame as could be. There was bears, too, that I wouldn't care to meet alone in the woods.

"The tavern is built right in amongst the big trees, the branches reachin' over the roof where the squirrels chatter and run about even goin' into the tavern to get peanuts from the boarders. I will never forgit the commotion one little squirrel caused. A man was layin' stretched out at full length on a bench asleep when one of the squirrels got scared at somethin' an' run up his pants leg. The man woke up with a yell an'

fallin' on the ground he rolled over holdin' onto his leg an' hollerin' that a rattlesnake or some reptile was eatin' him up.

“ ‘Clear case of delerium tremains,’ said the Doctor who rode up with us, while a woman frum Pasadena started for the tavern on the dead run hollerin, ‘mad dog.’ After a bit the man happened to stand up again an’ shake his leg and out run the squirrel pretty badly mussed up, but still alive, which was a wonder. The man was so ashamed, he grabbed his hat and started down the railroad track and we didn’t see anything more of him till he boarded the car at the searchlight station.

“Going home we clim a steep hill with a lot of other folks and looked through a telescope at a star. The star looked brighter an’ nearer, but it didn’t look as big as a barn as I expected it would frum the size of the magnifyin’ glass. Then we started down the trail slippin’ an’ slidin’ along.

“After seein’ the biggest searchlight in the world we was let down again in the cable car and the wonderful trip to Mount Lowe was over. That night as your Uncle laid his head on the pillow, he said, ‘The first thing I do in the morn-

in' is to ask that tourist man next door if he has been to Mount Lowe yet, an' I'd keep it up till he either goes er takes water.' "

A BOOK REVIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO HISTORY

“**P**HOEBE,’ said your Uncle Hiram, in a shocked tone of voice, ‘I’m readin’ a California book written by a tourist from the East, and while he booms San Francisco with a fifty-page write-up, he devoted less than one page to Los Angeles, sayin’, ‘If a tourist has lots of time on his hands, he might be interested in lookin’ over the old Plaza and climbin’ the hill to see the Southwest Museum, out Garavanza way.’”

“ ‘Now what do you think of that?’ he continued. ‘I’ve lived here ten years and done some pretty good sightseein’ myself, yet there are dozens of interestin’ places, like the big moving picture plants, that Mission Play at San Gabriel, and lots of other interestin’ things I have never had time to see; yet accordin’ to this author, unless you belong to a class of tourists who enjoy rubberneck wagons, Los Angeles has nothing of interest to see.’”

“ ‘Now, listen,’ said he, turning over a few leaves. ‘This travel writer says it sounds cheap

to say " 'Frisco" and intimates it's just as well to let them think you think the fire caused the earthquake, instead of the other way round. He also refers to San Francisco as "The Metropolis of California." He says there is a sameness about all cities except San Francisco and New York, and compares them to San Francisco's credit.

" 'He says not to ride in the rubber neck wagons in San Francisco, for there you will only meet the tourists, while the natives are what you are after. So, as you are not supposed to crowd yourself into their private conveyances, obviously the proper thing to do is to corral them in the street car.

" 'He thinks it's lots of fun coastin' down the hills on the cable cars. He surmises that Chinatown has lost much of its foreign flavor since it has been modernized after the fire.'

" 'It could spare some of it the last time I was there,' says I, and he observed:

" 'Here's somethin' interesting in the way of ancient history:

" ' " "Portsmouth Square is the site of the old Plaza of early San Francisco, and in 1846, when they still called San Francisco Yerba Buena,

Captain Montgomery, of the United States sloop of war *Portsmouth*, raised the American flag.”

“ ‘Good for him!’ says your Uncle, and then he quotes on:

“ ‘ ‘There’s also a monument here to Robert Louis Stevenson, containing some good advice which nobody ever takes. The Mission Dolores was founded in 1776. Here the first (but not the last by any means) California book was written by Padre Palous: ‘The Life of Junipero Serra.’ ”

“ ‘Then the writer tells about suburban San Francisco’s rides and drives, but he doesn’t say a word about what, to my mind, is the prettiest of all—the one through the Niles Canyon, Sunol Glen, and past the Phoebe Hearst estate to Pleasanton.

“ ‘He booms the San Francisco restaurants, namin’ Tait’s, The Poodle Dog, Franks’ and others. Not a word about Los Angeles restaurants, but he takes a crack at the cafeterias, and adds insult to injury by sayin’ that the proper way to pronounce cafeteria is Cafe-ta-ree-a.’

“Your Uncle looked at me over the top of his spectacles and book at the same time and said ‘Shucks!’ ”

THREE BOOMERS

“**I**F your Uncle Hiram hadn’t been in such a presimistic mood,” observed Aunt Phoebe, “it’s not likely he would have gotten himself into a fuss with a San Francisco man by standin’ up for Los Angeles.

“Now your Uncle likes San Francisco first rate, an’ if the San Francisco man, who said his name was Mr. Pearson, had taken the other side of the argument, he would have stood up for the Bay City just as strong as he did for Los Angeles.

“But his Los Angeles paper was all sold out when he got down to the lobby that mornin’ and they didn’t have his favorite cigars at the cigar stand. So, as I said in the beginnin’, he was already in a presimistic mood when he took a chair ranged alongside the lobby wall near this Mr. Pearson, who took his cigar out of his mouth long enough to observe:

“ ‘I’m a sort of a character reader, and it’s a sort of a hobby of mine that I can tell some-

thin' of every man's past life I happen to meet. Now, I'll wager a cigar that you are a one-time tourist from the middle west, now settled down in Los Angeles mowin' the lawn and tinkerin' with an automobile for exercise on week days, and ridin' the foothill and beach boulevards on Sunday.'

“ ‘How do you know so much,’ snapped back your Uncle, and Mr. Pearson answered:

“ ‘By signs. A man never gets riled up because he can't get a paper two days old, unless it's his home paper. The only papers worth reading are the San Francisco papers anyway,’ he added.

“ ‘Seattle papers beat them both,’ put in a young man settin' in between them.

“ ‘Ignorin' the Seattleite, Mr. Pearson continued:

“ ‘No man who has acquired the real California tourist habit ever acts normal again. They come up here in droves to see that wonderful Panama Exposition we had up here a few years ago. Instead of puttin' in their time gazin' in awe-struck wonder at the paintings, statues and architectural beauty of the buildings, and wonderin' at the genius of the men who had.

transformed a barren waste into the nearest approach to a Garden of Eden ever seen on earth, they haunted the Chamber of Commerce to see big vegetables, patronized the rubberneck wagons, eat at cafeterias and crowded the movin' picture shows.'

"When your Uncle could speak without chokin', he retorted:

"'One reason we didn't fall all over each other to look, was because all the worth while things was sent up from Southern California and we was tired of lookin' at 'em down there.'

"'Been up to that wonder of wonders, Mt. Tamalpias?' inquired Mr. Pearson, changin' the subject.

"'No, and I don't intend to,' was the ungracious reply, 'couldn't possibly see anything grander than Mt. Lowe down——'

"'Ever take the Snoqualamia Falls trip?' timidly inquired the Seattleite. No one answered him, and Mr. Pearson said:

"'The city of San Francisco stands in a class all by itself. Nob Hill was known the world over and had an aristocracy all its own, their deeds having gone down in history half a century before they plowed up barley fields to build

the white plastered houses that look like public buildings, for the tourist millionaires, down in Los Angeles. There is no more local color in modern Los Angeles than there is in Pan Handle, Texas.'

"Your Uncle was too astonished at this remark to answer, and Mr. Pearson continued: 'You could blindfold me, and travel me around the world, and yet I'd know I was in San Francisco atmosphere the minute my feet touched the ferry depot.'

" 'Sure, sure!' replied your Uncle sarcastically. 'There's a smell from the Bay you could never forget; and I never knew before what bedlam let loose meant till I heard them hotel runners and the steamboat whistles——'

" 'Guess you never heard the Walla Walla,' eagerly chipped in the man from Seattle.

" 'I suppose you will be denyin' next,' observed Mr. Pearson, peering 'round the Seattle man at your Uncle, 'that there are no towerin' mountains up this way.'

" 'Some,' was the reply, 'but to my mind the grandest mountain in the world is old Baldy after a snow storm.'

" 'Exceptin' Mt. Rainier when the sun is shin-

in' on it——' commenced the Seattle man, but the San Francisco man turned the subject to Indians, sayin':

“ ‘Then the foreign element lends a cosmopolitan flavor to this city that is lackin' in Los Angeles. Besides, it would pay you to go out to the Indian camp and see the last remnant of our northern California Indians. Indian lore is another hobby of mine.’

“ ‘It's not a hobby I care to study at very close range,' said your Uncle, ‘but if there was ever any other Indian woman who attracted any more attention than Ramona, I'd like to know her name.’

“ ‘Now, the Princess Angelina——’ commenced the Seattle man, ‘was the daughter of Chief Seattle, who saved the——’

“Mr. Pearson withered him with a look and turning the subject from Indian to white woman, said:

“ ‘The real San Francisco women have a poise and style all their own. I love to see them movin' stately and serene along our streets, as modest as the violets nestlin' amid the rich, dark furs of their tailored suits. The San Francisco women remind me of a bed of stately lilies, while

the Los Angeles women on parade on Broadway remind me of a Dutch garden. They are like everything, mixed, down there, even society. At a reception down there I was introduced to a Japanese singer, a patent medicine millionaire's widow, and a Congress-woman, not to mention''

“ ‘They all look good to us,’ stoutly defended your Uncle, ‘and I’m proud of every one of them.’

“Then Mr. Pearson commenced on the men, saying: ‘Then the tourist men down in Los Angeles, after they get through taking all the trolley trips, find time hanging so heavy on their hands that the policemen have to use clubs to keep them from falling into every new hole that is bein’ excavated for a new building; especially about plowing time in the middle west. They long for the smell of new turned sod, and hang around to see the mother earth *a la natural* once more.’

“ ‘Well,’ retorted your Uncle, ‘I don’t see but it’s a better way to kill time than to sit in a hotel lobby knockin’ other parts. If this blamed wind’d quit blowin’, I’d go over and see how badly our Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has got San Francisco one beaten.’

“ ‘Ever see the Alaska Exhibit up in the——’
commenced the man from Seattle.

“ ‘You will be sayin’ next,’ said Mr. Pearson, ignorin’ the Alaska remark, ‘that you have bigger crowds on Broadway, Los Angeles, than we have in this city.’

“ ‘Sure,’ conceded your Uncle. Haven’t seen a square foot of bare sidewalk on Broadway for years on account of the crowds.’

“Well, they argued back and forth till Mr. Pearson dared your Uncle out on Market street to settle the question. So they started out, the Seattle man taggin’ along to see the finish. Fifteen minutes later they come back, leanin’ on the Seattle man, glarin’ at each other and limpin’.

“ ‘What’s the matter?’ I asked in alarm.

“ ‘Oh, nothing,’ answered the man from Seattle, ‘only they got to arguin’ in the middle of Market street and got run into with a motorcycle and a jitney bus.’

“As your Uncle and Mr. Pearson never spoke to each other again the question was never settled.”

AUNT PHOEBE GOES TO SAN FRANCISCO

HIRAM'S PLUNGE

“**Y**ES, we went by the Valley route from Los Angeles to San Francisco,” said Aunt Phoebe Harrison to her niece Mandy, “and the sun was just settin’ behind the green field when we reached Niles Canyon. It was a beautiful country, and we nearly twisted our necks off tryin’ to see the scenery on both sides of the car at the same time.

“ ‘Now,’ said your Uncle Hiram, ‘we will see the country that Jack London made famous in his novel and movin’ picture play called “The Valley of the Moon.” ’

“ ‘Well,’ says I, ‘here’s the valley but where’s the moon?’ ‘Right up in the sky,’ said your Uncle, pointin’ upward, and sure enough there it was, a new moon shinin’ down over our right shoulders, as if to wish us good luck on our ‘see-in’ San Francisco’ tour.

“On we flew through the green fields, orchards

and gardens, and darkness found us on the ferry boat, watchin' the twicklin' of a million lights around the bay. We had both been considerably wrought up in our feelin's over the beauty of the sights and scenes through which we had just passed, but we was brought down to earth again, figuratively speakin', when we reached the ferry depot, by the most unearthly noise that ever greeted mortal ears.

“ ‘Where's the fire?’ inquired your Uncle of a man, who answered, ‘Fire nothin’, it's them pesky hotel runners, biddin' for trade.’

“ ‘What on earth will we do?’ says I, wishin' we was back in our happy home and not tryin' to do expositions in a strange city at our age.

“ ‘Don't act so green,’ snapped your Uncle; ‘what should we do but find the St. Francis bus and climb in like the rest of the folks. You hold onto me and I'll hold onto the satchels, and we will see if we can run the blockade of hotel runners, without losin' life or limb.’

“ ‘Ain't the St. Francis awful high-toned and expensive?’ said I, holdin' back.

“ ‘Phoebe Harrison,’ says he, leanin' the suitcase on end against a post and settin' down on it, ‘we may as well settle who's runnin' this trip

here and now. When I sold that 400-acre farm for \$200 an acre I promised ourselves one trip in our life, that I'd always dreamed of, but never could afford to carry out. 'Twas a trip where we went first-class from start to finish and no questions asked about expenses. We are takin' that trip now, and we are goin' to do this old town in a first-class style from that Mountain Tamelpious to the Poodle Dog Restaurant or my name hain't Hiram Harrison.'

“ ‘Won't it cost——’ ‘I've counted the cost,’ he broke in, ‘and come prepared for any emergency; a man who had just finished doin' the exposition told me down in Los Angeles, that he had to change ten-dollar bills up here as often as a woman changes her mind.’

“ ‘But my clothes,’ I protested. ‘Mrs. Newcoby spent nearly a thousand dollars on hers because they were goin' to board at the St. Francis this summer.’

“ ‘Clothes, clothes,’ mimicked your uncle; tell a woman you are goin' to take her to jail, or the hospital, or any old place and the first thing she thinks of is clothes. What ails that tailor suit you just paid \$75 for?’

“ ‘Nothing,’ I admitted, ‘it's all right in its

place; Mrs. Newcoby got a black evening dress——’

“ ‘Enough,’ says your Uncle, interruptin’ me. ‘I can afford to clothe my wife as good as old Newcoby any day. I’ll give you a check in the mornin’ and don’t let me hear any more about it. There’s the St. Francis bus now.’

“Over the cobblestone-paved streets we rode, past a pretty little park and up to the front door of the big hotel. The pages came runnin’ out and strippin’ us of our luggage and everything that was loose. At the desk your Uncle asked how much they would tax us for a suite of rooms frontin’ on the park, and when the clerk named a price that would have bought outright a small bungalow with built-in features, your Uncle took it for a month, and ordered ice water immediately.

