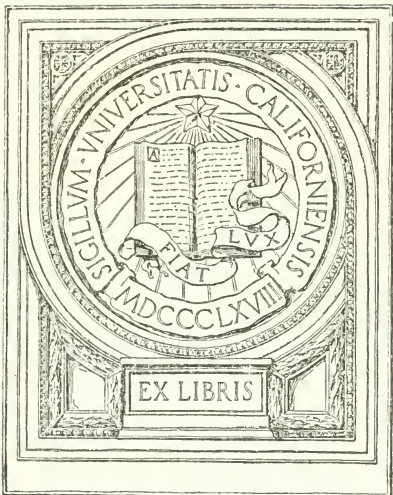


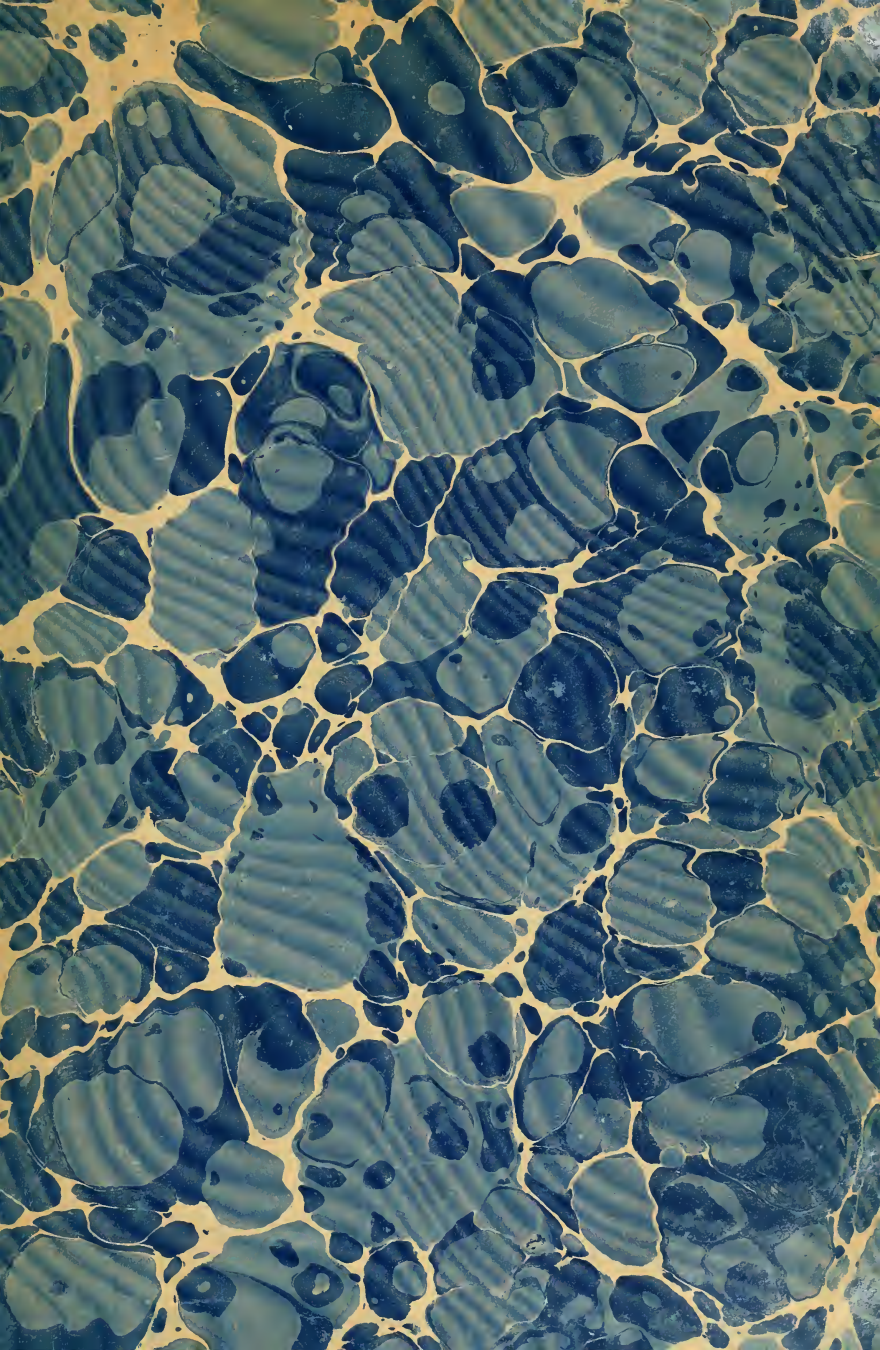
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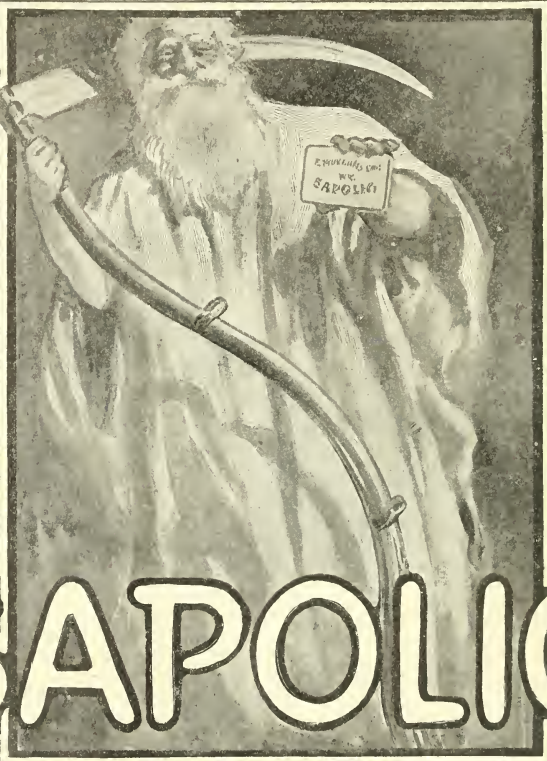


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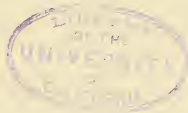
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# The Pacific Monthly

VOLUME XVII

January—June  
1907

*“The Magazine of the Western American”*



THE PACIFIC MONTHLY PUBLISHING COMPANY  
PORTLAND, OREGON

1907

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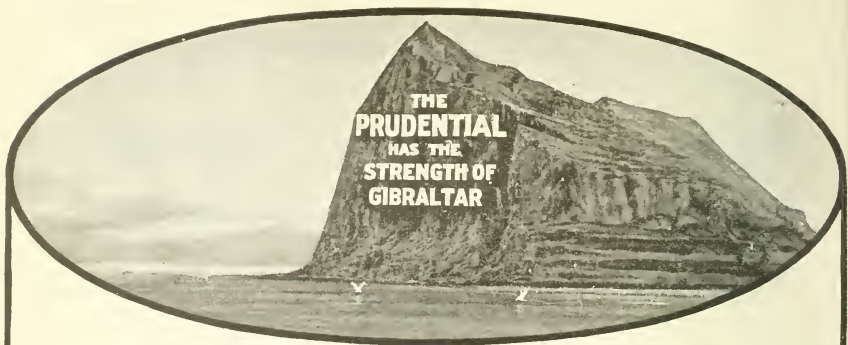
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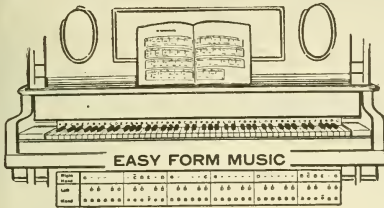
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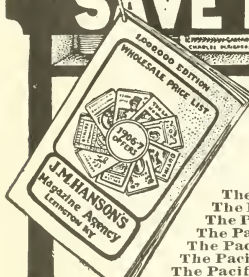
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# The Pacific Monthly

## for the Year 1907

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With this issue the publishers of **The Pacific Monthly** offer a magazine which represents in some way their plans and purposes for the year 1907. Every reader will observe with this magazine the first chapters of a remarkable serial of the West, a number of interesting short stories written by excellent writers, poetry expressive of the West, special articles about Western men and their accomplishments, written by those best qualified, the beginning of a series of articles on birds and animals native to the Pacific slope, a distinguished essay on the drama, and a remarkable history of one of the Western literary groups whose members have made both name and fame with pen and brush.

### *Some of Our Contributors*

**The Pacific Monthly** begs leave to introduce to its readers a few of the contributors to its pages, whose work during 1907 will lend special distinction to the magazine:

Herman Whitaker.

Gerald Morgan.

Jack London.

Frank G. Stephens.

Jules Eckert Goodman.

Adelaide Soule.

Ernest Derr Biggers.

James Hopper.

William L. Finley.

Percival Nash

Millard F. Hudson.

Ernest Bross.

Fred A. Hunt.

W. F. Bailey.

Charles B. Clark, Jr.

Charles Erskine Scott Wood.

W. Leon Dawson.

Fred Lockley.

L. W. Brownell.

Edwin L. Sabin.

Porter Garnett.

Grace G. Bostwick.

Adelaide Wilson.

Austin Lewis.

# The Pacific Monthly

## for the Year 1907

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### *Illustrations*

The Pacific Monthly will remain as before the most profusely illustrated magazine in America. It will publish the distinctive work of prominent Western artists, both in colors and in black and white, and its photographic illustrations of special articles will present with the utmost completeness all the aspects of the scenic West. Among the artists whose work will reproduce in color the most dramatic features of mountain, plain and coast are Xavier Martinez, Sidney H. Riesenbergh, MacM. Pease, Maynard Dixon, Lute Pease and Paul De Longpre. Among the series of remarkable photographs will be those of Mr. F. H. Kiser, illustrating mountain climbing among the higher peaks of the Northwest, Mr. Herbert T. Bohlman's studies of bird life and Mr. Leon Dawson's remarkable pictures of one of the most difficult and dangerous coasts in the world. Wild animal life in Alaska as seen and photographed by Percival Nash will also be among the features of the year.

### *The Western Poets*

The Pacific Monthly had the pleasure of introducing to the American public the singing verses of Chas. B. Clark, Jr., the author of "In Arizony" and "Bacon." Mr. Clark will write exclusively for The Pacific Monthly and every issue will have one of his poems, equal to any that have ever described the life and spirit of the Western American.

Other Western poets whose work will appear in the magazine are Grace G. Bostwick, Edwin L. Sabin, Porter Garnett, Wex Jones, Ernest Bross and Adelaide Wilson.

# The Pacific Monthly

## for the Year 1907

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### *Stories of Achievement*

While it is well to judge the West as it asks to be judged, by the results obtained, **The Pacific Monthly** will go deeper and tell the stories of the beginnings, the hardships and the successes of the men who are back of every achievement worth while.

The stories of the twelve railways will be told by W. F. Bailey, for thirty years a foremost authority on railroads and railroad history. Millard F. Hudson has contributed several articles of great interest on the early picturesque history of the Southwest. Fred A. Hunt (Moss-Agate Bill), for years a well-known scout and frontiersman, has written the history of the Indian wars as he saw them. Another whose personal stories of early days have been prepared for publication in **The Pacific Monthly** is Edward Holtzheimer. Modern days—days of continued achievement—will be treated by Fred Lockley, Curtis Fleming, C. E. S. Wood and many others.

### *Natural History of the West*

The life and history of the birds and animals of the West has long been studied by William L. Finley, Herbert T. Bohlman, Percival Nash, W. Leon Dawson and L. W. Brownell.

One of these articles, illustrated from photographs which required months of toil to get, will appear in each number of the magazine.



# The Pacific Monthly

## for the Year 1907

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### *The Best of Western Fiction*

The essence of life in the West is found in its fiction. Western writers in the past decade have made a great name for themselves. In 1907 these writers' best work will appear in **The Pacific Monthly**—their own magazine.

The first serial of the year is Herman Whitaker's brilliant and picturesque love-story, "The Settler." This novel, written by a master of his craft, tells the story of a Western American and his achievements. The story of a woman's love is told in a way that appeals to all.

In its special line—the vitally interesting, the humorous, the **Western**—**The Pacific Monthly** offers to its readers in 1907 over seventy-five stories culled from the work of several hundred writers.

### *Essays and Criticisms*

Mr. William Winter will continue throughout 1907 his authoritative essays on contemporary American drama. These essays, coming from the dean of critics of the play, are beyond question the most distinguished contribution to the history of the criticism of the drama that will be offered during the year. Literary criticism—instructive and careful discussion of Western literature—will be handled by Porter Garnett, known to lovers of our finer English; Austin Lewis, a foremost writer on social and literary topics, and others who will speak with sympathy and clarity. Topics of the day and the great problems of society will be fully and brilliantly treated by Charles Erskine Scott Wood, one of the foremost publicists of the United States.

# A Christmas Suggestion to Our Many Western Friends

A letter recently received from a prominent Seattle business man has given us an idea—just this, undoubtedly there are thousands of our readers and friends who feel just as he does and who will welcome this suggestion. We quote as follows:

"I congratulate you on your splendid November number. It's fine because it's Western. I'm proud that we of the West are making and sending out to the world such a magazine. Bright, clean and wholesome. It tells the truth about our country, and its opportunities, and as such is a power for much good.

"I want every one of my relatives and friends back East to read THE PACIFIC MONTHLY, therefore I am enclosing my check for \$14.00 and list of names to begin with the Christmas issue."

Not a bad idea, is it?

Why not add the names of your relatives and friends to this list?

Just think how they will enjoy reading of the West—Western stories—Western history and beautiful Western pictures. A year with THE PACIFIC MONTHLY and they will learn much of your chosen country.

## A Gift from the West That's Different

Not like the ordinary gift which is soon forgotten, THE PACIFIC MONTHLY is a constant reminder of the giver, each month bringing new tidings and pictures of the great West. It is a suitable present for all, old and young alike.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY will prove in its stories, its articles and its illustrations that the West can produce from month to month literature and art, all its own, of the highest standard. Its pages will breathe the spirit of the West; wholesomeness, cheerfulness, reliability of statement the predominant notes; all mawkish sentiment, morbidness of thought, or sensationalism of treatment will find no place in its scheme. THE PACIFIC MONTHLY stands for the true type of Western manhood and womanhood.

In twenty years every county in the West will have doubled and trebled in population because THE PACIFIC MONTHLY tells the people of the East about the Pacific Coast, and they come. In twenty years there will be tens of thousands of good citizens here who will look upon this magazine as the hand that led them into the land of plenty; as their guide, their friend, their entertainer, the voice that cheered them and inspired them. It is for these THE PACIFIC MONTHLY is laboring. It is with these that it will grow—with the men and women whom it brought here, who will love it and be loyal and steadfast to it. And they shall never be ashamed, for this magazine then, as now, will stand for the West—*their West, our West, God's Country.*

In sending THE PACIFIC MONTHLY to Eastern friends you are doing three things.

First: You are presenting a pleasant surprise, something different.

Second: You become a "booster" for the West, because no one can read THE PACIFIC MONTHLY for a year without becoming enthused with the Westward-Ho Spirit.

Third: You are demonstrating your pride in, and loyalty to, a Western enterprise which has by sheer pluck and perseverance won success. You are helping us,—and do we not deserve your patronage? Let us tell you just a little about THE PACIFIC MONTHLY and its making.

First of all, it's Western—printed on paper ("made on the Coast") by Western printers.

It takes 85 people working hard all the time to produce this magazine. In addition to this large force we have over 20 paid traveling representatives and about 100 agents.

There were 92,800 lbs. of paper used in the November issue, and it took three of the largest cylinder presses on the Pacific Coast working 20 hours out of the 24, to turn out this great magazine on time.

## Together We Can Do Much for the West

## A Few Interesting Facts and Figures

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY—ADVERTISING SECTION.

Had the November issue all been mailed in one day, it would have taken 25 large, two-horse drays to have hauled it to the post-office and four mail cars to transport it.

We estimate that during 1907 we shall require about 50 carloads of paper. Think of that, two solid train loads of 25 cars each. Not so bad for a Western publication, is it? And a youngster at that.

**A Christmas Card With Your Compliments** As long as the Christmas issue lasts we will begin all Gift subscriptions (unless otherwise requested) with this issue.

We have prepared an attractive little Christmas card to be enclosed in the Christmas Issue, bearing the giver's name and compliments. If you prefer to use your own card you may do so; kindly send same to us with your order.

**FILL IN ORDER BELOW, TEAR OUT PAGE  
AND SEND TO US**

**Instructions:—**Fill in below, names of parties to whom you wish to send The Pacific Monthly. (*Be careful to write names legibly and give post office address.*) Place an X before each name, in the column showing period for which we shall send the magazine. SINGLE YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00, SIX MONTHS 50 CENTS. Copies of the big Christmas issue mailed by us to any address, enclosing special Christmas card bearing sender's name, **15 cents each.** **Special Christmas Offer Good until January 1st.** One subscription in every five FREE.

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A SCENE ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.



# THE PACIFIC MONTHLY



Vol. XVII

JANUARY, 1907

No. 1

## The Settler



By Herman Whitaker

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE PARK LANDS.

**T**HE clip of a cutting axe flushed a heron from the bosom of a reedy lake and sent him soaring in slow spirals until, at the zenith of his flight, he overlooked a vast champagne. Far to the



south, a yellow streak marked the scorched prairies of Southern Manitoba: eastward and north, a spruce forest draped the land in a mantle of gloom: while to the west the woods were thrown with a scattering hand over a vast expanse of rolling prairie. These were the Park Lands of the Fertile Belt—a beautiful country, rich, fat-soiled, rank with flowers and herbage, once the hunting ground of Cree and Ojibway, but now passed to the sterner race whose lonely farmsteads were strewn over the face of the land. These presented a deadly likeness. Each had its log house, its huge tent of firewood up-reared against next Winter's drift, and the same yellow strawstacks dotted their fenceless fields. One other thing, too,

they had in common—though this did not lie to the eye of the heron—a universal mortgage, legacy of the recent boom, covered all.

At the flap of the great bird's wing, a man stepped from the timber and stood watching him soar. He was a tall fellow, lean as a greyhound, flat-flanked, in color neither dark nor fair. His eyes were deep-set, and looked out from a face that was burned to the color of a brick. His nose was straight and large, cheeks well hollowed; the face would have been stern but for the humor that lurked about the mouth. Taken together, the man was an excellent type of what he was—a young American of the Middle States.

"Gone plumb out of sight," he muttered, rubbing his dazzled eyes. "An' he was n't no Spring chicken. Time to feed, I reckon."

A few steps carried him to his team, a rangy yoke of steers which were tied in the shade. Having fed them, he returned to his work and chopped steadily until, toward evening, his wagon was loaded with poplar rails. Then, hitching, he mounted his load and "hawed" and "geed" his way through the forest. As he came out on the open prairie, the metallic rat-

tle of a mower traveled down the wind. Stopping, he listened, while a shadow deepened his tan.

"Comes from Morrill's big slough," he muttered, whipping up the oxen. "Who'll it be?"

Morrill, his near neighbor, was sick in bed, and the rattle could only mean that some one was trespassing on his hay rights—or rather the privilege which he claimed as such. For trespass such as he suspected, was simply the outward sign of a change in the settlement's condition. In the beginning, the first-comers had found an abundance of natural fodder growing in the sloughs, where, for lack of a watershed, the Spring thaws stored flood waters. There was plenty, then, for all. But with thicker settlement, anarchy ensued. New neighbors grabbed sloughs on unsettled lands, which old-timers had sealed to themselves, and so forced them to steal from one another. Morrill, and the man on the wagon, had "hayed" together for the last three seasons; which fact explained the significance he attached to the rattle of the alien mower.

"It's Hines!" he muttered, when, five minutes later, he sighted the mower from the crown of a roll. "The son-of-a-gun!"

The man was running the first swath around a mile-long slough which lay in the trough of two great rolls. It was a pretty piece of hay, thick, rank, and so long that one might have tied two spears together across a horse's back. Indeed, when the settler rattled down the bank and stopped his oxen, they were hidden to the horns. Which fact accounted for Hines not seeing them until his team brought up against the load.

"Hullo!" he cried, startled. "Did n't expect to see you, Carter!"

"Don't reckon you did," the settler replied. The shadow was now gone from his face. Cool, cheerful, unconcerned, he sat in the mower's path, swinging an easy leg. Hines gave him an uneasy glance.

"Been cutting poles?" he asked, affecting nonchalance.

"Yes. Corral needed raising a couple of rails," Carter carelessly answered.

Encouraged, Hines made an observation about the crops which the other answered, and so the talk drifted on until Hines, feeling that he had established a footing, said: "Well, I must be moving." But as he backed his horses to drive around, the

steers lurched forward and again blocked the way.

"Pretty cut of hay this." Carter ignored the other's savage glance. "Ought to turn Morrill thirty tons, don't you reckon?"

Hines shuffled uneasily in the mower seat. "I did n't allow," he growled, "as Morrill would want hay this year?"

"No?" The monosyllable was subtly sarcastic.

Hines flushed. "What kin a dead man do with hay?" he snarled.

"Is Morrill dead?"

"No! But Doc Ellis tol' me at Stinkin' Water as he couldn't live through Winter." He almost yelled it; opposition was galling his savage temper.

"So you thought you'd beat the funeral?" Carter jeered. "Savin' man! Well—he ain't dead yet!"

The challenge was unmistakable. But, though brutal, ferocious as a wolf, Hines shared the animal's preferences for an easy prey. Corner him, and he would turn, snarling, but his was the temper which takes no chances with an equal force. Now he lived up to his tradition. Viciously setting his teeth, he awaited the other's action.

But Carter was in no hurry. Leaning back on his load, he sprawled at ease, turning his eyes to the fathomless vault above. Time crept on. The oxen ceased puffing and cropped the grass about them, the horses switched impatience of the flies. The sun dropped and hung like a split orange athwart the horizon, the hollows blued with shadows which presently climbed the knolls and extinguished their golden lights. Soon the last red ray kindled the forest, silver specks dusted the darkening sky, only the West blushed with the afterglow.

Hines tired first. "Quitting time," he growled, backing his horses.

"Took you a long time to find it out," Carter drawled, giving the words a significance the other had not intended. "But grace is always waiting for the sinner. So long! But, say!" he called after the disappearing figure, "if you hear anyone inquiring after this slough, you can tell them as Morrill's goin' to cut it tomorrow."

Whipping up his oxen, he swung up the bank and headed south on Morrill's hay trail. Fresh from their rest, the steers

stepped out to a lively rattling of chains and in a quarter of an hour stopped of their own volition before his cabin.

As Carter entered, the sick man leaned on his elbow and looked up at his magnificent inches; he loomed like a giant in the gloom of the cabin. There was envy in the glance but no spite. It was the look the sick bestow on the rudely healthy. For Carter's physique was a constant reminder to Morrill of his own lost strength—he had been a college athlete, strong and well set up, the kind of man to whom women render the homage of a second lingering glance. Three years ago, inherited lung trouble had driven him from the Eastern city in which he had laid the foundation of a pretty law practice, but the dry air and open life of the central plains had not checked the ravages of the disease. Still, though but the wraith of his former self, he had kept a brave face and now he cheerfully answered Carter's greeting.

"Cast your eye over this," he said, holding out an open letter. "It's from my sister, Helen."

Handling it as tenderly as though it were a feather from the wing of love, Carter held the letter to the lamp. It was written in a small feminine hand which took all manner of flourishes unto itself as it ran along the lines. Carter regarded them with a look in which surprise struggled with respect. "Oh, shore!" he laughed at last. "Them curly cues is mighty pretty, Bert, but it would take too long for me to cipher 'em out. What's it all about?"

"She's coming out. Arrives in Lone Tree day after tomorrow."

"Phew!" Carter whistled. "Short notice."

He thoughtfully stroked his chin. Lone Tree lay sixty miles to the south and the Eastern mail train came in at noon. But this was not the cause of his worry. His ponies could cover the distance within the time. But there was Hines. If he did not try the slough, others might? Morrill mistook his silence.

"I hate to ask you to go," he said, hesitantly. "You've done so much for me."

"Done nothing," the big man laughed. "'Twasn't that. Jes' now I warned Hines off that big slough o' yours, an' I intended to begin cutting it tomorrow morning."

Morrill impulsively extended his hand. "You're a good fellow, Carter."

"Shucks!" the other laughed. "Ain't we two the only Yanks in these parts? But say! Won't she find this a bit rough?"

Morrill glanced discontentedly on the log walls, the soap boxes which served for seats, the home-made table, and the peg ladder that led to the loft above. Three years' hard work had rubbed the romance from his rough surroundings, but he remembered that it had once been there. "Oh, I don't know," he answered. "She'll like it. Has all the romantic notions about keeping home in a log house, you see."

"Never had 'em," the other mused. "though mebbe that was on account of being born in one. What's bringing her out?"

"Well, now that father's dead I'm all the kin she's got. He didn't leave anything worth mentioning, so Helen has to choose between a place in a store and keeping house for me. But say! Your team's moving! Don't tell her I'm sick," he called as Carter rushed for the door. "She'd worry, and think I was worse than I am."

"Couldn't, very well," Carter muttered as he ran after his team. "No, she really couldn't," he repeated, as he caught up and climbed upon his load. "Poor chap!—An' poor little girl!"

## CHAPTER II.

### A DEPUTATION.

Fifty miles in a day is big travel in the East, yet a team of Northern ponies will, if the load be light, run it on three legs. The fourth, unless cinched with a kicking strap, is likely to be on the buckboard half the time, but if the driver is good at dodging, he need not use a strap.

Starting, next morning, at sunrise, Carter ran through the settlements, fed at the mission in the Valley of the Assinaboine at noon, then, climbing out, he rattled south through the arid plains which cumber the earth from the river to Beaver Creek. There Vickery, the keeper of the stopping-house, yelled to him to put in and feed. He had not seen a man for two weeks and his wells of speech were full to overflowing. But Carter shook denial. Far off a dark smudge rose from under the edge of the world, the smoke of the express—he thought. One would have be-

lieved it within a dozen miles, yet when, an hour later, he rattled into Lone Tree, it seemed no nearer than when first it impinged on the quivering horizon. This appearance, however, was deceptive as the first, for he had scarcely unhitched at the livery before an engine and two toy cars stole out from under the smudge.

"General-manager's private car," the station agent answered Carter's inquiry. "The Old Man lays over here to talk with a deputation. It's over at the hotel now, feeding and liquoring up."

"The old grieving?" Carter asked.

The agent nodded. "That and others. They say we're coining their flesh and blood. You should hear old man Cummings orate on that. And they accuse us of exacting forty bushels of wheat out of every hundred we tote out to the seaboard."

"Wheat at forty-five, freight to Montreal at twenty-seven?" Carter mused. "Don't that pretty near size it, Hooper?"

"Is that our fault?" the agent ruffled like an irate gobbler. "Did we freeze their wheat? Sound grain is worth sixty-eight, but if they will farm at the North Pole, they must expect to get frozen."

"And if you will railroad at the North Pole," Carter suggested, "you ought to— get all that's coming to us," the agent finished. "But we don't do it. Our line runs through fifteen hundred miles of country that don't pay for axle grease. We must make running expenses, and ought to pay a reasonable interest to our stockholders, though we haven't done it yet. The settled lands have to bear haulage charges on the unsettled. But these fellows don't see our side of it. Where would they be without the line, anyway? Now answer me that, Carter?"

"Back East, landless, homeless, choring for sixteen a month an' board," Carter slowly answered. "I'm not bucking your railroad, Hooper. But here's the point— your people and the Government sent out all sorts of lying literature an' filled these fellows with the idea that they were going to get rich quick; whereas this is a poor man's country an' will be for a generation to come. Five generations of farmers couldn't have built this line which one generation must pay for. There's the point. They've clapped a mortgage an' a fifteen-hundred-mile handicap on their future, an' the interest is going to bear

their noses hard down on the grindstone. They'll make a living, but they ain't going to have much of a time. Their children's children will reap the profit off their sweat."

"No," the agent profanely agreed, "they ain't going to have a h— of a time." Having spent his mature years in one continuous wrangle over freights and rates, it was positively disconcerting to find a farmer who could appreciate the necessities of railroad economics, and after a thoughtful pause the agent said: "You ain't so slow—for a farmer."

"Thank you," Carter gravely answered. "Some day, if I'm good, I may rise to the heights of railroading."

The agent grinned appreciatively. "Coming back to the deputation, these fellows might as well tackle a grizzly as the old man. There's not enough of you to supply grease for a freight train's wheels."

"Oh, I don't know," Carter gently murmured.

Ten minutes ago the agent would have hotly proved his point; now he replied, quite mildly, "If you think different, tag on to the deputation. Here it comes, all het up with wrongs and whisky."

"There's Bill Cummings!" Carter indicated an elderly man, very white of beard, very red of face, and transparently innocent in expression.

"He's bell-wether," the agent said, grinning. Then, as the approaching locomotive blew two sharp blasts, he added: "Blamed if the Old Man won't make nutton of the entire flock if they don't clear out of the way!"

A quick scattering averted the catastrophe while increasing the heat of the deputation. Very much disrumped, it filed into the car with Carter tagging on behind.

The general manager, who was smoking by an open window, tossed out his cigar as he rose. Not a tall man, power yet expressed itself in every movement of his thick-set body: it lurked in his keen grey glance; was given off like electrical energy in his few crisp words of welcome. From the eyes, placed well apart in the massive head, to the strong jaw, his every feature expressed his graduation in the mastership of men; told eloquently of his wonderful record, his triumphs over man and nature. Beginning a section hand, he had filled



*"Taken together, the man was an excellent type of what he was—a young American of the Middle States."*

almost every position in the gift of his road, driving spikes in early days with the same expertness he now evidenced in directing the road's enormous affairs—the road which had sprung from his own fertile imagination; the road which, from nothing, he had called into being. Where others had only seen mountains, gulfs, canyons, trackless forest, he had seen a great trunk line with a hundred feeders, mills, mines, factories, farms and steamships plying to the Orient for trade. And because his was the faith that moves mountains, the magnificent dream had taken form in wood and iron.

Purlblind to all but their own interests, the settlers saw only the proximate result of that mighty travail; the palace car with its luxurious fittings.

"We pay for this," Carter's neighbor growled.

"My! but I'd like his job!" another whispered. "Nothing to do but sit there and dictate a few letters."

A third gave the figures of the manager's salary, while a fourth added that it was screwed out of the farmers. So they muttered their private envy while Cummings voiced their public grievance. When surveys were run for the trunk line, settlers had swarmed in, pre-empting land on either side of the right-of-way, and when, to avoid certain engineering problems, the surveys were shifted south, they found themselves from fifty to sixty miles from a market. A branch had been promised —

"When settlement and traffic justify it." The manager cut the oration short.

He had listened quietly while Cummings talked of rights, law-suits and government intervention; now he launched his ultimatum on the following silence: "Gentlemen, our road is not run for fun, but profit, and though we should very much like to accommodate you, it is impossible under the circumstances. I am pleased to have met you, and —" (the corners of the firm mouth twitched ever so slightly) "and I shall be pleased to meet you again when you can advance something more to our advantage than costs and suits. I bid you good-day."

Business-like, terse, devoid of feeling, the laconic answer acted upon the deputation like a blow in the face. Cummings actually recoiled, and his expression of sheep-like surprise, baffled wonder, inno-

cent anger, set Carter chuckling. He was still smiling as he shouldered forward.

"A minute, please."

The manager glanced at his watch. "I can't spare you much more."

"I won't need it," Carter answered, and so took up the case.

Humorously allowing that Cummings had stepped off with the wrong foot, that he and his fellows had no case in law, Carter went on, in short crisp sentences, to give the number of settlers on the old survey, the acreage under cultivation and of newly-broken ground, the lumbering outlook in the spruce forests north of the Park Lands, the number of tie camps already there established, finishing with a brief description of the rich cattle country the proposed line would tap.

Ten minutes had added themselves to the first while he was talking, but the manager's grey glance had evinced no impatience. "Now," he commented, "we have something to go on. The settlements, alone, would not justify us in building, but with the lumber—and colonization prospects—" He mused a while, then, after expressing regrets for the haste that called him away, he said: "But if you will put all this and other information into writing, Mr. Carter, I'll see what we can do."

"He's big—the Old Man." Nodding at the black trail of smoke, the agent thus commented on his superior five minutes later. Then, indicating the deputation which was making its jubilant way back to the clapboard hotel, he said: "They ain't giving you *all* the credit, are they?"

Shrugging at the last remark, Carter answered the first. "He's a big man, shorely. But bless you!" He flipped a thumb at the delegation. "They don't see it. Any of 'em is willing to allow that the manager has had chances that didn't fly by his particular roost; just as though the same opportunity hadn't been tweaking him by the nose this last twenty years. There it lay, loose, loose enough for people to break their shins on, till this particular man picked it up. He's big. Puts me in mind of them robber barons you read of in history. Big, powerful chaps, who trod down everything that came in their own way while dealing out a rough sort of justice. There's a crowd," he looked at the agent, interrogatively, "that haven't had what's coming to them. In

their times moral suasion, as the parsons call it, hadn't been invented and folks were a heap blooded. A little bleeding once in a while kept down the tempera- ture, and I've always allowed that the barons prevented a sight more murder than they did." Then, nailing his point, he finished: "The historians fixed a cold deck for them like the one they'll deal this general manager. But you can't stop the world. She waggles in spite of them, and it's the big men that make her go. But there! I must eat. What does your ticker say of the express?"

"Half an hour late. You'll just have nice time." And as he watched the tall figure swinging across the tracks, the agent gave words to a thought that was even then in the general manager's mind: "There's a division superintendent going to seed on a farm."

Having made up ten minutes, however, the train rolled in while Carter was still at dinner, and as—for some motive too subtle for even his own definition—he had not mentioned her coming, Miss Helen Morrill had become a subject of bashful curiosity to assembled Lone Tree before he came dashing across the tracks. Apart from his size, sunburn and certain intelligence of expression, there was really nothing to distinguish this particular young man from the people, who, at home, were not on her visiting list, and, if polite, the girl turned rather a cold ear to a magnificently-evolved and smoothly-told set of lies as he escorted her over to the hotel. Morrill was busy with the hay, and as he, Carter, had to come to town for a mower casting he had agreed to bring her out. Her brother was well! A bit delicate! He dare not raise her hopes too high. Oh, he'd pull through! This clear northern air—and so forth.

That clear northern air! Glowing with color, infinite, flat, the prairies basked under the afternoon sun. From the car windows the girl had seen them unfolding; the great screeds of God on which he had written his wonders. Now nothing interposed between her and their vast expanse. Swimming in lambent light they reached out through the quivering distance till merged with the turquoise sky. After she had dined, Carter showed her, from the hotel veranda, the train from which she had dismounted, no larger than

a toy, puffing defiance at a receding horizon. Other things he told her; curious facts, strange happenings, drawled forth easily with touches of humor that kept her interested and laughing. Not until the moon's magic translated the prairie's golden sheen to ashes, and she unconsciously offered her hand as she rose to retire, did she realize how completely she had cancelled her first impression.

It was then that Lone Tree closed in on Carter with invitations to drink and requests for verification of a theory that the northern settlement was spreading itself on educational lines. "She's a right smart-looking girl," said the storekeeper, its principal exponent, "and Silver Creek is surely going to turn out some scholars."

But he clucked his sympathy when he heard the truth. "An' you say he's hav- ing hemorragages? Shore, shore! Here, come over to the store. That girl don't look like she'd been raised on sowbelly, an' sick folks is mighty picky in their eating."