“The clerk called a page, sayin, ‘show them to 341, the suite with the twin beds.’ ‘Hold on,’ said your Uncle, ‘we hain’t got a kid of any kind with us, let alone twins.’ When they said the twin beds was for us, he was tickled, sayin’, ‘Mebby now I won’t have to stick my feet out of bed to keep ’em away from your “Greenland’s icy mountains.” ’

“The page who brought us ice water addressed him as Colonel, which pleased your Uncle so he gave him a dollar tip then and there.

“ ‘Wouldn’t it have been cheaper to have taken only the rooms and eaten our meals wherever——’

“ ‘There you go,’ he interrupted, before I could finish my speech. ‘In Rome you must do as the Romans do, and San Francisco will stand for anything but a tightwad. It’s a feelin’ handed down from the days of ’forty-nine period when a man was considered small potatoes if he waited for the change from a five-dollar bill.’

“ ‘I thought mebby a good cafatery would be a change,’ I argued; but he wouldn’t hear to it, sayin’, ‘There is places in California where slingin’ a cafatery tray wouldn’t put you out of runnin’ with the smart set entirely, but you can’t get away from it in Frisco. A fellow spends his last dollar in this town like a king, and if he has to go to the poorhouse later on, he goes like a gentleman.’

“ ‘Seein’ ’twas no use to argue, I gave in with a sigh and went to bed. The next morning nothing would do your Uncle Hiram but to have

breakfast in our room, and I must admit it is one luxury I do enjoy.

“After breakfast I had my hair dressed, and then I started down street to buy some new clothes. I got along alright until I come to Market Street, which runs catacornered through the city. Instead of waitin’ until a lot of people formed into a mass for mutual protection like we do in Los Angeles, I found folks runnin’ here, there, and everywhere dodgin’ jitneys, and getting in front of street cars, till at last they landed on a little platform where the cars stop to take on passengers. It looked as excitin’ as playin’ ‘pussy wants a corner.’ While standing there tryin’ to make up my mind to make the plunge, who should come up but your Uncle, who took in the situation at a glance. He asked me to stay there a few minutes and went on down the street. In a few minutes a taxicab drew up and seated inside was your Uncle laughin’ at the joke he played on me.

“When I got back from shoppin’ a la taxi, and went to my room to dress for lunch, I found an immense bouquet of American Beauty roses. I scolded him for bein’ so extravagant, but like every other foolish woman I was mighty

pleased. Your Uncle put on his best clothes, and I put on the new things I had bought, and we went down in the elevator feelin' pretty well pleased with ourselves.

“But our triumph was short lived, for when we stepped into the dinin' room, who should we see but Caliope Campbell, Mrs. Campbell and the twin boys, Silas and Sammy, former neighbors from back home, honest enough folks, but, oh, so green! We tried to let on like we didn't see 'em, but Caliope waved his napkin, made a megaphone out of his hand, and called to us across the dinin' room. Everybody looked at him, and then looked at us, till we had to go to him to stop the commotion he was raisin'. Noth-would do but the waiters must crowd in two more chairs with them and I wished I had never heard of the St. Francis, or the Campbells, one or the other.

“I read in a paper once where the old aristocratic families of New York City form parties to go down to the hotels and hear the newly rich eat soup, and I couldn't help but think that seein' the Campbells throw back their heads and eat asparagus with their fingers, had the soup-eaters, to use a slang expression, 'beaten a city

block.' The way Caliope's Adam's apple run up and down his neck while performin' that feat was somethin' awful. Then Caliope got to tellin' us about the money a seventh cousin had died and left him, and he got so excited he swallowed a sand dab bone and came near chokin' to death. Just as we was goin' to call a doctor, Mrs. Campbell happened to think of a good old remedy, and landed a blow on Caliope's back that did the business in a jiffy, and probably saved him to eat fish another day.

"During all the hullabaloo the waiter's face never changed expression any more than one of them graven images we see out at the exposition. He filled Caliope's glass with ice water, and removed the remains of the unfortunate sand dab in funereal silence.

"Things hadn't much more'n quieted down from the fish-bone episode till the twins commenced to fuss over which one was a-goin' to get the wish-bone of the fried chicken, and in the squabble they upset a big silver pitcher of hot milk, which flooded the table and run down on my new silk dress. In a way I was glad it happened for the waited changed us to another table.

“Your Uncle was so mortified he could hardly finish his lunch, sayin’ it was just his luck when he was tryin’ to do something a little extra once in his life, to have some country jake follow him up and spoil everything. ’Mebby they won’t stay long,’ says I, tryin’ to comfort him. ‘Yes, they will,’ he groaned; ‘they’ll make us the laughin’-stock of this hotel, and spoil our outing with their greenness.’

“Now that I had time to look, I see that Mrs. Campbell was gotten up regardless, in a black and white dress with checks so big she could hardly show off the pattern. Being still of an economical turn of mind in spite of the fortune the Scotch relation had left ’em, she had utilized the overflow from her own dress to make Sammy and Silas, the twin boys, each a pair of pants not to mention an auto cap and a butterfly necktie worn by Caliope hisself.

“When they finished eatin’ they took seats in the ladies’ parlow. Next to Caliope on the couch sat a proud, stiff-lookin’, middle-aged woman, dressed in the latest style and holdin’ herself aloof as if she was from Boston and was sizin’ up the crowd before thawin’ out and bein’ sociable.

“Caliope, no doubt feelin’ relieved that he had come out of the sand-dab accident so well, and feelin’ kindly toward all the world, struck up a conversation with her, sayin’:

“‘How do you like the cookin’ here?’ She faced about, an’ trainin’ her eyeglass on him, stared a minute and said, ‘Sir!’ Caliope tried it again, sayin’, ‘Some of them names for victuals printed on the bill was regular jaw-breakers. Thought I was orderin’ some kind of a French wine, when I ordered that demitasse, but I got jest plain coffee. Did it fool you, too?’ But the eyeglass lady, with a look of horror on her face, had fled, and Caliope, turnin’ to his wife, remarked calmly, ‘I guess she was deaf, or fureign, or somethin’.’ By and by Caliope went to arrange about his room, and to our relief, we heard the clerk tell him the hotel was full.

“‘Feelin’ a little ashamed of ourselves about the Campbells (who were honest, but, oh, so green), we promised to meet ’em next day out on the Zone, which we did.’”

A SLEEPING-BAG EPISODE

“**S**ET down and rest a while,” said Aunt Phoebe to her niece Mandy, “and I’ll tell you about your Uncle Hiram’s latest fad. It’s a sleeping bag this time.

“He tried it out last night and give the neighbors something to talk about the rest of their lives.

“What put the sleeping bag idea into his head was attending a lecture, given by Prof. Linstrom about ‘the Esquimau’s in the far North,’ up at Seattle years ago. After telling about them living on a diet of whale oil, he told how they slept in fur-lined bags made from the skins of the polar bears, which they killed with spears. Then he went on and told how he himself had slept in a sleeping bag for a year and got so big and strong he could hardly get a bag big enough to cover him.

“‘Anyone,’ said he, ‘who got the sleeping bag

habit, would never go back to a bed, and put up with insomny, cold feet and doctor's bills.'

"Well he went on like that for an hour or more tellin' how the bags were made and everything. However, I was only mildly interested, for living as we do, in a mild climate a fur sleep-in' bag was about the last thing I was pining for; so I let his talk go in one ear and out at the other like lots of other things I hear.

"But not your Uncle. The seeds sown by that lecturer fell on fertile ground as it were, and needed only a cold snap to make 'em sprout and bring forth fruit, in the shape of the doings we had here last night.

"But to get back to my story. About two o'clock yesterday your Uncle came trampin into the sewing room where I was fixing some sash curtains. On his shoulder he carried two big buffalo robes that had been packed away in the garage ever since we lived in Californy. Your Uncle dumped 'em down on the floor sayin, 'All things comes to them that wait, even a cold snap in Californy.

"'Paper warns 'em to get out smudge pots in the orange belt, and here I am, Johnny on the spot with materials for a sleeping bag. No more

insomny or your cold feet while this weather lasts.'

“ ‘Well, of all things,’ says I, ‘do you want to fill the house with hairs and fleas?’

“ ‘Fleas nothing,’ he answered, ‘don’t you know a Californy flea is a discriminating critter? It’s a scientific fact that he can tell a fresh touch-me-not tourist from Boston from a native Californian with both eyes shut. Ever hear anybody but a tourist complain of fleas? Ketch ’em roostin’ in this old hide when there’s a fresh tourist hoppin’ off the train every minute.

“ ‘Them buffalo hides brings back old times,’ says he gazing affectionately at them, ‘and if I was in a renimiscent mood I could spin a yarn about that buffalo hunt that would make the magazine editors and Teddy Roosevelt set up and take notice.

“ ‘But to business. I’ll put one skin down on the floor and I’ll lay down on it, while you take the garden shears and snip off the robe here and there, so as to make it conform somewhat to the general coastline of my anatomy. Don’t need any Butterick pattern fer a job like this, according to that lecturer. Leave an opening at the top for my head; two for my arms,

and two for my feet. Stitch up the sides, put in a draw string 'round the neck, and there you are. Will have to suit the bag to the climate, though, and leave the hairy side out.'

"I sighed. He looked up annoyed like and said: 'If you're a-goin' to pull a long face like that and sigh like a vacuum cleaner, over a few stitches, I'll take it down town and have it done. I could do it myself if I could manipulate a thimble.'

"I see he was hurt, so I didn't argue any more; besides, I'd just finished readin' an article in a magazine that advised all married wimen to humor their husbands in all their little idiotic notions, and then get even by having their own way about something that amounted to something.

"So I said real cheerful-like, 'Well, stand up or lay down, and get measured for your new suit.'

"Well, we cut and sewed and fussed and worked until finally your Uncle clim into the bag and I pulled the puckerin' string around his neck, leavin' only the top of his head sticking out. When he pulled his skull travelin' cap down over his ears nothing showed but his nose

and a bunch of whiskers. (This has nothing to do with the story, but the magazine advice to women was all right. After the bag was finished he handed me a twenty-dollar bill, saying for me to go and get that beaded extention mouth bag that I was hintin' for before Christmas.)

“After supper, Tillie’s (the house maid) Swede beau, who lives in San Francisco, telephoned from the depot that he was on his way to San Diego and was stopping off on Los Angeles between trains and comin’ by to see her.

“I opened the door for him and a more bashful man I never saw.

“He fell over a rug and stepped on the Angora cat’s tail and bowed to everything in the room but me, till Tillie came to his rescue, and took him off to a picture show.

“No sooner had they gone than your Uncle donned his sleeping bag. He was going to sleep on the bare floor, but I persuaded him to try a pillow and mattress and helped him fix it in a corner of the up-stairs back porch. I peeped out on him an hour later and found him fast asleep.

“Perhaps an hour later I was awakened out of a doze by someone sayin’, ‘Lena, Lena.’

“From the light in Lena’s window I could see it was her beau throwing pebbles at her window and saying something in broken English what sounded like ‘overcoat.’

“Lena, tramping around getting ready for bed, did not hear, but I understood he had left his overcoat in the kitchen.

“Then he spied a ladder leaning up against the porch and thinking to reach her room that way, with the quickness of a cat he ran up and vaulted over the porch railing right onto your Uncle, who doubled up like a jack knife and grabbed the terrified Swede around the legs, bearing him to the floor.

“Up and down the length of the porch they rolled now one on top now the other. Your Uncle shouting ‘burglar,’ and the Swede saying something that sounded like ‘Lena’ and ‘bear.’

“At last the Swede gained his footing and sprang for the ladder, but your Uncle grabbed him by the coat tail and he hung suspended over the railin’ callin’ on Lena for help.

“By this time the nabers were roused out and when somebody said ‘fire’ they turned on the

hose, causin' your Uncle to loose his hold on the Swede who tumbled down the ladder and if some bourgon-villia's hadn't broke his fall he might have been killed.

"By this time the fire department and two policemen were on the scene, not to say anything of the neighbors, wearing every thing from pajamas to evening clothes.

"I was nearly ready to collapse with shame—not knowin' how in the world we was goin' to explain matters to the staring crowd that overflowed the lawn and street. But your Uncle, dressing in a hurry, only smiled and said:

" 'Cut out the hysterics, trust Hiram Harrison to rise to any emergency. I'll fix 'em.'

" 'You'll do wonders,' says I; 'I'll never hold up my——'

"But he cut me short by taking me by the arm and marchin' me with him out onto the front porch, where he switched on the light, bowed to the audience below for all the world like a President at the White House. 'Ladies and gentlemen, and nabors,' he said, 'this has been a night of surprises. You surprised me by your presence, and I surprised you by allowing my moving picture friends to stage a

little comedy on my back porch, in which a tame bear was one of the actors. Anything else that has seemed strange about these premises just charge it up to the movies. And any one who goes to the "Lyric" down by the park in the next twenty minutes gets a ticket for to-morrow night's performance free. I'll telephone them while you are on the way. Good-night.'

"The crowd, which was trampin' down the grass and flowers, hurried toward the theater and the nabers, laughing and saying the joke was on them and that they never would get used to this moving picture business, went home.

"By this time Lena had the half frozen Swede in the kitchen thawing him out by the gas oven.

"She was explaining things to him, but I guess he didn't really understand for when your Uncle appeared suddenly in the kitchen door bearing the sleepin' bag on his shoulder, he jumped nearly a foot and come near scalding himself with hot coffee.

"As we was gitting ready for bed your Uncle said boastingly: 'It hain't every husband who could get himself and wife out of a scrape like

I did to-night. Own up, now, Phoebe, wasn't you surprised?"

" 'I was indeed,' says I. 'I never suspected before that I'd been a-livin' all these years with such a natural-born——'

" 'Diplomat,' he interrupted.

" 'Well, let it go at that,' I answered sleepy-like; but diplomat wasn't the word I intended to use.'"

THE CAMPBELLS IN VAUDEVILLE

IT HAPPENED IN SAN FRANCISCO

“I GUESS I never told you, Mandy,” said Aunt Phoebe, “about the chance Caliope Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, an’ the two twin boys Silas and Sammy once had to go onto the vaudeville stage.

“Well, it happened in San Francisco when they were taking in the Panama Exposition at the same time we were; and right here let me digress a little and say that the Campbells are like a lot of other people in this world: they have no originality an’ follow public opinion like sheep followin’ the leader. In this respect the daily press is a great factor for good, for they are generally on the right side of common sense and humanity and mold the opinions of millions of persons who haven’t any of their own. Take the optimistic or smilin’ fad that had a run a few years ago. Salesladies and society women who never knew before what a

spontaneous laugh was, went around with their mouths stretched clear across their faces in an imitation smile even when they had a tooth ache, or their new shoes were hurting a pet corn. The effect was ghastly. Then some folks who had been kickin' little kittens and puppies around went to the other extreme and fed them out of silver spoons when humane week was inaugurated and everybody was talking about kindness to dumb animals.

“Then the baby fad, when folks who had gone along all their lives thinking them a necessary nuisance, suddenly sat up and took notice because Roosevelt sidestepped politics long enough to air his views on the subject. Men and women got hysterical and filled our daily papers with columns of baby talk till 'tis said Roosevelt himself got sick of the subject; but I noticed that the folks who did the most talkin' about 'angelic childhood' went along serenely unconscious of the little lame newsboys leanin' on their crutches looking with tired, pathetic eyes at the fine folks in their limousines who never offered them money to go to a hospital to have their crooked backs and twisted limbs straightened out by expert medical skill. They

were too busy talkin' to practice what they were preachin'.

“But to get back to the Campbells, they were just like that. The exposition had been goin' on for months and they never thought of going until me and your Uncle went, and when they got there they had to come to the Saint Francis because we happened to be there. But thank goodness the hotel was full and they went to the Palace, and after they got used to it they liked it, and Mrs. Campbell argues to this day that it is a sweller place than the St. Francis, on account of that long parade-like entrance where you can show off your new clothes. Be that as it may, I was glad they liked it for reasons best known to myself. We didn't see them very often after that for they were dreadfully afraid to cross Market Street, as well they might have been, for to my thinkin' crossing Broadway in Los Angeles is like walking in your back yard compared to crossin' Market Street in San Francisco.

“But at last Caliope hit on a scheme; he bought four sizeable flags, and after that each one of them carried a flag over their head every time they crossed a street.

“He said they hadn’t been run into by a jitney after they adopted the flag system, and even the street cars set up and took notice of them; and I don’t wonder, for with the twins dressed like little Indians and wearing a sort of harness to keep them from straying away, and prancing along playing they were horses, they made quite a unique little parade.

“A policeman halted them, but Caliope, who is very patriotic, said: ‘If any one dast touch their flags he would shoot ’em on the spot.’

“Caliope’s that tender hearted he hates to use a fly-swatter, but the bluff worked all right. So having solved the problem of crossing Market Street, they bore down on us, flags, twins and all, the night before they went home from the Fair.

“There was a musical entertainment going on at the St. Francis that evening, much to the Campbells’ delight, for in spite of their greenness they are good musicians, Mrs. Campbell playing the piano first rate, and Caliope certainly can sing good for a man. Even back home, years ago, when they were so poor they couldn’t afford anything but an old fiddle and a second-hand organ, they managed to take music les-

sons from the best teachers to be had, and many a discouraged preacher in a little country church has welcomed Mrs. Campbell to play the organ, and many a homesick homesteader was saved from giving up his claim and going back East by spending an evening now and then with the musical Campbells. And the twins, too, sing like birds.

“When we came down from our rooms they were already there sitting up close to the piano near the performers; but alas! you could have knocked me down with a feather for they were rigged out in their wedding clothes of some twenty years before from head to foot. It seems in the heyday of their honeymoon they had made a vow to each other to wear them on their wedding anniversary, no matter where they happened to be, and now that I see them I remembered the custom, having seen them thus arrayed on three previous occasions: once at a county fair, once at a church supper, and the last time at a Bryan political meetin’.

“The twins were babies then, and Caliope carried them both so Mrs. Campbell could hold up her crinoline-lined, white landsdown train. So there they sat with her big sleeves and bask

waist, boned after the style of the day, down below her hips, making her waist look about two feet long. I must admit she has kept her figure better than most of us, or she never could have gotten into that bask after all these years. And the hat—it was awful! But I remember having one just like it, a short backed sailor set upon a six-inch bando, pitched to an angle of forty-five degrees, and a lot of mussy-looking flowers sewed under the brim behind. In spite of all this, I must say she looked real pretty. Caliope, in his high silk hat, Prince Albert coat and high collar, didn't look so bad; which leads me to remark that women dress more ridiculous than men in season, and out, or their clothes wouldn't look so ridiculous after they are out of style.

“Anyway, the women present couldn't keep their eyes off Mrs. Campbell, and when one woman laughed another stylish woman nudged her and said, ‘Don't laugh too soon; perhaps it is a forerunner of some new Paris styles—remember how we got fooled when that Countess wore her dress short and neck cut V-shape; this costume looks rather Frenchy to me.’

“Then the program commenced. A youngish, long-necked man, who had shaved his mus-

tache off at each end till what was left looked from where I sat like a black button under his nose, did the singing. I didn't see much of the lady that played the piano but her back; and I never knew before that a woman could show so much back and still wear a waist.

"By and by the man with the button mustache bowed himself out, and a girl dressed like Pocahontas sang an awfully sweet song about 'The Land of the Sky Blue Water.'

"Another dressed in a Spanish costume with a red rose in her hair sang 'Juanita,' and another girl sang about the 'Rosary.'

"I never took but twelve music lessons, and those from a teacher who wasn't certain of all the notes herself at first sight, so I've never set myself up for a musical critic, therefore having no doubt been able to enjoy a lot of music I might have missed if I had known more about it.

"So I sat there enjoying the program real well, and was somewhat surprised to hear a man sitting behind me say in a bored tone of voice to his companion: 'Same old stuff; pretty enough, but tame. Overrun with such artists at the office.'

“ ‘Surely,’ answered his companion, ‘what we are on the outlook for all the time and don’t find it once a year is some good musical comedy stuff—not the alfalfa-whisker, rube stuff, but something—— Oh, I can’t explain what, but I’d know it if I saw it. Now the last skit we put on——’

“I knew by this time they were theatrical men, but what further they said I never knew, for at this instance Caliope rose to his feet and proposed the ‘Star-Spangled Banner.’ The twins too waved their flags, while he drug Mrs. Campbell to the piano; and while Mrs. Campbell fairly made the piano talk, the twins and Caliope sang the old song till I’m sure you could have heard them down to the ferry. When they finished folks clapped their hands and called for more, and they sang ‘The Shade of the Old Apple Tree’ and ‘A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight’ and ‘Annie Laurie,’ in which Mrs. Campbell joined.

“A lady sitting by me said she never heard the high notes in ‘Annie Laurie’ taken any smoother; and still they applauded and called for more. After singing some of the very late songs, they sang some queer Indian songs; not

real songs, but sort of Indian lullabys Caliope had learned from the Indians first-hand. Then he imitated a raw Swede singing 'A Perfect Day' and a Jap singing 'I Love You, California,' which fairly brought down the house; then wavin' the flags, he asked them all to join in singing 'America,' which we all did with a hearty good-will, thus closing the Campbells' impromptu program.

"When the music stopped Caliope waved his silk hat in acknowledgment of the applause, and Mrs. Campbell ducked her head toward the piano keys.

"Then I heard the theatrical man behind me saying, 'By George! if that don't beat the dickens; they certainly put that little skit over like finished artists. Something classy at last. Let's go up and nail them at any price.'

"When the theatrical men made Caliope and his family an offer to go on the vaudeville stage Caliope was raging mad, and, shaking his fist under their noses, told them he would go back to the farm and raise hog and hominy before he'd let his wife go on the stage and wear actress things and maybe break up a happy home. 'No siree,' said he, shaking his fist some more,

‘I’ll give you to understand that my wife ain’t that kind, and, besides, she might get her death of cold dressing for the stage.’

“Finally the theatrical man gave up talking to him and went away, remarking to his companion that it was ‘too bad that most artists in any line let drink get them.’ ‘A little booze,’ said he, ‘no doubt helps them to put over a lively skit, but it don’t put them in a proper frame of mind to talk business after the performance is over. We will see him in the morning.’

“And while the Campbells were horrified at the idea of going on the stage, ever since that night Caliope has imagined himself a second Caruso, while Mrs. Campbell, when she speaks of it, has a self-satisfied smile on her face which says plainer than words that Mrs. Schumann-Heink has nothing on her.”

THE CONTEST; OR, "POETRY WHILE YOU WAIT"

“**T**HERE’S a new occupation for women I never heard of before coming to California,” said Aunt Phoebe Harrison. “She is called a professional entertainer, and most of the big apartment houses and hotels have one. The proprietor, acting on the principle that everybody’s lonesome when they go to a strange place, hires her to keep the guest amused; and believe me she earns her money.

“The entertainer is usually a good-looker who knows how to use her tongue and eyes at the same time.

“She sees all about the weekly dances and card parties, and as it sometimes happens there are ladies in the house who neither play bridge nor tango, she makes them think they are not slighted and are gettin’ their money’s worth by appointin’ them hostesses to pour tea for each other in the amusement room once a week. But

where she really shines is on introducing, and the only way to escape this ceremony is to take the freight elevator or the back stairs. We stayed in a big apartment hotel last winter for a couple of months while we were having our house remodeled.

“I was sitting in the hotel lobby the first night I was there, watching the folks come and go, and who should come in but Squire Lindsey, an oldish widower from back home. He is as tight as the bark on a tree, also an anti-suffragette, and has it figured out in black and white that a woman can dress modestly and well on thirty dollars a year; besides all that, he is homely and grouchy. When the entertainer saw him registerin’ she swooped down on him, and as soon as he let go the pen she caught him by the arm, and swinging him around, glanced at his name on the register and proceeded to introduce him to a pretty movie picture actress who was getting her door key from her letter box.

“The actress, who was always on the outlook for odd characters for scenario types, chatted gayly to him for a few minutes, and the squire, whom I had known most of my life, was so

dazed and tickled he walked right past me to the elevator without recognizing me with a sheepish 'it-wasn't-so-bad' look on his beaming countenance.

“There is another type of woman in every apartment house I’ve ever been in; generally middle-aged, sour-faced, and she makes it her business to enlighten all newcomers on the shortcomings of the rest of the guests in the house. Well, one of that kind was sitting by me on a couch, and after witnessin’ the Squire episode with stern disapproval, she said, ‘That woman’ (meaning the entertainer) ‘would introduce the President of the United States to the elevator boy; she’s got introducing on the brain, and the worst is she never remembers any one for five minutes. When I first came here she introduced me five times to the same old fellow, and he got so he would run through the lobby like the house was afire if he see either of us. She introduced the wine merchant from Chicago to a temperance lecturer, telling them they looked so congenial; the men were game, though, and talked to each other quite a spell. It don’t matter much, though,’ she continued, ‘for most of the folks here in these apartment

houses are winter tourists from the Middle West, and what they are too green to catch onto don't hurt them any.'

"At this disparaging remark I bridled up and said, 'Madam, I am from the Middle West myself, and——'

"'Sure,' she interrupted me; 'no need to tell me that; any one could see that a block away.'

"Before I could answer back, she grabbed my arm and, looking back over her shoulder, said, 'There comes that entertainer now, bringing some old codger to introduce to me; I am going;' then she went.

"By this time the entertainer was by my side, saying, 'You look so lonely! I've forgotten your name, but I want to introduce you to Mr. Harrison, who is looking for a partner to play cards.' We bowed to each other, and never let on, but we smiled so much at each other across the card table we had to tell the others to keep them from thinking we were laughing at them.

"Just the same, we had an awful good sociable time at that apartment house. One evening it would be dancing; another cards; another a musical, not to mention dramatic readings and once an old-fashioned spelling bee. Your Uncle

spelled down all but one, and lost a prize when he spelled 'San Joaquin' wrong.

"One evening it rained so hard folks didn't dare cross the street to a picture show, much less go downtown; folks are so used to good weather in California they are awful restless and peeved if they are kept in by the rain, and the entertainer was at her wits' end how to amuse them. After cudgeling her gray matter for some time, she hit on the idea of holding a verse-writing contest.

"A Mrs. Grayson, a woman who lived at the hotel and had made quite a hit as a local poetess, offered to take one side, and a pretty little woman, a Miss Leewood, who was just transient in the house for a few days, took the other side; the prize was one of them new-fashioned silver flower holders filled with California poppies.

"It was to go to the one who wrote the most and best verses in one hour; they were to write two kinds of poetry: sentimental and humorous. To settle this point, they drew straws; the sentimental poetry falling to Mrs. Grayson and the humorous to Miss Leewood. They both looked pleased and took their seats at the two writing

desks, the entertainer rang the desk bell, and the race was on.

“The rest of us settled down to play cards, and almost before we knew it the bell rang again and the hour was up. Mrs. Grayson read her poetry first; poor woman! she was almost scared stiff, and had to hold her paper with both hands, she trembled so. She called her first poem, ‘A POPPY LEGEND; OR, THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS OF MONTEREY’:

“ ‘In the early days of the West so golden,
 Where men for the love of gold were mad,
 There lived a beautiful Spanish maiden
 Who loved a handsome sailor lad.
 But the sea to him was ever calling,
 And ’ere he answered and sailed away
 These lovers met where the golden poppies
 Bloomed sweet on the hills of Monterey.
 There they lived their beautiful love dreams
 over
 As they wandered far ’mid flowery dells,
 And they parted not till the purple twilight
 Brought the music sweet of mission bells.

“ ‘A year passed by and found her waiting;
 Then another lover, both old and gray,

Came laden with gold to tempt this maiden
From the beautiful hills of Monterey.
But this maid was true to her sailor lover,
In spite of her father's greed for gold;
To a convent cell, so sad and dreary,
Went this pretty maid for her lover bold.
From across the seas came a message telling
Of the lover's death so far away,
And soon she slept where the flowers were
 blooming
On the beautiful hills of Monterey.

“ ‘Once a year, it is said, when the moon is
 shining
And the gold-hued poppies hold their sway
You can see two phantom lovers strolling
O'er the beautiful hills of Monterey.’

“There was considerable clapping, and the movie actress said 'twas almost a synopsis for a scenario. Then she read the other poem written in sort of dialect style. She called this one 'THE SONG OF THE WHIPPORWILL':

“ ‘Some folks can't bear to hear the sound
Of the restless, murmuring sea;

And some, they hate the wood dove's moan,
But it's just this way with me:
There's nothing quite so lonesome-like
As the song of the whippoorwill
When it floats out on the dusky night
From its home on the wooded hill.

“ ‘It makes me think of the summer nights
When me and my brother Jim
Sat on the steps of the old farmhouse
'Mid the shadows dark and grim.
We were only kids, and our little hearts
Would beat with a nameless fear,
And we nestled closer to mother's feet
While she whispered “Mother's near.”’

“ ‘That was years ago; we've wandered since
Far, far from our childhood's home,
Across the dreary wastes of snow
To the storm-lashed shores of Nome.
There we counted o'er our golden store
And we talked of home until
The roar of the waves seemed to mingle with
The song of the whippoorwill.

“ ‘We reached our home on a summer night,—
Found a stranger at the door,

Who told in words so cruel, cold
 That our mother was no more.
 Too stunned to move, we sat us down
 On the steps in the moonlight still,
 And floating up from a bush near by
 Came the song of the whippoorwill.