So, by moonlight, the buckboard was loaded up with jams, jellies, fruits and meats, the best in stock and of fabulous value at frontier prices. While the evil deed was being perpetrated neither man looked at the other. The storekeeper cloaked his villainy by learned discourse of freight rates, while Carter spoke indifferently of crops. Only the parting handshake revealed each conspirator to the other.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE TRAIL.

"To make Flynn's for noon," Carter had said the preceding evening, "we shall have to be early on the trail." And there was approbation in his glance when he found Helen Morrill waiting upon the veranda.

"What pretty ponies!" she exclaimed, quickly adding: "Are they—tame?"

"Regular sheep," he reassured her.

However, she still dubiously eyed the "sheep," which were pawing the high heavens in beliance of their pacific character, until, catching the humorous twinkle in Carter's eye, she saw that he was gauging her courage. Then she stepped in. As they felt her weight the ponies plunged out and raced off down the trail; but Car-

ter's arm eased her back to her seat and when, flushed and just a little trembling, she was able to look back, Lone Tree lay far behind, its grain sheds looking for all the world like red Noah's arks on a yellow carpet. Over them, but beyond the horizon, hung a black smudge, mark of a distant freight train. Wondering if one ever lost sight of things in this country of distances, she turned back to the ponies, which had now found a legitimate outlet for their energies, and were knocking off the miles at ten to the hour.

Carter drove with a loose rein, but she noticed that even when talking he kept the team in the tail of his eye.

"Yes," he answered her question, "that Devil horse will bear watching, and Death, the mare, is just about as sudden. Why did I name her that?" He twinkled down upon her. "You mightn't feel complimented if I told."

"Well—if I must," he drawled when she pressed the question. "You see there's two things that can get away with a right smart man—death and woman. So, being a female—there! I told you that you wouldn't be complimented."

"Oh, I don't mind," she laughed. "Like curses, slights on my sex come home to roost, Mr. Carter. You are not dead yet."

"Nor married," he retorted.

This morning they had taken up their acquaintanceship where it was laid down the night before, but now something in his manner—it was not freedom; assurance would better describe it—caused a reversion to her first coldness.

"Doubtless," she said, with condescension, "some good girl will take pity on you."

He looked squarely in her eyes. "Mebbe—though the country isn't overstocked. Still, they've been coming in some of late."

The suddenness of it made her gasp. How dare he? Even if he had been a man of her own station. Turning, she looked off and away, giving him a cold, if pretty, shoulder, till instinct told her that he was making good use of his opportunities. But when she turned back, he was discreetly eying the ponies, apparently lost in thought.

His preoccupation permitted private study, and in five minutes she had memorized his every feature, from the clean

profile to the strong chin and humorous mouth. A clean, wholesome face, she thought it. She failed, however, to classify him; for, despite his homely speech, he simply would not fit in with the butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers of her limited experience. One thing she felt, and that very vividly; he was not to be snubbed or slighted. So:

"Do we follow the railroad much farther?" she asked.

"A smart mile," he answered. Then, with a sidelong glance at the space between them, he added: "I wouldn't sit on the rail."

"Thank you," she said, coldly, "I'm quite comfortable."

"Tastes differ," he genially commented. Then, stretching his whip, he added, "See that wolf?"

In a flash she abolished the space. "Oh, where? Will he—follow us?"

"Mebbe not," he said, adding as he noticed a disposition on her part to edge out, "but he shorely looks hungry."

It was only a coyote, and afterward she could never recall the episode without a blush, but the fact remains that while the grizzled apparition crowned a roll, she threw dignity overboard and clung to Carter. It was well, too, that she did, for, more from devilry than fear of the grey shadow, the ponies just then bolted.

Ensued a minute of dust, wind, bumpings; then, without any attempt to check their speed, Carter got the mad little brutes back to the trail. Several furious miles had passed before, answering a gasping question as to whether he couldn't stop them, that imperturbable driver said:

"I ain't trying very hard. They're going our way, and we've got to hit this trail some licks to make Flynn's by noon. He's the first settler north of the valley."

They did hit it some "licks." One after another the yellow miles slid beneath the buckboard, dead in their sameness. With the exception of that lone coyote, they saw no life. Right and left the tawny prairies reached out to the indefinite horizon; neither cabin nor farmstead broke their sweep; save where the dark growths of the Assinaboine Valley drew a dull line to the north, no spot of color marred that great monochrome. Just before they came to the valley Carter





*"Miss Helen Morrill had become a subject of bashful curiosity to assembled Lone Tree."*

dashed around the Red River cart of a Cree squaw. Shortly after they came on her lord, driving industrious heels into the ribs of a ragged pony. Then the trail shot through a bluff—rugged, riven, buttressed with tall headlands to whose scarred sides dark woods clung, the mile-wide valley lay before them. Up from its depths rose the cry of a bell. Clear, silvery, resonant, it flowed with the stream, echoed in dark ravines, filled the air with its rippling music.

"Catholic Mission," Carter said, and as he spoke the ponies plunged after the trail which fell at an angle of forty-five over the bank into a black ravine. The girl felt as though the earth had dropped from under, then, bump! the wheels struck and went slithering and ricocheting among the ruts and boulders. A furious burst down the last slopes and they were galloping out on the bottom lands.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, regaining breath. "What recklessness!"

"Now do you really call that reckless?" His mild surprise would have been convincing but for the wicked twinkle.

"Of course—I do," she said, choking with fright and indignation. "I believe—you did it on purpose."

"Well, well." He shook a sorrowful head. "And to think I shouldn't have known it. Look out!"

They had swung by the log mission with the black-robed priest in the door, circled the ruins of a Hudson Bay fort, and now the Assinaboine Ford had suddenly opened before them. Fed fat by mountain streams, the river poured, a yeasty flood, over the ford, a roaring terror of swift waters. While the girl caught her breath they were in to the hubs, the thills; then the green waters licked up through the buckboard staves. Half wading, half swimming, the ponies were held to the narrow passage by that master hand. On either side smooth sucking mouths drew down to dangerous currents, and, reaching, Carter flicked one with his whip.

"Cree Injun drowned there last flood."

A moment later, he turned the ponies sharply up stream and told of two settlers who had lingered a second too long on that turn. Indeed, it seemed to Helen as though each race, every eddy, perpetuated the memory of some unfortunate. She

sighed her relief when, with a rush, the ponies took them up the bank, out of the roar and swirl, into the shade of a black ravine.

Glancing up, she caught Carter regarding her with serious admiration. "You'll do," he said. Then she realized that this man, whom she had been trying to classify with her city tradesmen, had been trying her out according to his standards. The thought brought sudden confusion. She blushed. But, with ready tact, he turned and kept up a rapid fire of comment on the country through which they were passing till she recovered her composure.

For they were now in the Park Lands, the antithesis of the arid plains on the other side of the river. Flower-bespangled, dotted with clump poplar, retaining in August a suggestion of Spring's verdure, the prairies rolled off and away in long earth billows. Everywhere rank herbage bowed in sunlit waves under the wind. Nor was there lack of life. Here an elk sprang from behind a bluff. A band of jumping deer followed him over the horizon. There a covey of prairie chickens rose on whirring wing; a fox grinned at them from the crest of a sandhill. A rich country, the girl was remarking on the lack of settlers when Carter extended his whip.

"There's the first of them. That's Flynn's place."

Speeding through the enormous grain fields west of Winnipeg, Helen had seen from the cars solitary cabins of frame or sod, pinned down, as it were, in the exact center of a carpet of wheat, emphasizing with their loneliness that vastness about them. But this was different, more home-like, if quite as strange. Built of hewn logs and lime-washed, Flynn's house nestled with its stables and outbuildings under the wing of a poplar bluff. Around it, of course, stretched the wheat; but here it was merely an oasis, a bright shoal in the sea of darker green that flowed on to a distant dark line, the spruce forests of the Riding Mountains.

Bathed in sunshine, with cattle wandering at will, knee-deep in pasture, it made a beautiful picture. The girl came under its spell. She felt the freedom, the witchery of those sun-washed spaces; their silences, whispers, cloud-shadows, the Infinity which broods upon them.

"Is our place like this?" she asked.

"Prettier." Carter indicated the distant forest line. "We are close in to the bush and the country is broken up into woodland, lake, and rolling prairie."

"Then I can be happy," she sighed.

Quickly averting his eyes, that their sympathy might not dampen her mood, he drew her attention to a man who was cutting green fodder on the far side of the wheat field.

"There's Flynn."

(To Be Continued.)



## A Love Song of the Range

By Charles B. Clark, Jr

Out from the ranch on a Saturday night,  
 Ridin' a horse that's a shootin' star,  
 Close on the flank 'of the flyin' daylight,  
 Racin' with dark for the "Gridiron Bar"—  
 Fox-trot and canter will do for the day;  
 It 's gallop, my love, when I 'm ridin' your way.

Up the *arroyo* the trippin' hoofs beat,  
 Flingin' the hinderin' gravel wide;  
 Now your light glimmers across the mesquite,  
 Glimpsed from the top of the rocky divide;  
 Down through a draw where the shadows are gray,  
 I 'm comin', my darlin', I 'm ridin' your way.

West where the sky is a-blushin' afar,  
 Matchin' your cheeks as the daylight dies,  
 West where the shine of a glitterin' star  
 Hints of the light that I'll find in your eyes,  
 Night-birds are passin' the signal to say:  
 "He 's comin', my lady, he 's ridin' your way."

Hoof-beats are measurin' seconds so fast,  
 Clickin' them out with an easy rhyme;  
 Minutes will grow into months at the last,  
 Months that will bring us our marryin' time;  
 Life will be singin' and work will be play,  
 When every night I 'll be ridin' your way.



From a photograph by Lee Morehouse.

*Ezra Meeker, who is driving an ox-team back over the old Oregon Trail, which he traversed fifty-four years ago.*

# The Old Emigrant Trail

The Story of Ezra Meeker and His Ox-Team

By Fred Lockley



If you take the train at Seattle, it is only a question of about three days' time till you may step off the cars at Indianapolis. Not much of an undertaking in these days of travel, you think. You are right; it isn't. In fact, it means three days of relaxation from business cares and duties. Luxuriously equipped cars, excellent dining-car service, comfortable and restful sleepers, render the trip a pleasure.

As you sit at the table in the diner, while the bowing and obsequious colored waiter presents a tray, upon which are the finger bowl and the separately-wrapped antiseptic tooth picks for your use, you hear, above the rumble of the car, the brakeman's voice announce "Echo." You glance out, listlessly, at the sage-brush-covered hills in the distance, and at the long stretches of waving alfalfa which border the Umatilla River.

Steadily your iron horse eats up the miles. As you glance out of the car window, your attention is attracted by a canvas-covered, long-bodied prairie schooner with its bucket of tar swinging from the rear axle. You rub your eyes to see if you are seeing aright. Yes, there is no mistake. It has not come down from the roughly-framed picture that hung in the best room at your boyhood home. How well you remember that old chromo that your folks got before the war.

Let me see, what was the title—"Emigrants on Their Way to Oregon Territory." Yes, that was it; and here before your eyes, apparently, is the selfsame old prairie schooner and the selfsame yoke of red oxen. But rub your eyes as you will, the wagon still creaks and lumbers along. By its side trudges a white-haired, khaki-clad driver who, in spite of his more than three-score and ten years, ceases for a moment his task of urging forward his slow-plodding oxen to give a wave of his hand and a cheery smile to you as you flit

by him at a speed that makes his snail-like pace seem even slower than it is.

The white-haired driver of the prairie schooner is Ezra Meeker, who, after more than fifty years, is retracing the old emigrant road. I wonder how many of you who have started on your three-day trip half-way across the continent so unconcernedly, would go if you had to trudge along by the side of a yoke of oxen, through blinding dust storms, or drenched by the frequent downpours, cooking your supper of flapjacks and bacon over a campfire of wet and soggy wood or sputtering greasewood and sage-brush, fording swollen streams and enduring all the accidents and discomforts of a trip that, at best, will take five or six months to accomplish? And yet that is just what Ezra Meeker did half a century or more ago, and is doing now; and that is just what your fathers and mothers, sturdy pioneers that they were, did in the early fifties, as they set their faces toward the setting sun, and started on their two-thousand-mile journey toward the shores of the far-distant Western Ocean.

Ezra Meeker was one of those who heard the call of the West, one of those to whom the great unexplored, mysterious West did not beckon in vain.

He came across the plains in 1852 with his ox team, and he is now retracing the old route, setting up monuments along the way, so that the old emigrant road shall not utterly fade from the remembrance of men, when the old pioneers have gone to their long home, and so that our children, when they shall see these stones, may remember by what toil and hardship, by what devotion and sacrifice, this land was won for them; and that the sacrifice and labor of their fathers may not be in vain, but that they may hold worthily the inheritance won for them by their fathers.

He started from Seattle on February 2, 1906, and, as I pen these words on October 10, he has reached Sioux City on his Eastward way. Before me on the table are numerous letters from Mr. Meeker.

The one which I have just been reading is dated, "Camp Number 68, June 6, 1906, eight miles south of Soda Springs."

Another which lies open before me is dated from Guernsey, Wyoming, July 15, and says: "Have just arranged for the erection of a \$500.00 monument at Casper, Wyoming. I think the people on this side the mountains will take as great an interest in my work as they did in Oregon. Have already erected or provided for eighteen monuments."

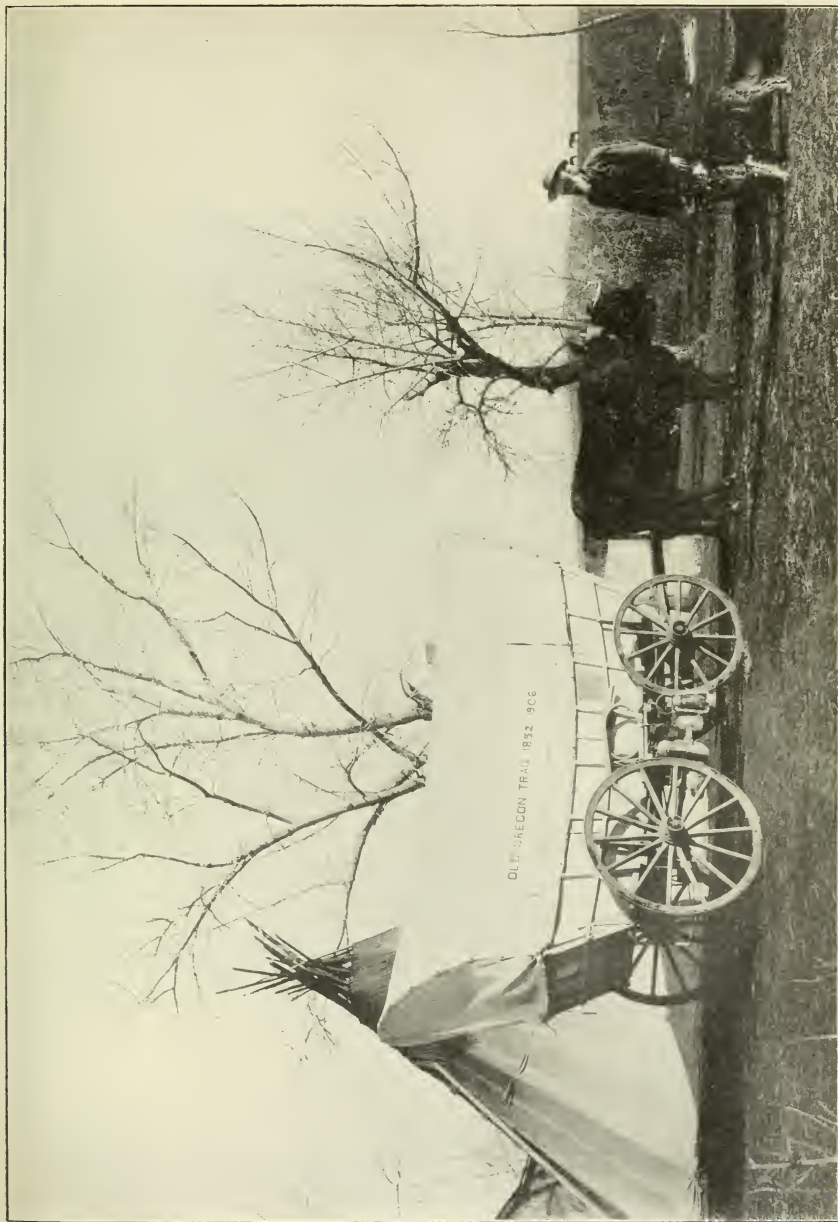
I met Mr. Meeker first at the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland. We fell into talk and as he told me of the old trail and the old days, I was soon oblivious to my surroundings. I saw him next in early April at Pendleton. His cheeks were tanned by the suns and winds of two months in the open, his eyes were alert, and he was full of interest in his journey and the incidents of the way. He had erected monuments at a good many points on the old trail and spoke enthusiastically of his cordial reception at The Dalles and other points between Portland and Pendleton.

"I am enjoying my trip very much and am meeting many of the old pioneers, who show great interest in my work," said Mr. Meeker. "I am good for two miles an hour with my oxen. I expect to walk most of the way across the plains. I know of no better way to spend a year from my life than in making an effort to mark the old Oregon trail in a permanent manner. I believe the old road should be preserved from total obliteration, as it is an incentive to our children to be patriotic. I raise the money for the monuments by public subscription, in the place where they are to be erected, in most cases. I will not only raise the money for a monument in the west end of Pendleton, where the old road crosses the Tutuilla here, but I am also going to raise in Pendleton a part of the sum needed to erect a monument at what we used to call Lee's Encampment, now Meacham. My personal expenses I defray by giving lectures, illustrated with views of the old trail."

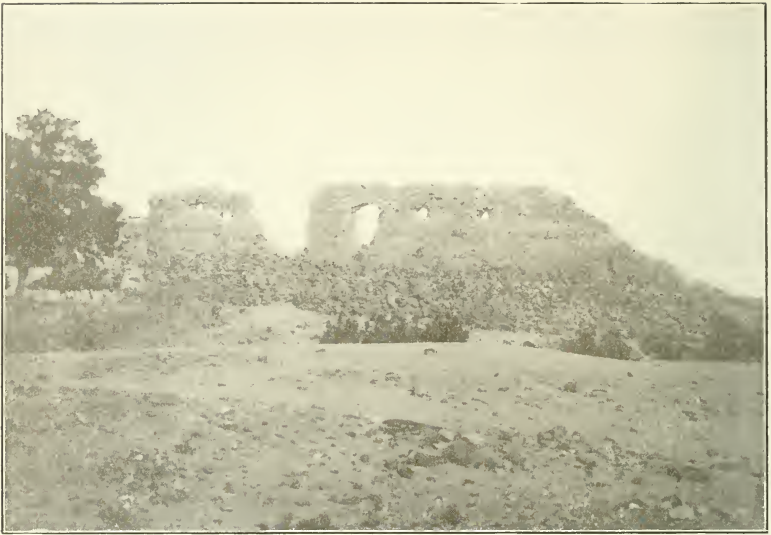
A volume could well be written on the changes which the past half-century has wrought in the country west of the Missouri River. Where prairie-dog villages greeted him before, busy and prosperous cities now stand; where the smoke from

scattered Indian tepees curled upward to the unclouded sky, the smoke from scores of thriving factories now ascends; where the lone coyote sat on the hillside amid the encircling sagebrush and watched the long train of wagons lurch by, now the heavy-headed golden-brown wheat nods in the evening breeze. The very face of the landscape is changed. The desolate gray waste of sand and sagebrush has vanished and in its place farms, churches, school-houses and villages have sprung up.

What memories the old trail recalls to those who were a part of the living wave which with ever-increasing force flowed toward the sunset land till it spent its force on the shores of the Pacific! Twenty-five years or more ago, before the iron horse had made what was then Washington Territory its range, when the pack-train and the freight-wagon were the principal means of transportation, I came, a small boy, with my people by wagon along the deeply worn emigrant road from Salt Lake City to Walla Walla. Even now, when I catch a whiff of the smoke from a camp-fire, I am a boy again, and I can feel surge over me my old delight in the free and untrammelled life of the open. I need but to shut my eyes to see once more the gleaming circle of eyes as the coyotes gathered as near as they dared about our evening camp-fire of sagebrush. Once again I can hear their long-drawn, plaintive cry as it rises, weird and uncanny, like the cry of some lost soul in torment, as their keen noses smell the tantalizing odor of the frying bacon, or the appetizing and delicious aroma of the coffee. Once more I see the gray waste of sagebrush as it stretches toward the far horizon, its monotony unbroken save where on the sky line a string of freight-wagons are creeping, ant-like and slow, along the road which, from this distance, seems like a pencil mark drawn on the face of the hillside. Life in the open, ah! but it is a good life, in spite of its swollen fords, its dust storms, its dry camps, and all of its numerous trials and hardships. The old trail—how can I bring it vividly before you? How better than by telling you what an old pioneer told me as we sat in his log cabin in the mountains one winter evening before the cavernous fire-place, our only light the leaping flames that threw our shadows on the wall, grotesque caricatures, ever



*Ezra Meeker, crossing the Umatilla Indian Reservation near Pendleton, Oregon.* From a photograph by Lee Morehouse.



From a photograph by Lee Morehouse.

*Ruins of the old Fort at Umatilla.*

changing, ever assuming new shape and character as the flames rose and fell.

"Tell you about the old trail?" he said. "The old trail and the old days are like the trapper and the buffalo—they are things of the past. Most of those who came out with me are gone; they have crossed the divide; they have taken the one-way trail. The vast herds of buffaloes are dust, and the Indians are like those shadows there on the wall: a little more and their fading light will go out, and, like the shadows, they will vanish; their shades will be dancing the ghost-dance in their happy hunting ground. I have seen a heap since then—mining stampedes, Indian fights, and a heap of other things—but the things that happen when you are young are the things that stay in your memory the longest and are the clearest, especially if you are at the age when one girl being out of sight makes the sun shine less brightly, and the whole landscape not worth looking at; and, when you see her, the very sight of her turns the moonlight from silver to golden, and her looks, or her voice, or the moonlight, or something, makes your heart swell so you can hardly breathe, and you wonder if your heart is going to burst, and, as you walk beneath the trees by the

river, you can hear the water laugh, and when you look in her eyes you wonder why you used to think the stars were bright, and then, when she puts her hand on your arm, your heart thumps against your ribs so hard it gives you the side-ache.

"I better not start on the old trail: it's too long a story; the back-log there would burn down to ashes before I could half tell you about it. Do what, you say? Just hit the high places. Well, the evening's young. Maybe I can hit a few of the high places in the old trail and let you fill the long level stretches for yourself.

"In those days, Independence, St. Joseph, or Council Bluffs were the jumping-off places for the Oregon trail. We drove to Independence and waited there till the grass got good. It was early May when we started; there were fifteen wagons in our company. The first night out from Independence all of the men met and held an election for captain of the train. We weeded the candidates down to three, and then at a signal those three, with the command to their adherents, 'All that's for me follow me,' started walking due west. The one having the longest tail, or, in other words, the most people following him, was





From a photograph by Lee Morehouse.

*"Unchanged Since the Days of the Old Trail."*

elected captain. Our newly elected captain divided us into watches to stand night-guard. We had to measure our travel by water, feed, and wood, though, along the Platte and Sweetwater we usually made buffalo-chips serve as fuel. We followed the Kansas River till we came to the Little Blue River, which we followed till we struck the Platte near Fort Kearney. After passing Scott's Bluff and Chimney Rock, on the North Fork, and Independence Rock, we passed through Devil's Gate and struck the Sweetwater River. We followed it for a while, crossed the Big Sandy and Green Rivers and swung south to old Fort Bridger. After leaving Fort Bridger, we followed Bear River to Soda Springs, where the trail divides, the one bearing to the south going to the California mines.

"A heap of things that have happened since have vanished from my memory, but the old landmarks along the trail stand out as vividly in my recollection as they did in the clear air on the plains half a century ago.

"Fort Hall, American Falls, Castle and Steamboat Rocks, Steamboat Springs, the Oregon Buttes, Fort Boise, Meek's Cutoff, Burnt River Canyon, Lee's Encampment,

the Barlow Pass, those were important mile-stones in those days, but they mean nothing to the younger generation. Ask the school children, or the young business men about Fort Hall, Lee's Encampment, or Whitman's Mission, and they don't know what you are talking about. I asked a school boy:

"Do you know where Lee's Encampment was?"

"We haven't got to the Civil War yet," he told me.

"But this was before the Civil War."

"Well," he said, "we haven't taken up Ancient History yet."

"Ancient History, indeed! It made me feel as if I were Rip Van Winkle, or had come across in the Mayflower.

"But when my day's work is over and I sit out on the bench by the door and watch the smoke from my pipe curl up and lose itself in the tree tops; or, later, when I sit by the fire-place and watch the flames twisting and leaping up the chimney, then the old scenes troop past, and little things of the past, ghosts of forgotten actions, scenes that have been sleeping in my memory for the past fifty years, awake and come to life and are as clear as though they had taken place yesterday.

I can see how the wind has blown her hair till it is as full of waves and crinkles as when the wind ripples the water. I can see the wild rose in her hair matches the pink on her cheeks. I can even see the little three-cornered tear in her gingham dress; maybe I can remember all those things so plain because that was the first time she ever let me kiss her. Say, ain't it funny that the first kiss you give to the girl you love bulks bigger and more important in your memory than taking up your donation land-claim? And that was what drew you across the continent—free land and a home in the West.

"Tell you some of the things about the trail? Why, I wouldn't know where to start. How can I show you the gray of the sagebrush or the bracing smell of the prairie at sunrise? How can I show you the blinding glare of the sand along in the afternoon, or the rise and fall of the shaggy shoulders of the buffaloes as they galloped awkwardly away? How can I show you the deep-worn trail, the evening camp-fire, the smell of the bacon and coffee, the

rattle and clink of the ox-chains, the odor of roasting buffalo hump? I can't do it. I don't savey how to handle language as well as I savey handling a bull-whip. You would love to have seen the herds of buffalo, you say. Maybe you would, and maybe you wouldn't. I have seen them when the sight of them was enough to turn a man's hair gray. I remember once we heard the roll and rumble, like thunder in the hills, of their coming. They were stampeding, and when they are crazed by fright, nothing will stop them. They will go over whatever is in their way, not even stopping when they come to the high bluffs of the river. I remember once, the captain of one of the Missouri River steamboats tied up to the shore at the foot of the bluffs. Pretty soon there was a terrific jar on deck, and it began raining buffaloes. The Indians had stampeded them and they were pouring over the bluff like a waterfall. The deck hands cast loose and let her drift down the stream, but not before six or seven buffaloes had crashed on deck. Well, we heard this dull rumble, and here



*One of the Many Lakes in Wallowa Basin, on the Old Emigrant Trail.*



From a photograph by Lee Morehouse.

*The Exercises at the Erection of the Monument on the Old Emigrant Trail where it comes down the Tutuilla, near Pendleton.*

they came over the low, rolling hills. There must have been thousands of them. We were directly in their course. We bunched our wagons and formed a line in front of them, firing into the oncoming mass. They separated and swept by, leaving us, a little island in a sea of brown. They looked like a muddy brown stream pouring by on both sides of us. Two of our ox-teams stampeded with them, and two of the oxen were killed and one of the wagons broken up considerably.

"One time we wanted some fresh meat, so I went out with a party from our train, to get some meat. I got separated from the others and the buffaloes grazing over their trail, covered their tracks so I didn't know which way to go. In some way I lost my box of caps, so I couldn't shoot anything, and I got ravenously hungry. I stood it for a couple of days and then I did what I had seen the Indians do—I lit the grass and caught the grasshoppers and crickets where the grass had been burned off and ate them. I finally ran across a party of Indians. One of the squaws gave me a cake of camas bread, made from camas roots pounded up and dried. Another gave me a lump of choke-cherries and sarvice berries dried and pressed together, while a third gave me a few dried

salmon skins and they told me how to go to find the wagons.

"The year before we came out had been a bad year for the cholera, and there were a good many cases of it the season we came out, but, fortunately, none of our party took it. We occasionally passed abandoned wagons by the side of the trail whose owners had died of cholera. No one would touch the wagons for fear of catching the dread disease. Even the Indians would not go near them, for they, too, were as afraid as death of the scourge, that in a single day would strike one down from health to death. One day in the valley of the Platte we saw a wagon drawn out by the side of the road. By its side a man was digging a grave. We halted and asked him what was the matter. He looked up from his digging, and I saw where the tears had washed little channels through the dust and grime of his worn and haggard face.

"My wife is dead. Cholera," he said.

"We instinctively shrank back. He noticed it and said:

"You needn't apologize. The party I was with were afraid they would catch the disease, and they hurried on and left us."

"We expressed our sympathy and told him we would let him join us if it were



*A View of the Upper Columbia from the Trail.*

not for the fear of his giving some of our party the cholera.

"I appreciate your being sorry. So am I, but that don't do much good now. It's too late for that. My wife was a good wife to me. She did the best she could. I expected too much of her. I'm afraid I was ugly to her sometimes. It nearly breaks my heart to think she was not sorry to die. She has gone now and she will never know how sorry I am.' He turned his back and resumed his digging. We heard the sobs, and, looking back, we saw a little tot three or four years old crying as though her heart would break.

"I want my mama to love me. I want my mama."

"Drive on," commanded our captain. We had hardly gotten under way when one of the wagons stopped, delaying those behind. The captain rode back to see what caused the delay. A man and his wife were in earnest dispute.

"Do you want to give the cholera to our own children? I tell you, you can't do it."

"I am going back to comfort that little girl and to help that poor man prepare his wife for burial," said the woman.

"I positively forbid it," the captain said.

"You were only elected to command the

men. We had no voice in your election, hence you cannot command me. I am a woman, and I'm going."

"She sprang out over the front wheel and hurried back to the other wagon. She came back in a moment or two, got some of Susie's clothes, and went back. Presently she reappeared with the dead woman's little girl in her arms, the curly head snuggled close to her neck.

"I am going to take care of this little girl. Her father will follow us a day's journey behind our train."

"The captain was very angry, and yet he admired her grit. He went off muttering it was a poor stick of a man that couldn't maintain discipline in his own family. But I have found by experience we are all poor sticks at that; for when a woman sets her mind on a thing you might as well submit gracefully; for you will have to, any way.

"A few days later a party of young fellows bound for the California mines overtook us. They told us that they had come across a wagon by the side of the road partially burned, and by its side was a man like a human pincushion, he was so full of Indian arrows. They buried him and made a rough cross from the charred wagon tongue and the end gate. There was a

heap of those crude crosses along the trail between Fort Kearney and Burnt River.

"The little girl? Oh, the woman kept her. Many tragedies on the plains? Oh, yes; I guess there was. I saw one I can never forget.

"In those days there were a good many rough characters on the road to the newly discovered gold mines in California. We camped with a party of them one night. I noticed they were pretty quiet, but didn't think much about it. When supper was over they built a large camp-fire. They chose a judge, and then I knew they were going to try some case, or possibly settle some trifling dispute, such as often occurs on the trail. A jury was selected and they sat by the fire where the flames lit up their faces and brought out every expression. The judge called one of the men by name. He stepped out, and if ever I saw a man, he was one. He was about twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and built like one of those old Greek gods I have seen statues of.

"'You are accused of killing your partner yesterday. What have you to say in your own defense?' said the judge.

"'I went down to the creek to get a bucket of water. Jack followed me. I had been joshing him about being afraid of rattlesnakes the day before. We talked about it a moment or two, and I said, 'I

didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You ought to have known I was joking.'

"'All right. Let it go at that,' he said.

"'I said, 'Let's shake hands and be friends.' He put out his hand. I heard a shot from the bushes back of me, and Jack fell, shot through the heart. I ran for the brush to see if I could see who shot Jack, and just then you fellows ran up and jumped to the conclusion that I was running away. That's the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I swear to God I had nothing to do with Jack's death, nor do I know who killed him.'

"One of the men stood up and said, 'The law demands an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The same law demands a life for a life. If we don't enforce the law, there will be no safety and no protection.'

"The judge told the jury to find him innocent if they thought he killed his partner in self-defense, but if he persisted in claiming he did not kill him, it would be their duty to find him guilty. The judge gave each of the jurors a white bean and a coffee berry. 'Remember, that the white beans clear him, and the others are a vote for his guilt. Do not convict him if you think he is innocent, and if you think him guilty, do not fail to uphold the majesty of the law.'

"He passed a tin cup around to get the verdict, and, taking it to the light of the



*A Present-day Scene along the Trail.*

camp-fire, he took them out, one by one. 'There are only five white beans and seven coffee berries. The majority is for conviction, and by mining law the majority rules,' said the judge. He turned to the jury and said, 'By your votes you have declared this man guilty, and it now becomes your duty to carry out the sentence of death. Get two of the wagons, place them so that they face each other, block their wheels so they can't slip back, raise their tongues and fasten the ends together.' The young fellow remained perfectly calm, but said in a low voice to the judge, 'Are you going to hang an innocent man? I swear before God I had no hand in Jack's death.'

"'You should have thought of the consequences sooner,' answered the judge. 'Bring a picket rope.'

"'Won't you shoot me, boys, instead of hanging me?' said the condemned man.

"The men paused irresolutely. The judge shook his head. One of the men stepped up and tied the young fellow's hands down to his sides. Another led up his saddle horse, and two of the men lifted him on its back.

"'Have you anything to say?' asked the judge.

"'Tell my mother I'm innocent, and tell Mary I will still love her on the other side of the grave.' He paused, and, turning to the man who had demanded an eye for an eye and a life for a life, he said, 'Jim, I believe you killed Jack. He told me once that you had sworn to kill him on account of the trouble you and he had over that girl in St. Joe. When you have helped to hang me I will come back and

haunt you. Your hands are red, but they will be redder, for you are going to kill yourself. Good-bye, friends. I forgive you.'

"Jim stepped forward and struck the horse. It snorted with surprise and fright and ran from between the wagons, leaving what had been a man swaying and twisting between the upraised wagon tongues. I can see the distorted face yet as it was lit up by the flame from the camp-fire. I have seen a heap of men pass in their checks in a heap of violent ways since that night, but that one stands out plainer than them all. Jim seemed fascinated by the sight of the lithe young figure as it danced grotesquely on nothing, and if ever a face expressed fear and guilt, his did. I have often wondered if they didn't hang the wrong man.

"The long stretches of sagebrush, the mountain ranges, the verdant and beautiful Grande Ronde Valley, the sparkling Umatilla, the game, the Indian scares, the evenings of song and story, the life-long friendships formed, all these things linger in one's memory, but of course I can't show them to you as they seem to me. I guess the blood of the pioneers that flowed in our veins called out to us to press westward, that and the thought of the thousands of acres of land, ours for the taking; but, whatever it was that caused me to go, I am glad I heard the call and answered it, for the sun does not shine on a better country than the old Oregon country."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and, lighting a candle, said, "It's late. I'll show you to your bunk so you can turn in."



# Eucalyptus

By Julia Boynton Green

“Well-covered,” so they named it, using Greek  
For euphony. See how each cunning cup  
Of seeds is fashioned! Thence a fay might sup.  
Green of old bronze with its blue bloom; now seek  
To raise the lid. Behold! we find no weak  
Apprentice work; sealed with a fairy cross  
The snug lid suffers of its seed no loss.  
“Well-covered.” Truly did that unknown speak!