“ ‘Was it only the moonbeams bright
 Got mixed up with our tears,
 Or did we see her sitting there
 As in the bygone years?
 Was it an echo from the past,
 Or did we really hear
 A voice, as the night wind passed us by,
 Which whispered, “Mother’s near”?’ ”

“There wasn’t quite so much clapping when Mrs. Grayson finished reading this poem, but I noticed several of the older ones who had heard ‘The Song of the Whippoorwill’ in their childhood wiping their eyes, and one old lady said it carried her back to her old home in the East, and made her so homesick that she was going back next summer if the mosquitoes ate her up and a cyclone blowed her into the next county.

“Then Miss Leewood read her poems. She

didn't tremble any, but smiled and gestured, and had them all laughing before she finished the first verse of her poem entitled,

“ ‘TWO GIRLS’

“ ‘There was a girl lived in our town
And she was wondrous wise
On every subject 'neath the sun,
From votes to knitting ties.

“ ‘For magazines and papers, too,
She would write a page or more,
And at the biggest Women's Clubs
She always had the floor.

“ ‘Another girl lived in our town,
She could neither write nor preach;
But when she passed by with a smile
The men said, “What a peach!”’

“ ‘Now the moral to this little tale
I've pointed out with pains:
The last thing that a man requires
In his lady-love is brains.’

“ ‘Everybody laughed and applauded, and she read on; this piece she called

“ ‘THE SPLIT IN THE PARTY’

“ ‘Now pretty Miss Styles for Congress would
run;

She was clever and witty—not flirty,
But her party it split on one little thing,
And that was the slit in her skirty.

“ ‘A committee upon this fair lady did call,
And gave her some pointers—to wit:
While the public admired both her beauty
and brains,
It never would stand for that slit.

“ ‘But at the next meeting they greet her with
smiles,
And cheer for their choice long and hearty,
For she had been busy with needle and
thread
And had closed up the split in the party.

“ ‘ “If elected,” quoth she, “I will dress as I
please,”

(And she laughed to herself good and
hearty);

“ ‘With a pair of sharp shears I’ll get busy at
once

And reopen the split in the party.’ ’

“Everybody laughed again, and the movie actress said it would make a good little skit (if set to music) for the Orpheum. Squire Lindsey said the Suffergetts would be the undoing of California yet, and everybody else said it was cute and ought to be sent to Roosevelt; and then she read her last one, which to my mind was the best of all. It was entitled,

“ ‘OUT CALIFORNIA WAY’

“ ‘I used to tell old Uncle Ben
 Big yarns I’d heard or read;
 But now my biggest, wildest tales
 Just fall as flat as lead,
 For he took a tourist trip out West,
 Come back most wise and gay,
 An’ talks, an’ talks “ ’Bout what he see
 Out Californy way.”

“ ‘One night I talked till it was late,
 A-tryin’ to explain
 ’Bout a sort of airship I see once
 Back in the State of Maine.
 When I got through, he laughed and asked
 If I took him for a jay—
 He see a Frenchman fly for hours
 Out Californy way.

“ ‘When I’d brag of early garden sass
With the frost all out the ground,
He’d smile and say they had sich things
Out there the whole year round.
Of the biggest and the littlest things
He’d tell about all day
Till he had them seven wonders beat
Out Californy way.

“ ‘So I laid to and lied a streak
’Bout things I’d heard and read;
He listened with a twinklin’ eye
Then lit his pipe and said:
“Fur an amatoor, them yarns hain’t bad—
I used to think ’em gay;
But I’ve heard some classy lyin’ sence
Out Californy way.” ’

“Then amid lots of hand clapping and laughing and talking a committee of three was appointed (your Uncle being one) to vote on the poetry.

“Of course Miss Leewood got the prize, and everybody made over her and copied her poems off, as she was takin’ the boat for San Francisco next day.

“Mrs. Grayson stood around for a while, and nobody but myself and the old lady who cried about the whippoorwill poem offered her any congratulations on her poems.

“When we were safely up in our apartment, I taxed your Uncle with voting against Mrs. Grayson; he is crazy about humorous verses, and has an idea that he himself would be a second Walt Mason if he'd take up the business of writing humorous verses seriously.

“‘I felt sorry for Mrs. Grayson,’ says I; ‘all her poems needed was polishing up; it took Gray fourteen years to polish up his “Eligy in a Country Churchyard.”’

“‘Excuse me,’ says your Uncle, ‘from sitting around in a graveyard fourteen years polishin’ up any pome. Nice living I would make in these days of high livin’, sellin’ a poem every fourteen years!’

“‘’Twas the reading of them that took the prize. If Miss——’

“‘Now, Phoebe,’ says he, interrupting my speech, ‘how long since did you qualify as a literary critic? Maybe you could get a job on one of the big Eastern magazines. I heard a lecturer say once that it was just as a magazine

editor happened to feel, whether a book looked good to him or not. He said a critic friend of his tore a "New Thought" book all to pieces once because his mother-in-law had bored him to extinction on the subject during a recent lengthy visit. Another time after he had been practicin' "Eat and grow thin" on weak soup and turnips for a month, another book that wasn't worth the paper it was written on happened along advisin' folks to eat three square meals a day. That magazine editor was so hungry for just victuals, he boomed that book to the skies. Now because you happen to like Mrs. Grayson personally you think any sentimental, gushy thing she writes is better than those snappy little things that Miss Leewood dashed off.'

"'Well,' says I, 'you must admit Mrs. Grayson acted the lady about it when she lost. If you could see how some of the society women act toward each other over bridge prizes——' but your Uncle, who had copied Miss Leewood's poems, was reading them over and wasn't listening to me at all, so I quit talking and went to bed.

"I thought the poetry contest incident closed, but the next evening Mrs. Grayson came smiling

into the lobby, carrying in her hand a small volume of humorous verses which some one had collected from different authors and printed in a book; and there were the dashed-off humorous verses Miss Leewood had claimed as her own, the real writer being a friend of Mrs. Grayson's living out Wilshire way. The most wonderful part of it was Mrs. Grayson knew it all the time, while everybody was petting Miss Leewood for her original verses."

CURIOSITY, THY NAME IS WOMAN

THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

“I COULD spend a week in that Golden Gate Museum in San Francisco and not see all the curious and interestin’ things then,” said Aunt Phoebe Harrison.

“The statues in white marble of women that adorned the entrance was beautiful if not exactly true to nature. Why the average artist will stand up for nature *a la natural* and call his figures ‘Studies from Life,’ and then present to an admirin’ world a female statue of a woman with a face about as big as a teacup, narrow shoulders and broad hips all out of proportion with the rest of the figure, is beyond me. But that is what they invariably do. ‘The proper study of mankind is man’; so, applyin’ that principle to the subject at hand, I compared the statue with the real live flesh-and-blood woman who stood admirin’ her.

“Standin’ at my side and gazin’ at the marble figure in stern disapproval, stood a woman. Her

hips came up to the artist's specifications, all right, but to balance them she had broad shoulders and the jaws of a prize fighter.

"The next one had a little teacup face, but no hips to speak of, and her height wasn't more'n half that of the statue's. And so it went. I spoke to your Uncle about it, and he said:

" 'The trouble is, every woman thinks the statue's wrong if it don't happen to be an exact copy of her own figger. Now, how would you——'

" 'Let's go and see the mummies,' says I; 'there's a mummy woman in there more than three thousand years old.'

" 'She was awfully well preserved, and gazin' at her, your Uncle said:

" 'Three thousand years old and ain't afraid to tell it, neither. Another thing,' he continued: 'she's the first woman I ever see that I could truthfully tell she didn't look half her age and not lie. I heard a man at that big reception tell a woman with an enameled face and a three-ply chin and a dress cut V behind and before, that she didn't look half her age. This mummy hain't got any more wrinkles, and——'

" 'Never mind the wrinkles, come and look at

this old sleigh they used in olden times with just room for one passenger.'

"'One passenger, nothin'!'" laughed your Uncle Hiram. 'Young folks were young folks in them days, too, and I'll wager the old sleigh has carried double many a time and could tell some tales if it could talk. Them old rockin'-chairs they had when we was young were not made to carry double, either, but one that hadn't at some time or other done so would be a fit subject for a museum.'

"Then we looked at pistols, guns, knives, clubs, suits of armor, and goodness knows what all connected with war.

"I'll bet some of them fellows engaged in them European wars would like to have had some of them armors between themselves and the bullets, if it wasn't a disgrace to wear such things nowadays.

"Then we saw Japanese vases, Chinese gods, coronation chairs, old Colonial furniture, and then we went upstairs to see the natural history part. My! I never knew there was so many birds in my life before. One case of hummin' birds was beautiful, and the pea fowls and pheasants were gorgeous.

“ ‘Same old story,’ said your Uncle; ‘the males are the prettiest everywhere.’

“ ‘Exceptin’ men,’ says I.

“ ‘And the eggs; hummin’ bird eggs as big as a pea, and a giant egg that the card said would hold two gallons of water.

“ ‘Ought to make a good one-egg cake you’re always readin’ about,’ says your Uncle, marveling at its size. ‘I’d like to see the hen that laid it.’

“ ‘After we had been lookin’ around the Museum for a couple of hours, your Uncle took a sudden notion to go out to the Fair grounds, arguin’ that the Museum was there for all time, but if we wanted to see the wonders of the Exposition, we must ‘do it now.’ So we went out and had our lunch at the Inside Inn. While settin’ on the verandah smokin’, your Uncle fell into conversation with a man from Pasadena. He was a good-lookin’ man about forty years old, and he told your Uncle he was gettin’ a long-needed rest, ‘doin’ the Exposition all by himself.’

“ ‘I reckon you’re a bachelor or a widower?’ queried your Uncle.

“ ‘Not that any one can notice,’ replied the

man. 'I've got my third wife and her two grown daughters, and my two grown daughters and a mother-in-law livin' with me. They are all perfectly good women, too. I hain't sayin' a word against them, but I'm tired of women, for besides havin' so many of my own, Pasadena's overrun with them. I hear they have a Forbidden Garden right in the heart of the Exposition grounds, copied from the Forbidden Garden at the Santa Barbara Mission; no woman ever set foot in that Garden, and never will. I'm a-going to make that Garden my headquarters,' said the man from Pasadena.

"I know it was weak and foolish, but try as I would, I couldn't get that 'Forbidden Garden,' standin' in the center of that women-crowded Exposition City, out of my mind. I mentioned it casually to your Uncle, and he said:

"'Phoebe, I thought you was one woman without any morbid curiosity in your system. But I see you are like all the rest; because poor man has taken this one last stand against woman, you would rather take a peep into this one Forbidden Garden than to see all the rest of the Exposition. Hain't I right?'

"'You are,' I answered; 'but that's not get-

tin' me in, and you surely won't think of goin' without me.'

"Well, to get my mind off the subject, we went in to see the Panama Canal. A man showed us how to step into the movin' seats without breakin' our necks, and then he told your Uncle to hitch a couple of ear trumepts that were fastened to the seats onto his ears.

"'I'm not so all-fired deaf that I've got to be double-trumpeted,' said your Uncle, highly insulted.

"I looked about me to see what folks would think of such talk, and to my surprise everybody had the double trumpets over their ears, listening. When we see our mistake, we put them on, too, and we could hear a lecture on the Panama Canal as plain as day, like a telephone. I reckon it was grand—the vice-president said so, and your Uncle said so, and the spieler on the outside said so, too—but my mind wandered, and for the life of me I couldn't get that 'Forbidden Garden' out of my head. I put my ear trumpets down to ask your Uncle if he supposed they made the men who entered it take a vow not to tell even their wives what was in the Garden, but he had his ears glued to them

things with an expression on his face that told plainer than words that the lecture listened good to him.

“ ‘Where next?’ said your Uncle, when we reached the Zone again.

“ ‘Right across the street was a big sign which read: ‘LAUGH AND GROW FAT,’ and while the fat part of didn’t appeal to me, the laughin’ part did, for then mebbly I’d forget about that ‘Forbidden Garden.’

“ ‘What ails you, Phoebe?’ said your Uncle, noticin’ my abstracted air.

“ ‘Mebby you might bribe the doorkeeper,’ said I.

“ ‘Your Uncle looked at me in amazement, thinkin’ I meant the doorkeeper at the ‘LAUGH AND GROW FAT’ concession. When he found out I meant the keeper at the gate of the ‘Forbidden Garden,’ he was scandalized to think he had a wife who would harbor such a thought.

“ ‘I don’t reckon,’ says he, ‘that they are any more interestin’ than the Marine Gardens at Catalina, Busch’s Garden in Pasadena, or even the German Beer Garden in Grand Island; but just because it says “Forbidden” you women

can't rest about this one. "Curiosity, your name is woman."'

"The racket that was goin' on inside of Laughland was enough to make one forget even their own name, let alone a Forbidden Garden. Because he paid to get in and didn't want to be done out of his money, your Uncle tried to do things he never would have dreamed of doin' any place else, and there was plenty more just like him. I refused to risk any such foolishness as walkin' rollin' logs, jumpin' trap-doors, and climbin' revolvin' stairs, so I sat down calmly on a stool that didn't do a thing but jump up and whirl around, and scairt me so they all laughed. I watched a nice, plump, middle-aged woman patiently climb the stairs where the steps jerked somethin' awful. She had nearly reached the top when your Uncle started in, and bein' nimble on his legs, he went up two steps at a jump till he reached the step above the woman. Just as he passed her the stairs gave an extra hard jolt, and losin' her holt on the railin', she grabbed your Uncle by the leg and they both came thump-a-te-thump down the stairs together. By the time I reached the stairs

they were settin' on the floor glarin' at each other and rubbin' their bruises.

“ ‘If you had a spark of manhood about you, you'd apologize,’ she scolded, shakin' her broken umbrella under his nose.

“Your Uncle grabbed his hat and my arm and startin' for the door, said, ‘Some women are too blamed unreasonable to argue with.’

“By and by we gave way to let a parade of cowboys and girls, Indian squaws, and what-not pass by. It looked interestin', so we went in to see what was goin' on inside. I can't say whether the show was a real or imitation picture of life on the plains in the early days, but I do know that no lover of horses should have missed it. About a hundred horses danced, waltzed and tangoed. Where we stayed in an apartment house last winter your Uncle took dancin' lessons for fun, and learned all the latest dances in no time, of which he is real proud, so to tease him, I said:

“ ‘I don't think tangoin' is such an awful trick if a horse can learn it.’