Well-covered, too, the bud, till, in the course  
Of days, the waxing flower with gentle force  
Undoes the clasping of her emerald casque,  
And shakes her pale blonde tresses to the breeze.  
No friendlier inn, no sweeter hostess, ask  
Those wandering wights, those *bon-vivants*, the bees.

This is the settler's tree; around it cling  
Keen memories of hardship once withstood.  
His first hearth fire reeked of its fragrant wood;  
With swift shade did its vigorous saplings spring  
Beside his cot, and soon were offering  
The painted oriole place to rear her brood,  
Snug in their palm-thread hammock, full a rood  
Beyond grimalkin's hardiest venturing.

For decades have its priceless timbers met  
With gallant health the ship-worm's direful threat.  
For years its wholesome balms have eased the ailing,  
Its simple presence, hold the wise, availing  
To rout the dread miasma from its lair,  
And wrest the venom from malevolent air.



From a photograph by C. C. Pierce.  
*Indians of the Queres Pueblo of Acoma.*



# Slaves of the Pueblos

By Lanier Bartlett



IT is a startling thing to find at this late day, within the boundaries of the United States, men and women still in the prime of life who were slaves in their youth—not born into slavery, but captured in war and sold into bondage.

Yet, if one has accomplished the difficult task of making confidential friends in any one of those strangest, most picturesque communities of North America, the "pueblos," or little cities of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, he becomes accustomed to hear some venerable warrior with whom he may chance to be conversing (in Spanish) sav, as another villager passes, dressed like the rest, but somehow lithier, higher cheek-boned: "Manuel, there, used to be one of my boys; I captured him and two of his sisters in our last campaign against the Navajo;" or from some other friend, laughingly: "You know Isidro Padilla? Well, old Padilla's father bought him from the Mexicans, and the price he paid was one burro!" or, "The woman who lives over behind the church is my Navajo sister. I was raised with her and her sister and three little Navajo boys that my father took, over in the Rio Puerco country."

Especially in the pueblos along the Rio Grande, and particularly in the large pueblo of Isleta, are these ex-slaves to be found in abundance, and if each could but remember in detail the story of his or her capture and the first travail of mother-yearning hearts transplanted, as by a whirlwind, into an alien life, many a thrilling page of bloody desert encounter and human emotion, forever lost to history, might be heard from their lips.

Not until sometime after our Civil War did the United States Government find time to turn its attention to this traffic in war captives, or have soldiers to spare to break up in a lasting manner

these tribal wars, and the Navajo ravages upon the Mexican settlers of this wild region. The army made a treaty of peace in 1852 with the most troublesome of the Navajo chiefs, a renegade from Mexico known as "Largo," but when the Federal troops were withdrawn from the region, in 1859 to be sent eastward in anticipation of the trouble with the South, the Navajos broke out again and spread terror through New Mexico, until the government was again able to throw a strong regular force into their region. The California Volunteers and several other volunteer organizations were stationed in the territory during the War of the Rebellion, to hold the Indians down; but they were as a mere handful in that difficult wilderness.

Even after the Navajos were scattered by the government, and open war between them and the village Indians made impossible, the hereditary feud was kept alive; and the last scalp dance held in the pueblo of Isleta, around a freshly-taken Navajo head-covering, was as late as 1880, it is claimed. How this scalp was taken seems always to have remained something of a mystery to the few white men of the region who were cognizant of this famous occurrence; and the government is said to have investigated the matter, without success. It is with the utmost reluctance that the Isletas will refer to this, the last savage victory-orgie of the Pueblo peoples; but it was by stealth that this particular crown of their ancient enemy was secured and brought down to the Rio Grande to make that final fierce holiday.

An adaptation of the scalp dance is still held in Isleta each year, after the Spring foot-races; and the youths of the village who gather to sing every fair night on the two knolls that rise slightly above the white housetops of the ancient capital, often break, full-lunged, from the rhythmic grinding songs of yore into the savage sweep and weird chant of the scalp song. But for these many years the only



From a photograph by C. C. Pierce.

*Ruins of an Ancient Pueblo in New Mexico.*

severed scalps in town have been the old shrunken relics of long-ago victories that are laid away in the niches of the round "estufa," or sacred council chamber.

The Isleta pueblo seems to have been the most intrepid of the river villages; and its warriors were the leaders in the retributive campaigns of the Pueblo peoples against the great robber tribe of the Navajo. It is impossible to learn the exact dates from Indians, but the last big expedition which the Isletas led against the Navajos was sometime in the late '50s or early '60s. Old "Uncle" Patricio, now the oldest man in Isleta, claims to have been the head war captain of the allied parties; and other principal Isleta warriors were Jose Jopola, who recently died, but whose son, Francisco, is one of the principal men of the village, with a record of several re-elections to the position of war captain in the last few years; and another Jopola, father of Bartolo, a very intelligent man who is one of the village elders. From these may be heard the story of this last great sally—how the Navajo devils were out-deviled, and how old man Jopola was pinned to his saddle by an arrow through his thigh, shot from the bow of a Navajo chief as the Pueblos circled madly down onto the wild people, and how he turned back from the on-sweep of his companions, and in a lone

charge, ran the archer through with his long lance, then fought his way back again to his own people, still arrow-pinioned, but scornful of the cruel pain. And other wondrous things are told about that most famous war, as the intense high-land moon tops the mountain wall across the river, and juggling lights and shadows, throws the silent, centuried little city into a confusion of mysteries, like its past.

In this campaign the Isletas were supported by parties from all the pueblos north and east to Jemez, and west to Zuni. Old Patricio says they were in the field for three months and killed "hundreds of Navajos."

The crop of captives from this campaign was large. In a study of these strange village peoples the infusion of Navajo blood, resulting from the constant introduction of captives from the westward enemy, is an interesting point to be considered. Numerous Navajo songs have grown into the regular song-lists of the different pueblos, and may be heard any pleasant night from the boys who delight to sing from the high, star-gemmed places; and in other small ways the influence of the enemy tribe is evident. The fact that the Pueblo is fundamentally so different from all other Indians, in tribal organization, domestic life and physical

characteristics, only accentuates these imprints of the enemy's ways, that would show on these very conservative tribes only after long, constant pressure.

Sometimes, though less frequently, Navajo marauding parties made off with females from the pueblos. It is claimed by the Pueblos that the tribe that is now world-famous for its woven blankets and rugs learned the elementals of weaving from them. The Pueblos were the first weavers in the Southwest, as has been pretty well established; in the ancient days it was a common art with them. Only the men wove. Among the Navajos only the women weave, and the Pueblos maintain that escaped or ransomed Navajo females, returning to their own tribe with a knowledge of the rudiments of weaving, acquired during their captivity in the towns, developed the art in which the Navajo is now supreme. Weaving—except of modern belts or sashes, which is done by a few women of Isleta—is now almost a lost art with the Pueblos. It is carried on only in the Moqui villages of Arizona, where a few men still weave the mantas (the peculiar one-piece dress of Pueblo women) required by all the villages. Trading parties journey to Moqui yearly from the farthest eastern and northern pueblos of New Mexico just to secure this much desired fabric. The demand for mantas is so much greater than

the supply, that their value is constantly advancing, and it is to be feared that in time the picturesque and distinctive costume of the Pueblo woman will give way to cheap, machine-made cotton fabrics, worn in the slovenly style into which the women of less conservative tribes have long since fallen.

For some time it has been maintained by students of Pueblo life that a male Pueblo weaver no longer exists outside of the Moqui people; but this summer (1906) the writer discovered in the Isleta pueblo, an aged man known as Santiago, who still weaves mantas and small blankets after the old fashion, as a regular occupation, although he is now half blind. When "old man Santiago, the weaver," was casually mentioned by Indian friends in the pueblo, it was difficult to believe the story that here, in the pueblo where the old arts and industries have all practically been choked out by the comparative proximity of the large American town of Albuquerque, whither it is easy to journey for cheap American goods, there should exist a worker in the oldest art of all; but on being guided to the dark interior of this ancient man's little abode, there he was, hard at work finishing a ceremonial man-manta, his white, thin-haired head thrust up almost against the loom, that his dimming eyes might still guide his busy fingers trustily. This hu-



*In the Navajo's Country.*

From a photograph by C. C. Pierce.

man relic of a past age and art is not an Isleta, or Tigua Indian proper, but a Queres from the Laguna pueblo, who migrated to Isleta with other Lagunas years ago, during a frightful famine to the westward; and he lives over on the knoll, where the Laguna colony settled in that Hunger Season.

In these latter days of tribal peace it is difficult to imagine the state of constant danger and agitation in which these Pueblo peoples lived, from time immemorial down to the period following our Civil War, when the United States Government smothered the last Navajo outbreak, begun in 1859, and drove that big, wild tribe westward over the edge of Arizona. But that their lives were lived through all this immeasurable period with the implements of their daily labor in one hand and the weapons of war in the other, is still plainly evidenced to one who penetrates the life of these strange, self-contained white cities in the wilderness—evidenced in the former captives who come riding through the tortuous alleys with that inherent Navajo jog; in the talk of the old men who were warriors; in the remains of stone strongholds that are to be found on the outskirts of the communities; in the location and appearance of the towns themselves, with the ancient houses turning their thick, dead-wall backs to the exposed quarters.

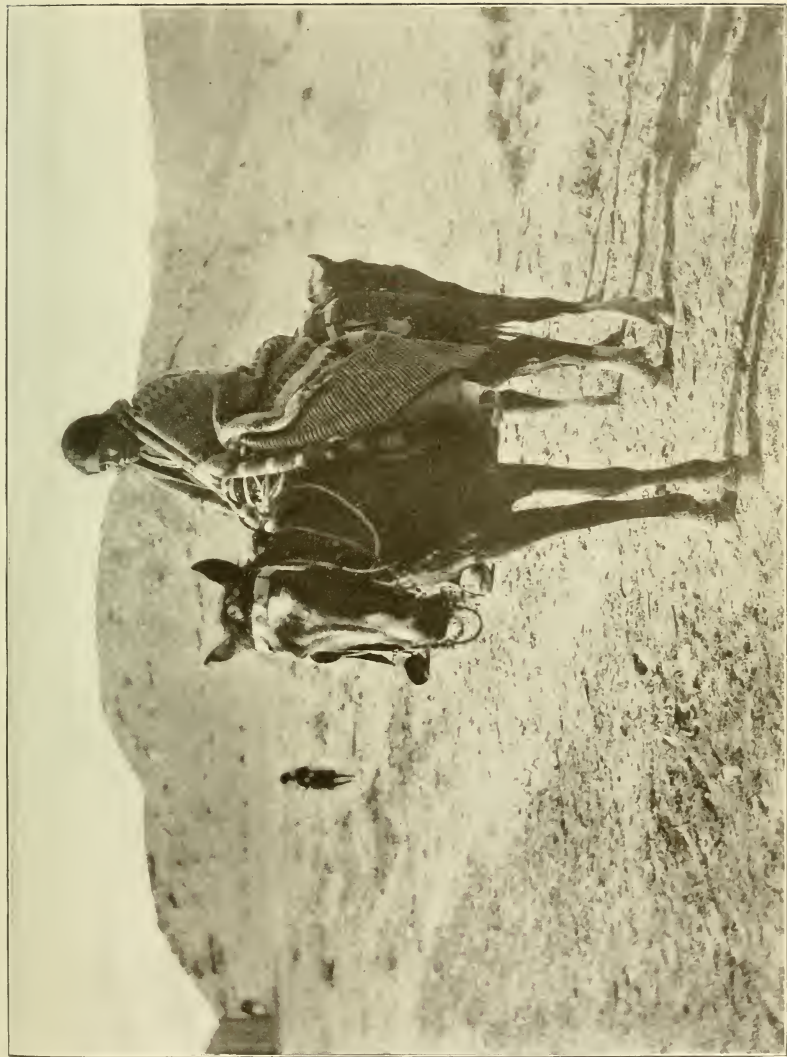
Just west of the fields and orchards of the Isletas, on a lava ledge that overhangs some of the bottom-lands where the people plant, are still to be traced the remains of what once was a great, circular, two-story tower built of lava blocks and adobe. The Pueblos are, and have been for unnumbered centuries, tillers of the soil, and their great menace was an attack by the enemy on the field workers, outside the protection of the villages. This great lava tower was built as a refuge for the Isleta field workers, when the Navajo should descend. On the charred volcanic cone that rises above this ledge, sentinels were ever posted; and the patient toilers in the patch work of tiny fields far below, planted and hoed and watered and reaped with an eye always scanning the signal hill. The tower was still in commission within the young manhood of certain hale and hearty old fellows of the present day, like Viejo Padilla, who

till these same plots below the lava ledge, and leaning on their giant hoes, glance upward and recall the stirring days of the "Torreon"—the Great Tower, which is the name that portion of the domain has retained to this day.

But the Navajo preferred to lie in wait for small parties, trading from pueblo to pueblo, and to cut off lone herders, either Pueblo or Mexican, when he could. In comparatively recent times a trading party of Isletas, journeying to Laguna with apples, was ambushed west of Laguna by a combined force of Apaches and Navajos. This is the only instance within the memory of the present Isletas when Apaches entered their portion of the Pueblo country; though in older days their raids probably were more frequent.

The old Mexican settlements of the territory were even heavier sufferers from the swooping Navajo. The Navajo strain is prominent in their population today. Their herds and flocks were a constant temptation to the semi-pastoral, seminomadic desert tribe, and over the head of every Mexican herder there always hung the terrible threat of a sudden, merciless death from this lurking foe. It is said that Felipe Chavez, one of the principal dons of the settlements of Padillas and Pajarito, which lie between Isleta and Albuquerque, lost 50,000 head of sheep to the Navajos in three months in the late '50's.

In those days the Mexican settlements were built as compactly as possible, for mutual protection, the large houses of the few principal landowners standing together, with the quarters of their retainers and tenants clustering close about them. Horses were kept ready in the corrals day and night, with saddles and arms beside them. Attached to the saddles were light saddle-bags filled with corn meal, jerked meat and chile, and little copper kettles hung over them. On the moment that the cry of "Navajo!" was raised by a fleeing herder, or the sentinel on the edge of the village, the appointed men sprang for their horses and sallied forth in an effort to recover stampeded cattle or avenge the death of some fellow Mexican. There was not much blood spilt by these impetuous, but rather short-winded, Mexican posses, for the Navajo considered it better policy to run than to



A Nanyo Belle.

From a photograph by C. Pierce.



A Modern Pueblo.

From a photograph by C. C. Pierce.

fight, once the coveted flock or herd was well "lifted," and live to raid another day; and it is not recorded that these Mexican ranchers ever pushed very deep into the enemy's own country. But these little ever-ready detachments of village volunteers were a dashing and picturesque feature of the strangely jumbled life of that New Mexico which is no more.

Like the Pueblos, the Mexicans of the affected area watched the different outlying trails for the passage of Navajo raiding parties bound for other settlements than their own, and when they would learn that an expedition had stolen up-river, they would hastily back-trail the marauders, descend upon the women and children left in the Indian camp, and carry off innumerable captives. The female slaves were trained for domestic service, while the boys were made to do field work or sold in open market. Indeed, Navajo boys and girls were so valuable in the Mexican settlements that the chief aim of the Pueblo Indian campaigners was captives, rather than scalps; and after a successful sally, the quaint villagers would travel about among the Mexican communities, peddling slaves. Boys and girls sold for from \$200 to \$400 a head, usually, though after a succession of suc-

cessful counter-raids they sometimes dropped down to a mere burro's worth.

From the number of these slaves kept by the Mexicans, a considerable strain of Navajo blood has been infused into the present-day population of a portion of New Mexico. Indeed, pure-blooded Navajos who pass for Mexicans are still to be found in these communities.

Keen reminders of the former ravages of the Indians among these settlements are the widows still to be found in such exposed villages as Padillas, who will tell you dramatically that they are relics of the danger-days, when their husbands were slain by "los Navajoses."

Many interesting stories of clever escapes and heartbreaking flights through the waterless wastes, by captives who were mere children, are to be heard in this region, where slavery was last practiced in the United States. Old Chino, a well-to-do Isleta Indian, still mourns the loss of a bright little Navajo boy who escaped from the pueblo one night and baffled pursuit by tying a piece of sagebrush behind him, which dragged his tracks out. There had been a wind-storm during the day, which had blown brush and weeds over the sandy surface of the desert, so that the trail of his sagebrush mingled imperceptibly with the other markings. Some

years ago, after slave holding had been discontinued, he returned to the pueblo with a Navajo trading party, and informed his former master of the manner of his boyhood departure.

In the minds of the old men there is the recollection of only one Comanche inroad on Isleta: but this raid was one fully in accord with the reputation of the dashing, lance-thrusting plains tribe, if the aged story-tellers of the pueblo are to be believed.

Large parties of Pueblos used to make annual pilgrimages eastward to the Staked Plains, to lay in supplies of buffalo meat for the winter. Slowly, painfully they wended their way through the rough mountain passes, prodding strings of oxen yoked to clumsy, shrieking old Spanish carretas—home-made carts, with solid wooden wheels and wooden axles. These hunts took them to the edge of the Comanche domain; but their parties were always large, and they claim that the fierce raiders of the Llano Estacado seldom attacked them. This last spring (1906) a Comanche trading party visited Isleta, and with the strangers was a young man, a native of Isleta, who had been sold as a child to the Comanches by the Navajos. He showed no desire to return to the old-fashioned Pueblo life.

The last Navajo scalp and last captives taken by the Isletas in open combat are said to have been brought in by Jose Jolola, that daughty old-time warrior, only recently deceased, who was in command of an armed party of wood-fetchers. While traversing the barren, sand-blown plain that reaches away toward the Río Puerco, whither the Isletas travel to this day for

the cedar wood that warms them through the winter, the Pueblos came across a Navajo party returning from an up-river raid, and plundered the plunderers.

Now wars and the rumors of wars are fought and heard only in memory, beside the winter firesides or on the moonlit housetops of the People of Mystery. The men and women who, as boys and girls, were slaves, wrenched away from their mothers by force of arms, to be worked or sold or killed as the wrenchers might elect, now move smoothly along in the fathomless, spanless current of this age-deepened Pueblo life, the source whereof no man knoweth, the underflow whereof no white man understandeth; and the freedom-loving nomad by birth, the raiding, work-detesting horseman by heritage, trudges to his field at sunrise with a great mattock of a hoe, and labors till eve, content; so inexorably has the overpowering life of the more ancient tribe—a grandfather tribe beside his own—compressed him into its rigid mould.

All these liberated male slaves have been given land by the Pueblo government, or by their former masters, whose names they have taken, in many instances, and have married Pueblo women. Always a Pueblo woman; and the Navajo women, always a Pueblo man; for it is the opinion of the elders that the alien blood should be diffused and lost sight of. There is no longer any bitterness between the villagers and their ancient enemy, and Navajo visitor eating from Pueblo flesh pots, and welcome, is a frequent sight in these days of steady, toilsome, henceforth-everlasting peace, enlivened only by Memory.

# The Smile of God's Good Night

By Martha C. Hayward

The Summer day draws to its close ;  
    One twinkling star peeps thro' the blue ;  
Each tired bird now seeks repose,  
    And flowers are wet with falling dew.  
In the far West the golden light  
Shines like the smile of God's good-night—  
    A kind good-night to His dear world.

Today, the low-hung, sombre clouds  
    Veil the clear brightness of the skies,  
And as a pall swift rain enshrouds  
    That landscape view which most we prize,  
Until the sunset rifts of light  
Break, like the smile of God's good-night—  
    A kind good-night to His dear world.

O, happy world! beneath His care  
    Thy busy days move sweetly by ;  
In rain or shine, or foul or fair,  
    Thy Maker's watch-power broodeth nigh,  
Until, in gleams of glory light,  
Shall come the smile of God's good-night—  
    His last good-night to His dear world.



# Samson Shorn

By Edna Kenton



AFTERWARDS, when he tried to analyze the incident, he failed to find the ghost of a reasonable incentive. The act therefore seems fated to remain as mysteriously motified as it seemed when he unclosed his eyes after the rapturous comfort of a prolonged and perfect shave, and looked into the mirror, to see his mouth and chin for the first time in twenty years. The barber, following instructions to the letter, had swept ruthlessly away the product of time, regardless of its beauty; for, as beards go, this was a model of its type.

Otterson, struggling up out of the dreamy trance into which a magnetic barber—and he patronized no other—could throw him, gazed into the mirror with a slow smile whose increasing silliness he could not possibly control. Whatever his motive or lack thereof, the result pleased him mightily. For he saw, at first with absolute impersonality, a very handsome man, one might say, and be within the bounds of unexaggerated truth.

He received his barber's congratulations uneasily, because of his consciousness that his silly, gratified smile would not leave his face, and because he felt quite as if the man were talking to some one else. He got into his overcoat and hat with speed, and could not resist the temptation to glance slyly once again into the mirror when he was ready to depart. He could not imagine why he felt so strangely dissatisfied at this last sight; he had been so infinitely pleased a moment before.

He glanced southward as he stepped into the street. Two blocks up, on 57th street, was his suite of rooms, in the Octangle Club, and two or three blocks east was his boarding place, a cheap little cafe, but mercifully clean, where he had eaten, silent and solitary, for two years. Woodlawn was not blessed with a choice of cafes, but one did have a choice between them and clubs or boarding houses,

where one was forced into conventional conversation whether one liked it or not; and Otterson, a man of means but a man of stolid indifference to creature comforts, chose the meal-ticket arrangement. His rooms were his own at the club, and his solitary seat was his own at the cafe. He cared nothing for humanity, being a scholarly specialist in his particular line of biology, and aside from the two courses of special lectures he gave before graduate workers and special students, met no persons outside of his co-workers in the university laboratories.

Because he almost never went north of 55th street, he turned south instinctively, but, in a shining shop-window, he caught sight of a man he had never seen before, and was immediately shocked into abrupt halting. He *had* seen the man, not three minutes before, in the mirror of the barber shop he had just quitted; it was he himself, Francis Otterson! The shock at once steadied and decided him. He could not habit his familiar haunts tonight, so he turned north and walked over to 53rd street, where he took a train down town. He almost never dined down town, and he felt timid over a choice of restaurants. He knew some of the more notable places by name, from hearing the younger men about the university speak of them, but such matters never interested him. His life was in the university laboratories.

He intended to get off at Van Buren street, but his mind was riven with forgotten happenings in a forgotten past, and he was carried past, down to Randolph street. When he stepped off the train he saw by the Illinois Central time piece that it was only 4 o'clock. The afternoon was dark with clouds, and he had absent-mindedly taken the shadows for evening ones. He frowned a little. Just how he might spend the two hours before dinner profitably he hardly knew; but his steps turned instinctively toward the John Crerar library.

If it had not been for his casual glance into a plate-glass window, mirror-lined,

before he crossed Randolph street, Francis Otterson's life might have continued to run unto the end in its deep but very narrow channel. But a startling, full-length view of his shorn self, immediately followed by sight of a swinging, illumined sign a block and a half down the street, proved a combination fatal to scholarly instinct, and he walked mechanically down the street. He had seen the Colonial theatre sign, but he had no idea whatever what was playing there. As he drew near he discovered it was "The Prince of India," and he fingered doubtfully in his pockets, wondering if he had money enough with him for a dinner and a ticket. With a spendthrift's thrill, his first in twenty years, his hand closed over a roll of bills which aggregated two hundred and fifty dollars, laboratory fees which he had collected that day from his class, and which he had forgotten to turn over to the bursar that noon.

He stepped hesitatingly into the lobby—he had not purchased a theatre ticket for years—and peered about him, listening idly, while he waited his turn at the window, to the talk of two men near him.

"You don't want to miss it, Billy," the tall, clean-shaven, properly-coated and silk-hatted man was saying. "She's got all the talent of the Drews and the Barrymores rolled into one slim body. And she's got the splendid audacity to grey her hair in 'Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire,' and the incomparable ability to send its reality over the foot lights. Don't miss her."

With hesitating mind, Otterson realized that he was standing before the ticket window. Memories of Georgia Drew and Maurice Barrymore were rampant—"The Prince of India" might be good, but the talent of the Drews and Barrymores—

"Well, sir?" the box-office ejaculated. Otterson started from his reverie.

"Could you tell me where 'Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire' is playing?" he stammered.

Without blinking, he received the charitable information, and turned hastily from the lobby. He had forgotten where Power's was, so he stopped to ask a policeman—it thrilled him when he recalled that it was formerly Hooley's. He drew a good seat for the evening, and then, inspired by sight of the silk-hatted man, he hurried over to Jackson boule-

vard. He always dressed well, but he had not owned a dress suit for twenty years, and he had just discovered after his guileless watching of the gentleman aforesaid, the reason for his dissatisfaction with himself before he left his barber's. His soft, careless, felt hat, while it may have suited him three hours back, looked anything but suitable above his clean-shaven chin and Haversam mouth. In his youth he had been said to resemble his uncle, Watts Haversam, and the surprising likeness had been the first thing which he had noticed in his first glance into the barber's mirror.

It took time to accomplish his ends, but promptly at 6 o'clock he left his tailor's, very decently fitted out in an evening suit made for a man who had never claimed his order. He had chosen very carefully an opera hat, and had purchased an Inverness coat. He felt like a man with a past, a dual nature, while he was trying to convince his tailor, who had been his tailor for fifteen years, that he was in truth Francis Otterson, and it took the Bertillon system to prove it. But his measurements coincided, as did his handwriting.

"You will pardon me, sir, but it is a wonderful improvement," said the clerk, smilingly, as he smoothed the coat carefully over Otterson's shoulder, and handed his customer his opera hat, releasing the spring as he did so. And Otterson, glancing once again into a mirror, knew it for solemn truth. He had been right about his need for a high hat, and he was dumbly flattered at his own perception.

Some vague tales he had heard from the frivolous in his laboratories inclined his steps toward the Sherman House, and he went into the College Inn for his dinner, choosing a single table in a quiet and retired corner. He scanned the menu card and wine list a bit doubtfully for a moment, and then ordered recklessly. And over his various cigarettes he dreamed and pondered.

For, twenty years before, Frank Otterson had been one of the young dandies of the town. During his college vacations he and his fellow Yale students were accustomed to paint the Chicago of the middle '80's a bright and cheerful red. It was not the College Inn which they frequented in those days—the College Inn

was of much later growth—but Rector's was flourishing then, and the Wellington, and all the head waiters thereof knew Frank Otterson during his two brief years of butterfly glory.

For in two years' time he had achieved student love and its repulse, student bankruptcy, and the ultimate despair of youth. Kitty Oglesby had flirted with him deliriously, and had thrown him over carelessly, to marry within the month one Orr Harland. And he found himself, at the beginning of his senior year at college, with a beautiful collection of debts, an unsavory reputation, a broken and uncontrite heart, and on half allowance.

It was during his senior year, therefore, that young Otterson lost interest in life, which almost always includes, especially in youth, a loss of interest in one's personal appearance. Beards were not so uncommon then among young undergraduates of the early '80's, and Otterson gloomily watched his grow to perilous length before he undertook its pruning. Half way through his profitless last year, chance interested him in independent biological research, and he turned from the chilled butterfly of fashion back into the chrysalis state from which he had not emerged, until tonight, for so much as one brief moment. He had avoided women ever since the day when Kitty Oglesby threw him over for Orr Harland; had been the hermit, the recluse, the woman-hater, the authority on the intellectual processes of sea-urchins, and other such recondite subjects. Until tonight. To the point of mental feverishness he wondered *why* he had told the man that afternoon to make thorough work of his task. Not one moment before its utterance had the thought been in his mind.

The cafe was filling rapidly. Otterson had shunned every sort of University functions, which were now his only accessible social opportunities, and he was truly ignorant of the fact that such fluffy, frilly creatures had their being as these beautiful birds of paradise who floated into and out of the room, followed by men of all types, but in the main men in evening dress and opera hats, and all conditions of features. For the thousandth time Otterson smoothed his chin, with that same uncontrollably silly smile creeping about his

lips. He felt extremely noticeable, and indeed many glances were directed at his table. For Francis Otterson, in evening dress, with his cigarette held in his long, finely-groomed, gentlemanly hand, was even as all the mirrors which he had consulted reflected him, a very handsome gentleman. Above his temples his hair was but slightly touched with grey, a detail always provocatively interesting to women, and the absence of the grizzled beard made him all of ten years younger. He looked what he was not, cosmopolitan, and when he rose, with his Inverness coat thrown over his arm, and his opera hat held at an angle which he had been quick to perceive in others, and quick to imitate, he felt, in the face of the approving glances the women bent on him, and the involuntary attention, therefore, of the men, a wave of self-assurance which he had not felt for years. Not since that painful day when Kitty Oglesby, herself a year his junior, had ticketed him "only a silly boy!"

The Randolph street theatre had a new name and a new interior, but the old ghosts of "Hooley's" rose up and confronted him as he sat in his parquet seat while the audience gathered. It was here, twenty years and more ago, that he had seen Maggie Mitchell as "Fanchon" and "Mignon." Maggie Mitchell was off now, he knew, but Nat Goodwin—hadn't Nat played "The Usurper" here not so long since! It was here, far back, that he had seen Goodwin in "Confusion" and in his famous Irving imitation, "Those Bells." Irving was gone now—too inexcusable that he had not seen the great actor a few years ago when he played for the last time in Chicago. Twenty years back, at the old Haverly theatre, he saw Irving and Terry in "The Merchant of Venice," and "Louis XI," and "The Lyons Mail," and "The Bells"—what a clever, clever fellow Goodwin was! At the old Haverly theatre, too, he had seen Ristori and Keene and Janauschek in their masterful Shakespeare roles, and little, hysterical, wonderful Clara Morris as "Cora" and "Miss Multon." Was it there that Emma Abbott—no, she sang at the Grand, in "The Bohemian Girl" and "Martha"—how mad the audience went when she gave them "The Last Rose of Summer!" It was at the Grand, too, that

he saw the Hanlons, and Patti Rosa, and Minnie Maddern, a little fluff of a girl with a bigger fluff of red hair, in "Caprice." But it was here at Hooley's that he saw Fanny Davenport in "Fedora," and the rest of those Sardou contrivances. Robson and Crane played here, too, in "The Cherubs," and "Forbidden Fruit." And Aimee, in "Mam'zelle."

And then he felt the thrill of a score of years ago, as the curtain swayed and slowly rose, and he looked upon the stage whereon trod, for the delight of this generation, a daughter of the Barrymores.

When the lights flashed up, after the first act, he rose and stepped into the aisle to allow his neighbors, a man and woman, to pass out into the foyer, and, as he was about to resume his seat, he saw a woman leaning far over the right-hand stage box, beckoning to him delightedly. He looked at her dazedly; with precisely the same emotion as when he had stared at his new self that afternoon. It was Youth come back; not for twenty years had he seen Kitty Oglesby. He obeyed her imperative summons mechanically, and in a few moments stepped into her box, where she rose effusively to greet him, the same Kitty, hardly any older, slightly fuller in figure, but without a thread of gray in her dark hair, and with no lessening of luring light in her brown eyes.

"Frank Otterson!" she cried, a thousand flattering italics in her voice. "Never did I expect to see you again! Some one did tell me something once about you—I forget what now, because it sounded so very musty—I didn't want to remember it. It didn't sound a bit characteristic of what you were, nor what you are. I am convinced it was a malicious fib—to separate us by a deeper gulf. Who hates us enough to dare fib so horribly!"

"I am musty," Otterson owned regretfully. It was delicious to be called Frank again, *delicious!* Her under lip curved in the same roseleaf fashion when she said it. He had signed "Francis" so often that he had forgotten it was ever "Frank," and no one called him so much as "Francis" now. Very seldom were his titles ignored, to make him even "Otterson."

"You are not!" Kitty contradicted flatly, another of her old tricks. "You are thoroughly up to date, a most modern gentleman. It was some sort of 'Doctor'

wasn't it, and they said you played with lots of slimy toads and fish, and cut them up and wrote about them. When did you come to town? Impossible! O, well, I always was a featherhead, as you know very well, and I don't know a thing about the University here, since my boys will both go to Yale, in memory of you, Frank!"—how like Kitty that was, the cooing lilt, the luring glance—"and my girl came out this winter. Dear me, *no*, Frank—how fortunate that you asked. Poor Orr died years ago, and when I married Ralph, the children took his name—that's how you've lost track of me," with delicious and adorable egotism. "I married Ralph Templar years ago—fifteen years ago—Ralph! my old sweetheart, and Katherine, my dear!—this is my eldest girl, Frank, who dares to say in her first season, that she *hates* boys! For that tiny frost on your distinguished temples she will love you—"

Otterson turned slowly, to look into the face of the Kitty of his youth. The elder Kitty had worn well, had not changed, considering the full score of years, but compared to this incomparable creature, the years had left deep traces. Katharine!—that suited her better than Kitty, suited her quaint dignity, and stately little poise. He sat down beside her in a trance, brief to bitterness, for he woke within thirty seconds from the time of seizure; she was scant eighteen and dainty as a roseleaf, and he was not twenty, but forty, grizzled and untutored in the ways of women, all but uncouth—

He started in a panic of fear. Before him stood, with all the air of a prince about to expel a wanton usurper, an immaculately coated youth who had figured in all the junior escapades of the year at the University, and who somehow had entered and lasted in one of the Otterson lecture courses. And then, in the same moment, before he betrayed himself by recognition, he saw, in a mirror back of the box, that strange, fascinating sight of himself as he had been for six short hours, and he remembered his doubting tailor. Yet it was not until the introductions were safely over, and the suave young dandy had seated himself masterfully beside Katharine, that Otterson drew a free breath. The young hound had not recognized him, had no idea what Otterson he

was. He almost laughed aloud. Since his tailor had not known him, how should young Thompson recognize him, in dress suit and white gloves and all the peacock regalia? Involuntarily he surveyed the youth's dress-coat, and observed a certain effect over the shoulders which his did not have, and of which he mightily approved. Of course his own suit was not made for him—that had been impossible under the circumstances. But a suit to order would not be an impossible achievement, say by the end of the week. He wondered uneasily if Kitty would ask him to call. There was not the old ghost of any old reason why she should not. He was quite cured, quite sane!

He rose hastily as the lights lowered. Kitty and Templar—really a fine fellow—had been so charming that he had forgotten time. But Kitty's white-gloved hand rested on his arm, after her old manner—minus only the old, communicating thrill.

"You aren't going," she whispered imperiously. "This is a beautiful play for us old people to watch together." And Otterson dropped helplessly down.

During the next intermission Kitty made him talk, how he did not know, for he had not talked to women for twenty years; but he caught himself saying things which provoked a laugh, the right sort of a laugh, and twice he had the intense joy of seeing young Thompson glare furiously at him—by so much had he succeeded in attracting Katharine's attention to himself. And the intermission ended with his acceptance of Templar's invitation—really, a fine fellow, Templar—to supper at the Annex after the play.

"It's summer done, autumn begun," Frank," quoted Kitty almost tearfully, as she watched the last curtain slip slowly down. "It's 'locking up time'; it's Katharine come out, Kitty go in; Kitty-sit-by-the-fire! Can you imagine it!"

"No," said Otterson. "And speak for yourself and Templar, Kitty. I'm not ready to 'lock up.' Pulcher mater—if you pardon me—"

"I am old!" cried Mrs. Templar. "It has never been said to me before. She is a sweet thing—listen, she's very sorry for you! She found a silly diary of mine one day, and I allowed her to read bits of

it, but I forgot, and she devoured the page I wrote on a certain date—hm?—far back—and she looks upon me as a cruel—"

"You were!" said Otterson. "You were a beast, Kitty. You made me forty years old—when I was twenty. And now tonight—being forty, I am just of age. Don't try to read the riddle—it will down you as the Sphinx has downed us all. You would have to get aid from a tonsorial parlor out south, and from a tall, mysterious stranger in a silk hat whose whereabouts will never be found—"

Three hours later, Otterson let himself softly into the Octangle club-house, and went up to his rooms. The supper party had been delightful—for him and the Templars—he was not so sure of young Thompson's pleasure therein. A long-dormant sense of humor made him twinkle at the thought of young Thompson's astonishment tomorrow, when they faced each other again—and that same sense of humor made him wince a bit at the thought of what food for fishes he would be, and justly, on the campus—he, the Hermit of the Octangle club, the reclusé of the laboratories.

"An old fool—" murmured Dr. Otterson somewhat ruefully.

He set up his hand-mirror on the fireplace mantel, and stared at himself enough consecutive minutes to feel reasonably sure that he would recognize himself in a show-window again without a convulsive start and blind staggers. He was bitterly ashamed of that silly smile which would creep irrepressibly over his face from time to time, but so far he could not help it, so intensely gratified was he that he did not look so much unworthy of social amenities!

"Next Wednesday dinner!" mused Dr. Otterson, commendably calm, considering that he had not voluntarily accepted a dinner invitation for twenty years. "And a Thursday afternoon musicale! Now what in the name of the gods do they wear to afternoon musicales? I've got this dress suit—"

He twisted about before his small mirror; a rose leaf had crumpled beneath him; a memory of young Thompson's magnificent shoulder effect came back to mock him. "Hang it!" Dr. Otterson swore heavily.

He reached out at last for paper and

fountain pen, and hastily indited a letter, calling upon his tailors for one dress suit and one afternoon calling suit, complete to studs and neckties, and in the latest, quietest effects, to be delivered by Tuesday of the week following. "That settles that!" he remarked. Then he rose to knock his cigar ash into the fireplace. His mirror still stood upon the mantel, and he

passed his hand again over his finely modeled chin, with infinite satisfaction.

"My defences against the follies of youth and the wiles of women are gone forever," Dr. Otterson confessed to himself superbly. "The door is unlocked. And I believe in my soul that I have the making in me of a magnificent, monumental—fool!"

## "Scurry"

By Frank G. Stephens



**N**UMBER One thundered past the solitary box of a station that comprised Fair Hope, the screeching brakes shrilling above the rush and roar as it slid on down the

mountain, careening around the curve below. Engine, mail and express cars, coaches, Pullmans and diner took the tilt of the sharp curve with the smoothness of swaying trees. The red end lantern glimmered palely in the late afternoon light.

The one inhabitant of Fair Hope drew a long breath as the end lights disappeared and passed a thin hand over a forehead that was too white for a mountain operator; a gesture that had become habitual of late. Turning, he re-entered the stuffy shanty crowded with its desk, arm chair and small heater. In a tired, quiet way he seated himself at the desk, stretched out two slender, sensitive fingers and a thumb and telegraphed his routine report of the safe passage of the transcontinental. He fingered the key with the same tenderness with which he might have taken the hand of a friend or stroked the fur of a pet.

It was his one living companion! his sole connection with the world.

The busy operator at the other end cut him off with a brief "O. K."

Turning his lingering eyes from the cold little instrument, at length he arose, trimmed, filled and lit his two switch-lights,

put on his hat and coat and walked out into the chill mountain air. Although it was only four o'clock, the sun had set behind the narrow canyon wall. That ended the day for Fair Hope.

The operator's visible world was not large as he stood on the narrow platform where the snow that had partly melted an hour before was even now beginning to crunch under foot. Behind him was the black canyon wall, seamed and shattered, at the base of which the little telegraph shack seemed unduly dwarfed. Before him were the shining rails of the main track, sanded here and there in a quick effort to make the wheels bite; the rusty rails of the one side-track; the rushing, frothing, boulder-bedded river; the opposite canyon wall from whose crest the golden sunlight was silently disappearing.

Having hung his switch lights, he had almost regained the door when a slight sense of companionship stole over him. Intuitively he felt the presence of something alive. Turning quickly, he detected a rabbit hopping silently along the narrow space between the rails and the river; sniffing daintily at the lichens on the rocks, pausing to nibble tentatively at some imaginary morsel along the waste.

Instantly the operator's face lost its tired expression. With every muscle tense, he stood watching, afraid to move lest he frighten the welcome creature. He smiled and would have spoken aloud had he dared.

Suddenly the rabbit became aware of

his presence as it hopped out from behind a rock, and sitting up, ready to flee on the instant, stared at him with big, round, questioning eyes. Very softly the youth put one foot behind the other until his hand touched the latch behind. Entering quietly, he as noiselessly reappeared a moment later with a few grains of corn in one hand;—a curious possession in the high Rockies. With scarcely a motion he flipped one of the kernels with his thumb so accurately that it struck between the rabbit's fore paws.

In instant fright the little creature sprang backward and disappeared down the river with startled leaps.

Over the operator's face came again the tired, lonesome, hungry look as he reentered the shack and sank wearily in his chair. Thick darkness settled down in the canyon. No light appeared in Fair Hope station.

Chauncey Miley was in the wrong place and knew it. Countless times he had gone over the incredible chain of circumstances that had forced him there and failed to see how it could have been different.

Until a year ago he had accepted his luxurious, aristocratic life without a question. No whim of his had been ungratified. Yet he had grown up unspoiled, though with a high-strung, too sensitive temperament. His father's death, coming in his undergraduate years at an expensive college, had not been allowed to interfere more than temporarily with his course. Twice winner of the Finson oratorical prize, a strong debater and successful editor of his college paper, his life seemed shaping toward a literary career. The blow came during his senior year. He received his mother's wedding cards, together with a note begging him not to be harsh, but that she had not found courage to tell him in advance.

Immediately on his graduation he returned home with forebodings. He found his step-father a calm, cold, polished financier, with deliberately overbearing ideas and a determination to make his step-son like unto him. From this impassive, steely nature the impetuous, high-strung youth ricocheted as a hot-spiced bullet from armor plate. The strain resulting from this temperamental inharmony grew more and more intense and finally

burst in open rupture. That night he sought his mother and said:

“I'm going! You may love this man;—I hope so, since you've married him. I never can! I do love you,—with all my heart. That's why I refuse to be a source of discord in your home.

“I have never done any real work. I have often wanted to try myself and see if I could get on alone. If I have the stuff in me I'll win. And you won't hear from me until I do!”

Three months from the time he left home his funds were reduced to a few dollars. For another three months he worked on Nebraska farms, losing more and more of his courage as circumstances forced him nearer and nearer the ground. He drifted to Denver, spent his last quarter, went hungry two days, saw a yellow slip in a window bearing the message:

“TELEGRAPHER WANTED.”

In his boyhood days he had handled a key as a pastime. It struck him now as being the one practical thing he could do. In five minutes he stood before the proper official, reduced to a desperate willingness to go anywhere, to do anything that began with a square meal.

“You don't look like a railroad man,” said the official. “Inexperience counts against you. Well—” he tapped the arm of his chair irresolutely, during which interval the young man's head swam—“we'll try you six months at Fair Hope. If you make good we'll do better by you.”

Fair Hope was the safety notch on a slide-for-life or a desperate climb, depending on which way the train might be going. Summit, the highest point on the pass, was ten miles up the canyon. Sheehan, at the canyon mouth, was ten miles below. All other trains went the long route around the mountain on a lower level; but the transcontinental thunderbolts, Number One and Number Two, in their hot race to cut off another minute, could save time by going over the pass.

Half the day the rolling palaces spent in a desperate climb up the mountain, with white-hot fires under the boilers of both head-engine and pusher; the anxious train crew listening with strained faces to

the painfully laborious *chuff, chuff, chuff*; or the nerve wrenching slip of the drivers. Precious time was always lost on the up grade, and made up when, having snapped off the pusher at Summit, the diabolical, jointed, careening thing plunged roaring down the other side, the shrill screech of the protesting brakes echoing and re-echoing from crag to crag. Just below Fair Hope a sudden bend in the canyon wall necessitated a curve so cruel that the down train was threatened with constant danger of plunging into the river, so near that one might drop his pencil from the car window into the rushing water.

The chief dispatcher never was known to leave his desk until Fair Hope had reported both trains; though neither stopped there; the one not daring to pause in its upward struggle, the other disdainful of the little shack and lonely operator in its downward slide.

Miley was desperately lonely. Twenty-one weeks of the allotted six months had dragged by, wearing his spirit to the point of nervous despair, alternating with discouraged indifference. Twice recently he had fought bitterly to keep from writing his mother that his life was a failure. He hungered for hard work; anything in preference to the deadening inactivity and loneliness of his isolation. To be cut off from mankind like a wretch in solitary confinement was unbearable. Aside from the section men, impossible foreigners who made necessary repairs on the track, no man stopped at Fair Hope and no man set foot in his shanty.

In the darkness, sunk in his lonely discouragement, Chauncey became dimly conscious of a faint gnawing sound in the far corner. It stopped, was renewed, ceased altogether after Number Two, jarring the earth, went by.

Having reported, he let down his bunk from the wall and turned in. In the night, sleeping lightly, he thought he heard the gnawing sound again.

With the morning light he speedily forgot the occurrence, but was reminded of it while eating his self-prepared lunch at noon. The gnawing began in a timid, doubtful way, but was continued with more determination as the creature became more interested in its work.

That afternoon the gnawing continued almost without intermission, growing

louder. Miley found himself watching the blank board, wondering what kind of a creature it was and just where the hole would be.

"You're a persistent little whatever-you-are," said he, "and I don't know but what you'll be welcome when you get in. Any thing alive goes here!"

The gnawing ceased abruptly when Number One came thundering down the hill, although the operator listened for the companionable sound when his duties were done, and the silence seemed doubly oppressive. That night he had troubled dreams. He was a helpless spectator at the construction of a beaver dam. The beavers, bear size, with terrible teeth, cut down timber with loud gnawing, and the trees fell in his direction.

When morning came his first glance was at the far corner. He thought he caught the flurry of— he rubbed his eyes and looked again. Slipping out of his bunk, he tip-toed to the corner and dropped on his hands and knees.

A clean round hole had been gnawed through the rough board, showing the chisel marks of tiny sharp teeth. The floor was as clean as ever. Not a chip nor a speck of sawdust remained.

Miley caught himself tip-toeing back to his bunk lest he should scare something. Then he laughed aloud—the first laugh in weeks—at the humor of it. He couldn't go around on tip-toe all day just for a—. Whenever it got ready it would come out. He brought in a few cinders and laid them on his desk in case—.

He watched the hole intently that afternoon. He developed more interest in the mystery than he had felt in anything for weeks. When he went outside he hurried back and opened the door softly. Number One was late that night. He hung his switch lights and almost ran back to the shack, entering with great care. He lit his lamp at early dusk, prepared and ate his lonely meal with more relish than usual, keeping his eye on the hole. He reported both trains as they went by, turned up his light a little brighter and sat down in tense quiet for a long vigil.

This live interest in something was a new sensation. He began to feel more like his old self. He recalled with a chuckle how, when a freshman, he had painstakingly held a sack on the ground



beside a bonfire, its mouth wide open, waiting for the quails to—

A slight scratching sound riveted his attention upon the hole. A pair of beady, jet black eyes were discernible in the gloom of its circumference. They regarded him fixedly. Miley moved not a muscle; scarcely breathed. A dainty, quivering nose, with a few silken whiskers on either side was pushed, just the tiniest bit, into the half light. A tiny paw appeared on the rim of the hole underneath the inquisitive nose. Then another. Miley leaned forward silently.

"Clack, clack, clickety-clack!" The telegraph instrument shattered the silence. For the first time Chauncey was indignant at its call.

The hole was empty!

He answered the call with unusual brevity, to the astonishment of the man at the other end, and relapsed once more into a silent wait.

After a long interval the beady eyes, nose, silken whiskers and paws reappeared, followed, as they were protruded just a shade more boldly, by a pair of delicate, question-mark ears strained to catch the slightest sound. Evidently assured that every article in the room was furniture, the animal suddenly slipped a smooth, silky-haired body through the hole, followed by a slender tapering tail. Just outside the little creature sat up, curled its tail about, and sniffed the air in a daintily inquisitive manner.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Miley. "Is that what I've been waiting for?"

At which impolite reception the little mouse instantly disappeared. It is always disconcerting to discover a phonograph among the other furniture.

"Come on, little chap; don't feel insulted. You're welcome anyway!"

A long wait availed nothing and the operator retired. Slipping out of his bunk at once, he relit the lamp, and producing from his grub-box a fragment of cheese, he placed it near the hole.

In the morning it was gone.

"When section boss brings supplies to-day," he wired Summit, "include two pounds cheese."

"Must have company," clicked Summit.

"Hope to," responded Fair Hope.

He placed another bit of cheese in the same spot, and before the forenoon was

over the mouse, with many a dart and scurry, seized the morsel and scampered to the shelter of the gloomy hole. In the afternoon Chauncey cunningly touched a drop of mucilage to the floor and fastened the cheese down.

The mouse appeared at the end of a long silence, made one or two comically ineffectual attempts to carry away the appetizing bit, adapted itself to the inevitable, and daintily nibbled it, observing the surroundings with shy, questioning glances.

"Worked you that time," said Chauncey softly. The mouse looked up, hesitated a moment, went on nibbling.

"Now you're beginning to be real company. You have the entree here. Take off your things and stay as long as you like."

"I wonder," he mused that evening as he prepared a late supper for his little guest, "if I could induce you to come and eat on my desk. Sit at the table with me, you know, and be real swell—for Fair Hope."

He affixed the cheese this time to a spot a foot nearer his desk.

"You cute little chap!" he exclaimed in delight an hour later; "pattered right out and ate it like a little man!"

*"I am coming nearer;"*

he hummed the next morning without a thought of irreverence as he prepared his guest's progressive luncheon a foot nearer his desk. Three times a day he fed the little fellow in the quiet time. When its trustful, confident progression had reached the leg of the desk that served Miley for both business and dining purposes, he devised a set of little wooden shelves with steps between, the last pair leading out upon the desk itself.

By this time the little fellow had become so accustomed to Chauncey's voice and to the surroundings that little scurrying excursions about the shack became common.

"You honor me," he exclaimed softly in intense delight when for the first time the silky one, having progressed up the shelves from meal to meal, ventured upon the desk and contentedly nibbled his expected reward.

"We're getting delightfully chummy, aren't we? I've told you more secrets in the last few days than I've confided to

anyone since I left college. Told you my troubles, too, and you were so tactful as never to look bored.

"Perhaps you'll learn to sit here where you can look out of the window and wave your paw at the people as the trains pass by, as I've done for nearly six months in my hunger for something human. Now, Scurry, do you know why Fair Hope is so named?"

Scurry looked wise and said nothing; a crafty way of his when conundrums were sprung.

"Because Number One hopes to have a fair chance to roll down safely; Number Two has a fair hope to reach the top; and I'm hoping, yes desperately, for a fair chance to get out of here."

Having finished the cheese, Scurry politely withdrew.

"See here, little chum," said Chauncey at the next meal, "you're it in this mansion. I'm a different fellow since you began boarding here. I've recovered my old interest in life, and ten pounds or more along with it. The boys on the wire think I've discovered a new tonic of some kind. So I have,—the companionship tonic. Great Scott, people out in the world have it by the barrel every day, like atmosphere, and don't appreciate it.

"Now I have thought of a table befitting your worth. It is round, smooth as the polished dining-tables of the exclusively swell, and made of ebony. Hereafter you will find your dainty repast spread upon the key. You are to sit up like a little man; use your napkin or your tongue, as you please; and we'll have a good visit while we both eat.

"I notice a wonderful change in you, too, since you began boarding at my house. You seem to have gained as much as I have and I'm sure your fur coat couldn't look glossier or more stylish."

The past two weeks had been fourteen long days and fourteen long nights of anxious strain for the railroad officials. The operatives had precipitated that too well remembered strike which for bitterness and destructiveness has never been equaled in Colorado, the hot-bed of terrific strikes.

The company officials were as obstinate as the strikers were vengeful and the troops had been called out long since. Division points, where trains were made up

and most of the strikers lived, resounded with the tread of feet marching in ranks, tramping in mobs.

Having successfully tied up the freights and lesser passenger trains within the last forty-eight hours, the more desperate strikers aimed a final blow at the company by threatening to "get" the company's pride, the all important transcontinentals, Numbers One and Two.

The railroad officials instantly responded by loading the two trains with guards. Quiet, grim-faced men sat on the pilot, lay on the coal in the tender, haunted the baggage and mail cars, manned the vestibules and rear platforms, of both trains, armed with deadly repeaters and with orders to shoot to kill.

But little of the news and none of the terror ascended to Chauncey Miley in his mountain isolation. He jotted down special orders and caught fragments of the news as it flashed over the wire. He heard when Pat McKinney, sent out on a pilot engine, was blown to atoms and his engine to scraps by dynamite intended for a following passenger. He noticed the guards on One and Two and twice lately Two had stuck on the hill between Fair Hope and Summit, revealing the inexperience of green men. But these strike happenings were like foreign news to him and surely could not concern so remote a place as Fair Hope. Largely unaware and wholly unmindful of the company's sleepless anxiety for its overland flyers, he faithfully made his reports and performed his routine duties.

Tonight, the very last of the endless six months, he busied himself closing up his company books and putting the shack in readiness for his successor. Tomorrow he would telegraph his resignation and go home—home to his mother unless—. But pshaw! The company would not promote him; why dwell on it? They had forgotten him in his solitary confinement at Fair Hope. It was either promotion or quit; so he thought out the form of his resignation.

Both trains were late tonight, but that was nothing unusual since the strike. Number Two came plugging along at 8:05; and still he postponed his final evening meal until One should have thundered by with its customary roar. He called up Summit for a talk and when

Summit cut off to attend to other duties the last word was that One would be due at 11:02.

"Will hit high spots tonight," was Summit's terse comment on the way One would be making up time. Miley knew only too well what that meant,— a flash, a roar, hissing steam, screeching brakes. He thought with sudden terror of the sharp curve a hundred yards below. It had caused him endless anxiety in the long six months. This was his last night. When One went safely by his long, lonely vigil was ended. No one could say he had not been faithful.

He could not work. These last few hours were nearly spent. He sat in his armchair, waiting.

Suddenly he heard the startling sound of men running toward the shack. There were several of them.

Crash! The door banged open under a heavy kick, the metal latch-pieces clinking to the floor.

A burly brute crowded through the door, dressed in rough garb, his face, except two wicked eyes, concealed by a red handkerchief. Two shorter men, equally villainous, similarly masked, closed in behind him.

"Han's up!"

Miley half rose from his chair, clutching the arms. He looked into the big, black, awful hole of the revolver, a terribly suggestive hole that fascinated, riveted his gaze.

Wrenching his eyes from the muzzle, he slowly rose to his full height, drew a long breath, looked the burly one squarely in the face.

The leader lurched forward, shoving the gun imperatively closer.

"One—two—"

The intensity, the deadly haste of the man was irresistible. The boy slowly put up his hands to their full height.

Instantly the second man jerked a lariat from under his coat, sprang behind him, grabbed a wrist with each rough hand, jerked them downward and backward. He cinched them together until the rope cut the flesh, then wound it round and round the upper part of his body, binding the arms. He bound the legs together with similar coils, knotted the ankles beyond hope of release, slammed the straining, helpless boy into his

own arm chair and tied him immovably to it.

The burly one lowered his weapon.

Miley's eyes were busy with the third man. Staring at him fixedly as the tying proceeded, he suddenly remembered.

The man read the fatal recognition in his eyes, emitted a startled, smothered curse, sprang outside.

"Slide the kid away from the telegraph," commanded the leader.

"Turn his face away from th' door," came from outside.

This was also done.

Swift terror was rising in Miley's breast as he began to comprehend their deadly motive. The awfulness of it choked him. He strained at the ropes until his face purpled.

"They'll be a nasty mess in the river tonight," gloated the rope wielder as he finished his work.

"Help! Help! Curse you! Wreckers!" cried Miley, wild in his helplessness. "Stop! Stop! I'll pay you well. I have money—"

"Here?" The leader sprang forward.

"No. I'll send for—"

A bitter laugh broke from the two.

"The kid's lunny! Come on."

"I know you wretches," cried the lad, a last, unwise resort.

The leader sneered. He had never been at Fair Hope before. The boy's game was obvious. As a last precaution against outcry, however, he wrenched open the boy's mouth with brutal strength, the second man rolled a piece of engine waste into a ball, crammed it into the wide open jaws, produced a handkerchief, slipped its middle between them and knotted the ends behind his head.

The wreckers ran from the shack toward the curve below.

They might as well have left the boy ungagged. There was no human help.

A mental vision of Number One roaring down the mountain to destruction without warning caused the straining lad to turn his face upward. Unable so much as to whisper, he burned a prayer upward through his brain.

"Oh, God! Don't, don't forget me in my desperate need. Find some way to save Number One!"

"Stop," muttered the third man when almost to the curve. "I'm afraid the lit-

the cuss rec'nized me from when I used to work on th'—"

"Fix him! Hurry!"

The brute crept to the wide open door. He cautiously protruded his eyes past the jamb. The figure in the chair was still straining at the ropes with an intermittent gasping sound. The back of his head was toward the door.

The wrecker took quick aim and fired.

The helpless figure jerked suddenly and collapsed, shuddering.

Number One had forty minutes to live.

"F-H, F-H, F-H," clicked the operator at Summit, calling Fair Hope. "So this your last night?"

No response.

"Going quit?"

No answer.

"Busy?"

Silence.

"That's odd," said the Summit man to his helper; "Fair Hope must be dead tonight, or sleeping. Can't get a word. He's usually anxious to visit and always on deck so close to train time."

Out of a hole in the corner of Fair Hope shack came a glossy mouse. Darting around the chair with its queer burden in such an unaccustomed place in the middle of the floor, it ascended as usual to the desk and ran to the key, its little feet twinkling in the light.

The ebony table was empty!

It was long past the supper hour. Scurry was terribly hungry. Such a remarkable state of affairs as an empty table called for unusual action. Scurry did something he had never done in his life before.

He sprang upon the key.

Finding nothing, he jumped down.

"Click!" cried the instrument.

"By George," exclaimed the Summit operator; "isn't that strange! A single click from Fair Hope! What the deuce game is he trying now?"

Swinging in without stopping to sit down, he rattled, "One in now. Just stopped. What's matter?"

Silence.

Number One rolled in with hissing steam. The pusher backed off and prepared to return. The conductor came in on the run, signed up, and hurried out with his orders.

Two short blasts from the engine and

the wheels began revolving slowly on the downward flight to destruction.

"F-H, F-H, F-H," rattled Summit, "One coming."

Having completed a minute examination of the barren desk, Scurry returned once more to his ebony table and sprang upon it in search of food.

Not a nibble! He jumped down—

"Click!" cried the instrument in final despair.

The operator at Summit acted like a flash. Grabbing a heavy inkstand, he jumped to the door, flung it open, and hurled the missile through a window in the diner, just rolling by.

The conductor's startled face appeared through the broken glass.

"*Stop at Fair Hope!*" yelled the operator above the roar of the rolling train.

The conductor comprehended. He was running the transcontinental because in an emergency he could comprehend and act first, asking questions afterward. He thrust his hand through the opening and waved to the operator, who rushed into the depot to try Fair Hope once more.

The conductor went forward, much troubled, to find his brakeman, give the necessary signals, and alarm the guards. These were troublous times and no train crew knew what lay beyond the headlight's glare.

A few minutes later, having come down the mountain side with great caution, Number One paid Fair Hope the unusual honor of a stop. The conductor swung off the smoker as it went by and rushed through the wide open door, followed by the brakeman, followed also by the guards, who sprang from their concealment with guns ready. Followed also, as the minutes crawled along, by smoker and chair-car passengers who happened to be awake.

But the engineer and grimy-faced guards from the pilot and tender went forward, following the piercing glare of the headlight.

Chained to the track at the bend lay a wicked pile of heavy ties, waiting to send the train to certain death.

The engineer sat down on the pile suddenly, wiping the cold sweat from his face with the crook of his sleeve.

Running down the track from one of the Pullmans came a short, alert man,

without coat or vest, his white shirt glimmering in the light. The engineer arose quickly and touched the place where his cap had been. The alert one took in the situation at a glance.

“Lend a hand quick, men. Get that stuff off. Watch closely rest of the night.”

The superintendent ran back to the shack out of which the conductor and brakeman were carrying a limp figure, followed by the jostling passengers.

“Put him in my berth; see if there’s a doctor aboard; clear the track; blow out this light and nail the door shut; then go ahead.”

Tenderly they carried the white-faced youth aboard the Pullman. Sensing danger with quick intuition, women in hastily donned dressing-gowns and men in various undress crowded the aisles.

As the men passed carefully along with their burden one woman leaned sharply forward, clutched her side with a convulsive gesture, and cried:

“That’s my son!”

Clasping her arms about the boy with a mother’s right not to be denied, she lifted him into her berth, assisted by the amazed men. She tore open his clothing and strained her ear at his heart.

“Thank God!” she sobbed. “Bring a doctor.”

She ran her hand through the brown hair—withdrawed it covered with blood.

The physician, just arrived, drew her aside with professional authority, instructed the trembling porter how to hold the light, made a careful examination, bound up the wound, administered restoratives, commanded quiet in the car.

When Chauncey Miley recovered consciousness it was in strange surroundings, but his mother’s face was very real.

“Mother!” he cried. Then, “Save number One!”

“Just what we’re doing, dear,” she said with a meaning look at him.

“But the train—”

“Is safe—and you’re on it.”

He lay back, becoming conscious of the muffled roll of the wheels, trying to comprehend.

“Then I’m leaving Fair Hope—and with you?”

“Yes, dear.”

“Going home?”

“My home is with you now.”

He reached out a thin hand and clasped hers tightly.

“How’s the boy, madam?” The superintendent stood beside the berth.

“He will pull through now.”

“My lad,” questioned the official with a deeply puzzled look, “how did you manage to wire Summit?”

“I don’t know,” said Chauncey wearily, as he turned his tired face away. He seemed to be lapsing into a dreamy sleep. “Perhaps—” He tried to collect his thoughts. There came into his mind the remembrance of the little companion he was leaving behind. “Perhaps—it may have been—Scurry.”

“Scurry shall be rewarded. Who is he?”

“Why, don’t you know?” dreamily, “the mouse.”

The superintendent looked grave.

“Madam,” he said, hat in hand as he departed, “take good care of that boy and give him back to us. The company needs him in a better place. And he’s apparently—quite evidently out of his head.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The new operator sat in the shack at Fair Hope a week later taking an inventory of his surroundings. He was short and fat, with a red face and watery eyes.

“Not much to gloat over,” he commented, as he settled down fatly in the armchair. “A desk, chair, stove, bunk, and—and, by gosh, a rat-hole! If that varmint ever shows up—”

The portly one suddenly sat up and leaned forward.

Out of the hole came a tiny, insignificant mouse. Its sides were gaunt and shrunken, its coat soiled. It sat up on its haunches uncertainly and curved a slim tail daintily around, viewing the stranger with solemn, hungry black eyes.

He of the red face slid a fat, hairy hand back to his hip pocket and stealthily drew out a revolver. Raising it carefully, he squinted his watery eyes for a moment and pulled the trigger.

Bang!

As the days and months went by a tiny blood stain with a tuft of mouse-colored hair dried on one side of the little round doorway formed the silent, unnoticed monument to an unrewarded hero.

# Four Digits and Three

By Adelaide Soule



It was a small, plainly furnished room, and two young men were its only occupants. One moved restlessly from window to window, straining his eyes to scan the street below.

The other sat at his desk, motionless, except for the steady movement of the hand that held the pen, and the occasional uplift of the other to turn a page. He was adding long columns of figures, and now and again he stopped an instant at some item, noted it on a separate slip of paper, then resumed his slow course to the bottom of the page.

The other glanced at him irritably. "What a fellow," he muttered under his breath. Then, aloud, in a spirit of recklessness:

"If Jenkyns does not send me that money, I'm done for."

"Why?" The pen traveled on down the column.

"Spent five hundred of the firm's money yesterday." If he expected a movement of surprise, he was disappointed. The pen hesitated the fraction of an instant opposite a figure—then noted it on the slip of paper.

"Of course," he added, with an air of bravado, "I can get it from my father."

"Of course." The response was totally uninterested. The culprit shot an angry glance at the bent head—then turned his

back.

Two hours dragged by. The slip of paper was filled with items. The cashier added them and found a total of five thousand dollars. He pushed the paper aside and glanced at his employer's son.

All hopefulness had faded from the latter's face. He leaned dejectedly against the window and stared down into the street—but no longer with expectancy.

"I suppose it was the first—that five hundred?" asked the cashier.

"Yes"—without resentment. "I never meant to do it. And Jenkyns said if I lost, he'd lend me the money to make it up."

The cashier looked at him some time in silence. "Better go to your father," he said, not unkindly.

"I suppose I shall have to—that, or blow out my brains!"

"Oh, there's no need to consider that," said the other, almost in a tone of railery. "If it were five thousand now—"

The boy gave him a look of mingled reproach and anger, caught up his hat and rushed from the room.

The cashier turned again to his books. He added the last column, shut the slip of paper in the book at that point—it would make matters clearer on the morrow—then opened his drawer and drew out a revolver. He looked at it carefully to be sure it was loaded. Satisfied, he walked over to the door and locked it. His accounts were short just five thousand dollars.



# The Conversion of The Dip

By Lizzie Gaines Wilcoxson



OPPER DIP was not what you would call a tame place, yet there are others more turbulent. The Dip kept a fair average of a killing a week. There were twenty saloons—counting the joints in the rear of the grocery, the hotel bar and the Barrel Inn. This, for the population, supplied refreshments that kept everybody's thirst pretty well slaked all the time, and particularly of a Friday night, Friday being pay-day at the mine.

The officer of the law owned the Middle Saloon. He never made himself unpopular meddling with other folks' business. Except him, there was no one in the Dip who had authority to be troublesome. Undesirable citizens of all kinds were warned away. They were not permitted by Polite Pete to disembark from the one train a day that switched up the narrow-gauge from Polis.

Polite Pete was the leading citizen of the Dip. He was sometimes called Bloody-Shirt Pete; and sometimes simply Red Pete. The Dip was proud of Pete. His reputation qualified him to be the recipient of general sentiments of respect, so much so that whenever Pete expressed views of a positive nature, they were reflected back again from the popular mind with remarkable unanimity. Any one drunk enough or rash enough to hold a contrary opinion was firmly—not always gently—put down by Pete. Pete was the hero of a thousand fights. And he looked the part. There was a hairless spot as big as a man's hand above his left ear where he had been scalped by Sandy Piper in one memorable fight. He had lost one eye. The bridge of his nose was broken. A notch was out of the top of one ear, and the lobe of the other was torn away. There was a criss-cross of scars over his savage countenance, like the cracks on an old china plate. He had lost so many teeth that his voice whistled through with a

sort of lisp. Pete was proud of that lisp, and cultivated it with great care. We knew when that lisp got most soft and infantile that it was time to look out for something to dodge behind, for it was a sure indication that Pete was working himself into a bad disposition. Strangers with boiled shirts on generally were deceived by it.

For boiled shirts, Pete simply had a natural loathing. They marked the undesirable citizen—the missionary clergy and their kind, than which, with Pete, there was no more unpopular ilk.

The last representative of Soul Healers that landed in the Dip was such a fat, cute little old man that he struck Pete as a gorgeous joke. Pete's six-foot-four of gnarled, whiskey-soaked bulk was on the station platform as usual, to pass on the passengers; himself clanking two dirks, a brace of pistols and a shotgun resting nonchalantly across his knee as he sat on the freight truck—expectant and observing.

Well, when this dumpy grandpa little chap got off with a sort of a fluff of his long-tail coat, like a little bantam rooster twitching his tail feathers, Red permitted himself one loud guffaw of pure amusement. He got up and with a couple of steps was beside the little fellow.

"Howdy-do," said Pete. "Air you right sure you want to stop here?" he asked, affectionately.

"This is my destination," said the bantam, looking away up at Pete. He didn't seem to relish Pete, in spite of not knowing who he was, nor his appellations, nor how he had earned them.

"Then," said Pete, lisping tenderly, "you've made a mith-take. Thith ain't no orfing athylum. We have'nt no plathe to keep you. You muth go back."

"Sir," said the bantam, fluffing up his feathers, "I am sent here to preach the Word to these awful sinners. I am sent here, and I intend to stay," said the bantam, firmly, getting red in the face.

"I knew you'd mith-took th' plathe," lisped Pete, sweetly. "There ain't no

thinnerth here; not a damned one. You thee thith train? It backth out in juth three minith, Mith-ter. The beth thing you can do, ith to climb right on and back out with her. Th-e-e?" said Pete, taking hold of the bantam playfully by the ear.

"Let go my ear," said the bantam stormily. "This is an outrage."

Pete only held tigher and began to engineer the little man toward the steps of the car. He continued rebellious, but Pete was firm—and so was his hold on the bantam's ear.

"I don't want to hurt you," said he, amiably, "but it ith th' only thing I can do, if you won't be advithed."

With a boost from his knee he swung the little man up, his ear blazing and his breath coming short.

"This is a wicked, wicked place. It will burn in hell fire," flung down the little man.

"Thath all right," called back Pete, with a genial wave of his hand.

The little man was trembling with righteous indignation and grief. The train began to pull out.

"God bless you," he jerked out at Pete, with a sort of vicious emphasis.

"Thath all right. I can sthand it," waved back Pete, genially, as he hitched himself over to the nearest saloon.

A few weeks later—some two or three—we were gathered on the station platform to look casually upon the removal of Pete's latest fatality. Pete himself was there in an uncommonly ugly mood, not having yet cooled down from the fracas; the relict was mourning in a distressed fashion; and Pete's kid was acting more foolish than ordinary.

The kid was Pete's only weakness. It must have been a sort of remorseless retribution that justice took on Pete for all his evil deeds, for he loved that child with the same ferociousness that he expended in wicked ways. It was a bandy-legged, rabbit-faced, witless kid, that ran about and chattered like a monkey. It scarcely knew its father from any other of the outlaws that loafed in and out The Dip. It was as much at home cavorting about one saloon as another. Nobody would hurt a brat like that from pure meanness, and Pete's cholera prevented anybody from stepping on it from care-

lessness. Also Pete strongly objected to anybody's taking ill notice of the child's want of wit. More than one drunken fool had paid dearly for a jest at it. Pete's one wicked, bleary eye followed it about hungrily, as a savage animal's would its one whelp.

These conditions, and this situation, prevailed when Ellery Craigh and his wife and baby disembarked that day.

Ellery Craigh was a medium-tall, skinny young man; sallow as a Missouri pumpkin, with tight, shiny skin. He wore eye-glasses astride a thin, pinched nose. His clothes, from his new black hat to his black, mended shoes, his white necktie and long preacher's coat, stamped his calling as plain as flaming letters. It wouldn't have been plainer if he had carried an open prayer-book.

He cast his mild, kind blue eyes around and took in the prospect. It was not reassuring.