“Before he could answer back, an old overland stage was held up by Indians, and a horse, a little beauty, let on as if it was shot and then

got up and limped away. When the smoke had cleared away, a lot of Indians brought out a Buffalo robe, and spreadin' it on the ground, set a buffalo head on it, like as if 'twas just killed. Then they had a buffalo dance. Some of the Indian men sashaed around a little bit, but the squaws jumped up and down. The little pap-pooes were the cutest. A buffalo hunt concluded the entertainment.

“ ‘I guess I'll have time to see the Forbidden Gardens,’ said your Uncle, lookin' at his watch as we left the show. ‘You can go as near as women are allowed and wait for me.’

“By and by we come to a place all walled round with cedar trees and vines. I tried to peep through, but your Uncle was so ashamed of my actions that I gave it up, but my mind was active picturin' the inside. It hurt my feelings to think all the wonderful sights and strange deeds that had transpired within the walls of this ‘Forbidden Garden’ was a sealed book to all womankind.

“When we come to the place with the notice, ‘Forbidden Garden,’ written over it, your Uncle motioned me back, an important ‘lord-of-creation’ look on his face. Then I heard a woman’s

laugh. I caught a glimpse of a woman's gown, and in a second I brushed by your Uncle, an' stood lookin', not at the mysterious wonders my mind had conjured up, but at an innocent little flower garden, walled in with livin' green.

“Then who should I see comin' down one of the flower-bordered walks but the woman-tired man from Pasadena. When he see me he gave a start, and with a smile on his face he drew the pretty woman who was hangin' onto his arm into a rose arbor and I heard him say :

“ ‘There she is; you pay for the dinner. Bet-tin' on a woman's curiosity is a sure thing. I'll try it on some other woman to-morrow.’

“I learned afterward that he had charge of the ‘Forbidden Gardens,’ and just played that joke on the women to help pass the time away, but just the same I call it a real mean trick.”

SEEING SEATTLE

“AFTER me and your Uncle finished our visit in San Francisco,” said Aunt Phoebe, “he took a sudden notion to go visitin’ to Herman Harrison’s, who had moved to Seattle from the Oak Knoll county some years ago.

“Say, we just had another wonderful trip, and I got another crick in my neck from tryin’ to see the wonderful panorama of forest, waterfalls, and snow-clad mountains, spread out on each side of the car windows, at the same time.

“If I could write a scenario, I’d write a Christmas fairy tale, and lay the scenes amid the big evergreen forests of Washington. I could just imagine Santa dashin’ around among those trees with his reindeers, and the fairies playin’ hide-an’-seek behind the big ferns.

“In the section next to us on the Pullman was a couple from Seattle who had been spendin’ the winter in California. The man had a bad cold

and was in a presimistic mood. Your Uncle helped him settle his baggage, after the porter made up his berth, and offered him part of his California Eucaliptus cough tablets, so they fell into conversation and, incidentally, into an argument.

“ ‘From California, I reckon?’ inquired your Uncle, openin’ up the conversation.

“The Seattle man glared at him, and answered in a croakin’ whisper, ‘Not on your life; I’m sick.’

“What on earth bein’ sick had to do with his not bein’ from California, I dont’ know, but after a pause he continued, ‘I’ll be all right when I get up where the atmosphere is washed.’

“ ‘Washed!’ echoed your Uncle, lookin’ puzzled, and the Seattle man continued:

“ ‘Yes, washed! If some one would patent something to take the dust out of the air and put it on the ground, you’d have better crops in California. Now, up in Seattle the rain keeps the dust on the ground where it belongs.’

“ ‘Speakin’ of rain,’ smiled your Uncle, ‘reminds me of a story I heard about Seattle the other day. A drunk man landed there one rainy evening and stood on a street corner leanin’

against a lamp post, watching the crowds cross the watery street; after a bit a policeman come along and took him by the arm to take him to jail. The drunk man pulled back, and pointing to the flooded street, said: "Never mind me, save the wimen and children first; I can swim."'

"The Seattle man and his wife never cracked a smile, and he sarcastically remarked that it was a 'cheap joke.'

"'Sure,' agreed your Uncle, 'I'm not chargin' you a cent for it.'

"To change the subject from climate, that stirs up more fusses than prohibition, woman suffrage and Billy Sunday all put together, I asked them if they had ever met the Harrisons. The woman lifted her eyes up languidly from the magazine she had pretended to be readin' when your Uncle was tellin' his joke, and answered:

"'I think not are they in society?'

"I was about to admit that I didn't know, when your Uncle, swelling with pride, chimed in:

"'I reckon they are. They led the smart set in the Oak Knoll district when they lived down there.'

“ ‘Oh, indeed!’ was the noncommittal answer. ‘But I never heard of them in Seattle society.’

“ ‘Yes,’ continued your Uncle, nettled at the interference, ‘the Harrisons are pretty apt to be mingling with the swell set wherever they are. Only last week Herman wrote that he had been to a banquet the night before and met Mayor Fish.’

“ ‘Fish!’ echoed the Seattle man, looking astonished. ‘I guess that banquet must have gone to your friend’s head. Never heard of a Seattle Mayor named Fish, and I’ve known them all from Harry White down to Hiram Gill——’

“ ‘Gill!’ interrupted your Uncle; ‘that’s the name. Knew it was something about fish, anyway.’

“ ‘What was the name of that noted woman Herman’s wife said a party of ’em went to see, and she gave them her photo and they had it copied in oil for the den. Had a title of some sort. Do you remember, Phoebe?’ asked your Uncle.

“ ‘The Princess Angilina,’ I answered.

“ ‘Where the joke came in I couldn’t for the life of me see, but the Seattle couple fairly held their sides with laughter. And they wouldn’t

tell us, saying we would find out when we got to Seattle.

“After they went to lunch I said, ‘Mebby the Princess was a little gay—or somethin’; but your Uncle poohooed the idea, and said the gay-er the better, if she only had a handle to her name.

“‘A real live Prince, or Princess,’ said he, ‘like a King, could do no harm that would keep them out of society. As George Ade says, ‘I bet they never was in smelling distance of royalty.’ Trust Herman’s wife to know who’s who.’

“By this time the Seattle couple had returned, and in the excitement of crossing the California line into Oregon, the Princess Angilina episode faded from our minds. As the train stopped on the border, I saw a man standing near a little tent where they sold sandwiches, with a suit case full of pint bottles marked ‘Tea.’ He acted suspiciously, and when the men passed him on their way to the sandwich tent he would wink at them and say ‘Tea’?

“The train only stopped ten minutes, but the tea man did a rushing business at a dollar a pint. One man bought three bottles. Your

Uncle took a sudden notion and nearly tramped every corn I had off my foot in his haste to get a bottle too.

“ ‘Why,’ says I, astonished at his behavior, ‘you always hated tea. What makes it so high?’

“ ‘The war!’ he snapped back at me, as he sped down the aisle.

“He nearly missed the train, but cautiously extracting the bottle from his pocket he slid it into the suit case, remarkin’ in a low voice that he was fixed now if he had one of his coughin’ spells in the night in a prohibition State.

“ ‘Cold tea’s a new remedy for——’ I commenced, but he tramped on my foot and said:

“ ‘Some folks never catch on until they’re
——’

“A commotion from the man who had bought three bottles cut short your uncle’s remarks. He was standin’ in front of the open window and was firing one bottle after another at the man who had sold them to him. One bottle hit the man on his head and knocked off his hat; the other two bottles went wide of the mark, for the fellow, empty suit case in hand, was a quarter of a mile away and runnin’ for dear life.

The men all looked sheepishly at each other, and it dawned on me at last that they thought they were buying something better for a cold than strong tea.

“Your Uncle looked so ashamed that I felt sorry for him and saved the day by telling him to take the thermo bottle to the diner and get me some hot water for my tea. With a grateful look at me, he hastened to do my bidding. As he passed along the aisle, every man who had bought a bottle of tea winked at him. By and by a man proposed they have a Boston Tea Party and throw the bottled tea overboard, in which they all joined and threw it overboard with hearty good-will.

“Well, Herman and his wife met us at the big station in Seattle. They seemed awful glad to see us, and Herman’s wife complimented me on my new traveling suit (relations are glad to see you in any old clothes, no doubt, but I notice it never makes them mad if you are dressed up pretty well).

“They were just bubblin’ over with the Seattle spirit (not spirits), and both talked at once, and pointed out all the places of interest on our way to that beautiful hotel, the New

Washington, where Herman and his wife were makin' their home.

“After restin' up a while, we started out to see the sights, sometimes alone and sometimes with Herman. We went sailin' on that lovely bottomless Lake Washington; we spent hours in the evergreen parks, and let me say right here the parks of California can't compare with the parks of Seattle, where nature and art are combined. But, after all, it's the soft, gentle rains, that every Seattleite goes around with a chip on his shoulder about, that makes them so beautiful.

“Then we took a trip to Snoqualmia Falls, more wonderful, in a way, than Niagary, and admired the green hills covered with giant ferns. Then Herman took us up in an elevator in what seemed to me the highest building in the world, and showed us a snow-clad mountain gleaming pink in the sunshine. He said it was Mount Ranier, and a funny thing about it is that a man whom we knew to be very truthful told us it was Mt. Tacoma.

“As my San Francisco clothes were new, Herman's wife and I went out a good deal in a social way. We met all kinds of women—pro-

fessional, club and society—but I never saw or heard of the woman who came up with us on the train. Neither did I catch as much as a glimpse of the Princess Angeline. Several times I was on the point of askin' Herman's wife about her, but something, I guess the way the Seattle couple on the train laughed, held me back.

“One day I was in a book store looking over some post cards and booklets. On the outside of one pretty little booklet was the picture of an old wrinkled Indian woman with a red handkerchief tied over her head. The name under the picture was ‘The Princess Angelina, daughter of Chief Seattle’; then it flashed over me in an instant the reason the Seattle couple laughed so heartily.

“I bought the booklet to show your Uncle, and this is what it says about her:

“ ‘PRINCESS ANGELINA

“ ‘*Concerning a Noted Character of the Siwash Tribe*

“ ‘I shall never forget the first time I saw the Princess Angelina. She was seated flat on

the stone pavement on one of the principal streets of Seattle, contentedly chewing a banana and stoically regarding the curious glances of the passing throng.

“ ‘A quaint figure was the princess as she sat there; a dull red shawl was worn over her shoulders, and a bright red cotton handkerchief tied tightly under her chin adorned her head. A few gray locks, blown by the gentle breezes of Puget Sound, played about her face, a face once said to be comely, according to the Indian standard of beauty, but now furrowed and aged by the hand of time. A small gaily-colored sack, or bag, woven from reeds and grasses by some cunning hand of the Siwash tribe, hung suspended over her shoulders. Into this bag she put whatever articles of food or wearing apparel she might covet from the stock displayed for sale by the merchants, and without pay, for the Princess was a privileged character in this city by the sea.

“ ‘It was during a visit to one of the famous hop ranches, near Seattle, that I again saw Angelina. She had wandered away from the busy streets of the city to visit her dwindling tribe, who had come to work in the hop fields.

“ ‘It was a lovely summer morning; the long rows of hop vines, green and fragrant, seemed to be stretching away to meet the first rays of the sun, now reflecting rosy and pink the snow-clad heights of Mount Ranier.

“ ‘Angelina’s face was turned toward the mountain, and her fading sight was looking upon a scene familiar to her for more than half a century. The Indians—men, women, and little copper-colored children—were soon busy with their fragrant task, and with the exception of an old man, half white, half Indian, I was alone with the Princess.

“ ‘Whether she resented my questioning her or whether her mind was busy with the past, I do not know, but she did not answer by word or sign, and never withdrew her gaze from the wonderful scene of transfiguration which was being enacted among the clouds and mists of Mount Ranier.

“ ‘The old man soon told me it was useless to talk to Angelina in her present mood, so after some persuasive words and a few coins he himself told me her story.

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘Years before the coming of the white man,” he said, “the Siwash tribe of Indians

lived in peace along the beautiful shores of Lake Washington and Puget Sound.

“ “ “Then the white man came and built his home upon the hills near by. The Indians looked on in fear at first, but soon decided, in a council of war, to make a night attack and kill the sleeping inhabitants of the little village.

“ “ “Angelina and her father Sealth, or Chief Seattle, as the white men called him, knew of the plan, and determined to save the lives of the white men, even at the risk of their own.

“ “ “One night a canoe glided across the waters and soon warned the people of their danger. In the fight that followed, Angelina's lover, a young Siwash brave, was killed, and afterward she was forced to marry another, who beat her because she, a princess, would not work in the fields to get the white man's firewater for him. It is sometimes whispered around the camp fires that Angelina afterward regretted saving the lives of the white folks at the expense of her lover's life; but, true or not, it is known to all that Angelina has never been known to smile since her lover's death.

“ “ “But the pioneers of half a century ago

remembered the brave deed, and Angelina has been to them the 'Daughter of Seattle.' "

" "A year later I stood beside her grave in the beautiful cemetery which overlooks the quiet waters and woodland dells near by.

" "A carved stone, resembling a trunk of the forest trees she loved so well, marks her last resting-place. A smooth place on one side of the roughened stone bears the legend:

ANGELINA,

·Daughter of Chief Seattle.

A HUMAN DOOR-MAT

“**S**O you like my furs, too, do you, Mandy?” said Aunt Phoebe to her niece. “Well, they are handsome—much handsomer than anything in the way of furs that I ever expected to own. I’ll have to tell you how your Uncle happened to open up his heart and his pocketbook at the same time and buy ’em for me. Well, it all come from him tryin’ another one of them new fads—not exactly a health fad, but something along them lines. Now, there’s nobody believes any more’n I do in folks gettin’ out of old ruts into new, but all the same I go a little slow on tryin’ out everything I see in print; spoiled a whole basket of the nicest pears you ever see last fall by following a recete I found in a woman’s column of a paper. Common sense told me nothin’ short of a merical could keep pears that hadn’t been heated up from spoilin’; but I’ll know next time that sugar and cold water poured

over raw fruit don't keep it much more'n overnight.

“No, Mandy, with due regard to the papers, I must say I don't swallow everything I see in print like your Uncle does. For the last year I think he must have averaged a fad a month, taken from some paper or magazine. He tried that Fletcherizin' food fad till it got on my nerves. Nine chews and a swallow, nine chews and a swallow. I didn't mind it so much when he was eatin' solid victuals, but nine chews and a swallow when he was eatin' soup was a little too much.