What would have been the manner of *his* retreat is hard to say, but a peculiar thing happened at that moment. The wife, a tall young woman, also sallow and thin, with a wonderful quantity of dead-looking brown hair under a queer, home-made bonnet; the most patient face you ever looked upon; with a gentle, unexpecting, unasking patience that seemed to have grown there through many a hard experience; with patient, large dark eyes that seemed to ask nothing of the world but just barely enough and peace; with a baby in her arms—a little, soft bundle wrapped up in a white shawl.—looked down, over the top of her baby-bundle, at Pete's rabbit-faced kid that had run chattering in front of her. She looked down at the poor little kid, and she smiled. Not a smile of amusement, nor an alien smile as though the kid were a curiosity, nor a perfunctory smile like one smiles without the heart. There was all the world of motherhood in her smile. It seemed to descend upon the witless child like a blessed presence. It said *my* poor little child. Her eyes and her lips blessed him together in that single smile, and caressed him like a soft beam of God. It was just one second long, or perhaps two, and her eyes left him and glanced ahead again. They sought her husband, but in seeking him



they fluttered over Polite Pete; Red Pete; Pete the Bloody.

Before the half-helplessness of the husband took voice in answer to her questioning eyes, Polite Pete—he of the Dripping Dirk—he, the abominator of ministerial mankind—he, the director of the mental attitudes of all wise citizens of The Dip—stepped forward and accosted the pale parson.

“Air you lookin’ for friends?” said Pete, looking down at him and speaking very distinctly, for Pete.

The pale parson looked up at Pete. There didn’t seem to be much choice in the crowd gathered about. Perhaps a sense of grim amusement touched the pale parson, for he, too, smiled—at Pete, but it was a smile that somehow seemed to invite Pete to comradeship. It seemed to take Pete indoors with him into a grim, shadowy shack of a situation, where there were only cow-skulls to sit upon instead of chairs; and the thigh-bones of oxen instead of couches; and wads of human hair instead of cushions; and seemed to say to him—“Brother!”

Again we saw the effect of a smile. What the parson *said* along with the smile was, “I hope to *find* friends by and by, but I want a place to lodge my family.”

He said it freely and friendlily, as though he and Pete were long-time friends. It was a voice that belonged with the smile. The young wife had drawn near and her patient eyes rested inquiringly upon Pete’s face.

“Joe,” quoth Pete, turning to a red-eyed duffer who sat astride a wheelbarrow—and Pete’s voice rang out big and fierce, and his lip was scarcely discernible, “Them skins scattered about in your diggins would just about fit that new shanty of Cole’s, likewise that bear-hide and the rockin’ chair uv mine. See t’ havin’ the transfer made, while I escort this couple t’ your shack, Cole,” said he to a one-armed man on a near-by keg.

As I said before, Pete’s point of view was permeating in its quality, and before we were really awake to the situation, the pale couple and their little baby were housekeeping in Cole’s shack and the baby was being rocked to sleep in a box cradle that Pete’s own kid had used.

Pete’s manner toward these proceedings was screaming with wit, if brevity

is the essence of that quality. It began and ended with orders tersely issued. There were no words used that were not essential to the sense. There weren’t any explanations. Perhaps he felt that The Dip was not educated up to the point of digesting his reasons. Perhaps he couldn’t tell himself why he did it.

But the young parson hoped too much. This was natural, considering Pete’s kindness in letting him live, which, not being educated in the history of The Dip, he could not appreciate as fully as the rest of us; and he hoped to get Pete’s support in the work the Home Mission Board sent him there to do. But in this he was destined to receive a hard blow. It was all the harder and even humiliating in the manner and place Pete dealt it. It was in the Five Point saloon, the biggest and most crowded always, that the young parson made his first move. Pete came over and put a hand on the nape of his neck. There was a wicked gleam in Pete’s one wicked eye.

“Look-a-here, ef it’s your job to decorate The Dip with your yaller face and white shirt and draw down a livin’ from your Board of Doodiddlin’ Busybodies,—well an’ good. I guess this mountain air will do your wife an’ kid good. We won’t hurt ye, s’long ez ye don’t get in th’ way; nor eject ye from Th’ Dip. Ye ain’t a drinkin’ man, we all take it. Well, don’t come inter drinkin’ places. You stay to home an’ rock the cradle. T-h-e-e?”

This was Pete’s attitude, and to it speedily adjusted itself The Dip. They tolerated the pale young man and his pale, patient wife, with her eloquent, patience-mother-speaking eyes. They would not hurt him so long as he stayed out of the way.

For a number of weeks things went on like that; as many as five. The parson sensibly acquiesced in the suggestion not to attempt to preach or pray in the saloons. It is neither dignified nor useful to remain in a crowd of ruffians who treat you like a troublesome kid; would not hesitate even to turn you across a knee and paddle you with a slat.

Ellery Craigh pondered and prayed at home. He put up a notice on his door and at the window and on the gate and anywhere he thought the desecration would be permitted, that he would preach

at such an hour by day and by evening at his house. Nobody ever came.

I suppose in time he would have drifted out of The Dip at the end of the long rope of toleration, but fate again stepped in and became personified in Polite Pete, Pete of the Bloody Shirt.

Pete's kid took down with a sickness. It was a kind of fever. On the second day of the fever the parson's wife came to Pete's shanty. She came to ask permission to do something for the child, but when she stood in the doorway and looked into the room with its tumble and tousele and mess, its profusion and confusion, and the hot little body on Pete's knee,—all her timidity and hesitation went in one brief, gasping "Oh!"

She bathed and wrapped the child's body in a clean sheet, which she sent to Cole's shack for. She had half the stuff in Pete's shack taken out, and a wide space cleared around the cot. For two weeks she lived from one shack to the other. Every morning she came and tended the witless child, and told Pete what to do in her absence. Every evening she came again. Her soft, quiet, cool presence radiated healing. Her eyes looked down on his hot, moaning little body with an infinite tenderness. Her lips breathed prayers for his comfort.

He mended in time, and grew well.

Pete had faced many a situation, grim as the death which followed ofttimes; he had faced knife and bullet, and all manner of evil, wretchedness, woe and sin. He was at home with them all. He knew how to deal with the issue. But except for the embryonic flash of gratitude—he knew not what it was—on the day the tender mother looked down upon the imbecile child, he had never known a sentiment that was not brutal and harsh—save his own racking and torturing love for his child.

It was to Pete as though he were shackled with an invisible net that twined about his feet and made walking difficult. It was a worry on him, like a halter dragging. He was the victim of a great, unbounded gratitude, a way to manifest which he could not find. It was a sacred thing that could not be paid for in gold. A tender, loving woman had given him back the life of the only thing the world held for him, and he could only sit in his

brute ugliness and watch her slender body swaying as with light steps she went away, leaving the weak human remnant clean, comfortable and as happy as the little animal it so pitifully resembled.

These things Pete felt, but he knew not how to express them to himself, even in thought. But after a little time, expression always took the form of activity with Pete. This time it was a sweeping activity that would have been resistless, even had not the influence of the patient woman set its mark on all in The Dip that knew of her deed.

It was an activity that embraced and symbolized Pete's philosophy of reward. This comprehended a single idea: tangible result. Tangible result meant success in whatever form and manner you might happen to want it, whether to win at a fling of dice or successfully stab a brother. It was the biggest gain. Ellery Craigh's biggest gain would be represented by the biggest number of attendants at his preachings, and the biggest number of sinners repentant. If, therefore, Ellery Craigh should convert the biggest number of sinners in Copper Dip, then it would be a feather in his cap, and the Doodiddle Busybodies who sent him there would be filled with astonishment and respect for him and he would be called to occupy better paying posts. The pale, fagged face of his patient wife would brighten under more fashionable bonnets than the brown worsted thing she wore.

These thoughts in more or less orderly sequence addressed themselves to Pete in the waking nights of the child's convalescence, when he watched and rocked and administered the medicines the woman left. They grew clearer and more consecutive to him as his oppression of fear gradually receded with the child's gaining health. It became a fixed formula by the end of a couple of weeks. A fixed formula with Pete meant action in its most stringent guise. That night forty sinners—none with less than a six-shooter on him—professed a disturbed and repentant state of soul and a desire for baptismal rites or whatever Parson Craigh saw fit. Pete led the procession, and sat up in front with his gun across his knees in much the same attitude that he had sat the day Ellery Craigh and his young wife and baby disembarked. He tempered his soft-

ened mood judiciously and did not permit it to influence him when any showed a disposition to hang back. He rebuked them earnestly and blasphemously, calling them names chosen with peculiar fitness to describe their disgraceful condition of soul and mind.

It was a strange occasion. The pale young parson was excited and earnest, trying to cope with he hardly knew what, but recognizing an opportunity to speak words that might, at least, be bread on the waters; the pale young wife, with all of the Blessed Presence shining around her head, stood up beside her husband, and helped him sing gospel songs—the refrain of which was familiar to Pete. He had heard them crooned over his feverish child and they made him sit up very straight and grip the cold barrel of his gun. He would just as soon have shot a fellow then and there who did not repent properly as to have drunk a glass of whiskey—than which, expression is inadequate.

Other hearers than Pete were touched by those melodies that conjured up long-forgotten times and scenes and vanished folk and dead voices. Emotion became an enthusiasm; enthusiasm became a riot of emotion. Pete was obliged to threaten to shoot into a bunch of over-eager aspirants who were becoming disorderly in their efforts to take precedence in line of repentance.

The shining eyes of the patient-faced mother, and the excited happiness of the young preacher spread the contagion. Pete's satisfaction in his part was im-

mense. He groaned and shouted with vehement enthusiasm; and swore and exhorted irrespective of what else was taking place. There was a special feature he particularly doted on. This was taking up the collection. After each repentant had his turn, Pete would sing out joyously, "Pass the hat!" If the collection was not generous enough to suit him, he promptly and fervently rebuked their meanness.

But Pete stood not alone in his enthusiasm. The same sinners came again and again to repent, till Pete was obliged to make a rule that one repentance per sinner would have to do for a single night.

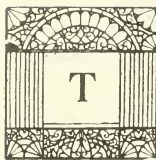
At the end of two weeks of this extraordinary state of affairs, Ellery Craigh confessed himself nonplussed, as well as exhausted. Every night had been the occasion of a fine frenzy of repentance, accompanied by heavy collections; and every night, seemingly with refreshed and whetted appetites, the converts bade him a joyous adieu and repaired to the glories of a huge carousal at the saloons and dance halls.

But the fame of Ellery Craigh's work in the ungodly Dip went abroad and was known in the land and written up in the papers, that The Dip read with howls of approval. They drank to the health of the papers and the parson and repented again and again, passing the hat zealously.

It was even as Red Pete—he of the Dripping Dirk—forethought. In time the Doodiddles made a seat among the mighty for Ellery Craigh.

# In the Shadow of the Czar

By Madge Morris



THE Island of Sakhalien; a chilling April dawn. The winter snow was everywhere, the winter ice lay hard on the Strait of Tartary; yet it was an early spring. The grim bulk of Alex-

androvsk prison loomed blackly against the white world.

Marfa Zelenskya sat at a window of the women's prison and sewed by the dim daylight that crept in through the iron grates. In the center of the large, gloomy apartment, there was a long framework of wood, roughly but solidly put together; the top was like the roof of a cabin that has but little slope from ridgepole to eaves, and made of heavy unfinished boards, long since made smooth by the contact of human bodies. On each side of this, on the naked boards, stretched a row of women, the heads of the two rows meeting at the top. They were covered with thick gray blankets, and slept in their clothes. It was the prison bed. Marfa's place, alone, was vacant. A pale sunbeam slipped in through the grates and made a little spot of cold light at her feet.

There was a stir, then an upheaval, among the gray blankets, and the women slid down from their common couch. They yawned, stretched out arms, and dug knuckles into sleepy eyes. Some of them went so far toward making a toilet as to smooth the wrinkles out of the heavy felt garments they wore, and tighten around their legs the strips of cloth which served for stockings.

A large woman with a dark face made a joke in broken speech of Marfa's industry:

"She must be making her wedding dress, she so early at it."

The woman was a half-caste from Turkestan.

There was an unusual bustle among the women that morning, an air of expectancy was in the atmosphere, while they ate their black bread at the breakfast hour. Something was going to happen. It happened

once every year, but not to the same women, therefore it was always new to those to whom it happened.

Marfa, with head bowed over her work, sewed unmindfully, stitching, stitching her thoughts into the hopeless seam. She was thinking of another April day four years ago—was it only four, or was it six, or ten—or was it a lifetime! She had walked alone on the Nevsky Prospect in her own splendid St. Petersburg—walked, because she chose to walk—because her blood was riotous with youth, and the joy of being alive. A nobleman's daughter, she should not have walked on the street unattended unless her carriage were at hand. And she had met Ivan Maximoff and shaken hands with him, which also she should not have done—or at most should have given him but one finger to shake, as befitted the rank between them. As she thought it all over now for the many-hundredth time, it seemed to her that, somehow, she had always done the thing she should not have done, when it had concerned Ivan. Their very acquaintance had begun clandestinely, when she was eight and he was nine.

In her thoughts, sewing by the grated window of Alexandrovsk, she tried to justify herself for the unconventionality of that day on the Nevsky. Had he not pulled her out of the fishpond and saved her life the very first day of their acquaintance, when she was eight and he was nine? Yes; and she had slapped him and called him a savage for pulling her hair in his effort to pull her out of the pond. And he had smiled saucily and said: "*Goluboushchica!*" Aye; even then he had called her "beloved" and "little dove" for a slap.

But it was to that other April day her mind traveled back this dreary morning. Again she walked to the summer garden on the Nevsky, and sat by his side watching the lights and shadows on the old palace of Peter the Great. Again he told her the story of his life since they had played together, through a broken wall, that beautiful stolen summer. Again he

confided to her his political dreams, and her heart grew large with interest and enthusiasm—the electric enthusiasm transmitted from a youth of nineteen to a maiden a year less his age. Living it all over again while sewing the hopeless seam in the prison of Alexandrovsk, her conscience pelted her for the foolishness of it all,—it had brought her this! and so suddenly and so swiftly, she was dazed with the thinking of it.

Marfa Zelenskya was of the type of Russia's fairest women; her eyes were still brightly blue, her hair still the color of ripening corn, but the joy of being alive had gone out of her face. There was a stoop at the nape of her once so shapely neck, her lips had forgotten to smile. But twenty-two! and she had lived a thousand years.

"Say, you young-one, over there!" the half-caste called to her from a group of women munching their black bread, "don't you know what's to happen today?"

Marfa did not lift her eyes. Her own chunk of black bread lay beside her, unbroken. A tap on the window, directly at her head, aroused her attention. A man's face, with a knowing grin upon it, looked at her not unkindly, and a pair of rough hands were pushing through the grates a pound of white bread and a bottle of sweet milk. A scrap of paper dangled from a string on the neck of the bottle. "For Marfa Zelenskya," the man called out. Marfa held the white bread and the bottle of sweet milk hugged in her arms. In other lands a man sent flowers and sweets to a woman to show his favor, but were ever flowers so beautiful, or sweets so sweet!

"Oh! the beautiful white bread!" exclaimed a woman. "Oh! the white sweet milk!" exclaimed another. They gathered around her and looked.

"That is the third time it comes through the window," remarked the woman from Turkestan, "and she pertend not she know what it is will happen today."

Marfa was reading over and over again the one word scrawled on the scrap of paper—*Golubouschica*." Who had written it? Her mother had called her that when she was a baby, and the darling boy Ivan had said it to her when he pulled her out of the fish pond. But all of that was ten

thousand miles away, and in a life that was dead to her forever. The women about her ate and chattered of that which was going to happen.

Another man approached the window, and pressed his face against the grating; it was a black, ugly, coarse face. A smile widened the heavy mouth at the way Marfa was holding the milk and white bread in her arms. The man was a Turk, one of the convict settlers. She had seen him at the window before; a shudder always took hold of her at sight of his evil face. He said some things to her rapidly, and in a language which she did not understand, then hearing the tramp of an approaching sentry, pointed a finger at the milk and bread, and dropped away from the window.

"Ah! She knows well enough what it is will happen today," laughed another woman in gray felt. It was a cracked, mirthless laugh.

"He is very black and ugly, and he will beat her; but it will be better than this." She swept a scornful glance around her.

"Yes, yes! Pretty bird! It will be better than this," called cheerily the Turkish woman. "He has a house of one big room of logs, he tell you, which he built himself, he has a well which he dig, he has a cow that give the beautiful sweet milk." She was from the same region of Turkestan, and understood what the black Turk had said.

"Ah! and he make it all right with the chief," she continued. "No other man will have the chance to choose you, pretty gold heart. Now I wonder who will take me? There are forty-two of us to be choose today. Some of the men will get fooled." She laughed gaily.

"And all of the women," said the woman whose laugh was mirthless. She was not one of the forty-two. The garrulous half-caste paid no heed to the interruption.

"He should take me, not you," she went on talking to Marfa. "He is a Turk like me. I know his language, I am his kind; he is here for the murder of his wife—I for the killing of a husband. He is a fool to take you."

Marfa's heart sickened; she dropped the scrap of paper with the word she had loved, and handed the pound of white

bread and the bottle of milk to the talkative Turkish woman.

"Take it and divide it among you."

She took her sewing mechanically, and wondered what it was she had hoped in this hopeless land.

The women divided the white bread and milk fairly, bite and bite, and swallow and swallow, until one held the bottle to her mouth too long. Another snatched it from her and drained the remaining sip.

"She has the heart of gold!" said the woman who had swallowed twice. She slid a drop of milk from her chin back into her mouth with her forefinger, and licked the finger, repeating: "Yes, she has the heart of gold, to give us all the beautiful milk."

"She can afford to be generous," replied the woman who had been cheated out of a half swallow, "considering she is soon to have a whole cow full."

There was the clanging of a bell from somewhere, and after a while a row of women stood out in the court of the prison, their backs against the wall, waiting. There were women of every description of face, figure, complexion; and for every crime and for no crime at all. All in the prison gray felt—the white head covering, and their legs wrapped round and round to the knees with strips of cloth. Pole, Turk, Russian, serf, aristocrat, in one row with their backs against the prison wall, and in the midst of them, slender, fair Marfa Zelenskya.

An officer walked down the line in front of them, giving each one of them a sharp punch on the chest as he passed, counting with short, jerky counts: "One—two—three," until "forty-two."

It was the annual choosing day, when the women whose term of imprisonment had expired were ranged up in a row like this, each to be chosen by a convict settler—to be his companion, to work hard, and to bear him children.

A motley crowd of men stood waiting turns to choose. One at a time they came forward and took a woman. Marfa shrank against the wall and pulled the white cloth close over her sunny hair. She was hoping to the last that something might happen to save her—if only she could drop dead where she stood!

Standing among the men she caught a glimpse of the cruel-faced Turk; he was

pressing to the front, and his eyes had singled her out. Her eyelids fell, she began to pray. The voluble half-caste from Turkestan stood next to her on the left. She saw the closed lids and moving lips and hunched Marfa with her elbow, saying in an undertone, "No use to pray, pretty gold heart, your God cannot hear from this cursed island—Mohamet cannot hear. We are dead. Go with him like the quiet way; but take this, and when he beat you, put it in his heart quick." With a sleight of hand she slipped from her garment under the waist of Marfa's a slender-bladed, keen-edged knife.

Marfa opened her eyes in terror, then a great gladness came to her; there shouldering his way through the group of men was Ivan Maximoff. Bronzed, calloused with labor and the wearing of chains, all the boyish enthusiasm gone out of him, yet goodly to look upon.

Her heart beat high for one moment. After all it was he who had sent the pound of white bread and the bottle of milk, he who had written to her that sweetest word on a Russian tongue. Oh! If he could but outreach the Turk. Once it had been that she would have blushed with shame at the thoughts now racing in her brain. But the Turkestan woman was right—she was dead; they were all dead; legally dead.

Ivan pressed forward; he was shoulder to shoulder with the Turk. He pointed out Marfa to the officer and gave her name. Then the Turk said something to the officer, with a leering smile at Ivan.

"She is already taken," curtly replied the officer, and ordered her name and that of the Turk recorded together.

Marfa saw the dull red splash through the tan of Ivan's face. She saw him half raise his shut fist, then drop it and step back, and a look of fierce resolution settle the lines of his mouth. A sickness of soul seized upon her. She leaned heavily against the woman of Turkestan, and the woman, touched, it may have been with a savage pity, laid her hand gently on Marfa, and whispered persuadingly:

"Go with him, it is better than the whip on the bare flesh."

The muscles of her broad shoulders quivered. Marfa did not look up, nor to right or left, as the Turk led her away, and the long tramp to his home began. Therefore, she did not see Ivan taking,

as if by accident, the same direction. On, and on, and on, they walked, through dense wooded places where the sun never shone, over slopes of hills where spots were melted in the snow; clambering over fallen logs, walking, walking, till even her bedulled mind took note of the weariness of her body. When the trail was narrow, the Turk made her walk ahead of him. When it was wider, or there was none at all, she trudged at his side. Sometimes she thought she heard a footstep behind them. Once the Turk stopped and looked over his shoulder at the sound of a snapping twig. It was perhaps a wild animal.

In the late afternoon, they came to the edge of a small clearing, a perfect square, cut in the heart of the forest. The sun was already below the wall of trees; a solemn, gray silence enveloped it all. The glad bark of a dog broke the stillness, and the moo of a cow that sounded to Marfa like a human wail. Then she saw, as one looking at a picture, the square clearing with the forest walling it in, the planted patch in the thin snow, the rude log cabin with its door partly ajar, the cow tied near the cabin, the well with the heap of shovelled earth at one side, the rope and bucket for drawing water and the big dog tugging at his chain.

The Turk unchained the dog, it jumped upon him whining and fawning. He kicked it away. He told Marfa to draw water, pointing as he did so to the well, and himself began to untie the cow. He was freakishly proud of his well, it being one of the very few in all Sakhalien; it had taken him months to dig it. The water was cold and deep. When he had untied the cow he saw that Marfa had not made a move toward the well. He told her again, pointing as before, to the well, and rope—and this time to the cow also. He went into the cabin, and in hardly more than a minute returned with the milking things. Marfa was standing where he had left her. Going up to her, he put down the milking things, and repeated what he had said, accompanying his words with a cuff of his heavy hand on the side of her head. Since she could not understand his words, he must train her as he had trained his dog. It was the only way he knew, and he had a bad temper. Marfa shrank away from him,

but uttered no outcry, though sparks of fire flew from her eyes. The dog eyed them curiously. The man raised his hand, palm outward, to strike again, but it did not fall upon her. She gave a stifled cry; the bushes behind the Turk were parted, and swift as a cougar springs upon its prey, Ivan Maximoff leaped into the clearing and struck down the upraised hand.

He had dogged their steps, skirting the clearing and stood behind them, hidden, watching and listening. It had been his intention to get her away by some strata-gem at nightfall—beyond this he had no plan.

In speechless fury the Turk turned upon him. He was a powerful man, and struck such a blow with his ponderous right fist that blood dripped from the spot where his knuckles grazed Ivan's forehead.

They closed upon each other, then, two human animals in mad rage for mastery. They clutched each other's throats, their arms gripped each other, their legs locked about each other, they tripped and fell, and rose and fell again, and rolled, and slipped, on the snow-wet earth. They cursed each other in broken sentences, in different languages, neither understanding the other; yet each knew that it was a fight to the death—for the woman.

Marfa saw them as one sees in a nightmare. Her arms hung limply at her sides. The dog sat up with fore feet planted firmly, watching the combat with curious, bright eyes. Now and then a tremor of his tail showed his more eager interest. His master was getting the better of the battle; gradually he was forcing the stranger to the brink of the well, they were on the center of the pile of shoveled clay. The dog's teeth showed with almost human delight; his master was on top, his iron fingers were pressing the breath out of the stranger. But instantly he stood up, stiffly alert, and began to snarl. It was his master now who was beneath. With a growl he rushed upon Ivan and fastened his teeth in the back of his neck; shaking from side to side, taking a deeper hold with each growl and shake of his massive head, pulling backward with all his fierce dog strength. Ivan, compelled to beat off the dog, must

let go his hold on the Turk, and for the instant was at the mercilessness of both.

The cunning Turk saw his advantage, and took it. At that moment something snapped in Marfa Zelensky's brain. She seemed to feel again the hunch of the garrulous half-caste woman at her elbow, and put her hand to the knife hidden at her waist. She ran to the struggling heap of man and animal and plunged the slender knife-blade in the dog's throat, once, twice, thrice, and again. His jaws fell apart, he tumbled over and rolled down the slope that was slippery with blood and melted snow. His body quivered and lay still; the snow reddened around it.

Seeing Marfa and what she had done, the Turk uttered a shriek like something not human, and flung himself anew upon Ivan. They grappled and beat each other's heads with their bleeding fists. But the fight was with the Turk, he had had but one opponent. He forced Ivan inch by inch down the slope to the flat edge of the well, and loosened his hold but the fraction of a second to fling him in. This

was Ivan's chance; with a final gathering of his strength, with straining nerves and cracking muscles, he wrenched his body free, and with a trick of wrestling learned in boyhood, stooped swiftly and threw the Turk over his head. There was a heavy splash in the icy water; Ivan alone stood braced on the slope of earth. He was battered and muddy, his neck banded with crimson.

Marfa stood rigidly, still holding the red-bladed knife in her hand. She threw it far away from her, as he came down and stood beside her. The silence was suddenly become appalling; the swift dusk crept around them.

"Ivan!" she cried, to break the awful stillness. The forest moaned; a shivering wind was passing by.

"Ivan!" cried Marfa again.

He slowly shook his head. "I—I am Ivan no more; I am the Turk; my name is recorded in the prison book with yours—with yours, you must remember—and you are mine, and this place is mine. But we will dig another well."

## Woman's Way

By Grace G. Bostwick

Because, Oh Love, the heart of me is weak,  
I hush the clam'ring words I dare not speak,  
And force the song that you may think me gay,  
Nor even guess the pain I hide away.

Because, O Sweet, my love is all your own,  
I struggle 'gainst desire to make known  
My heart's devotion, and with mocking eyes  
I greet you with a smile grown worldly wise.

Because, Dear Heart, there is no one but you,  
I turn to other eyes—their yearning view;  
And laugh with lips all tremulous with pain  
To hide the fear that all my love is vain.



# To the Highest Bidder

By Maguerite Stabler



WAKINS, it was said, had been a preacher in "The States." Certain it was he had done his first digging in a rusty, long-tailed, ministerial-looking coat which may, or may not, have sufficiently accounted for the rumor.

Preacher or not, however, that long-tailed coat told hard against him, and for no more tangible reason, "Long-tailed Wakins" was the most unpopular man in Boulder Gulch.

So when it was publicly announced that Wakins was to be married, every man in the camp called down the wrath of Heaven on his head if he could see what any white woman could fancy in "Long-tailed Wakins."

For, "He rakes down a Jack-pot like it was a contribution box," sighed Faro Bill, after the admission that between his luck at poker and his claim he must be pretty well lined.

"An' when he gits to cussin' that little half-breed pinto of his he says 'God A'mighty' like he was a-repeatin' of the Lord's prayer," contributed Secesh Thompson, incidentally letting off a few choice gems of irreverence to convince the crowd that he had never been connected with the cloth.

"And she's coming all the way out here to marry him," ruminated young Atkinson, returning to the original theme. "He must have deceived her about the style of Boulder Gulch or she would never have consented to come here to keep a boarding-house."

"Guess he ain't sprung the boarding-house proposition on her yet," ventured Thompson.

But it was not until Wakins presented himself among them in a new coat of the objectionable cut, a high hat and a boiled shirt, that the unfairness of his move struck home to the Gulchers.

"If you're in San Francisco when the steamer gits in be sure and keep an eye on

Wakins," Faro Bill suggested to Thompson, as the pack-train started off down the trail.

"And tell the girl what kind of a fellow she's marrying," added Atkinson.

The smiling bridegroom-elect the while was receiving the congratulations of the men on the porch and assuring them of Mrs. Wakins' prospective delight in making their acquaintance, and as he swung himself into his saddle with his customary convincing remarks to his pinto pony, Thompson drawled "Amen," but the laugh that followed was lost in the jingling of bells and stamping of hoofs.

At the next convocation of the Gulchers young Atkinson's voice was missed. He had seemed to take Wakins' romance deeply to heart, but it was not until a man from Sandy Bar mentioned having seen him with the train that they guessed he had made a hasty decision in the night to go along and see a fair hand dealt out to the woman.

Meantime Atkinson was swinging along the trail, gulping down his indignation at Wakins' proceedings. "Any girl who cares enough for a fellow to cross the ocean to marry him," he said to himself, with a rising sense of his own loneliness, "ought to have the best a man can do for her."

By the time the train had reached Sacramento the party was worn and thirsty. In honor of the approaching festive occasion, Wakins was made the toast of every round, so that by the time they reached San Francisco his vision was at times a bit befuddled and his hat-band uncomfortably tight.

"Oh, never mind a trifle like that!" Thompson cajoled, "a man gets married only a few times at best. Here's to you again!" And again Wakins hove to.

When, after several days of suspense, more or less damaging to Wakins' clearness of vision, the steamer was at last sighted, it was an eager party that set out to meet the bride.

Women, so early in the fifties, were al-

most as few and far between as the proverbial angels' visits, and those who braved the hardships of the journey to share with their husbands the still greater hardships of pioneer existence, were regarded with a feeling akin to reverence by the homesick strays that filled the state. Atkinson's homesickness never had worn off, but either no one had ever taken the trouble to look beneath his debonair surface to note it, or the feeling was so general it passed without comment. At any rate, no one suspected it, and no one knew how, during the early summer, when riding through the dust up the Piute trail, he had spent a whole day skirting the precinct of a pink sun-bonnet left lying on a boulder, hoping its owner might come and claim it. And when at dusk, all hope of meeting the wearer gone, he boldly stole the thing and deposited it among his own effects—a reserve pair of buckskins, an extra pan and shovel, a goodly supply of shooting-irons and ammunition and the half-dozen calf-bound law books that filled whatever might be left of every hard-working day.

There were a good many women on this steamer for those days, and the dock was thronged with fathers, husbands, lovers, waiting eagerly for the long-looked-for loved ones. As Atkinson, standing in the background, watched these tender meetings, he fell to wondering if, at the last moment, this woman, whoever she might be, might not fail Wakins. He hoped she would.

Just as the last ones were coming down the gang-plank, he saw Wakins spring to meet a dark-clad figure. She was closely veiled and seemed to see no one in the waiting crowd. Her manner, although her carriage was erect, seemed from her slightness and willowiness, to appeal for protection, and as she turned her head slightly, a brown curl strayed below her veil.

"Good God!" broke from Atkinson's lips as Wakins, "Long-tailed Wakins," sprang to meet this woman. Thompson's hand fell heavily on his shoulder as together they watched the incredulous look on the pale face under the veil and the slight shudder with which she received his kiss.

"He's fooled her, by Heaven!" said Thompson. "He wasn't the man he is

now when she promised to marry him." But Atkinson was silent.

At the hotel, later, Wakins informed them, with an aggressively proprietary air, that the lady was tired from her trip and was resting.

"All right, come along with me and get something to steady up your nerves," Thompson suggested, ordering an all-round set-up. "She'll go into this thing with her eyes opened, any way," Atkinson was saying to himself as he listened to Wakins' confidences after having had sufficient liquid inducement.

"Fine girl—tell you—hic!—! When I was preach—livin' down in Georgia we got engaged and she's been a-waitin', true as steel—hic!—!"

At which Atkinson, without waiting to analyze his feelings, grabbed him by the collar and threw him out of the bar-room.

After dinner Wakins explained again, "She ain't a-feelin' just right yet, so I guess we won't be married till tomorrow." Whereupon Atkinson vowed to himself that this little tenderling should never marry Wakins—if he had to kill him to save her.

"Hard on a man's nerves, though, this waiting, isn't it?" he remarked later in sympathetic tones to the restless groom-to-be.

"Well, I'll be——," the ex-parson agreed feelingly.

"Let's have a little game to ease up on," Thompson then suggested. Whereupon Wakins again agreed.

In those days, the average miner, when he was not working, was playing cards, for next to the joy of winning was the excitement of losing—stagnation, only, being the impossible thing.

By the time Atkinson got around, things were booming for Wakins, and several large cold bottles had been sent up to the reading room. "She has already discovered that he drinks, by his breath," Atkinson was saying to himself, as Thompson threw down his two pair to find it matched by a full house. "If we can get her down here now she will know how he makes his money; then if she is willing to marry him, it will be with her eyes wide open."

So, when a few moments later a slender figure with a dazed look in her dark

eyes, stood on the threshold of the reading-room, it was only Atkinson's quick warning look that kept her from crying out.

Wakins was still winning. "Come in for jacks or better," he cried, too flushed with his successes to notice the direction of Atkinson's straying glances.

The dark eyes in the doorway looked appealingly toward Atkinson, who answered them frankly and steadily.

"Itsh jusht a li'l game, m' dear," Wakins said, smiling blandly when, at length, he turned and caught the horrified stare in the deep eyes that watched him. "Come 'long in an' watch me win the pot."

And Atkinson, by a look, made her see that she must stay.

"Bringin' me bad luck," Wakins looked up a few minutes later to say, surlily. "Been winnin' ev'rything, now'm loshin'."

Atkinson looked up quickly. The soft curl still strayed over her shoulder and the dark eyes were circled by still darker shadows. Atkinson felt the despicable part he and Thompson were playing in this domestic tragedy. As the black-hearted villain who decoys the good young parson from the paths of virtue, he felt this woman would see him, when, somehow, he felt he would be willing to stake a great deal to help her out of her difficulty. Something of what he felt was translating itself in his face, for she dropped her eyes quickly; not, however, until she had read a swift message.

Wakins was showing off. His was the reputation of being the gamest sport in The Gulch and this was not the time to stop playing because his luck had turned.

"Stay in!" he commanded, seeing Atkinson trying to make Thompson stop. "See her through!" But Thompson, looking toward the motionless figure in the doorway, hesitated. The figure, even though she saw his momentary hesitation, gave no sign, so Thompson stayed in.

Awkwardly Atkinson made as if to offer her a chair, but quickly realizing a seat in such a company to be impossible, drew back with a flush of compassion. The look that shot from under the long lashes made Atkinson curse the luck that had ever gotten him into Wakins' affair, but since he had gone this far he, too, proposed to stay in.

Wakins continued to lose. The two on-lookers, realizing their powerlessness to help matters, were together put outside the pale.

Half an hour later Wakins was broke.

"Got to get home, boys," he complained. "Got to pay m' wife's fare up to Boulder Gulch. How much'll you loan me, Atkinson?"

Seeking first the dark eyes in the doorway, Atkinson answered, obedient to their command, "Not a red."

"Hic—I'll have to put my wife up then," Wakins laughed, before Atkinson, white to the lips, could reach the side of her swaying figure.

Thompson, with a growing hope up his own sleeve, clinked his money down slowly as Wakins' hungry eyes clung to it, counted down his pile and added his watch. "Against that?" he asked.

And Wakins, a man in a white skin, an ex-parson, the all-but husband and natural protector of this friendless girl, answered "Yes."

Atkinson took a quick step to the girl's side, but she did not faint. She threw back her head and looked straight into the eyes of the man at her side. "I can trust you?" she questioned in an undertone.

"To the extent of my life," he answered, still lower.

"Come on, come on!" Wakins was shouting meantime to Thompson, and Thompson was on with a bound.

The dark figure in the doorway did not move. Tense and rigid she stood behind the chair of the man for whom she had left her home and friends, and who now put her life and honor against a little pile of gold.

What did they mean? Atkinson wondered. How far would this thing go? As he looked away from this slender little woman, the stake for which these two men were playing, the blood pounded through his brain with the ring of the slave-driver's hammer, "Gone to the highest bidder!"

Each man had staked his whole pile, so there was nothing to raise. The table swirled off in blackness as the woman standing alone in the middle of the floor looked at the bloated face of the one-time zealous young parson, the brawny, heavy-featured face of the man opposite;

and the clear eyes of Atkinson that told how keenly he felt her position.

Across the green cloth her dark eyes flashed a wild appeal. To these men inured to seeing a fortune lost in the throw of the dice, a life-time lived in a dozen heart-beats, the moment was long; to the girl who watched them it was an eternity, but the steady light in the clear eyes opposite held her firmly and lent her a courage she did not feel.

When the players showed down their hands Atkinson flashed a keen look at the girl, wondering how much she understood. Thompson—burly, big-hearted, coarse-grained Thompson was breathing hard and getting red in the face—and Thompson had won!

Instinctively the girl drew nearer Atkinson. With a quick spring he reached the table and stopped the motion of the men to rise. "Wait!" he commanded, "the stakes are not even and you both know it. Let me come into this. I'll put up my whole interest in the Ten Spot against what—what's up."

The men looked up incredulously, for the Ten Spot was rated as one of the best claims in the Gulch, and Atkinson was already regarded as a man of prospects.

"Honor bright?" questioned Thompson.

"Your interest in the Piute, too?" added Wakins.

"Everything in the world I've got," Atkinson answered quietly.

Thompson hesitated a brief moment, but it was for money, after all, that he was working for.

The deal came to Atkinson. With a scarcely perceptible paling, he took up his cards without daring to look at the figure between him and the doorway. Finding a miserable queen high, he watched for Wakins' discard. One card. As he raised his eyes to pick up his draw he met the full, straight gaze of those wide, terrified eyes before him, and the hand that held the queen trembled. Thompson had drawn two cards.

Thompson moved his pile to the centre of the table, Atkinson laid down his pledge, Wakins, with a swagger, raised his hand unsteadily in the direction of the doorway.

With a quick in-drawn breath Atkinson looked at his draw. His countenance

told nothing, but he looked again at the little woman with the straying brown curl.

Thompson's show-down revealed two kings.

Did she understand the game? Was she following it? Was there a distinction in her mind among them? Atkinson was wondering, his gaze fixed on his hand, while the clock arose from its unobtrusive ticking to pound out "Going—going—to the highest bidder!"

Thompson, too, during the evening, had imbibed more than he could carry and Atkinson's only hope now was that the girl's mind might not be quite clear enough to follow them. But while Atkinson wondered and hoped, Wakins, with a maudlin whoop, threw down three tens, and, struggling to his unsteady legs, grasped at the air with: "We're rich, m'dear. Rich people, d'ye hear? Come here to me!"

One high-pressure instant Atkinson held his hand. It was the pile on the green he saw the eyes of his opponents clutching at, while, burning with the shame of it, he looked toward the stake for which he was playing. The dazed look had suddenly died out of the woman's eyes, with a cruel flash of illumination the situation was hers. Alone, friendless, penniless, she had stood and seen the kings fall, then the tens, now with clenched nails that pierced her palms and teeth almost meeting through her lips, she watched the cards.

"Going," the clock hammered with inexorable regularity, while the air, thick with tobacco and whisky fumes, grew choking in the acute silence. Throwing down one queen, Atkinson watched the faces before him. Thompson's thick-necked breathing chimed in with the ticking of the clock. Two queens! still three tens were better and Wakins held them. With a triumphant glance and following every varying expression in the terrified eyes only half concealed by their lashes, Atkinson flashed his third queen—the queen of hearts—and faced Wakins.

To the one-time parson life had long since resolved itself into two parts—a shuffle and a deal. Opulence or beggary meant only the turning of a card, and death itself only the losing of the game.

So now that they had played the game for high stakes and lost, Thompson and Wakins sought the bar again to apply the

usual solace to their troubles.

Finding himself alone with this woman whose name he did not even know, Atkinson began, half apologetically, "I hope you do not imagine—" but here the words stuck in his throat, so he tried it again. "What Wakins lost is, of course, yours, and if you need a friend I hope I may be able to serve you."

Still the girl was silent. Through the windows the twinkling lights from straggling streets picked out the little homes not too far off to tell the nature of their interiors. Atkinson and the girl watched them absently, she thinking of the home she had left, he of a bare two-room cabin

in The Gulch.

"Another cock-tail, sah?" the porter's voice interrupted as he came to remove the bottles. Then, getting no answer, and business being dull, he added, "P'raps your wife would like a lemonade."

The porter was dispatched. Atkinson walked over to the girl, the vision of one possible queen obliterating the twinkling lights below, and she, looking into the eyes of her deliverer, dutifully drank her lemonade.

When, a few days later, the pack train returned to Boulder Gulch, the bridal party did not include Wakins.

# The Reporter, the Girl and the Angel

By W. E. Brindley



WHEN Jimmie Durkin laid the story on the city editor's desk and sauntered back to his typewriter, he had a presentiment that trouble would follow. Just how it would come

about, Jimmie did not attempt to figure; but that trouble would follow he was as certain as he was that before pay day he would have to borrow a dollar from the cashier. And to put it thus was putting it strongly, for Jimmie was as improvident as any of the craft.

Accordingly, Jimmie presently sauntered back to the city editor's desk and engaged that dignitary in conversation. It was a privilege, this talking with the boss, which only the star police reporter of the town enjoyed. Jimmie called the city editor "boss," while the other reporters addressed him as "Mr. Martin."

"Pretty good story, boss," remarked Jimmie, as he spat in the direction of the city editor's cuspidor.

The city editor ran his eye hurriedly down the last sheet, gathered the pages together, marked the first page "Page 1, head to come," and handed it to the copy

reader.

"Peach," he said, "and I was up against it for a human interest story for the front page."

Jimmie spat again, missing the cuspidor.

"I rather thought that would strike your eye," he said. "It's exclusive, too."

Then he walked back to his typewriter, the presentment of trouble to come being stronger than ever.

The story had to do with a poor, friendless girl, alone in the city, and ill almost unto death with consumption. She had been begging on the streets, and a warrant had been issued for her arrest on the charge of vagrancy. When the policeman called at the cheap lodging house where the girl lived, to make the arrest, he found her sick in bed. If she recovered, she would be grabbed by the strong, cruel arm of the law. These were the facts. Dressed in Jimmie's best style, the story started out thus:

On a miserable pallet in a wretched lodging house on North Third street lies the form of a young girl, once beautiful, now wasted by the insidious influence of tuber-

culosis. At police headquarters there is a warrant for the arrest of this girl on a vagrancy charge.

Two months ago, Mazie Campbell came to the city from her home in a little country town. She had tired of the monotony of village existence, and the city's charms lured her. But she soon realized that in leaving her modest home she had made a great mistake for, while all about her, was wealth and contentment, for Mazie Campbell there was not even a chance to earn a livelihood. For weeks she tramped the streets.

It was a good story. It had taken Jimmie half an hour and several cigarettes to dream it. It was, in fact, entirely a dream. The Mazie Campbell of the tale existed only in the imagination of James L. Durkin, star police reporter for the *Times*. And it was on this account that the star police reporter for the *Times* worried considerably, and consumed many cigarettes, and spat frequently and ever erringly at the cuspidor in the corner. Writing a fake story was an almost daily occurrence with Jimmie, for the police beat frequently was dull, and the office cried out for copy, but he had never before written one so striking.

Few things worried Jimmie Durkin long, and this story of the destitute girl was no exception. Upon leaving the office for the night, the star reporter repaired to his boarding house for dinner, and after dinner spent the evening playing pool and half the night playing "smear" at ten cents a game and five cents a "set-up." As a result, he felt in unusually good spirits the next morning when he came down to the office, having won one dollar and sixty-five cents.

"That was a great story you had about the girl," suggested the city editor, as he handed the star reporter a handful of clippings from the morning paper to re-write.

"Yes," said Jimmie listlessly, "quite a yarn."

"I guess pretty near everybody in town read that story," continued the man at the desk, and then added, "By the way, the young ladies' missionary society is going to help her a bit. Miss Perkins, the president, telephoned me last night and asked for her address. Where does she live?"

Jimmie felt that the presentiment was

becoming a reality, but long practice had accustomed him to scrapes, and he thought rapidly. He recalled having noticed an electrically illuminated globe on North Third street, bearing the legend, "The Temple, 789."

"Down at a joint called The Temple, 789 North Third," he said, calmly. "I didn't put it in the story because I had to roast the place to make the yarn good, and I didn't care about having any red-headed landlady coming sailing into the office with a holler. When are they going to do this ministering angel stunt?"

"This afternoon, I guess, though she didn't say when."

Jimmie sauntered down the aisle between the rows of typewriter desks, at nearly every one of which a reporter sat pounding out early copy, and as he walked he whistled through his teeth in a particularly aggravating manner that he had at times. He observed with satisfaction that nearly every reporter stirred nervously, and that several looked up and cursed him under their breaths. He felt that the world owed him some satisfaction, and took as great pleasure in disturbing his fellows as a small boy finds in torturing a yellow cat.

"Better telephone Miss Perkins and tell her that address," the city editor called.

With a heavy heart Jimmie went to the telephone and delivered the message to the visiting angel. Jimmie had met her once or twice, and recalled the angel as being tall and raw-boned, with an immense mole at the right of her nose. Miss Perkins had a big heart, but the poor seldom discovered it, and for the most part were heartily afraid of her. Her conversation with Jimmie was brief and to the point. She thanked him for the information, said she would visit the girl at ten o'clock, Good Morning, and hung up the receiver.

It was evident to James Durkin, star reporter of the *Times*, as he walked down the street to the central police station, that for him there were less than two hours of grace, then the deluge, for he knew that when Miss Perkins called and found no sick girl, she would swing back to the office, storm the city editor's desk, demand the dismissal of the reporter and get it. It was her nature.

Without particular design, Jimmie steered his course down North Third street, and was walking in deep thought when, chancing to look up, he saw a white globe, bearing the legend, "The Temple, 789."

Jimmie turned into the hallway—there was a saloon under the lodging house—and ran up the uncarpeted stairs so rapidly that his momentum carried him beyond the top and he bumped into a girl with a broom, the handle of which slapped him across the face.

"I beg your pardon, Gwendolin," he said politely. Long years of boarding house life had made Jimmie familiar with the chambermaid breed, and he spoke to this one as if she were a lifelong friend.

The girl recovered her balance, poked a stray lock of brick-red hair under the dirty towel that she wore about her head, and said, saucily:

"What's your hurry?"

"Oh, nothing at all. You see I didn't expect to come so fast as I did. I—" Jimmie hesitated. The girl's attitude was not encouraging, yet something must be done. He spared for time.

"Remember how we used to play together under the old apple tree?"

"Gawan, ferget it," and the girl started down the hall with her broom.

Jimmie ran after her, put a heavy hand on her shoulder, and swung her squarely around.

"See here, young woman," he said severely, "I want you to understand distinctly that when a gentleman enters this joint, which no doubt is a rare occurrence, you're to treat him like a gentleman. Do you hear me? Now, where's the landlady? If it's all the same to you, I'll tell her a thing or two."

The girl wrenched herself from his grasp, started to say something, then changed her mind, and laughed a loud, ringing laugh. She made a deep courtesy and said demurely:

"Behold in me the landlady. Now, sir, when you've anything to say to the landlady of this establishment, you're expected to treat her like a lady, even if your acquaintance with sure enough ladies is slight."

Jimmie laughed with her, and saw that he had won the first brush. With-

out further delay or parley, he pulled a copy of the *Times* out of his hip pocket, and handed it to the girl, showing her the human interest story on the first page. When she had read it through, Jimmie put the case to her squarely.

"You see," he said, "the story's all right except for one thing. It's all a lie, every word of it, and, what's worse, the young ladies' missionary society has taken an interest in this poor girl and is bound to help her. You can't stop Miss Perkins—she's the president, you know, and she's a terror to snakes."

"Well, but—"

"Oh, I see, you don't exactly see what this has all got to do with you. Well, to tell the truth, I had to tell the boss something, so I told him this was the place, and—"

The girl was looking intently at the newspaper, her face wrinkled into a frown, with just the suggestion of a smile about her mouth. She read from it:

"On a miserable pallet in a wretched lodging house on North Third street—so that's what you think of my place, eh?"

Jimmie grinned.

"Oh, well, I wasn't thinking of any particular lodging house, you see, when I had the bad dream. But, say, now, honest, can't you help me out? I'd hate awfully to lose my job, especially right now, when I ain't so very flush.

The girl hesitated a moment.

"You know Paddy Eagan?" she asked.

"Sure, the cop on this beat."

"Well, you give Paddy Eagan a square deal in your paper and I'm your friend."

Jimmie promised, eagerly, and the girl asked him how he had planned things. Jimmie confessed that he hadn't planned things at all. Then they both had the same idea, and to both it seemed feasible.

"I don't look particularly sick, do I?" the girl asked.

Jimmie grinned as he looked at her red-hair and brick-red freckled face.

"See here," he said, "you hike into a room and go to bed, and pull down the curtains. You'll do. I'll be back at four o'clock this afternoon, if I ain't fired in the meantime."

At four, his work for the day over, Jimmie returned. It had gone "O. K."

the girl said. Miss Perkins had suggested a doctor, but the girl had said she had had one, and showed some medicine, stolen for the time being from the room of a lodger who had just recovered from the grip. She was coming again in the morning, at ten o'clock. The girl laughed as she told how the angel looked, and seemed enthusiastic about the game. And Jimmie went down the street whistling "Cornelia Malone" with a glad heart.

For a week or so things progressed merrily, with some few difficulties. On the second day Miss Perkins forced the girl to take a five dollar bill, and on the afternoon of that day Jimmie forced her to return it by mail, anonymously. The girl, fearing the disclosure of ruddy cheeks if the room were light, kept it closed, with the curtains down, and had considerable difficulty in persuading Miss Perkins not to open the windows and let in the sunshine. But these were small matters. Neither Jimmie or the girl worried much over the final outcome, though it was evident to each that eventually Miss Perkins must be outwitted sometime and the game cease. Furthermore, Paddy Eagan, who, of course, had been told the secret, was showing symptoms of jealousy on account of Jimmie's daily calls. And the boss had demanded a "follow story," which Jimmie found it impossible to supply. However, as I have said, these were small matters and Jimmie whistled merrily and consumed cigarettes with the same satisfaction as of yore.

One morning Jimmie dallied rather

longer than usual at the typewriter, re-writing the stories from the morning paper. He had just jerked the last sheet from the machine and started toward the boss's desk, when he stopped suddenly, and cowered in terror behind a post. The angel had returned.

She swung into the office as one with a purpose, and in an instant Jimmie realized that he was undone. The presentiment was become horribly true.

"Mr. Martin," she said, with a jerk. The city editor jumped as if stabbed.

"Your poor tuberculosis patient is a fraud. The worst fraud I ever cast eyes on. Yesterday morning at half-past ten o'clock I left her presumably very ill. This morning, calling earlier than usual, I found her sweeping the hall and flirting with a policeman. I know how you will feel to think you, too, have been swindled. If there was anything to be done, I'd do it, but there isn't. I wish you good morning."

And the angel swept out.

Jimmie approached the desk with the air of a whipped dog.

"Boss," he said solemnly, "that whole thing was a fake. I'd try to bluff it out, but the girl was square to me."

The city editor looked keenly at his star reporter, with a suggestion of a smile in his eye.

"I knew it all the time," he said quietly. "But it was a good story, and we had to have a feature yarn for the front page."

Jimmie whistled softly.

"Well, wouldn't that bite you," he said.





*Jack London on His Glen Ellen Ranch.*

# The Story of a Famous Fraternity of Writers and Artists

By Agnes Foster Buchanan



IT WAS the old San Francisco—the city of color, of life, of laughter-loving people. The hands of the old clock on the Hall of Justice formed almost a perpendicular. There had been a quiet hour after the work of the day, and the spirit of unrest once more hovered over the city. The town was awake again—pulsating, throbbing, pregnant with new and lighter interests. It was the dinner hour and all San Francisco was gravitating slowly but certainly toward the several cafes it frequented.

Two men walked slowly up Montgomery street. They crossed Clay and went on north to Merchant. There they stopped—in front of a small, unpretentious eating place in the old Montgomery Block. It was the famous “Coppa’s Restaurant.”

“Well, what shall we do—go in or run

over to the studio first?” asked one of the men.

“Let’s see whether they are here yet. If not, we’ll join the crowd at Marty’s,” answered the other.

They peeked through the window. “Yes, they’re all here. They’re early tonight.”

They opened the door. The room was crowded. In the center of the hall was a long table. As the two men entered, one of the party at this table looked up.

“Hello, here are Jimmie and George! Move along, will you, and make room?”

The latest arrivals are wedged in somehow. That “center table” was an elastic one, and that night its extensile qualities were fully tested. The whole “Crowd” was there.

There is Martinez, whose brushes hold the secret of living color, and next to him is “Jimmie” Hopper, one of the late comers. His fair hair and blue eyes tell of northern people as truly as Marty’s swar-



*Martinez in His Studio.*

thy skin and black hair indicate the Spanish blood. Across the table are Austin Lewis and Anna Strunsky, heart and soul deep in their favorite theme—socialism, and of Jack London's latest exploit—his lecture on that subject in Boston.

And, by the way, Anna Strunsky has just exploded a little bomb of her own, which has produced consternation. She has just received a cablegram calling her to Geneva, there to take an active part in the spreading of the Propaganda. It is the culmination of her hopes, and the immediate prospect of being in the "thick of the fight," as it were, has lighted her naturally expressive features with a new enthusiasm.

Lionel Josephare and Herman Whitaker are in the Coppa group, too, as are George Sterling, the poet, and Gelett Burgess, who has been on the Coast for several months.

It was a coterie of congenial men and women, and represented in part the literary and artistic fraternity of San Francisco. To them Coppa's was a rendezvous, and the unique and interesting decorations of the walls, which went so far to make it the popular place it was, were drawn and

executed by these men in their "play hours."

Like everything else in San Francisco, the personnel of the "Coppa Crowd" was cosmopolitan and diverse—more so, perhaps, than would be found in any other similar gathering in the world.

Here we find Martinez standing for Spanish traditions and influence; Hopper, who is French-Irish; the Russian Jewess, Anna Strunsky; Whitaker, and Austin Lewis, who are Cornishmen; and Jack London, George Sterling and Gelett Burgess, who are the Americans of the "Crowd." Naturally enough, this diversity of type is but the outward physical sign of the inward, mental temperament, which expresses itself in various ways and which constitutes in itself an attraction which never bores by its sameness.

"The way into my parlor is up a winding stair"—there were two long flights of them mounting to the studio, where "Marty" lived—two long, dark flights, where one might reasonably expect a "bear or anything else to follow one." But at the head of the stairs was the studio with its big, comfortable couches, its soft, northern lights, its wealth of things beautiful. No wonder the "Crowd" made it their lounging place. There, too, was Marty! On the authority of the baptismal register in a little church in Guadalajara, we must accept his full name, Xavier Timeteo Oresco Martinez! But who ever heard him called anything but Marty?—plain, unvarnished, abbreviated Marty?

The young Martinez was sent to school as is the custom in Mexico, while he was still nothing more than a baby. The result was that at the age when American boys are preparing for their university course, he was finishing his. He had followed the scientific schedule—everything coming quickly to him in the world of philosophy and logic. But mathematics was a stumbling-block to him as it has been to thousands of others; and while he should have been mastering the "rule of three," he was covering his books and desks with caricatures of his professors.

There was at this time at the University an unusual set of students—well-born and intelligent—who afterwards became big men in their various professions. Between them they published and issued a weekly paper, tinged somewhat with political



*Herman Whitaker.*

flavor, and it was on the staff of this periodical that "Marty" served his apprenticeship with his brush and pencil.

But just as he was finishing his course at the University, his mother, who had married a second time, went off to France where her husband was Consul-General to Paris. It was the old story of the cat taking a vacation and the mouse making the most of his opportunities. Martinez, now a lad of about seventeen, immediately left the University and entered the postal service as a clerk. In this office plenty of

mean artistic ability herself, and it was owing entirely to her influence that the ambitious youngster was given a chance, so to speak. Mr. Coney, his step-father, was determined to place him in the commercial life; his mother was equally determined against such decision, so the career of Xavier Timeteo Oresco Martinez, Pintor, was settled by a bargain! Mr. Coney agreed to place him under Mathews at the Art Association on the condition that if in one year he didn't make good, the experiment was to be considered a failure.



*James Hopper, Mary Austin and George Sterling.*

time was found for sketching and drawing, and at this time came a settled determination to eschew forever the deadly routine of a mercantile life.

In the meantime, his step-father was transferred to the consular service in San Francisco, and there, one bright morning, young "Marty" appeared. It was to his mother, between himself and whom there seemed ever to be a mutual understanding, that he confided his hopes and ambitions. Besides being a mother, with a mother's natural prejudices, she was a woman of no

At this time Martinez's English vocabulary consisted of a score of words, principally of courtesy and absolute necessity. The consequence was that the criticisms of his masters fell upon uncomprehending ears. He might be told a line was too hard or too soft, or that his work was lifeless—it all sounded the same to foreign sense, and it all received the same answer—"Yes." That was one of the twenty words he knew! When the year was up—his term of probation ended. Mr. Coney appeared at the art school.

"Well, what of the boy?" he asked. There was no hesitation about Mathews. "My dear Mr. Coney," he replied, "the boy is a darn fool. Take him away and if he MUST paint, let him paint carriages!"

With this encouragement, Martinez began his artistic training. The year may not have been a satisfactory one to his instructors, but it filled Martinez himself with greater ambition. Through his

Paris, with the Beaux Arts, the Latin Quarter, with Whistler, Carriere and Voulot, afterwards "Marty's" room-mate.

There were sixty-seven entries for the examinations of the Beaux Arts that year. The twelfth name on the successful list was Xavier Martinez!

From then on his position in the world of art was assured. He knew artistic Paris as perhaps no other American has



*Xavier Martinez, by Himself.*

mother's intercession, a year's reprieve was granted before the sentence was to be passed which should condemn the young artist to the drudgery of a mercantile existence. This twelve-month told quite a different tale. The dullard was resplendent with medals and honors, carrying off first prize in every department.

Then came the great reward. Paris, mysterious, alluring, wild, irresponsible

had the good fortune to know it. He approached it not from the outside, but through intimate relations with men whose names are famous. So he became an integral part of the life. Whistler and Carriere became his closest friends, sympathizing and encouraging him in his work.

This was such as to attract universal attention, and now for him a compliment of the highest order. When Steinlen, that

greatest of French illustrators, retired from the staff of *Gil Blas*, where he had done such remarkable work, he introduced Martinez to the editor as a man whom he considered worthy to be his successor. The association of American artists with the French paper is so rare, that the writer knows of only one other case. Martinez's connection with *Gil Blas* resulted in a number of remarkable lithographs in which his facile and suggestive style and poetic fancy are expressed.

Perhaps however, Martinez's "arrival" may be dated from the Universal Exposition in 1900. There his portrait of Miss Holden was accepted and received "Honorable Mention." Since Mr. Martinez's return to California the finest of his work has found its way to New York. There it

beam in the roof, "those who really want to come, will come—the others—well, I don't want the others."

Just around the bend of the road, with only a slight elevation separating it from "Marty's" new studio, is the home of Herman Whitaker, an artist himself, when it comes to telling stories and tales of the Northwest. Here, with his family of seven boys and girls, Mr. Whitaker has lived for several years in a big, old-fashioned, rambling house, and it is here that most of the stories which have delighted his readers have been written.

Like many others, Whitaker is a Californian by adoption only. He was born in Yorkshire, England, where, if tradition is to be believed, he was the "bad boy" of his neighborhood. Even his mother at times



*Jack London's Mountain Cottage.*

is handled by the Macbeth Gallery and it speaks poorly indeed for San Francisco and for the artistic appreciation of the people of the Coast, that a number of his best canvasses have been sold through his eastern agency. Mr. Martinez has been invited to contribute to the next annual exhibition in January of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

"Marty's Studio," as it was known in San Francisco, is a thing of the past. His new one, up in the Piedmont hills, lacks the steep, dark stair, but it is doubly inaccessible. Mr. Martinez has built it himself with the assistance of a few friends, between working hours—for recreation, as it were. It is doubtful whether it will ever become a rendezvous in the sense of the old headquarters on Montgomery street. "But," said "Marty," as he straddled a

expressed grave doubts as to his ultimate end! School was his special bugbear, and many were the self-awarded vacations, frequently extending over a month or more, that young Whitaker considered necessary to his well-being. By some critical persons, including his masters at school, these "vacations" were looked upon in the light of "hooky" and as such drew down upon the back of the offender floggings that still linger in the memory.

Perhaps he thought his memory was in danger of becoming overstocked, for one bright day Whitaker left the big boarding-school and enlisted in the British army. There he soon became instructor in gymnastics and fencing of his regiment. But the small tyrannies and enforced discipline of a military life galled his spirit and during the last year of his service



Jack London—A Sketch From Life by Martinez.

there were twelve records of arrest opposite his name. These circumstances brought about a not unnatural conviction that perhaps after all he was not suited to a soldier's life. Shortly after, he bought his discharge and took passage to Canada. The next winter—1887—was spent in a logging camp in Eastern Canada, swinging a broad ax and hewing railroad ties. The following summer found him in East and West Zora, and it was here that he gathered his material for those entertaining tales of Scotch-Canadian life and stories of humorous character through which he is best known to the reading public. Not that Mr. Whitaker made notes of his experiences in those days. He never takes notes of any kind, being blessed with a retentive memory. Having heard or seen a thing once, a mental photograph is registered and filed away only to appear later in some of his stories.

The next few years were as varied and changeful as a panorama. Trapper, bronco-buster, trader—Whitaker was each and all of them. Then came a winter of unusual harshness spent near Winnipeg. The winter was followed by a failure of the crops. Unfriendly Indians destroyed what unfriendly Nature had spared.

The young man thought it was about his

time to "go West." He arrived in San Francisco in '95, just at the height of the great industrial depression, with a wife and six children as his liabilities, offset by assets amounting to \$5.00! He had no trade—no profession. With his very apparent responsibilities it was necessary to create one or both. He dug sewers, he painted houses. Then he tried his hand at collecting bills, but somehow it was a lot easier to sit down and scribble stories on the backs of the aforesaid statements than to try to get their value in cash for his employers.

Then came the turning point. He pondered long over the advisability of giving up the "dunning" business for literature. A far cry from one to the other, but it was the step Whitaker contemplated, and asked Jack London whether he would advise it.

"No," came promptly from London.

"Well, I'm going to do it anyhow," returned Whitaker.

"So would I!" admitted London.

The experiences which befall all new writers came to Whitaker as a matter of course. Stories were written and sent east and before Mr. Whitaker thought they had had time to reach New York, they were back in San Francisco again! One story made twenty-one round-trips across the



George Sterling, as Seen by Martinez.

continent, only to be doggedly torn to pieces and reworked each time it presented itself. It finally appeared in *Ainslee's*.

Such perseverance gradually won for itself its own reward. For years Mr. Whitaker's stories have found appreciative audiences in the readers of the leading American magazines. "The Probationer," a volume of short stories, was published by *Harper's* a few years ago and received flattering criticisms from the general press. Mr. Whitaker has now in preparation a novel which will appear serially in THE PACIFIC MONTHLY, *Harper's* bringing out the book form later. For years Mr. Whitaker was an enthusiastic Socialist. He read biology, science and philosophy in hope of finding a scientific basis for his theories. He wanted to make the propaganda proof against the gatling guns of modern science. Therein he failed to satisfy himself and the whole system is to him now "a beautiful theory."

When one speaks or writes of Jack London, there is always some hesitancy as to just where to begin. His life has been one of such everlasting change and kaleidoscopic variety that there seems to be no one point that might be termed the beginning. However, there is one starting point common to everybody—Mr. London was born in San Francisco. As everyone knows, his early environments and influences were not such as to aid in the development of a literary career. Neither his father nor mother nor any one even remotely connected with him had literary tastes or ideas, so that his endowment in that line may be regarded as one of those gifts we see occasionally bestowed.

Jack London, the little boy, must have led a lonesome sort of existence, in spite of his family of ten half-brothers and half-sisters. None of them understood him, and their reception of his original "Alhambra" which the young idealist built of old bricks after Washington Irving's model, led him to believe that he and Irving were the only two sensible people in the world.

Before Jack London was sixteen he had lived a life-time in books, but the next five were less innocent ones. The spirit of unrest, the lust of adventure, were strong within him, and, by way of seeing the world, he joined the oyster pirates on San Francisco Bay. Escaping his just dues here, he became

in turn a salmon-fisher, fish-patrolman, a longshoreman, and a general bay-faring adventurer. He lived through the sheer love of living, toiling hard at any and every sort of manual labor. Then later he enlisted in the army—but the uniforms worn by the recruits were not those ordered by the war department, nor was the flag under which they marched the Red, White and Blue. Coxey was their leader and he was not much of a stickler for discipline. Desertion was not regarded in the light of a punishable offence, so London left the ranks at Chicago. For a while, however, he followed "independent tramping" as a vocation, and it finally landed him in jail as a vagrant. As was fitting, it was in San Francisco that his first story appeared in print. The *Call* had offered a prize of \$25.00 for the best descriptive article submitted, and London selected as his subject "A Typhoon Off the Coast of Japan." He won the first prize, the second and third going to students at the State University.

But that was only a beginning of the things that were to be. London's power of expression and vividness of imagery were not to show themselves fully until after his visit to the Klondike. There, in the "still, white world of the North," London came consciously to his heritage. *The Children of the Frost* was the first volume of Klondike-trail stores, followed shortly after by his *Call of the Wild*, considered by many to be his best book.

*The People of the Abyss* is, of course, an out-and-out socialistic work. For those to whom such works are pills impossible to swallow, the novel-form under which it masquerades furnishes the sugar coating.

Mr. London's favorite spot for writing is a secluded nook, way up in the beautiful Sonoma Valley, too far away from the haunts of man to make daily visitors a possibility. There the Londons own 360 acres of what is probably one of the most beautifully wooded farms in the State. There they are living now in small cabins—their home, *pro tem*. One of these cabins Mr. London uses as his workroom. Here have been written many of his best stories. *Before Adam*, now running serially in *Everybody's*, was written here. *White Fang*, *Love of Life*, a collection of short stories, *Planchette*, published in the *Cosmopolitan*, all were shaped



into form in this little cabin in Glen Ellen. *The Sea Wolf* was also in greater part written here in the Sonoma hills, the first part being developed in a pretty little bungalow in Piedmont.

It was the intention of Mr. and Mrs. London to build this summer upon their place at Glen Ellen, but they have made other plans which will defer the carrying out of their original ones. For the next seven years a small forty-five-foot ketch-rig is to be the London home—their resting place wherever fancy or whim dictates. For several months the *Snark* has been in process of construction and is now about completed. It is furnished most comfortably, with books and piano; and while it is primarily a sail-boat, there is an engine of seventy horse-power for emergency work. The next seven years then, Mr. and Mrs. London with four others, not one of whom knows anything about navigation, expect to visit every country on the globe. Such a trip has no parallel in literary history. Not even Stevenson's famous cruise on the *Casco* can compare to it, for the writer of the South Sea stories had with him a fully equipped crew and sailing master. In the case of the *Snark*, Mr. London will do his own sailorizing and if Mrs. London carries out her present plans she will do a lot of it too.

Mr. London's readers should be as enthusiastic to see the *Snark* weigh anchor as are the sailors themselves, for these seven years are not to be lazy ones. The public may surely look for many interesting, fascinating stories from Mr. London's pen, for, as he says, "Why shouldn't it be just as easy and easier to write with the whole world for a window?"

Mr. London is a systematic writer. He does nothing by fits and starts nor does he, like most writers, wait for an inspiration. He goes out with a big stick, so to speak, and hunts for one.

Two hours a day are put in in actual composition. Then two or three more follow in revision and correspondence, though Mrs. London practically relieves her husband of that part of his work. She does all his typewriting for him as well as answering many of his personal letters. To use Mr. London's own phrase, "My mate cuts my work in half!"

Without doubt the two leading Socialists in California today are Jack London and



Photograph by Belle-Oudry.  
Austin Lewis.

Austin Lewis. We have seen how Mr. London arrived at his present social philosophy by starting in at the lowest stratum and working upward to where he thought the light was. Mr. Lewis reversed the order of things and arrived at the conclusion. The son of a schoolmaster in Lancashire, England, it is pretty certain that the early days of young Lewis were spent in the schoolroom. He entered the University of London and there became interested in the socialistic movement and was a student of the writings of William Morris. He is essentially a product of the Socialist fermentation of the '80s—that decade remarkable for the production of the school led by such men as Bernard Shaw, Zangwill and Wells. In 1890, Mr. Lewis came to California, immediately taking up socialistic work at a time when its adherents were few, and, at the best, faint-hearted. The first organized meeting of the order was held in a room over a stable, and neither in numbers or enthusiasm could it be said to be encouraging to a less determined man than Mr. Lewis. How-



Photograph by Sarony.  
Anna Strunsky.

ever, in spite of setbacks and handicaps, he edited a paper which for six short months sent out its message and then died a natural death.

The next seven years were spent at the Tamalpais Military Academy as classical master, and here we have what is perhaps a single instance of a schoolmaster carrying on his socialistic work, being entrusted at the same time with the education and training of the young.

The intermediate degree of LL. B. had been awarded Mr. Lewis before leaving the University of London. He now took up the practice of law in earnest, at the same time writing many special articles on scientific and research work for the *San Francisco Examiner*. But it is of course through his writing and lectures on socialism that Mr. Lewis is best known throughout the country. His *Expository Essays* have been very widely quoted and one of these provoked the criticism in the *North American Review* that "Austin Lewis was one of the sanest, most thoughtful of socialistic writers." His article on *The Church and the Proletariat*, startling in its extreme radicalism, has earned for itself and its writer much attention and

comment. So far we have had only two books from Mr. Lewis's pen—one a novel, the other *An Economic History of the United States*. In none of his work, whether as a writer or as a lecturer, does Mr. Lewis wander far from his favorite theme—socialism. And it is not only on this subject, to him a vital one, that Mr. Lewis has been heard on the lecture platform. His literary lectures are delightful and he had done much to popularize Bernard Shaw long before "Man and Super Man" had caught the popular fancy.

For the ordinary man it would seem that keeping up his practice, writing books and working heart and soul in the movement of socialism, would be about enough, without entering that all-absorbing field of politics. But at the recent State Convention of Socialists held in Oakland, Mr. Lewis was compelled to accept the nomination for Governor on that party's ticket.

Mr. Lewis's home is in East Oakland, and it is there, after he has done with office work for the day, that his literary work is carried on. Here is being written a new novel which will be given to the public within the next six months.