“Then that bathin' fad he took up with, to keep from takin' cold; holdin' onto his left ear with his right hand, or holdin' onto his right ear with his left hand, to create an electrical circuit through his body, was about the silliest idee I ever heard tell of. If I'd 'a' suggested it, he would have told me to mind my own business. Then he read in the health department about goin' back to nature for health hints, givin' as an example the tired work horse who, instead of takin' a drink of licker or somethin' to brace him up after a hard day's work, proceeds to roll over and over as soon as the harness is

taken from his back. Well, your Uncle tried even that; he was ashamed to try it in the bedroom before me, so he sneaked out in the livin' room. I heard a queer thrashin' noise, and listened. Then I heard an awful crash and groans. I rushed out and switchin' on the light I saw in a second what had happened. He had kicked the pedestal over and knocked a heavy statue that was settin' on it over onto himself and nearly crushed the breath out of him. I got him into bed, and rubbed him with arnica, but he was cross and stiff and sore for a week. He didn't take up with any more nature cures for a while, although you couldn't hardly blame the man who wrote it, for him kickin' the pedestal over.

“The last fad he tried out wasn't exactly a health fad, although the author claimed that happiness is health, and health is happiness. Such a theory, though, accordin' to my reasoning, is open to debate, for some of the healthiest folks I ever saw went round with the longest faces, and some frail ones radiated sunshine wherever they went.

“Be that as it may, the piece I am referrin' to was an article headed, ‘How to Be Happy by

Makin' a Human Door-Mat of Yourself.' It went on and told how you could change yourself over from a grouch to the happiest mortel on this green footstool by followin' the writer's advice for one day; said advice bein' as follows:

“ ‘Start out in the mornin’, as soon as you wake up, by makin’ a resolution that for this one day you will make a human door-mat of yourself. If you have been plumin’ yourself all along that you have certain inailnable rights that others are bound to respect—forget it. Get the thought that for this one day the whole end and aim of your existence is to be tolerated by the nabers, and to be bossed around by your wife. Set down an’ think, what have you ever done, anyway, to deserve a wife and treat her accordin’. Stop thinkin’ that any one ought to be good to you, and get a move on yourself bein’ good to others, even to helpin’ your servant you are payin’ out good hard cash to. What right have you to a servant, anyway? Speak gently, kindly, to every one, even to the fellow who is standin’ on your pet corn in a street car, and if you go a step further and pay his car-fare, observe the joyous sensation chasin’ up and down your anatomy. If a youngster in-

sists on standin' up in the car seat to look out of the window, and wipes the mud and tar off his shoes onto your pants, just home from the cleaner's, turn the other leg and give him a clean place to wipe on.

“ ‘By thusly makin' a door-mat out of yourself,’ said the writer, ‘you would be reduced to such a state of ecstatic bliss by bedtime that you wouldn't know whether you was sleepin' on a couch of hummin' birds' down or an apartment house foldin'-bed.’ Well, your Uncle set up far into the night readin' and studyin' that ‘Human Door-Mat’ piece, and all unbeknownst to me makin' resolutions to try it on himself the very next day. When I called to him, ‘Ain't you never comin' to bed?’ he answered back as cranky and natural as life, ‘If I had two bits, Phoebe, for every time you've asked that fool question, I'd be a bloated millionaire by now. I guess the bed hain't a-goin' to run away.’ Hearin' him talk so natural the last thing before I fell asleep, and bein' in the dark about what he was readin', I was entirely unprepared when he come smilin' into the breakfast room the next morning, and, bowin' low, said, ‘Good mornin', Pheba. I hope you rested well.’ I

was so surprised I come nigh lettin' the coffee pot of hot coffee spill onto the cat, and my first thought on landin' it safe on the table was that your Uncle had taken an overdose of bitters, and my second thought was that they dasent put lickin' into it any more. What my third thought was I don't reckolect, for your uncle, still smilin', come on across the room toward the breakfast table, makin' a detour so as not to disturb the cat, which he usually assisted out of his way with his foot. Beauty, sensin' something unusual in your Uncle's actions, quit washin' his face and with one paw arrested in midair watched him suspiciously. I must have looked my astonishment at his unusual consideration, for your Uncle, glancin' in his direction, quoted:

“‘For ever' critter I show my love,
Be it a pussy, or be it a dove.’

“We had griddle cakes for breakfast that morning. Maggie, the hired girl, never could bake 'em to suit him, so to keep down a fuss and mebby lose her, I baked his while he ate, and then Maggie done the same for me. But this mornin', after placin' a chair for me, he says,

'Now, Pheba, you set down and eat with me while Maggie bakes for us both.' A wild idee that mebbly 'twas our annaversary er somethin' came into my head, but when he added, 'Then I'll take holt and bake for her; turn about's fair play,' all sorts of idees about sudden insanity and such things came surgin' through my brain. To hide my agetation, I took the coffee pot and started back to the kitchen, where Maggie, who had been hanging onto the dining room door jam listening, sidled up to me and said, 'I foncey the moster is putting some joke hover us.'

"Just as I got back to the dining room, the doorbell rung. Your uncle answered it; a half-grown boy was gettin' subscribers for a paper; your uncle signed for it several years ahead, and the overjoyed boy was so excited he left part of his papers on the table. Your Uncle Hiram run out after him with them, but the boy took to his heels when he see him, no doubt, thinkin' he was a-goin' to countermand his order.

"True to his promise, he went to the kitchen and insisted on bakin' cakes for Maggie. He filled the griddle full to overflowin' with the batter, an' callin' on us to look, tried to turn it

by a sleight-of-hand trick he see some one at a show do once, by throwin' the cake into the air, expectin', of course, to ketch it batter side down on the griddle. Instead, it landed batter side down on the floor, and Maggie, who had been watchin' the performance in fear and wonder, fled to her room and locked the door after her. Leaving the kitchen, he went out and got the paper and for the first time in his life offered me the front page. He hadn't much more'n got his specks out and settled in his morris chair with the paper than he spied old Miss Remington's old speckled hen scratchin' up some choice bulbs in the flower bed.

“For a year an' more there had been bad feelin's between your Uncle and Miss Remington on account of said hen flyin' over the hedge and scratchin' up his flowers, so at last he give her fair warnin' that if he ever caught her scratchin' round again, he'd wring 'er neck (the hen's, of course) and take 'er by the legs and sling 'er over the hedge back home. So when I see him makin' for the hen, I was ready for almost any sort of a scene between 'em, an' so I guess was Miss Remington, who come hur-ryin' across the lawn to the hen's rescue. When

she got there she found your Uncle humming, 'Oh, hen, you're a beautiful creature,' and feedin' her sunflower seeds.

"Grabbin' the hen in her apern, and lookin' at the sunflower seeds as if they'd been soaked in poizen, she hurried back home, scratchin' her thin hair under her false transformer and doin' some hard thinkin'. Whatever she figgered out about your Uncle's curious actions I don't know; but this I do know: Old speck had her tail and wing feathers clipped off clost up before she was an hour older, and Miss Remington spent most of her time for days afterwards watchin' your Uncle out of her kitchin winder.

"As for me, I was pretty badly worried by this time, not knowin' whether to send for the doctor or what. As I set there thinkin', by some happy chance my eyes fell on the open pages of the magazine he'd been readin' the night before. The truth, that he was just tryin' out another fad, flashed over me in an instant, and so great was my relief I laughed right out loud, settin' there all by myself, and Maggie, who had returned to her griddle cakes, glanced in through the door at me suspiciously,

no doubt thinkin' the whole family was getting queer.

“My mind relieved of an awful suspesion, it reverted to a subject that had been uppermost in my thoughts for a week, namely, furs. I'm not close-mad like some, but I'd set my heart on a set of furs in a downtown fur store. I'd looked at them time an' again, and finally I went in an' asked the price. Honestly, Mandy, I thought the clerk was a-jokin' when he told me. It was enough to keep a poor family a year. I felt ashamed of myself for wanting them, but after the clerk fastened them around my neck and put the muff in my hands I wasn't so ashamed but I'd 'a' taken 'em if your Uncle would stand for it, they was such beauties.

“So when he come smilin' in from the hen episode, hummin' ‘Make some one happy ever' day,’ I says to myself, ‘Now's the time, the place, an' the man.’

“‘I wonder,’ says I, apropos of nuthin' except leadin' up to the subject of furs, ‘if we will have another cold snap this winter like we did last?’ Usually he keeps on readin' when I talk, but this time he stopped and holdin' his finger

on his place, gazed at me genially over his paper and said, 'Wouldn't wonder; why?'

"'Oh, nuthin',' says I, glancin' at the fur ads in the paper, 'only if you think it's goin' to be a cold winter, I'd better be a-lookin' out for my weak throat on chilly days. I saw a set of furs down at the store that suited me to a T, but the price was somethin'——'

"'Price nuthin',' says he, interruptin' me; 'I'd hate to think the wife of Hiram Harrison, Esquire, had to risk pneumonny because of a pair of furs. Name the figure, and I'll make out a check. I named the price, thinkin' he'd put the check book back in his pocket, because he grumbled only the week before about me gettin' so many gloves, but he didn't, only remarkin' as he handed it to me, 'I made it out for a hundred more. I see a woman comin' out of one of them big hotels the other day wearin' a nice pair of furs. The cape would 'a' made her look top heavy, 'twas so big, if it hadn't been for the muff balancin' up things. Honestly, Pheba, 'twas 'most as big as a baby calf. 'Twas a nobby-lookin' suit, take it all in all, with the little fur head, tails, and what nots sewed all over her dress. But she spoiled it all for me

by wearin' one of them "dabootanta slouches" I've been readin' about.'

" 'A what?' says I.

" 'Oh, one of them queer poses the smart set is effectin' now: stickin' their chins out and drawin' their spines in, and slouchin' their shoulder for'ard, for all the world like that foolish Peggy Green used to stand. She'd be right in style now, but folks used to make fun of her in them strait-front and Grecian-bend days. Get all the fur things your a mind to, Pheba,' says he, 'but don't go to effectin' any of them society poses if you want to walk the streets with Hiram Harrison, Esquire.'

"Needless to say, I promised not to 'slouch,' and taking the advice of a motto hangin' over the writing desk to 'Do it now,' I was soon on my way to the fur store rejoicing."

THE MAN FROM SEATTLE

“ON leaving San Diego and the Exposition,” said Aunt Phoebe, “we found our train was late, so we sat in the station quite a spell waitin’ for it to come.

“A fine-looking fellow, about thirty-five I should judge from his looks and about eighty from the way he was dressed, was waitin’ for the Los Angeles train, too. He wore a silk rubber overcoat with a light pair of foot rubbers tucked into a pocket and carried a silk umbrella.

“Your Uncle eyed him curiously for a few minutes, and then observed, ‘From Seattle, I reckon?’

“The fellow looked at him in blank astonishment, and then answered back:

“‘I am; but how in creation did you know it? Since you are such a good guesser, perhaps you can tell me what I’ve got in my pockets.’

“Thus put to, your Uncle hazarded this guess:

“ ‘A pair of rubbers in one, a lot of Exposition postal cards and a return ticket with stop-over privileges in Los Angeles and Frisco in the others, and mebbly, to keep from getting homesick, you have a picture card of old Angeline and Mt. Rainier tucked away somewheres about your baggage.’

“ ‘Right again,’ said the man from Seattle, his wonder growing. ‘You must be a regular mind reader. How in creation did you know I was from Seattle?’

“ ‘Pshaw!’ replied your Uncle, well pleased at his own shrewdness, ‘any one except a blind man could see that. Who but a man living north of the Oregon State line ever wore a rubber coat and carried an umbrella when the dust was flying in the streets?’

“ ‘Well,’ returned the Seattle man, ‘the indications all point to rain. Last night the stars shone brightly, and to-day the sun shone all day long. In Seattle, after such a day, it would rain.’

“ ‘Of course it would, and make up for lost time in the bargain,’ agreed your Uncle readily.

“ ‘The Seattle man looked at him suspiciously,

and knowing from experience that one is skatin' on thin ice when discussing the weather with a Seattleite, I adroitly turned the subject by askin, 'How did you like the Exposition?'

"'Great show!' he answered enthusiastic-like. 'I wouldn't dare say so up home, but between us three it compared very favorably with the Alaska-Yukon Exposition. Of course, Seattle had more natural advantages in the way of climate and scenery, but San Diego is not to blame for that.'

"Your Uncle was astonished at such talk. He is getting to be a regular Californian in that respect; if strangers from other parts dare to intimate that they, too, have a climate and scenery, it always gives him a jolt.

"I never saw a place yet that didn't have some sort of a climate, and mebbly there are people who like it. There's no accountin' for taste; and as for scenery, even Nebraska has some if you take the trouble to climb up on a windmill and look for it.

"'So you don't like California?' observed your Uncle, a little put out.

"'I wouldn't go so far as to say that,' returned the man from Seattle, smoothin' his silk

umbrella affectionately; 'as a playground for the tired business men from live towns where they are really doin' things, California fills a long-felt want; but in a well-watered country, where they raise things for profit and not for show, we could hardly spare good land for sightseers' benefit entirely, and, besides, havin' so many strangers around until you can't tell the sheep's from the goats, would get on my nerves. I asked ten different men to direct me to a certain office building in Los Angeles, and every one said, "I'm a stranger here myself." Seems to me I'd like to meet some one from home, in my own home town, occasionally.'

"Your Uncle was openin' his mouth to reply when I intervened by askin', 'So you are goin' back to Seattle?'

" 'I am, madam,' he returned proudly; 'I am going back to a man's country.'

" 'To a man's country!' echoed me and your Uncle Hiram in chorus.

" 'Yes, a man's country,' he repeated firmly. 'Seattle is run by men. Southern California, and especially Los Angeles, is run by women. The whole country from Tijuana to Santa Barbara is overrun with them. I'll have to be

shown the first place yet that is not overflowin' with them. They crowd you off the sidewalks, off the street cars, and even out of the jitneys.

It takes a braver man than I am to push my way into those big department stores; saw something in a show window that I wanted to buy. Do you suppose I could get through the door without gettin' wedged into a mass of pushing women? Not I! Then I thought I'd made a mistake and the store was for ladies only; but no! a few tired-lookin' men holdin' onto their wives' arms and steppin' sidewise, and up and down and every way to get out of the way of the other women, were in the crowd, so I saw it was a general store.'

"Your Uncle sighed, as if at some sad remembrance, and the man continued:

"'A policeman saw me actin' what he described as "suspiciously," and when I explained the situation to him he offered to cut a path for me back to the gents' furnishin' department, but I refused his assistance, tellin' him I would put on clean collars and cuffs and wait till I got to a town where there were not so many women.

"'It's hard on a man,' commiserated your

Uncle, and the aggrieved one continued his tale of woe.

“ ‘A friend of mine was tellin’ me about that magnificent new hotel they built up in Los Angeles exclusively for men. The sign, “FOR MEN ONLY,” hadn’t been out an hour before the women got wind of it. All day long they passed in groups and squads, peerin’ curiously into the windows, where a score of bachelors and widowers looked out triumphantly at them from the lobby windows as they lounged in easy-chairs, read papers, smoked and made themselves strictly at home. The women stood it two days; then they invaded the lobby, drove the men from their easy-chairs, monopolized the telephone, drove the manager nearly crazy with questions, and wrinkled up their noses at the tobacco smoke. At the present time the five hundred rooms are occupied by three hundred men and their wives, twenty by bachelors and widowers, and the remainder by single women, two in a room.’