Anne Strunsky, whose recent romantic marriage in Paris to Mr. William English-Walling has caused such a pleasant surprise to her friends in this country, has for years been familiar to the people of California as an enthusiastic supporter of the socialistic movement. This has been her life work and her time and energies have been spent in the promulgation of the propoganda, both by her pen and on the lecture platform. It is as a lecturer, however, rather than as a writer that Miss Strunsky is best known to the public.

In lecturing, she seems to lose all self-consciousness in the interest of her subject, and at times has spoken at great length and with an enthusiasm and intensity remarkable in one of her frail and delicate physique. Her fluency and her unhesitating flow of beautiful English are most unusual, especially when one stops to consider that Miss Strunsky is still in the younger twenties. These lectures have partaken largely of an historical exposition of socialism, dealing with Karl Marx and Ferdinand de la Salle, and even upon those not vitally interested, and often times out of sympathy with the subject matter, Miss Strunsky's animation becomes contagious

and her audiences find themselves, willy-nilly, in their seats when the lecture is over.

In the literary world, Miss Strunsky is known chiefly as the collaborator with Jack London, of *The Kempton-Wace Letters*. These letters are a discussion and analysis of love between a man and a woman from a scientific and sentimental standpoint. Outside of this Miss Strunsky's writing has been of a fugitive nature, although she has had in preparation for some time a psychological romance which she has called *Pere La Chaise*.

Miss Strunsky's people are Russian Jews, and it had long been a source of keen regret that circumstances had placed her beyond the possibility of taking an active part in the socialistic movement in Russia. Last November her opportunity came. In Geneva there is a large bureau for the distribution of socialistic literature. It was no small compliment that the powers-that-be should have picked out this young girl in California to take charge of the distribution of their books and tracts in England and the United States. The step was one disapproved by Miss Strunsky's family, and it was only upon a promise that she should not cross the frontier into the Czar's country that she and a younger sister were allowed to start.

Glowing accounts came home to her friends of the progress of the work and her energy and enthusiasm seemed at last to have found a safety valve, when Mr. William English-Walling appeared upon the scene of action. Mr. Walling, as everyone knows, is a wealthy Englishman, interested in things socialistic. He had met Miss



Charles Tenny Jackson.

Strunsky years before in San Francisco, where their mutual interest had drawn them together. At this second meeting these interests were supplanted by more personal ones.

A short but persistent suit met with success for Mr. Walling, and on the 11th of last July a very quiet little wedding was celebrated in the Ninth Arrondissement of Paris, with Miss Strunsky and Mr. William English-Walling for the principals, and M. Louget and Karl Marx as witnesses. Mr. and Mrs. Walling are still aboard and will probably remain there for some years to come.

The career of George Sterling would have been radically different had he followed the one mapped out for him by his father. That gentleman was a physician with a big and growing practice in Sag Harbor, N. Y., and there seemed no reason why the son and heir of the house should not inherit the laboratories, libraries and practice of his father as well as the family name. Unfortunately for Dr. Sterling's well-laid plans the young hopeful did not inherit the taste nor the desire for that line of work, and very early showed symptoms of writing verses rather than prescriptions.

At the age of sixteen, Sterling had developed a decided taste for poetry and the knack of prosody. This early tendency was encouraged and fostered by his masters at



The Sterling Bungalow.

St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Maryland, where he was a student for three years. Here he had the advantage of instruction under Father Tabb, who himself has given to the world a number of poems of unusual merit. Poetry, however, especially that of a high order, is not a popular nor an easy means of livelihood. A man was once heard to say that "After all, poetry was only used when a man had something to say that was not worth putting into prose!" The delicious humor in this bit of naivete would seem to be not utterly without foundation, judging from the very inadequate support a man receives who devotes himself to this line of work. The

lost weight exactly at the rate of a pound a day. Not having been eligible for the heavy-weight class in the beginning, it was decided that so strenuous an anti-fat campaign was not altogether advisable, and passage was secured for the return trip on the bark *R. P. Rithet*. So, having had his little fling, within two months Mr. Sterling was back at work again with the Realty Syndicate.

*The Sea-Waif*, Mr. Sterling's first poem of any length, was written in 1897, was in blank verse, but never deemed worthy of publication. *The Testimony of the Suns* is undoubtedly Mr. Sterling's best production, and for a book of verse has had a remarkable sale. Most of the poems in this collection were written on the ferry boats or on the tramp up Market street every morning to his office, which from 1899 to 1906 was on the San Francisco side of the bay.

Last year the Sterlings moved from Piedmont to Carmel-by-the-Sea, which is fast becoming a popular home for writers and artists. The Sterling bungalow is one of the most attractive in the settlement, and it is here that Mr. Sterling does most of his writing. But the atmosphere is not altogether conducive to writing; rather does it carry one off into day-dreams. The fancy runs riot and imagination reigns supreme, but the fingers are slow to work. Mr. Sterling calls it the "Land of day-after-tomorrow." It's very easy to procrastinate at Carmel.

In spite of this a dramatic poem called "Lilith" and a number of shorter ones have been written there and will shortly appear in print. There too has been written the play for the Bohemian Club's yearly midsummer "Jinks" at Bohemia Grove. This jinks of Sterling's should have been produced last August, but the earthquake, which upset so many other equally well-laid plans, interfered with such an elaborate production, and the members of Bohemia now have Mr. Sterling's "Jinks" as a treat to look forward to, rather than one to treasure as a memory.

Perhaps no other writer of short stories of California life has so thoroughly and at the same time so delicately caught the spirit of California as Gelett Burgess, and yet Mr. Burgess belongs in the "effete East." He is merely loaned to California, as it were, through the courtesy of Boston.



Gelett Burgess.

world is too busy reading the really good things in prose!

So Mr. Sterling perforce dropped one set of pencils and took up another less congenial in the office of the Realty Syndicate in Oakland. But after six or seven years of grind he decided to give up his home and business interest in the States and settle in Honolulu. The easy, dreamy life of the Islands appealed to Mr. Sterling's poetic temperament and he and Mrs. Sterling took passage in a small boat called the *Lurline*, a 600-ton brig. It was a case where distance alone had lent enchantment. The Sterlings spent exactly twenty-one days in the Islands, and Mr. Sterling

where he was born in a house from which he has but just moved within the last month. He has now taken up what will probably be his permanent residence in New York, where he has been given the appointment to an important editorship on the new *Ridgeway Magazine*, an offshoot of *Everybody's*. There he has a department of a general literary character, both serious and humorous, which will give play to that fancy which he evinced as editor and chief contributor to that most quaint and interesting publication, *The Lark*. During 1895 and 1896 this little monthly was the expression of a small group of San Franciscan *literati*, and by its curious mingling of optimism and subtlety attracted the attention of the more cultured classes in the whole country. After a short life of two years *The Lark* was voluntarily suspended at the height of its popularity.

Mr. Burgess was educated in Boston and was graduated from that city's School of Technology with the degree of B. S. While there, he was the editor of the *Tech.* and it was there, probably, that his first writing was done. When Mr. Burgess first came to the Coast he held a position in the University of California as instructor in topographical drawing and later joined the Southern Pacific engineering corps.

San Francisco in some of its most interesting phases appears in *The Picaroons* and in *The Reign of Queen Isyl*, both of which were written in collaboration with Mr. William Irwin, now with *McClure's Magazine*. Still another book which is saturated with the cult of San Francisco is the *Heart Line*, which was written by Mr. Burgess during his visit to the Coast last year and which will appear in print in the spring.

It was during this last visit that Mr. Burgess took such an active interest in the creation of "Coppa's," and in what would have been its tradition had it survived. Mr. Burgess's popular reputation rests mainly upon what he has done in the realm of nonsense and the grotesque. Those who are better acquainted with the scope of his work and have followed it as it has appeared through most of the better magazines in England and America, and in the ten or twelve volumes that he has produced in a like number of years, find his scientific knowledge skilfully employed, and, in his serious essays, stylistic quali-

ties and literary taste that give to his writing rare distinction.

California may, with some degree of justice, claim Lionel Josephare, for although the accident of birth makes him a native son of Missouri, he was but three years old when he was brought from St. Louis to the west.

It was at the public schools of Livermore, California, that the youngster had his first taste of poetry, and his first impressions of verse are not such as to form particularly happy memories. As is the



Photograph by Arnold Genthe.  
Lionel Josephare.

custom in many public schools. Friday afternoons were devoted to recitations and readings by the pupils. These afternoons were the spectres of the week and kept dancing before young Josephare, haunting him with the malevolence of an evil spirit. For on those afternoons it generally fell to his lot to read or recite poetry, and poetry was his special bugbear. It was to him an elocutionary stunt, a translation perhaps of the original story in prose, but having absolutely no merit or place of its own.

Some leaven must have suddenly begun



Photograph by Arnold Genthe.  
Colonel Edwin Emerson.

to work in the temperamental makeup of the student, for in 1901 he was not only reading and loving poetry for its own sake, but actually writing and publishing it. That year Robertson & Company, in San Francisco, brought out *Turquoise and Iron*, paying the author a greater royalty than they had ever paid any unknown writer heretofore.

A series of paper-back books of thirty pages each followed. *Tale of a Town* in prose; *Flim-Flam*, *a Society Girl*, and *The Humpback, the Cripple and the One-Eyed Man* in verse, meeting with great success.

It was this last-named book which attracted the attention of eastern critics and which brought Mr. Josephare an offer from the Brooklyn *Eagle*. A year was spent on the staff of the Eastern daily, and when Mr. Josephare left New York it was with a most ambitious work mapped out. He intended making a tour of the United States, beginning in the Middle West, giving his experience in verse. The result would have been a Pilgrimage of which Byron's *Childe Harold* was to have been the prototype. Unfortunately, a severe illness interfered and so far "the Pilgrimage" has not assumed tangible form

Just at present Mr. Josephare has in preparation a literary satire which will be all the more interesting in that the characters are slightly disguised.

The new *Ridgeway Magazine* has directly or indirectly affected the fortunes of several members of the literary colony in San Francisco. Mr. Charles Aiken, for many years the editor of *Sunset*, accepted the editorship of the San Francisco department of the new weekly. This vacancy on the *Sunset* staff resulted in Mrs. Edwin Emerson, who has for four years been Mr. Aiken's assistant, assuming full control of *Sunset*.

Mrs. Emerson, who is better known to the reading public as Mary Edith Griswold—to the "Crowd" as "Maizie"—has contributed a number of short stories to the Eastern dailies and magazines. Last year she took a trip to Mexico to visit her parents. It was not the cut-and-dried conventional railroad trip by any means. Days and nights were spent in the saddle, riding through jungle and forest. Mrs. Emerson came back to California with a wealth of material for stories, the setting for which will naturally be in the wild places of the Southern republic. Of late, Mrs. Emerson has not had much time to



Photograph by Arnold Genthe.  
Mrs. Mary Edith Emerson.



*Mrs. Mary Austin.* Photograph by Oscar Maurer.

devote to writing. The losses of the *Sunset* last April were enormous, and the work entailed in bringing out the succeeding numbers of the magazine would, of itself, banish all possibility of personal work for anyone on the staff. But Mrs. Emerson has taken the time to get married.

On that memorable morning of April 18, Mr. Emerson was in the East on a lecturing tour. Naturally enough he immediately wrote to Miss Griswold. Just what his letter contained, no one knows exactly, but that he was not very sure of his ground is evident, for he paid a forfeit of \$500 to the manager of his lectures and began dodging telegrams and letters. Thinking that it was the part of a discreet man to come to headquarters for his answer, the general direction of his travels brought him further and further West. Once on the ground, the affair progressed smoothly enough. Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson offered her beautiful home, which had miraculously escaped the flames, for the scene of the wedding. Just before that ceremony was performed a package of mail was handed to the groom-to-be. Recognizing Miss Griswold's writing, he opened a letter only to find it an answer to the one he had sent just after the catastrophe. In it Miss Griswold had told him that he had better stay in the East, for she felt sure that his letter was prompted by pity and that neither she nor any other Californian needed pity. It was the letter which Mr. Emerson had feared and had wisely dodged. The Emersons are making their permanent home in San Francisco. Through this romantic marriage last April, the literary colony of San Francisco has been fortunate in the acquisition of a new member in the person of Mr. Edwin Emerson. "Colonel" Emerson has been prominently before the public for years. That he was born in Dresden does not, by any means, indicate that he is a foreigner. His father was at the time American Consul to that city, and for years his family has lived abroad. In this way Mr. Emerson has acquired a command of Italian, French and German, which has been of inestimable value to him in his travels as war correspondent in the Far East.

Harvard is Mr. Emerson's *alma mater*, and there he began his literary career as editor of the *Harvard Advocate*. When the Spanish-American war broke out, *Les-*

*lie's Weekly* sent him to the front as special correspondent. In Cuba, however, Mr. Emerson wearied of the pencil and took up the sword instead. He joined the Rough Riders and became Roosevelt's military secretary. During the Venezuelan troubles he represented *Collier's Weekly* in South America. But the memory of military action was strong within him, and the Rough Rider, finding peace at home, accepted a commission in the Venezuelan forces.

He left that service with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Then came the detail from *Collier's* for the Russian-Japanese war, and in that magazine, Manchuria, Moukden, Port Arthur and Korea were all pictured graphically and realistically by his pen. His *Blockade of Port Arthur* was copied in the local papers throughout Japan and Russia.

Mr. Emerson, besides his numerous articles and stories in American, French and English magazines, has published several books. *Pepy's Ghost*, *The College Year*, and *Rough Rider Stories*, are all popular books, but *The History of the Nineteenth Century*, published by *Collier's*, has had a remarkable sale and is perhaps one of the most popular books of its kind in the market today. The next book volume we may expect from Mr. Emerson is to be called *Straddling a War*, and will be an authentic, entertaining account of the Russian-Japanese conflict.

Unfortunately California cannot claim Charles Tenney Jackson as a native son. And Missouri, his native State, can scarcely do more than claim his birthplace, St. Louis. But California has for years been Mr. Jackson's home. It is here that his best stories have been written; it is the ever-changing, fascinating spirit of the West that they reflect.

Mr. Jackson has for years been a wanderer, but this instinct is a natural one. He was born to it. His father was an army officer and the family early became accustomed to the shifting scenes of an army life.

After his tenth year, his father's orders must have taken the family to the posts in the Middle West, for a number of years were spent by the boy knocking around on Nebraska ranches, doing little in the way of book-learning, but getting on more than merely speaking acquaintance with Nature



and the lessons she has to teach. However, when it came to time for college life, Jackson entered the University of Wisconsin, with little or no preparation for a collegiate career. He did not remain at the University to finish his course, but when the Spanish-American war was declared, his natural love of adventure and action led him to enlist as a private.

It was while in camp that he wrote and sold to the *Youth's Companion* his first story—a personal experience adventure.

After that Mr. Jackson tried the newspaper field in Chicago and Milwaukee for two years. Either the work didn't suit him or he didn't suit the work. He tells the following story on himself:

was one of the "big sellers" last year. It was published by Henry Holt and has already gone through several editions. It is full of the characteristics of all of this writer's work, whose chief charm lies in a natural, unconscious flow of humor.

Perhaps his best short story appeared in the *Cosmopolitan* and was called *The Breed of the West*.

Mr. Jackson is now editor of the *Modesto News*. In between the duties of that office he is working on his new novel dealing with the life and atmosphere of the "old San Francisco." Those of his readers who followed with interest the fascinating plot of *Loser's Luck* will look forward to this new story of the "merry



Photograph by Edgar A. Cohen.  
*Pine Inn, Carmel-by-the-Sea; Home of Mrs. Mary Austin and the Hoppers.*

"The editor stood it as long as he could," says Mr. Jackson, "and then fired me good and plenty. This was the way he let me down. He called me into his office one day and said, 'See here, Jackson, I wouldn't have you around this office for a farm, but I tell you what I'll do—I'll give you transportation to New York or San Francisco, as you wish.'"

"There was a map on the wall," goes on Mr. Jackson, "and I looked at it and said, 'Make it San Francisco—I'll get a longer ride on your money!'"

"The editor looked sore, but gave me the ticket, and I've been in or near San Francisco ever since."

*Loser's Luck*. Mr. Jackson's best book.

old ghost of a town," as Mr. Jackson insists upon calling San Francisco.

"Jimmy" Hopper brings the French-Irish element into the already cosmopolitan ranks of "the crowd."

His parents were living in Paris, France, the home of his mother, when the twins arrived on July 23, of the Centennial year. There they lived for the twelve years following, and there "Jimmy" acquired a most thorough and natural grounding in the French language, which later won for him a position as instructor in that language at the University of California.

Mr. Hopper's first story was written while he was at this University, and was

called *The Spirit of the Forest*. It was a weird enough tale, but Professor Louis Dupont Syle was one of the first to recognize in it the future story-writer, and from that time, until his death, gave Mr. Hopper his greatest encouragement.

Mr. Hopper's career at college was a many-sided one, nor is it at all certain that scholarship was dearest and nearest to his ambitions. Athletics claimed a big part of his time and it is more than likely that "Jimmy" was more interested in learning a new stroke of the crew than in mastering his chemistry. The "Blue and Gold" of those days announces that he served on the "Varsity" eleven as well as being captain of the crew.

He must, however, have met the requirements for graduation, for in 1898 he received his degree of Ph. D.; he returned to the University the following year for the law course, and was admitted to the bar in 1900. In this year, too, Mr. Hopper entered the local newspaper field, doing work for the *Chronicle* and *The Wave*, with Cosgrave and Will Irwin. Mr. Cosgrave is now editor of *Everybody's*—Mr. Irwin, editor of *McClure's*, and Mr. Hopper keeps both of these gentlemen busy publishing his stories.

In 1902 Mr. Hopper was married and shortly afterwards he and Mrs. Hopper sailed to the Philippines. There, during the year that followed, Mr. Hopper gathered the material for the succession of Filipino stories which have appeared under his name. The stories which he wrote immediately after his return to the States were among the first to be written using our new possessions as a setting, and they created a sensation in the magazine world. *McClure's* accepted and published a number of these, and at last succeeded in getting the writer to New York, where he served a year on the staff of that monthly. But the call of the Islands was clear and insistent and was yielded to in 1904. Fresh inspiration was the reward of the long trip and resulted in some stirring stories of life in the tropics. On his return to San Francisco, Mr. Hopper took up newspaper work again on the *Call*, and he was serving on the reportorial staff of that daily when the shake-up came in April. His article in *Everybody's*, where he told of his experiences during THE THREE DAYS was written in a graphic, fascinat-

ing, individual style, and attracted widespread attention.

The Hopper home is at Brookdale, in the Santa Cruz mountains, but for several months the family has been at Pine Inn, Carmel-by-the-Sea. This little isolated seashore settlement is fast becoming a literary center. Not only are the Sterlings here, but Mary Austin, Charles Rollo Peters, Arnold Genthe, and several others are making at least their temporary homes within this sheltered cove on Carmel Bay.

Mary Austin has but recently joined the colony. She has, for years, almost ever since coming to this Coast from Illinois, been living out in the desert of Arizona. There, through blazing, sun-drenched days and long, white nights, Mrs. Austin has let her imagination crystallize in *The Land of Little Rain*, *The Basket Woman*, and many other stories. It is one of Mrs. Austin's peculiar theories that it is the toils, renunciations and sacrifices of daily living that supply the best soil for literature to root in. She does not believe that the writer should separate himself from the common ways of life. It was under such alien surroundings that most of her work had been produced. She is a close student of nature. To her "a yellow primrose by the river's brim" is a yellow primrose, and much more.

Living as she has for years, near neighbor to the surrounding tribes of Pinte Indians, Mrs. Austin has had the opportunity to watch their manners and customs—to learn their mode of life, their traditions and their legends. But she has done more than this. She has gone below the surface of things and has reached the psychological adjustment of their social standpoint. This is the key-note of the play "The Coyote Doctor," which in collaboration with Mr. Elmer Harris, she has just completed.

Mrs. Austin's new book, *The Flock*, which has recently appeared, is most interesting. She has so far written desert stories almost exclusively, but at the instigation of the *Century* she began last spring a story on contemporary life. She finds, however, that her message from the desert is not fully delivered, and has gone back to work in her favorite scenes.

The mere fact that two such original thinkers as Mrs. Austin and Mr. Elmer Harris have collaborated in "The Coyote

Doctor" augurs well for the distinctive qualities of the play. "The Coyote Doctor" is built upon no traditional model. It is the story of the "Love Spell" cast upon a young Piute Indian girl by the Coyote Doctor—Coyote in Indian meaning "Spell"—not the wild animal.

Mr. Harris is nothing if not original and ambitious in his aspirations for the stage and its purposes. To reach the ultimate goal he has set, all his energies and efforts have been utilized since leaving the University of California in 1901. Even before he was graduated, he had distinguished himself as an actor and stage-manager in college theatricals. After tak-

shorter plays. It is hoped that a small, unpretentious theatre may soon be built where these plays may be produced—a sort of shrine as it were in which the "Independent Stage Society" can offer their original and oftentimes iconoclastic interpretation of the drama and where they can carry out their ideas of the psychology and physiognomy of stage craft.

At the Sorbonne, in Paris, Mr. Harris was a student of dramatic criticism under M. Emile Farguet, and such men as M. Doumic, M. Adolphe Brisson and Mr. William Archer have helped form his opinions in matters pertaining to the drama. One play Mr. Har-



*James Hopper and His Children at Carmel-by-the-Sea.*

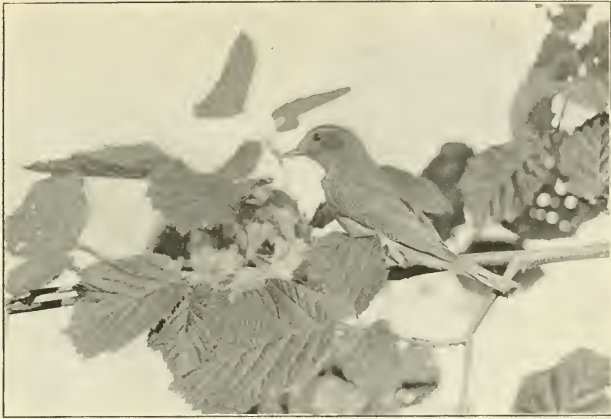
ing his degree in philosophy, Mr. Harris spent the next four years on the stage, first in New York and later in England with Miss Terry, in France with M. Coquelin, and in Germany with Baron Von Berger. All this time he was studying the stage, not so much from the standpoint of the player as that of the playwright.

Under Mr. Harris's direction, a small but enthusiastic society has been organized whose aim is to present plays not otherwise to be seen in this part of the country. They call themselves "The Independent Stage Society," and their initial performance will probably be one of Oscar Wilde's

ris wrote on a wager made in jest at the Arts Club in New York. It was claimed by a well-known dramatic critic, that it was well-nigh impossible for any American playwright to receive recognition in Germany on account of the radically diverse schools of thought upon which the two countries build their plays. Mr. Harris accepted the challenge, and his play "Tempesta" was the result. This was later translated by Frau Consul Pogson and was produced at Hamburg. So far "Tempesta" enjoys the unique position of being the only American play ever presented in Germany.



*A Young Vireo Old Enough to Leave Nest.*



*"The Vireos Built Their Nest With a Purpose, for It Was Entirely Shielded by Leaves." A Big Hazel-Leaf Roofs This Nest.*

## The Basket Makers

By Wm. L. Finley

Photographs from life by Herman T. Bohlman



**D**OES the bird build its nest by instinct, or does it exert a reasoning power? Why does n't the vireo build a nest like the robin? The vireos build basket nests; why is it that all vireo nests

are similar? A young vireo that has never built a nest will make one as his parents before him. He undoubtedly has the instinct to make a basket nest and does not know how to make any other. But we often see nests that are poorly built; and this shows that young birds are not as skilful as older ones.

Are birds influenced by the sense of the beautiful in making their nests? Do the vireos adorn their nests with lichens to make them attractive, or to make them invisible among the leaves and limbs, or just because they find the lichens handy to build with? Many people have argued that the birds are influenced principally by one of these factors, but I see no reason why all these different things do not influence the bird as they would us, were we to build under similar circumstances.

Imitation is perhaps the strongest factor in the life of the chick from the time it leaves the shell till it is a full-grown bird. Nest-building, like singing, may be largely by imitation, and the lasting impressions in a bird's life must be during the first few weeks of its existence. Experiment shows that a baby linnet brought up by a titlark took all the notes from that bird and, even though placed in the company of other linnets later, he did not sing as they sang. This law among birds that makes the earliest impressions the habits of after life would make a strange bird-world if revoked. If the nestlings did not learn the songs from their parents, what a grand medley we would have—robins singing like wrens, and larks like sparrows, till we could no longer tell birds by their songs.

It is largely this habit of imitation in the bird that prompts him to adorn his nest with lichens and to build a home that blends so closely with the surrounding branches. Some people would have us believe that the bird has reasoned it out, and builds in this way to protect his nest from enemies. The Rufous humming-bird common in Oregon, is accustomed to see the



A Young Warbling Vireo About to Leave Its Nest in a Sycamore Tree.

lichen-covered limbs of the trees, and when it builds it collects these lichens and shingles its home with them. Out of fifty nests of the Rufous hummer, all were built after the same manner. But the Black-chinned hummer of Southern California generally builds in the sycamores and oaks. The leaves of the sycamores are light-colored and have a fine yellow down on one side. The bird selects this down and builds its home entirely of it; so it is light yellow and can hardly be seen among the leaves surrounding it. The nests of the two hummers are very different in appearance, but the fact that both nests are protectively colored is from the use of handy material rather than from the birds seeking certain things for the purpose of protection.

The last week in April, before the trees were well leafed, I heard the call of the Warbling vireo (*vireo gilvus*), "See here! See me!" and a moment later, "See here! See here! See me!" he said from the hill-side, and I went up to look at him. He sang for me within a few feet. He had just arrived from the South and was very hungry—no time to bother with people. He jumped from limb to limb looking, al-

ways looking, for food. The singing was spontaneous, thrown in for every worm he found. There was no mate about; she had likely not arrived yet. He intended to keep on singing till she did come. I had been watching and waiting for the vireo because I wanted to watch him build his basket nest; so I observed closely during the weeks that followed.

It is very likely that both this vireo and his mate had built nests before, for they built such a pretty one. It was not a haphazard site they selected. They searched for positions and studied different places. Then at last they decided upon a hazel bush. Both began work and they worked independently, each hunting moss and fibers and weaving them in to his own satisfaction. Although they worked according to their own ideas, each was satisfied with what the other did. When it came to decorating, I think it was the wife who shingled the outside of the home. She perhaps had more taste than her husband.

The vireos built their nest with a purpose, for it was entirely shielded by leaves. You couldn't see the nest from the front; it was roofed over with a big hazel leaf, and, in hot or rainy weather, the mother



Nest and Eggs of the Warbling Vireo Carefully Tied in the Forks of a Dogwood Tree. Photographed From Above.

had this canopy over her head. It was even more useful when the young were hatched, for both mother and father were away at times hunting food, and then the nestlings were protected by the leaves. Each time the mother had to reach under and raise the roof to feed her bantlings.

In order to get some pictures, we tied a string to the branch that held the basket nest and anchored it two feet nearer the ground. When the mother returned with a worm and dropped from the upper branch, where she always lighted, to the limb where the nest was hung, she fluttered in the air trying to light on her accustomed perch. She looked puzzled, and went back to try it again, but when she put her feet down to light, there was no perch. Then the father came, and he did the same thing. There was no alarm. They looked at each other a few minutes and talked, and then the mother dropped to the nest and fed her children. She saw me lying in the grass, and scolded mildly for my impudence. But she straightway forgot the nest had been lowered, for when she came back she missed the limb again, and tried to light where the nest had formerly been. Then, to be sure she was not dreaming, she lit near the foot of the branch and hopped along till she came to the nest.

Once the mother came with a triangular piece of food in her bill that looked as if it might be from the back of a beetle. She thrust it into one open mouth, but the chick could not swallow it. She watched him a moment and then took it and thrust it into another mouth. This chick had the same trouble, but she flew away, leaving it there. And all the time the young bird sat there with the food bulging out of his



*The Nest and Eggs of Bullock's Oriole. The eggs are deep in the basket, and to show them in the picture a small door was cut in the side of the nest and opened, as shown in the photograph. The door then had to be carefully sewed shut.*

mouth. Several times he tried to swallow it, but there was no use; it was too big and unyielding. When the mother came again and saw the food still in his mouth, she tried another chick with it, but he could not get it down. She had to try several times before she seemed to realize that the bite was too big, and then she dropped it over the nest edge.

Just across the ravine from our vireo's nest, a pair of Cassin's vireos (*vireo solitarius cassinii*) had a home, and all but one of the young birds had left the nest. This last chick kept calling for food, so we put him on the hazel limb beside our nest. Then we waited developments, half expecting the mother to knock him head-long when she returned. The minute the new bantling heard her coming, open popped his mouth, and as he stood between her and the nest, the mother could not re-



*A Cassin's Vireo on Perch Beside Basket Nest. The Nest Is Generally Shingled With Moss and Lichens.*



A Young *Virco* on Wild Gooseberry Bush.

sist, and she gave him the mouthful. But the next time she came, she stepped right over him as if he were only a leaf, and she did the same every time after, paying no attention whatever to him, so we had to return him to his own home, where he was cared for by his own parents.

While the vireos were in the midst of household affairs, we found a Bullock's oriole (*icterus bullocki*) building its basket nest in a weeping willow that stood in the chicken yard. Last year the nest was swung in the very top branches, but this year they built among the leaves beside the chicken-house, twelve feet up. We tied a rope up near the base of the limb and drew it tight from the fence, so, when the mother returned with food for her young, she found her home had sunk four feet nearer the ground. Then we set a step-ladder up so we could look into the basket.

I never saw birds more in love than the orioles were. We watched them from the time they were first mated. They were always together in the trees about the orchard. Beyond the chicken-yard was an old deserted cabin. A part of the window

sat there on the sash. Sometimes they hopped in and sat on the table inside. I didn't know at the time, but I think they were attracted by the reflections in the glass. The female would flutter before the glass and then light in the broken pane and look about with the most mysterious expression.

I never saw a pair of birds with such a mania for windows. Just at the side of the house were three large cherry trees with wide-spreading branches reaching almost to the windows. When the dark shades were drawn, the windows made a very good mirror. One day when the orioles were playing about the cherry trees, I saw the female light on a low branch in front of the window. Then in a few moments, she flew down and lit on the sash. The next day I saw both the orioles at the window. The male sat near on the branches, and the female on the sill. As I watched, she fluttered up against the window, trying her best to hang on, till she slipped down to the bottom. Then she turned her head and watched in the glass. The more she looked, the more excited she seemed to get, and she fluttered against the glass till out of breath. Then the mate flew down beside her. Time after time had been broken out, and the pair often the birds were seen at the window. Had the lady, like Narcissus, fallen in love with herself, or was curiosity leading her on? I thought the male would hurl himself at the one he saw in the window, but, contrary to my expectations, he took the picture as a matter of course. He sat on the sill or perched near by on the branches, while his wife, so intent with the bird in the glass, flew against the window, but never accomplished anything but to slide to the bottom.

I fear she would have gone insane flying against the window had the nest-building and family cares not taken her away. But I don't believe there was a day, unless it was after the mother began setting, that the pair did not appear at the window. The bird in the glass-house had a great fascination, and the window itself was streaked and spotted by the feet and bills of the orioles.

One day I saw a streak of orange and black flash into the cherry trees beside the willow. It was a male oriole, but not the guardian of the nest; he was a more deep-



ly marked bird, an older oriole, for the plumage of the males grows deeper in color and more striking as they advance in years. But the new arrival had hardly lit when there was a flash of color, and the father of the nestlings darted at the intruder like a little fury. Through the branches, under trees, over the barn, and across the orchard, the righteous pusuer and the invidious pursued darted. A father bird has the right to the trees about his home. This tradition is sacred in bird life, and no matter how large and strong the meddler, he cannot long stand the attacks of an enraged father.

We set one camera on the top of the ladder pointing at the nest and draped it with willow branches. The mother would peek in from the back door and then edge slowly down the long braids of the willow limbs to thrust a morsel in the mouth of a clamoring baby. The father fed occasionally, but he often paused on a dead limb over the chicken-house. We placed another camera here on the top of the old house and hid it under a green cloth and branches, and in this way got some snaps of him. While we were waiting during the afternoon for chance shots at the birds, I heard the challenging call of the other male oriole down at the other end of the orchard.

During the next day we watched at the oriole's nest, both the birds were feeding the young, and the male was not any wilder than the female. As the day wore on, the male seemed to be doing most of the feeding, for the visits of the mother were less frequent.

The nest was made almost entirely of horse-hair, and the orioles knew just how to use the material, for it was woven so that the sides bulged out with the consistency of a hollow rubber ball. But horse-hair is often dangerous to birds. I saw the father almost get caught in one of the hairs. When he went to feed the young, he put his head through a loop in one of the hairs, and when he started to leave, he twisted the loop about his neck. He jerked back several times to no avail, and then fortunately turned back the same way, and the noose slipped over his head, ruffling his feathers, and he was free. Had he not made the right turn, he would surely have hung himself. I know of several cases where birds have been hung in this way.



*A Young Vireo After Leaving His Basket Nest.*

Horse-hairs and strings are comparatively new things in bird architecture, and often cause trouble, just as in their rapid flight birds in the city often strike telephone wires and are killed by the force of the blow.

The following day I again saw the flash of the intruding black and orange, and the accustomed hot chase through the orchard. In the afternoon I noticed that the young orioles were fed entirely from the bill of the father. The mother came only once, but she did not bring food. She sat about in the cherry tree for a while and flew to the branch over the nest, but did not go near the children. It seemed to me this was rather negligent of the lady of the house, but the father was doing well. He returned every few minutes with food, so the children had their meals.

Next morning the mother did not appear at all about the home, and I became suspicious. We watched during the whole afternoon, just because our curiosity was aroused, but she did not appear once. The father was alone. That night a heavy rain blew up. The three young birds were partly feathered and we feared the father would not hover them. When we went out

with a lantern, our expectations were realized, and we tried to tie a roof over the nest. In the morning, the young birds were dead, for the water had run down the branches and chilled them to death. The father was there with food, but to no avail. And the mother, where she was I do not know.

I have never known just what to think of the mother who deserted her children, but I know from experience that birds are often fickle. I know of an instance where a newly mated pair of orioles were living about a grove of trees, and the male was in such fine plumage that a collector shot him for his cabinet. The next day the female appeared with a new husband, who

was as bright and fine-looking as the bird she lost the day before. At the first chance, this male was also shot, partly, it was said, because he was such a fine bird, and partly to see if the female would find another as readily. Two days later she appeared with a third husband, who went the way of the two former ones. The female then disappeared for a few days, but returned again with a fourth suitor. These two began building in a eucalyptus tree and soon had a family of young birds. This may be a remarkable case of wooing and winning, but I can't see where this supply of male birds came from unless the widow oriole was breaking up other families.



*Young Cassin's Vireos on Perch Above Nest.*

# The Sheep Industry in Eastern Oregon

By Fred Lockley



If you drive southward from Pendleton, on a bright sunny day in May or June, toward what is called the "Interior Country," the chances are that you will meet, during your day's drive, several bands of sheep, being driven to Pendleton for shipment to Chicago, Kansas City, or other points in the Middle West. As you drive to one side, to let the living stream flow by, you will see a shepherd who, chameleon-like, has assumed the universal tint of the dusty-gray roadway in which he is traveling. With him are two collies, who, with wonderful intelligence, seem to anticipate what their woolly charges are going to do. As they approach a cross-road, Laddie charges ahead barking furiously as though he were saying: "Just you dare leave the main road and try to dodge down this cross-road, you silly creatures, and I'll show you." Lassie dashes to her post on the opposite side of the cross-road and the sheep, mindful of past experience, walk sedately by.