“ ‘And it’s gettin’ worse all the time,’ complained your Uncle.

“The man from the North smiled superior-like and said:

“ ‘Now, such a thing never could have happened in Seattle.’

“ ‘We aren’t afraid of our men folks down here,’ said I, a little miffed at his attitude toward the women population.

“ ‘I should say not,’ sighed your Uncle Hiram, as he added his grievances to the list, sayin’:

“ ‘The lobbies in the hotel was originally built for the men folks, but we quit usin’ them to any great extent long ago. One man who was run out into the streets to smoke, and nearly drove off of the street car in the bargain, told me back where he came from he used to be a prominent citizen, and was considered a man amongst men. “But,” says he, “out here in Los Angeles the best that I can say for myself is that I’m a man amongst women.” You can always tell a stranger in town by seein’ him in the lobbies amongst the women folks.’

“ ‘I’ve noticed another peculiar thing, too,’ commented the man from Seattle. ‘When a good-looker comes floatin’ in all ribbons and furbellows, the men nearly fall over each other to give her a seat. Fancy a man being that dippy in Seattle!’ And then he went on, as if

his own voice listened good to him: 'That takin' a fluffy bag of some sort out of their purses and powderin' their faces right before us is a new one on me. I'll admit, though, that the California girls are charming, in spite of their independent ways. A fellow might get used to it in time.

" 'Then those apartment houses are goin' to take you folks by spreading as fast as Devil grass. If they continue ten years longer, there'll be children who'll have to go to a Museum or Exposition to see an open bed. I've seen nothing but wall beds since I left home. Went to visit a friend in Pasadena and worked half the night tryin' to pull a mantel down. He heard the racket and came up to see what was the matter; then he showed me how to pull some knobs that let out one side of the house into a wall bed and sleepin' porch combined.

" 'Met a widow from Seattle,' he went on, 'who said she was havin' the time of her life down here in one of these apartment houses. Said it was a dandy place for a woman who didn't want to marry, for there were so few eligible men in Los Angeles they were at a premium, so they always went on the "Dutch

Treat" basis. I said it looked pretty cheap, but she defended the system and said it was all right. She said if a woman really wanted to marry she had better stay in Seattle, where competition wasn't so great.'

"'From your talk, I gather you are a confirmed bachelor,' hinted your Uncle.

"'I was,' admitted the man from Seattle, 'but I am goin' to spend ten days in Los Angeles, and you can never tell what will happen to a lone bachelor among so many women, and——'

"'All aboard!' shouted the train dispatcher. The man from Seattle slid into his rubbers, hoisted his umbrella and started for the train. We followed him, and to our great astonishment we found it was rainin' outside to beat Seattle."

AUNT PHOEBE'S ADVENTURE

UNCLE THOUGHT SHE WAS A VICTIM OF
HALLUCINATION

“I NEVER told you, Mandy, what a time me and your Uncle had buyin' Christmas presents in California,” said Aunt Phoebe Harrison.

“In the first place I was too mad to talk about it for a month, and after that I was ashamed to tell any one about it, but since I've been thinkin' it over, I can now laugh to myself about the ridiculousness of it all, and I don't blame your Uncle half as much as I did at the time it happened.

“One nice morning about two weeks before Christmas I said to your Uncle, ‘Let's go and buy our Christmas presents early this year and avoid the rush,’ and he answered back real cross for him:

“‘You talk just like a department store advertisement, Phoebe, and I don't wonder, seein’

how you hain't hardly read any other kind of literature for nearly a month; but if you are determined to have me run the gauntlet of life and limb in them Christmas crowds on Broadway, I may just as well take my life in my hands now as any other time.'

“Whenever your Uncle goes shopping with me amongst the crowd of department store women, he acts like he was doin' something as dangerous as goin' to war. So after arguin' and actin' contrary by wearing his white straw hat, for fear he'd sweat the band of his new black one, we got started.

“My! but it was a warm day for December, and about the first thing I had to do after getting into the crowds was to take off my jacket and give it to your Uncle to carry. He rolled it up in a tight wad, and putting it under his arm, said sarcastic-like, right before some other women who was eyeing the proceedings disapprovin'-like:

“‘Phoebe, you ought to have a snapshot taken of me luggin' this old jacket round so as to have somethin' natural and lifelike to look at when I'm mustered out.’

“I didn't answer him, for I have learned by

experience not to talk back to him when he gets one of them grouchy moods, so I kept a still tongue and mebbly saved a fuss.

“The first place we stopped to look at things was at a big bookstore, and a tall, narrow, contracted young man, who wore a collar big enough to go over his little head, come forward to wait on us. I saw him look and motion to a hatchet-faced girl near him as much as to say, ‘Watch me and you’ll see some fun.’

“I took out my list from my purse, to see the names I had jotted down, random-like, of folks I wanted to remember back home and read: ‘Mrs. Minerva Petigrew, Lincoln, Route No. 2, R. F. D.’ She was a former naber, so after readin’ her name out to your Uncle, I said: ‘How do you think a book would do for her?’

“‘All right,’ he answered right out loud before that grinning clerk. ‘If you can find one entitled, “Something to Read When You Get Tired of Talking About Your Neighbors.”’

“‘Then,’ he continued, ‘we might get this one called “Foreigners” for that raw Swede that rents the south eighty.’

“‘Then that “Billy Whiskers” will do for Uncle Billy Hudson, who hain’t shaved himself

since the Pop party went out of power back in the early Nineties.

“I hurried him away for fear they would hear him, and made up my mind to go by myself to buy books the next time.

“Then we commenced the rounds of the department stores, and by noon we was nearly loaded down and ready for our lunch, which we ate up on the top floor of one of the big department stores.

“After we had started home, I missed my jacket. Your Uncle had left it where we et our lunch; but he wouldn't go back after it, sayin' he'd rather go over Niagary Falls in a barrel than to fight his way through that mob of women folks again; said he'd buy me a new one rather than go. The jacket belonged to my new tailored suit, but seein' how he dreaded going for it, I decided to go myself.

“Comin' back, I thought to save time by crossin' the street catercornered; but, sakes alive! I'll never try that again, for I got caught between two automobiles, a street car and a motorcycle, as I stood there too dazed to know which way to turn. A street car come cross-wise, ringing the bells right on me, some one

shouted for me to jump and in doin' so I caught the heel of my shoe in my skirt and fell down all of a heap, right in front of a cow hitched to the front of a cart.

“Yes, a cow. A' real cow with a bell on her and a man drivin' her from behind, just like a horse. Which was the most astonished, me or the cow, I don't know, but she gave a little scairt bawl and jumped clear over me and never hurt me a mite.

“Just then a policeman spied me and come and helped me over to the corner where your Uncle was waitin' for me. In some way my face'd got scratched a little and was bleedin', and when your Uncle see me with a policeman, he was the worst scairt man you ever saw, and when I commenced, excited-like, to tell him about the cow episode, he said to himself:

“‘Crazy as a bed bug! Seein' that bull fight in Tiajauny, and this Christmas jam has been too much for her, and she's come unhinged right here on the street. Would that we had never seen a department store or a Spanish bull fight—jabberin' away about cattle right here on Broadway! Come on, Phoebe, we must see a doctor right away,’ and he hurried me into a

building and took me up to the office of a young doctor who had just come out to Los Angeles from Indiana, where some relations of ours lived.

“ ‘Doctor Smally, who, by the way, was six feet tall and wore nose glasses, listened as solemn as an owl while your Uncle told him I had been suddenly took with a hallucination, thinkin’ I see a cow walkin’ on Broadway, with a bell on her neck, and a man drivin’ her from behind like a horse. The drivin’ club matinee, stock yard moving pictures, Christmas bells, bull fights and things has got on her nerves, and here she is,’ says he, ‘all unhinged.’

“ ‘Quit talkin’ nonsense and put some court plaster on my face,’ says I. ‘I’m no more crazy than the rest of you, for I saw a cow hitched to a cart on Broadway, and that’s the end of it.’

“ ‘The doctor looked sidewise at your Uncle, and says soothin’-like to me:

“ ‘Of course she did; of course she did.’

“ ‘Of course she did nothin’,’ said your Uncle, too contrary to let on even to a crazy wife. ‘Can’t you give her a dose of somethin’, doc, to counteract them hallucinations?’

“ ‘The doctor, thus admonished, hitched his

chair up closer to mine, and looking straight into my eyes and talking like's if I was a child, said to your Uncle:

“ ‘From what I can understand, this—this, er—peculiarity was not evident in her family?’

“Your Uncle thought a minute, and then said:

“ ‘Yes, now that I think of it, her daddy did act mighty queer once when I was a-sittin' up with Phoebe and forgot myself (because the clock stopped runnin') and stayed till four in the morning. Yes, now that I think of it, he talked mighty queer and random-like, sayin' my folks must have had a mighty airly breakfast for me to get over so soon in the morning; let on like he thought I'd just come from home.’

“ ‘Well,’ said the puzzled doctor, his sharp gray eyes leveled on my countenance through them nose glasses, ‘there's one test that never fails: a person who cannot touch their nose with the forefinger of their left hand, at the first trial, is mentally unbalanced,’ and he called out real sharp, ‘Place your left forefinger on the tip of your nose—quick!’

“I could have done it, all right, but a button on my sleeve caught on my lace collar, and I

nearly punched an eye out, and almost broke my glasses.

“The doctor seemed awful worked up at my failure, and wiped his nose glasses on his purple handkerchief, and pulled up his pants and gazed thoughtfully at his purple socks, and straightened his purple tie, mutterin’ to himself: ‘Liable to have a brainstorm or lapse of memory any minute and do violence to her husband.’

“When he mentioned your Uncle, I turned round to see what he was doing, and there he stood, as pale as putty, looking like he had turned to stone and tryin’ his best to put his left forefinger on the tip of his nose, and, being so excited, he missed it every time.

“ ‘Phoebe,’ says he, ‘I’m done for. Another good man’s had his nerves broke off short as a corncob, buyin’ Christmas truck in them women-crowded department stores. Take us home in a taxi, Doc, and call in a parsel of them expert allainists and help ’em patch up our intellectual aparatuses, and then we’ll give up these Exposition trips and things, and settle down to private life and do nothin’ more excit-

ing that pick the devil grass out, and gossip over the back fence with the nabers.'

"So the doctor started us homeward, and just as we stepped onto the sidewalk toward the taxicab what should we see but that same cow, cart, driver, bell and all, comin' down the street.

"The doctor opened his eyes in astonishment and got red in the face at the diagnosis he had made, but your Uncle was so relieved to think the whole family wasn't crazy that he nearly danced on the sidewalk. Then as usual he tried to get out of it by saying he was joking, and knowed there was a cow in town all the time; but he didn't.

"Sometimes when I want to tease the doctor I say, real sharp: 'Put the forefinger of your left hand on your nose—quick!'

"Now I'll show you the picture of that cow. I found it among the presents your uncle gave me last Christmas, and some day when we are down on Broadway I'll show you the real cow, cart, driver, bell, and all."

A SHOPPING EXPERIENCE

“WELL, buying clothes in California,” complained Aunt Phoebe, “and meebby any other place nowadays, is getting to be a real problem. The time was when I thought having the price of good clothes settled the matter, but I guess it just complicates it.

“I went into a store the other day intending to peek around a little, but a hard-faced, wooden-figured saleswoman transfixed me with her fishy eyes and seated me where I belonged, with as much firmness as if I was going to the electric chair.

“Economy dies hard, so I had in mind a garment that I could play a game of golf in, or wear to the beach, or mountains, or even on the street if we took a notion to ride downtown from the links.

“Scenting the hidden economy, when I made my wants known, her stony face got harder and harder as she informed me that they didn’t car-

ry any such garment; 'however,' she added, 'you might find it in the basement.'

"I got up and started to leave, but a good-looking Jewish gentleman, with much bowing and smiling, inveigled me back into my seat and drawing the saleslady aside, he laid down the law to her for letting a customer escape, with an altogether different look on his dark countenance than when he was reseating me.

"She went to a case and took out a sport suit with polka dots nearly as large as a saucer. I shook my head, and she replaced it and brought for my inspection a white broadcloth affair which she insisted I try on. One look at myself in the glass made me gasp, for it made me look like I had regained the forty pounds I was so long losing. I took it off in a hurry.

"Just at this juncture your Uncle, who was to meet me there, came tiptoeing out of the elevator like he was at a funeral and sat down beside me. The saleslady had her back to us, looking into the glass case for some more freak clothes to try on me.

"'Did you find anything?' asked your Uncle, in a stage whisper. 'Get something, for pity's sake, and let's get out of here.'

“He looked around at the dressed-up figures, and then all at once, before I knew what he was doing, he says, ‘How’s this one made in front?’ and takes that saleslady by the hip and tried to whirl her round, thinking she was a dummy.

“She whirled, all right, and said, ‘Sir!’ so suddenly that she scared the senses almost out of your Uncle.

“‘The Jewish gentleman came runnin’, and I felt so sorry for your Uncle I bought a plaid suit then and there and the haughty saleslady moved automatically away with it, and the Jewish gentleman soothed your Uncle’s ruffled feelings while he was making out the check.

“‘What in the world did you mean?’ said I to your Uncle, when we were alone.

“‘Mean?’ says he. ‘How in creation was I to know she wasn’t a dummy? She looked like one, and, by George, she felt like one, too—hard as a stone image; never see a woman who wouldn’t give an inch before.

“‘Then I bought a nice waist, and gloves and shoes and a hat.

“‘I had them all laid out on the bed, very well satisfied and not begrudging the seventy-five dollars they cost; but that was before Mrs.

Gambol, a society woman and a distant connection who lives across the street, gave them, to use a slang phrase, 'the once over.'

" 'Unhwh,' she murmured, as she picked up my lace waist (marked eight-ninety-eight); 'very pretty for informal afternoons; wish you had been with me to see the display of waists at the Maryland last week. I bought one with real lace, the points set inverted around the belt,' " said she, 'to wear with my new blue suit with the velvet trimmings.'

"She passed over the plaid dress without a single comment, which is to a woman the biggest insult of all. I also found that my gloves, which from the way the saleslady talked could be worn with anything, 'from a sassy Jane to a span-gled evening gown,' were only intended for sport wear; and she had a pair of shoes like mine the year before.

"From his den on the other side of the hall your Uncle heard all. After she left, he came into the room, saying: 'Phoebe Harrison, I am going to ask one favor of you: you go shopping with that woman, and get the best; her husband's bank account is no bigger than mine—what his wife can afford my wife can afford.

When we go East this summer we want to go right. Let her help to select your clothes, and send the bills to me.'

"I went.

"Your Uncle looked incredulous when he footed up the bills, but he made me out a check for twelve hundred dollars without a word of complaint. I got a waist like hers—it was cheap(?), she said, at ninety-five dollars.

"And my hat—well, if I hadn't wanted to give your Uncle an object lesson on what it cost to keep up with every passing fad, I never would have dreamed of buying it, for such prices are wicked, and my conscience hurt me over the money I paid for my clothes, at least it did until I put them on. I will admit they are becoming, and buying the right kind of clothes is getting to be a real art; but your Uncle never urged me to go out with Mrs. Gambol any more, but now that they are safely packed in the trunk ready for our Eastern trip, I'm not saying I'm sorry, for I'm 'prepared' to meet the President's wife or anybody else who happens our way. I'm going to send Mrs. Gambol the very latest novelty direct from Paris that I can find in New York City."

A TRIP BACK TO THE OLD HOME

“**I** THINK I told you,” observed Aunt Phoebe, “about Mrs. Gambol takin’ me on that shoppin’ expedition just before we took our Eastern trip.

“And now about the trip itself: We had quite a time getting started, for when you are keepin’ house it’s no easy matter to break up and leave on short notice. I had thought to leave Ito, the Jap gardener who sleeps in the garage, in charge, but when he tried to feed Beauty, my white Persian cat, he (the cat, I mean) arched up his back, slapped at Ito’s face with his paw, and retired under the gas range, glarin’ at him with wide eyes until he left the kitchen.

“Then he tried to feed Beauty’s liver and milk to the canaries; so I give up the idea and left Gusta Johnson, our house maid, in charge. Then I had a fuss with your Uncle Hiram about takin’ two trunks. He wanted me to leave most of the nice things I had gone to so much trouble

to buy and get fitted into at home. Well, we settled the matter finally by taking two trunks and a lot of extra suit cases, but at last we got started and, when the train was movin' eastward through the familiar streets of Los Angeles, we were both considerably wrought up in our feelin's, for before our return our eyes would rest upon the Capitol of these great United States; we would walk the streets of that wonder city, New York; and last, but not least, we would visit our childhood's home, which we had not seen for nearly a third of a century, on the banks of the raging Wabash.

“Our first short stop was at Salt Lake City, which Mormonism made famous, or infamous, just as you happen to look at it.

“Why is it that the system of Mormonism never jars or shocks a man's sensibilities like it does a woman's?

“As we neared the city, we fell in conversation with our fellow travelers and, while all the women denounced the system bitterly, the men viewed the matter with good-natured tolerance. A sour-looking man said that single marriages were not always what they were cracked up to be, and a good lookin' bachelor said he thanked

his lucky stars that Congress had put its foot down on the practice in time to save him; and your uncle humorously remarked 'if polygamy ever came into style in California, instead of adding a room for every new wife like they did in Salt Lake City, he would build a cute little bungalow court for them.'

"We stopped over one day in Chicago, and I went with your Uncle to see the excitement in the wheat-pit on the Board of Trade. Talk about noises! The hotel solicitors at the Ferry Depot in San Francisco and twelve hundred women talkin' all at once at the Ebell Club House seemed but a drop in the ocean compared to the uproar made by them brokers. They all talked at the top of their voices, knocked off each other's hats, and shook their fists at one another. Your Uncle, who had made a vow never to speculate again (being considerable ahead of the game), acted like I've seen old race horses act when they saw other horses racing on their old tracks, but he showed strength of character by not yieldin' to the temptation, and we was soon on our way to the Capital City. We stayed a month in Washington, and enjoyed it.

"My cousin, Ransdale Kelley, Democrat

Congressman from Indiana, took us to see everything, including the President and his wife. I was awful glad I bought that orchard-colored broadcloth with everything to match. I read once that good clothes in certain places were more to be coveted than a good name. I don't exactly believe that, but there is no denyin' it's a great comfort to know you are wearing the right clothes when the President and his wife is givin' you a handshake and the 'once over.'

"As for our stay in New York, I find it's 'love's labor lost' to try to tell any one about that city. If they have never been there, they are only mildly interested; and if they have been there, they think they know more about it than you do.

"At last we reached Indiana, and your Uncle was awfully disappointed to find his old home covered with machine shops and roundhouses. The only landmark left was a big hickory-nut tree where the workin' men were eatin' their noon-day lunch, but I knew I was goin' to the same old homestead, for at my father's death it had passed into the hands of his sister, Aunt Betsy Kelley. Her husband, Captain Kelley, was a big, good-natured and handsome Irish-

man. Tradition has it that the day after their marriage she burned up his pipe, tobacco, playin' cards, violin, hair oil and fancy vest, and everything else pertainin' to the vanities of life. When he passed away, a few years later, an old neighbor man remarked: 'Far be it from me to mourn the passin' of that man; bein' too much of an Irishman to get a divorce and not enough of an Irishman to thresh the meanness out of her, what was there left for the poor man to do but die?'

"Well, there is no denyin' Aunt Betsy was a character and when, at the age of seventy-five, she opened the screen door for me an' your Uncle an' made a vigorous onslaught on the flies with a yard stick covered with fringed newspapers (instead of shakin' hands with us). I see that she was the same old Aunt Betsy, still active and alert in body and mind. After the last venturesome fly had been routed, she calmly hung the fly-chaser on its hook and shook hands cordially with us, gave us the best rockers, padded with log-cabin and crazy-quilt cushions. To my delight, everything in the room was just the same as my memory had pictured it: the same brussels carpet with its sprawlin'

green leaves and impossible roses, was on the floor, for Aunt Betsy had done us the honors of the best room, or parlor, sacred to funerals and weddin's, and the first formal calls of the ministers. This rule was broken only once, when she gave a reception to the whole countryside, the night after her only son was elected to Congress. I looked eagerly aroun' me through the open door into the familiar sitting-room, with its hit-and-miss rag carpet and braided mats at the door. Here was one place, in this changin' world that time had left untouched. Every object in the room recalled memories of other days. The organ, the marble-toped table, were there, and standin' in one corner was a three-cornered contraption known in my youthful days as a what-not. Reposing on the what-not, amid china ornaments and California souvenirs, was a conch-shell, which some seafaring ancestor had wished on the family. Your Uncle's eyes and mine fell on it at the same time, and in spite of ourselves, we laughed long and loud—lucky for us that Aunt Betsy had gone to the cellar for cold cider and doughnuts! The old shell recalled a little incident of our courtin' days. Your Uncle had taken me to a Fourth of

July celebration in the village near by. Now it seems to have been an unwritten law that all the family should be at home from this festivity at 6 o'clock, but some other young people coaxed us to stay and see the fireworks at night. Now it was another unwritten law in our neighborhood that this conch shell was never to be used except in cases of fire, accidents or lost children, when a few vigorous blasts would bring the whole neighborhood to our aid. So when seven o'clock come, and no Phoebe, and eight o'clock come and no Phoebe, what did Aunt Betsy do but blow that conch shell louder than Gabriel's trumpet, and sitting on the dewey grass on your Uncle's linen duster, enjoyin' the fireworks, the old conch shell's tones smote on my ear like the crack of doom. Without waitin' to explain, I hurried your astonished Uncle to the top-buggy, and halfway home we met a small searchin' party headed by Aunt Phoebe lookin' for us. Your Uncle was so mad he didn't come to our house for nearly two weeks, much to Aunt Betsy's satisfaction, and to this day if some one blows a conch shell suddenly, I jump as if I was shot.

“After Aunt Betsy came back with the cider,

she went out again to get supper, leavin' us to entertain ourselves with the family album. Eagerly we turned the leaves. Aunt Betsy's husband came first; Cousin Ransdale Kelley, three months old, taken in his mother's arms, his two yards of lace-trimmed dress trailing grandly on the floor; a fat little girl, with tightly curled hair, claspin' a doll in her arms, bore the legend, '*Phoebe Ransdale, aged two years.*'

By and by we come to a family group—your Uncle's father and mother, she holding a small boy on her lap. 'What homely kid is that, mother is holdin' on her lap?' wondered your Uncle, adjustin' his glasses and lookin' closely. 'Brother John made rather a good-lookin' man. I never thought he carried such a food-trap as that aroun' when he was a little boy. He must have got tired carryin' his ears and feet aroun'. Holdin' such a lookin' kid as that and lookin' proud of him in the bargain, shows what mother love will do. From the stern look on his face, father don't seem to be any too well pleased with the rangey youngster fate has wished on him. Wonder when that picture was taken? Here it tells on the back,' and he read: 'James

P. Harrison, Mary Ann Harrison, and little Hiram on his third birthday.' Your Uncle was considerably taken aback when he found it was himself. By and by we found a picture of ourselves taken on that Fourth of July, showin' him to be quite a handsome young lad, and he was awfully tickled to see that he had at last caught up with his ears and mouth.

“ ‘And Phoebe, you're a peach,' says he, 'in spite of your dinky hat and squeezed-in waist.' ”

“At the supper table I had two pleasant surprises. I met my pretty namesake, Phoebe Kelley, and Aunt Betsy gave me the rose bud set of dishes that had been in our family 200 years. After supper, we an' Aunt Betsy and Jerome, the hired man that she still treated like a boy in spite of his sixty years, made the roun's of the old farm, out through the apple orchard, across a little clover patch, to the old spring-house with its pans of milk everlastingly reposin' in troughs of icy spring water. A barrel sunk in the ground, over a bubblin' spring, recalled to mind a near tragedy of my childhood, when I fell headfirst into its icy depths.

“Then we took a look at the smoke-house and saw the smoke from the hickory chips curlin' up

among the hams. Your Uncle hinted so hard that Aunt Betsy gave him one to take home.

“After a while, the moon came up over the hills, and the whip-poor-wills commenced their plaintive song in a woodland near by. ‘I’m going to bed,’ suddenly announced Aunt Betsy, ‘and you, Phoebe, had better unpack a longer dress, as the minister and his wife is comin’ here to-morrow for dinner.’

“ ‘Why,’ says I, taken aback, ‘I only brought the dress I have on. What’s the matter with this?’

“ ‘Well, never mind; I’ll see about it,’ was all she said, as she left us and went in the house.

“The night was hot, and I knew my old room would be stiflin’, so we sat down on a rustic bench that we used to use in our courtin’ days under a grape-arbor, near the old walnut gate. The air was heavy with the scent of the honey-locusts, and sounds heard only in a woodland country came faintly to the ear: the tinklin’ of a cowbell; the barkin’ of a dog, and the everlastin’ callin’, callin’ of the whip-poor-wills.

“Suddenly down the old brick walk, leadin’ to the front gate, came Phoebe. Up from the very shadows, so suddenly did he appear, came

a good-lookin' young man, sayin', 'Darling, I thought you would never come.'

" 'Grandma has company, Harold. It seems like an age since I saw you last night.'

" 'Guess what I have in my pocket——'

" 'Phoebe,' came the voice of Aunt Betsy.

"Phoebe didn't answer, but flecked the young man playfully with a bunch of honey-locust blooms.

" 'I got the ring yesterday,' continued Harold. 'I cannot let you go to Washington and leave——'

" 'Phoebe Elizabeth,' a little louder from Aunt Betsy.

" 'Coming, grandma,' lied Phoebe.

" 'Lean over and I'll tell you something,' said Harold to Phoebe.

"She leaned, and he laughingly caught her in his arms. They looked as pretty as a scene from a movin' picture show.

" 'Phoebe Elizabeth Kelley,' called Aunt Betsy, sticking her white-capped head out of the window, 'I'm comin' right down and, if that young man is——'

"But so engrossed were they with each other that the warning fell on deaf ears, and your

Uncle, remembering the couch-shell episode, and fearing the worst from Aunt Betsy, suddenly called out, 'Break away!'

"If Harold jumped an inch, he jumped a foot, and he was out of sight, down the pike, and Phoebe was in the house by a side door when Aunt Betsy, lookin' puzzled at findin' no one, appeared on the scene.

"The next mornin' I was awakened from a California dream by what I thought at first was the fire department, but what proved to be the six-o'clock breakfast bell in the hands of the faithful Jerome. Knowing Aunt Betsy's habit of cleaning off the breakfast table half an hour after the breakfast bell rang, I woke your grumbin' Uncle and made haste to dress. I looked at my comfortable Pullman kimona, but abandoned the idea and picked up my tailored travelin' skirt, an' could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw that a six-inch black alpaca-plaited flounce had been sewed neatly onto the bottom. I put it on, and the plaited flounce touched the floor modestly all around, and I laughed at the figure I cut in the long mirror. Your Uncle looked up gloomily from lacing his shoes and, not recognizing the skirt, said:

‘Couldn’t rest, I reckon, without draggin’ some new-fangled Paris style home with you from New York. I’ll bet you’re just dyin’ to see what Mrs. Gambol thinks of it. Well, there is one thing sure, they just naturally had to come lower, since they couldn’t go up any higher. What goes up must come down—skirts as well as anything else. You do look funny, though——’

“A rap on the door hurried us down to breakfast, and your Uncle found a letter by his plate. It read: ‘Honorable Hiram Harrison. I thank you for attention. Be informed of the wondrous actions of your servant, Gusta, and the Beauty Cat—also yellow birds with cage. This day Beauty Cat sun himself by the hedge. Dog jump over hedge. Much growl. Cat claw and make faces. Very high back, big tail. Jump on the garage. No come down. Ito get ladder. Cat claws his face. Much bleed. Gusta girl go up. Cat come down. Both fall from ladder. Gusta cry. Arm no go. Cat runs house. Three legs only used. Now Gusta in the hospital, Beauty in cat hospital; much hiss and make faces at other sick kitties. Yellow birds no eat for Ito. Present address, bird store. Every-

thing fine; also the devil grass. Dig more tomorrow, maybe. Remember Honorable Missus. Very kind wishes. Ito.'

“‘That settles it,’ said your Uncle, awful cheerful considerin’ all the broken bones. ‘You won’t have to put in another night fannin’ and slappin’ mosquitoes and listenin’ to them everlasting’ whip-poor-wills.’

“‘Of course, I was disappointed, but I started in to pack my suitcase and your Uncle to pack his ham. It’s wonderful, the lure the word California has for every one. Aunt Betsy promptly accepted our invitation to visit us, and when we suggested a travelin’ companion, she said: ‘What for? I paid the mortgage off this farm, raised a Congressman, and I guess I can find California without taggin’ after any one.’

“‘And Phoebe and her young lawyer are coming out on their weddin’ tour, and Jerome, the hired hand, is comin’ too. He says he has put twenty dollars in the bank every year for forty years, and he is goin’ to see ‘California First.’ He said his brother, who has been livin’ out there at the County Farm for two years, says it beats workin’ on a muddy Indiana farm all hollow.’”

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