On each side of the road are fields of rye and barley, here green as emerald, there dark as malachite. Every vagrant breeze that pauses for a moment's caress, sets them to nodding an invitation to the hungry sheep in the roadway. "Come in and eat us." And in they go. The two or three-strand barb-wire fence around the field proves no barrier, and the sheep crowd under the wire. Lassie and Laddie are kept busy driving them out, but in spite of their vigilance the sheep persist in getting under the wire, leaving each time, as a toll, a bit of wool on the sharp barbs, till the lower wire looks as though it were a clothes-line on wash-day.

Later, the squaws who make annual pilgrimages to the sheep ranges to pull the wool from the winter-killed sheep, will

gather most of the unwilling tribute that the barb-wire fence has levied upon the four-footed marauders.

Hanging over the slow-moving band is a cloud of fine, gray alkali dust which moves with them, as the pillar of fire by night and the cloud by day did with the stiff-necked and rebellious Israelites who were wandering in the Wilderness.

The bleating from the two thousand throats is merged into a continuous and incessant clamor as ceaseless as the booming of the surf on the shore.

The "Interior Country," out of whose mysterious depths flows such a never-ceasing stream of cattle, horses and sheep, is so called because it lacks railroad transportation. Roughly speaking, it embraces Southern Umatilla, Grant, Harney, Crook, Wheeler, Malheur, Lake and Klamath Counties. As everything in the line of exports must be freighted in or out, it does not pay to raise, except for local use, anything of a perishable nature such as will not stand the long, rough trip in the four or six-horse wagons—hence cattle, sheep, horses, hides, and wool are the main exports, but when the strident voice of the Iron Horse sounds the death knell of the pack-train and the freighting outfit, then the "Interior Country" will surprise every one with its richness and fertility. The thirsty desert will drink the life-giving water, and the alfalfa will make green and verdant the gray waste of sage-brush and sand. Alfalfa, fruit, wheat, lumber, coal, all will flow out of that land of plenty.

Now the home ranches of the sheepmen are located on the streams and water courses, and by owning the water supply they control vast stretches of range land. Lay your hand down on the table, spread out your fingers, as widely as possible. Now, suppose each of these fingers is a small stream, and you own deeded land along each of these streams, then all of the space between your fingers would be

under your control, since no other sheepman nor homesteader will be apt to take up land without access to water. But with development, there will be inaugurated irrigation schemes, and wells and windmills will make the unwatered land habitable.

A visit to the ranch of some of the sheep kings of Eastern Oregon is well worth one's time, and, as I have visited a large number of them, I am going to sketch in the salient points of the industry.

I well remember my first visit to a large sheep ranch. Just as I arrived, the clouds, which had been ragged and gray all day, with a hint of snow, unbosomed themselves of their fleecy burden, and for three-quarters of an hour the snow came down in flurrying gusts. It turned colder and the snow ceased to fall. One of the men had taken care of my team and I was left to my own devices with Ah Sin, the Chinese cook, for company. The owner of the ranch lived in town, so the ranch buildings were all built strictly for utility. A low, one-story building of boards, with bunks ranged on both sides, a smaller building near by which served as kitchen and dining-room, sheds for the barley, sheep-pens, a warehouse for the wool, a small rough shed, which served as a smithy and carpenter shop, completed the inventory of the buildings.

It was St. Patrick's day and lambing and shearing were both in full swing. One by one the shearers came in from the shearing-sheds. They stopped at the wash-bench outside of the bunk-house, dipped a panful of water from the tub and washed, wiping their hands, arms, their necks, and hairy breasts as well as their faces and tousled locks on a roller towel that had seen better days. "You hully up and wash. Supper soon ready, you sabe," admonished the smiling Ah Sin. That towel somewhat daunted me but I swallowed my scruples and tried to find a comparatively dry place. Ah Sin caught up a tin plate and beating it with a steel knife, signified that supper was ready. Bacon and beans, potatoes and coffee, biscuits and prunes were soon in active circulation around the table. After supper the men went to the bunk-house, and by a smoky lamp, which made ineffectual efforts to light up the room, they played

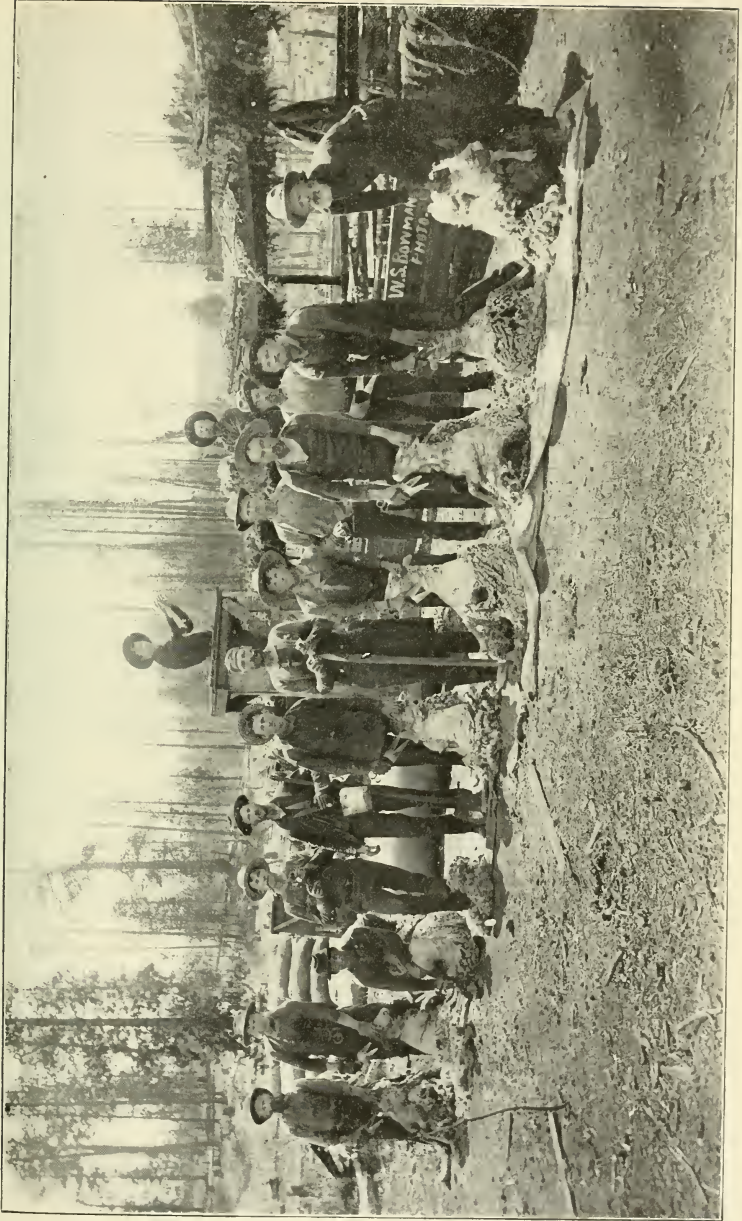
poker, or lounged on the bunks and on the floor, smoking and talking about the day's work.

A hail from outside brought us to the door. There stood a four-horse team and large wagon. "Here, some of you lazy whelps, get me a lantern; this lambing with a four-horse wagon in a snow-storm is the limit." A lantern was soon forthcoming and the driver handed out thirty-five newly-born lambs. Next the ewes were handed out and the ropes about their feet were cut. The ewes had been shorn and were so cold and numb that they could scarcely stand, and none of them displayed any interest in their lambs. About half of the lambs had perished from the cold, and the ones still alive were put with the ewes in one of the sheds. Among the dozen or fifteen lambs that had been thrown aside as frozen I noticed one that was moving slightly. I took it up and carried it into the bunk-house and put it on a gunny sack by the fire. Ah Sin gave me a cup of milk which I warmed and gave, a spoonful at a time, to the half-frozen lamb. Soon it was as lively as a cricket.

The driver came into get warm before going to the cook-house for supper. "We moved the lambing band today to a more sheltered place," he said, "and while we were on the move those lambs were born, so I brought them here thinking some of them would pull through. It is turning colder though, and I doubt if any of them are alive by morning; however, you have to expect five per cent loss and if you shear as early as they do here and lamb in March, you are bound to get some nasty weather, and lose some lambs."

The foreman came in shrugging his shoulders to shake off the snow, and striking his hat against the stove to free it from the clinging moisture. "Your supper is ready," he said to the driver. "You had better go and eat it, the Chink is mad as a wet hen because he had to make the fire again."

Several of the men went over to where the foreman was standing by the fire. "I want to draw five dollars. There's a dance in town." (The town consisted of less than a hundred people, but had three saloons.) The foreman eyed him sourly and said, "A lot of dancing you jays will do. You'll get drunk and get in a fight



A Sheep-Shearing Gang.



*Angora Goats on an Oregon Mountain Ranch.*

and get carved up so you can't shear for a week." The shearer protested that it was farthest from his intentions to go near the saloon. He got the money and several others followed suit. Soon every one had turned in and, from my bed, made upon the floor, I could hear the snoring in many keys, of the tired men. Toward morning I was awakened by someone tripping over me. He fell into a bunk, while his head, like a battering ram, struck the other man's stomach. When the man, whose stomach had served as a cushion, had recovered his breath he gave the drunken sheep-shearer the most artistic cussing one could hear in many a day. The drunken man responded in kind. This was too much for the outraged sleeper. "You drunken, low-down, worthless sheep-herder, coming waking a man up in the middle of the night and having the gall to talk back! Take that, and that!" There was the sound of blows and a struggle.

From one of the bunks came the voice of the foreman. "Cut that out there, or I'll throw you both out in the snow and give you your time."

The potency of the refreshments served

at the St. Patrick dance was such that when the shearers assembled at the breakfast table, four chairs were empty. After breakfast I went out to one of the lambing sheds. The attendant walked back and forth with his crook; whenever he saw a newly born lamb he hooked it around the waist with the crook and put it in one of the side pens, the mother following eagerly, and mother and lamb soon snuggled down on the straw. In one of the pens I was startled to see a lamb with four ears. I looked at it with great astonishment, the more so when I discovered instead of being endowed by nature, as I had first supposed, with two extra ears they seemed to belong to an extra skin. The herdsman smiled at my greenness, and said "The only way a ewe seems to recognize her lamb is by the smell, so when a lamb dies we skin it and put its hide on one of the twins of some other ewe. She sniffs the hide and recognizes the odor of her own lamb and accepts the changeling.

"After a few days she will own the new lamb and you can take off the extra skin."

From the lambing sheds I went to the shearing-pens. The attendant drives the



*Rambouillet Bucks—Wool to the Very Toes.*

sheep into the alley, the shearer catches one, sets it upon the floor, and clenching it between his knees, thrusts in the shears and clips off its fleece. Two of the shearers who had been out the night before, came out and went to work. They took the good-natured chaffing of the other shearers with a shrug of the shoulders, but they vented their feelings on the sheep. The "morning after" feeling did not make them view the world through rose-colored glasses, and the sheep that passed through their hands came out with numerous cuts, sometimes when their hands shook a little more than usual, they would cut out a piece of flesh as large as a fifty-cent piece, or sever the large belly vein which would have to be tied to prevent the sheep bleeding to death.

I spoke of it to one of the other shearers. "See that man on the platform, tramping the wool down in the bag?" he said. "I was shearing with a morose and surly shearer once. He had just come to work from a prolonged spree. He gave a savage cut at the sheep he was shearing, which was struggling to escape, and severed the tendon of one of its legs. Its leg dropped down helplessly. Looking

around quickly to see if the boss was about he cut its throat with his shears, and tossing the dead sheep to the man on the platform he said, 'Throw that sheep in the bag. We'll both be gone by the time it is found; I'll do as much for you some day. The wool packer hesitated a moment and then dropped it in the center of the wool sack, and dropping several fleeces on it, trampled them down. As the sacks of wool were hauled to the warehouse next day it was not discovered till the sack was unpacked for the wool to be baled for shipment to Connecticut."

Many of the sheepshearers travel from state to state, taking advantage of the later season in the northern states, so that by starting in Southern California, by the time they have worked to Northern Montana, they have put in several months very profitably.

When the sheep are sheared they are either driven to the nearest railroad point to be shipped as feeders, to the Central West, or, as soon as the snow is off the mountains, are driven to their summer range.

Now come troublous times, if there is

any question as to the rights to the range. The herder sees a cloth notice tacked to a tree and to satisfy his curiosity, he stops to read it. "NOTICE! This is the Dead Line. All sheep found on this side of the dead line will be killed and the herders and campenders put out of business. Don't fail to heed this warning. We mean business. Signed, CITIZENS' COMMITTEE."

His instructions from his employer are plain, so he goes on. Some evening when he returns to camp he finds his blankets have been cut to pieces, his dishes broken and a note left, which reads, "It will be your turn next." A few nights later he is awakened by masked men who tie him to a tree and then shoot up the helpless band of sheep and scatter what they have not killed.

I met a herder at Heppner, who had a flesh wound in the side where a bullet had struck a rib and glanced off. "What are you going to do, let them run you off," I asked. He patted his hip pocket, which bulged unnaturally, and said, "It's government land, I've got as much right there as anybody. I'm going back and I'm taking a rifle and a six-shooter, and I'll pack 'em with me all the time. First fellow I see with a mask on I begin shooting. I don't know whether it was a homesteader or a miner, or a cow-man, but I guess the latter, but whoever it was, I'll put them out of business if I see them first. If they see me first, I guess it will be me that goes out of business. This thing of killing sheep for pastime and shooting at herders and campenders as a harmless recreation, is getting mighty tiresome."

Heretofore the feuds which have occurred between the sheepmen and the cattlemen have been caused by the crowding of the two diverse interests upon a constantly diminishing range. The solution of the vexed question will be in sheepmen and cattlemen ceasing to depend upon free range on government grass.

Each stock-raiser will have to depend upon his own deeded land. It may cut down the size of the bands, but it is the only peaceful way out of the difficulty.

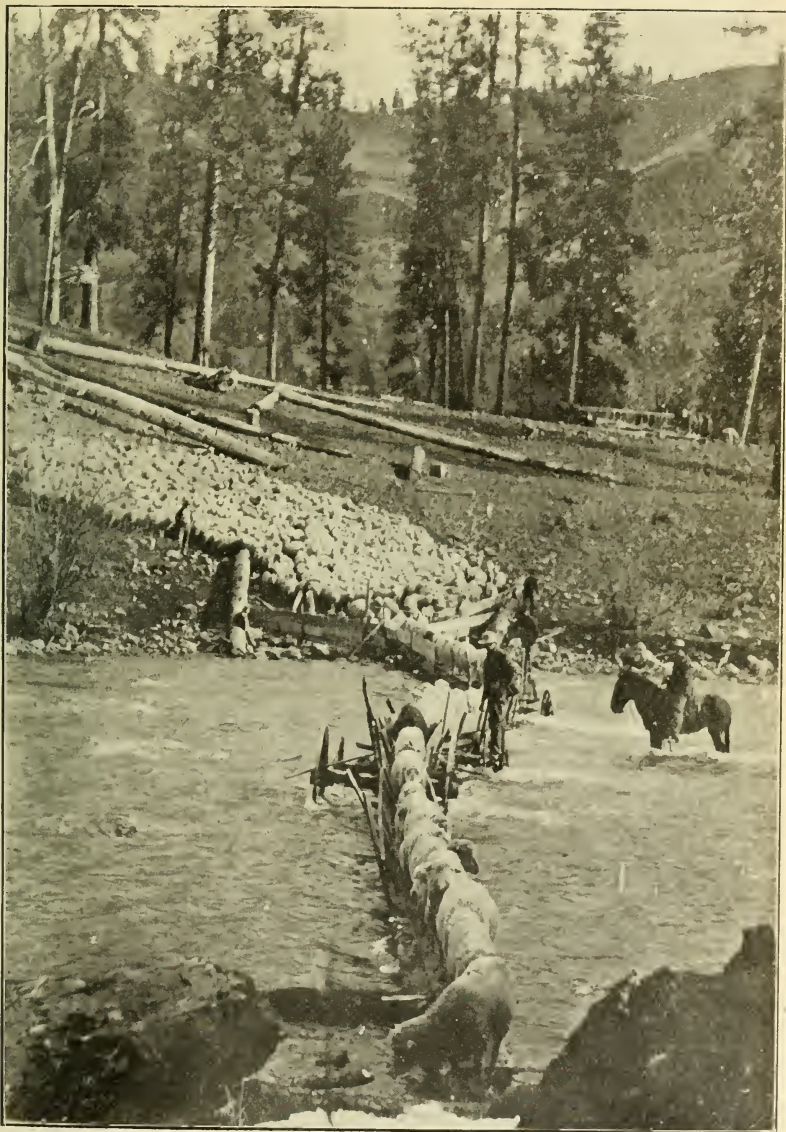
The life of the sheepherder is one of extreme solitude. I remember running across a young lad in the Blue Mountains. It was his first season out with sheep.

I never saw anyone so glad to see a stranger as he was. "Say I haven't seen a soul, nor heard the sound of a human voice, but my own, for weeks," he said. "Can't you stay all night? I'm so homesick to talk to somebody besides my dog, that I can hardly stand it." I had to go on and he walked by my side for a mile or so for the pleasure of talking with me. Many a sheep king has gotten his start by working at \$30 or \$35 a month herding sheep, saving his money and next season buying a few sheep with his savings and taking a band on shares. One of the heaviest taxpayers in Wallowa County, came there about 12 or 15 years ago. He had been a farm hand in Illinois. He got a job herding sheep. Next year he took up a homestead. In a few years he had a band of his own. Now he owns over 4,000 acres of land and about 10,000 sheep. He was re-elected to the legislature this year. Had he stayed in Illinois, the chances are that he would still have been a farm hand, as land is high there, and it would take a farm hand a life time to save enough money from his \$18 or \$20 a month to buy a good farm.

Scores of instances could be cited of sheep kings who have worked up from herders to large holdings. Charles Cunningham, who recently sold his sheep interests in Umatilla County, for several hundred thousand dollars, started business as a herder. So did Pete Beaudon, in Wallowa County. Eighteen years ago he was a section hand on the O. R. & N. —later he was a harvest hand. He took his blankets, his sole possessions, on his back and tramped into Wallowa County. He was an illiterate French-Canadian, and did not own enough land to spread his blankets on. Now he owns 7,000 acres. The hills and valleys are dotted with his sheep and he owns a 40-machine shearing plant.

The machine plants are money-makers, for their owners, as well as for those who have their sheep sheared. The owner of the plant charges from 12½ to 14 cents for corralling and shearing the sheep and sacking the wool. They pay the machine shearers 8 cents a head. A good man will shear from 75 to 100 a day. The machine will cut the wool closer and cut the skin less than hand shearing. It will shear from 12 to 20 ounces more wool than un-





*One Way of Crossing a Stream.*

der the hand shearing system, and this is enough to pay for the shearing.

I went into the machine shearing sheds. Down the long alley one could see the sweating men handling the whirring clip-pers; with long easy strokes the wool is cut and rolled back from the captive and in three minutes, or less, a sheep that looks as fat and prosperous as a Wall Street broker, is set free as thin and as thoroughly shorn as the Wall Street broker's victims, and equally anxious to escape.

I timed one of the most expert of the shearers, and from the time he had caught his sheep till it was sheared and at liberty, was exactly three minutes and three seconds. "I sheared 140 yesterday, so you see at 8 cents I made \$11.20, and my board comes out of that; so I will clear a trifle over \$10," said the shearer, as he shook the sweat from his forehead.

After being out of civilization for ten or eleven months, the sheep-herder will draw his wages of \$300 or \$400, and go to the nearest town. There his money will usually last him from three or four days to a week. I remember of hearing one man bragging because his year's wages had lasted him ten days. "I'm getting pretty wise; it took them guys in town ten days to skin me this trip," he said. Sometimes one good drunk and a night's gambling will leave them penniless. One herder who had, year after year, repeated the usual program, solemnly resolved not to touch a card nor take a drink. At 8 o'clock in the morning, the men who runs one of the amusement resorts in Pendleton, found the man waiting for the door to be unlocked. He started at target practice and shot steadily for an hour or more, then he tried pool and billiards for a while, next he went to the bowling alley. Noon came, he hurried out and ate a hasty lunch and came back. The afternoon was a repetition of the forenoon. He reported immediately after supper and kept up his day's solemn pleasure, for during the whole day he scarcely smiled, till half-past one o'clock that night. "Well, sir, I've been thinking for the past ten months how much pleasure I'd take in shooting and bowling and playing pool and never have to worry about where the blamed sheep were going, nor whether there were any coyotes around, but somehow I'm kind of tired of

my pleasure. I've worked pretty steady all day and I ain't spent but \$87. I don't hardly know how I'll get rid of the rest of my dough. I could sure wear it out quick with booze and cards, but I've done that so many times it's kind of monotonous." He shook his head sadly, and saying good-night departed. The attendant at the amusement resort was nearly dead from fatigue. The sheep herder's pleasure had made him "kind of tired, too." The sheep-herders, who have been sheep-herders for a dozen or a score of years, are usually the kind that are not happy till their money is spent. Their one devotion is their dog. Money can't buy the dogs of many of the sheep-herders.

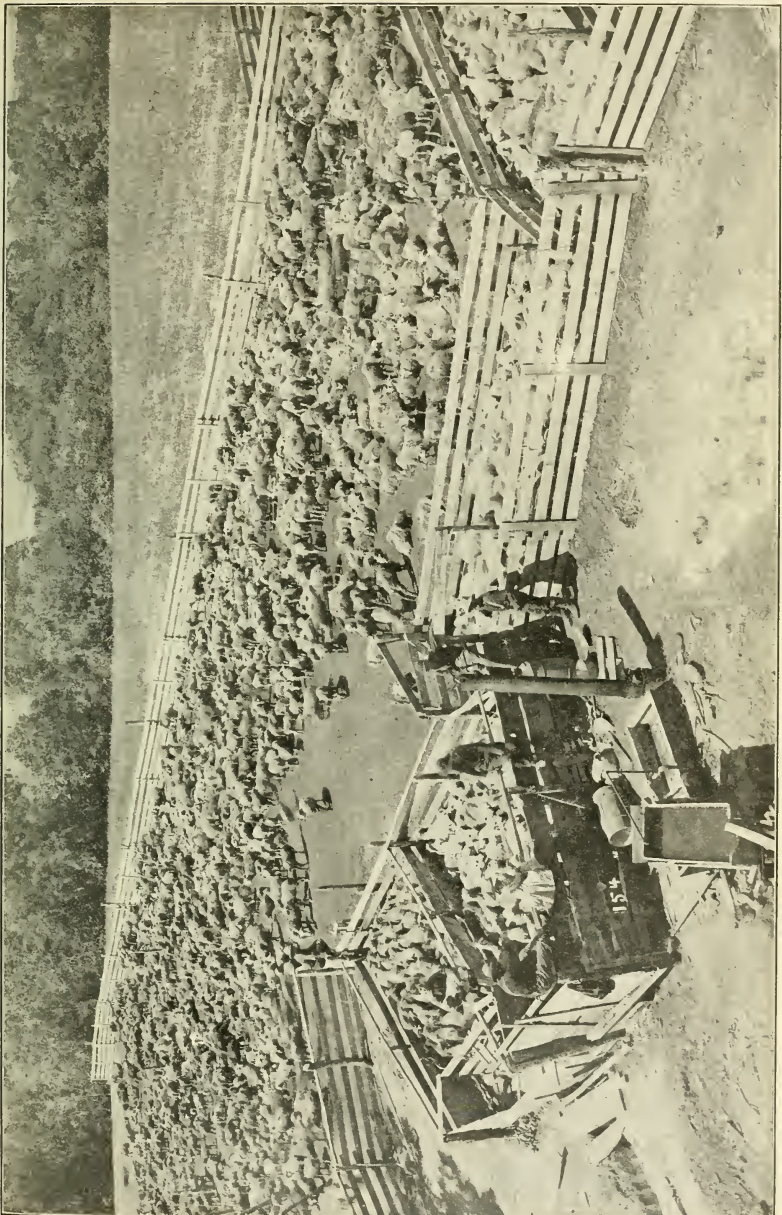
When the wool is sent to the warehouse, it is sorted into various grades. The bucks' wool, the black wool, and the tags are sorted to be baled separately. The rest of the wool is usually assorted into four grades. No. 1 is the longest staple and is used to be combed out for the manufacture of worsted goods.

It would take too much space to describe the treatment of the wool in the scouring mill, nor can I enter into the dipping process, nor the effects exerted by the soil and climate upon the quality of the wool. Oregon's wool stands high in the estimation of the wool buyers, because it is not brashy, harsh nor starchy as is the wool raised where the climate is hot and dry, and the water as well as the soil full of alkali, as is the case in certain sections of New Mexico, Arizona and Utah. The quality of the wool is not only influenced by soil and climate, but also by environment, which causes a larger or smaller per cent of impurities in the unwashed wool.

The great shrinkage of the wool in scouring is caused by the presence of the natural grease, or yolk, in the wool, by the suint or dried up perspiration which is deposited upon the wool fibre, and by the presence of burrs, sand, and other foreign substances held in the wool.

The presence of lime in the range of the sheep tends to make their wool weak and brittle and less durable for manufacturing purposes.

Sheep-raising on a large scale is becoming more and more a matter of sound business judgment, if it is to prove a



*Dipping Sheep on an Eastern Oregon Stock Ranch.*

profitable investment to the owner. The days of free grass and unlimited range are almost over, and since land is no more to be acquired in the old free and easy manner, it requires a larger capital to invest in the sheep business. Nowadays to run sheep one must own his land.

Formerly one could profitably pursue the raising of sheep, without owning a foot of land. The larger companies are putting the industry on a strictly business basis.

For example, one livestock company of Idaho, capitalized at \$250,000, is strictly up to date in its methods. Like most of the large sheep-breeders, this company derives a considerable revenue from the sale of thoroughbred bucks, but they do not depend on the sale of bucks, or sheep, or wool alone. The season I was there the company sold 13,000 pounds of alfalfa seed. In addition to raising all

the pork required for their own use, in the shape of hams and bacon, in their various sheep-camps, they sold a large quantity.

They raise all their feed except corn, which they buy, in carload lots. Their February lambs are shipped in August to Chicago, and average a weight of seventy pounds, though the Rambouillet and Hampshire cross of February lambs will run to ninety pounds when ready for August shipping.

The company runs a store to supply all their own camps. In this way they get their supplies at wholesale prices. A volume would be required, to go into details of the sheep industry, but I have sketched merely the salient points of one of the leading industries of our great Inland Empire, and one in which any young man of good business judgment, who is willing to work, cannot only make a comfortable living, but become independent.



# D R A M A



## Our Stage, Today and Yesterday

A New Year Meditation

By William Winter



AS the old year ends and the new year begins, memory of the Past naturally commingles with meditation on the Present. In dramatic affairs the Present is a scene of anxious strife,

feverish experiment, and somewhat apprehensive gloom. The stage is populous and exceedingly active, but the affairs of it are in a dubious condition, because, in all directions, the dramatic art—by which, and by which only, the stage can live—is overwhelmed and almost smothered with commercialism. At no time in the history of the American Theater has the unprincipled greed of theatrical management been so potential as it is now, and at no time has the public taste been more debased. There is a more numerous population now than ever existed here before, and perhaps for that very reason the standard of intelligence and of morals is low. Among the evils that have been caused by the dominance of theatrical shop-keepers are multiplicity of theatres, wholesale, lightning-change manufacture of "star" actors, and the reckless production of tainted plays. In every large city of the republic there are too many theatres. In New York and Chicago "stars" are made to order, almost in the twinkling of an eye, by the simple process of hiring

a press-agent and printing twenty-sheet posters.—the press, in most cases, lending itself to that pernicious industry, by publishing the portraits of chorus-girls and by celebrating nobodies, so that the novice of yesterday becomes, in print, the wonder of today and the illustrious celebrity of tomorrow. Many theatres and many "star" actors necessarily require many vehicles of publicity, and mercenary playwrights, the incompetent hackwriters of the hour, are employed to meet that need. Those playwrights possess no creative faculty, and, in nine cases out of ten, the subject that they choose is the trite and obvious one of carnal incontinence. The pace was set in Paris long ago. London followed. New York is not out of fashion. At first, in America, it was the play of "Camille"; now it is such stuff as "Sapho." The mere bald story of illicit love will no longer suffice. There must be a sort of post-mortem examination now, couched in the form of colloquy,—a sort of analytic treatise on the vicissitudes of the sexual relation. It even takes the form, as in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," of diagnosis, discovering the physical ailments out of which all human conduct is alleged to proceed. This must prove a great boon to the Shakespearean commentator—for all mysteries vanish before the postulate that Hamlet had cirrhosis of the liver, and that Macbeth, who seems to have been acquainted with the medical virtues of rhubarb and senna, suf-

ferred with a chronic pre-disposition to colic.

A great change has come over the theatre, within the period of my recollection. When I look back, more than fifty years, to the stage of my youth, I see a Theatre that was enchanted by romance and mystery. The old Green Curtain of those rosy times at first veiled and presently disclosed a world of lovely, innocent, delightful illusion. It was then an unspeakable joy to go early to the playhouse; to be present at the opening of the doors; to scramble for the front seat in the gallery; and to surrender, wholly and happily, to the magic of the scene. Its truth was never doubted. Its defects were never seen. Juliet's garden was a real garden. King Hamlet's royal ghost, on the bleak, wind-swept, mid-night rampart of Elsinore, was a real ghost, — "re-visiting the glimpses of the moon." The white and gold beauties, or the dusky, damask splendors of Julia Dean, Eliza Logan, Adelaide Phillips, Mrs. Mowatt, Mrs. Barrow, Mrs. Gladstone, and Mrs. Wood; the stately port of Charles Pitt; the elegance of George Vandenhoff, or George Jordan, or Dion Boucicault; the galliard grace of James E. Merdoch; the dash of Belton,—these, and allurements like to these, fired our emotion and filled our thought with images of ideal grace. The comic tones of William Warren, sounding outside the scene—what a thrill of pleasure they imparted to every sense! The joyous, buoyant, exhilarating vitality, the rich humour, and the spontaneous, brilliant execution of John E. Owens—what an exquisite delight they imparted! The simple truth and pathetic tenderness of Mrs. Barrow, when, as Cicely Homespun, she ran into the arms of her wayward, offending lover, saying, "dout 'ee come near me, Dick!"; the splendid blue eyes, the white and ruddy complexion, the glossy black hair, the Spanish-Irish comeliness, and the wild passion of Matilda Herron, in the days of her fresh and beautiful youth—how they melted all hearts with pity or warmed them with the ardor of love! The marvelous versatility of E. L. Davenport,—who could pass from William, the sailor-boy, to Sir Giles Overreach, the hell-born tyrant, and from Shakespeare's Brutus to Roaring Ralph Stackpole, in "The Jibbenainosay,"—what a prodigious sense it

conveyed of force and skill! The colossal strength of Edwin Forrest, whether as Othello, or Spartacus, or Virginius, or Jack Cade,—how completely it overwhelmed the hearer with conviction of reality! The lithe Arabian figure, the splendid flashing eyes, the glorious voice, the impetuous, yet always graceful action of Edwin Booth,—how easily and how entirely they held us enchanted with sympathetic perception of vitality, sincerity, poetry, imagination, feeling, genius, power! Burton, as the quaint, rugged, simple, gentle old sailor, Cap'n Cuttle; John Nickinson, as Haversac, in "The Old Guard"; the Elder Wallack as Martin Heywood; William Rufus Blake, as the sweet, loving, blundering old clergyman, Jesse Rural; John Gilbert, the superlative, incomparable Sir Anthony Absolute; Charles Walcott, best of all performers of the character of Touchstone; James W. Wallack, Jr., as the King of the Commons; Charles W. Couldock as Luke Fielding; George Rowe in Micawber; Florence as the Irish emigrant; Barney Williams as the Irish Lion; John T. Raymond as Col. Sellers; James H. Hackett as Falstaff; Edwin Adams as Enoch Arden; Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle,—how actual they were, how supremely excellent, how truly an essential part of our intellectual and emotional lives! We shall not see again such a presence as Charlotte Cushman was, in Lady Macbeth, or Queen Catherine, or Meg Merrilies. Some of us will never hear again, as once we did, with rapture of suspense and expectation, the tinkle of the prompter's bell, to bid the curtain rise. The lights are put out and the music is silent.

The struggle between good and evil, with temporary advantage for one or for the other, is not peculiar to any nation or to any age. It always has existed, and, apparently, it always must and will exist. Let us not assume that a debased condition of public taste is peculiar to the contemporary generation or that the debasement of the theatre, responsive to that taste, is peculiar to the present epoch. Evil influences exist; one of the worst of them being the Theatrical Trust; but neither that Trust nor any other Trust would flourish, but that the spirit of the age is tender toward obliquity in the administration of business affairs. A lax moral

sense tolerates, and thus indirectly promotes, iniquitous monopoly, and iniquitous monopoly rewards and encourages a lax moral sense. The process is a reciprocal one, and evil thrives upon it. The remedy is to educate public opinion; to extirpate mercenary spirit from contemporary civilization; to defeat the low desire of the worldly mind, the sordid craving for mere material success. That insensate selfishness is no new thing. More than sixty years ago it was nobly rebuked, in the memorable words of Emerson; words that ought to be engraved, in letters of gold, where every youth of this nation can read them, every day:—"When you shall say, 'as others do, so will I do; I renounce—I am sorry for it—my early visions; I must eat the good of the land, and let learning and romantic expectation go until a more convenient season,' then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art and poetry and science, as they have died already in many thousands of men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history; and see that you hold fast by the intellect."

But let not judgment despair of the future of our stage. There are signs of reaction. It should always be remembered that Good maintains itself, notwithstanding the encroachments of Evil, and that it is destined wholly to prevail at last. In our stage history, in spite of sporadic triumphs of vulgar experiment, Romantic Drama was made alluring by Julia Dean, Mrs. Farren, Mrs. Gladstone, and Mrs. Barrow,—of whom the tradition is worthily maintained, today, by Julia Marlowe, Blanche Bates, and Viola Allen. Irish Drama was made charming with character and humour by John Collins, Barney Williams, Dion Boucicault, and William Florence. John Mortimer exemplified, with delightful vivacity and sparkle, the fine art of Light Comedy,—the art that is signally exhibited now by Frank Worthing, John Mason, Charles Wyndham, and Frederick Kerr. When the tinsel spectacle was at its height of popularity Edwin Booth, supreme in tragedy, was at the zenith of his renown. Adelaide Neilson and Mary Anderson—incarnate poetry and nobility—had a great career, simultaneously with the impure opera bouffe and the vacuous burlesque. Lester Wallack, that prince of comedians, maintained

in honor, for a long time, the temple of comedy that his famous father had reared. Augustin Daly, rising in 1869, bore for thirty years the unblemished standard of a true theatre, gathering around him the finest actors of the period, and enabling the brilliant Ada Rehan to write her name upon the page of theatrical history in letters of crystal light. Richard Mansfield, rising in 1883, held his onward course with indomitable energy, until, ten years later, he seized the sceptre that the dying hand of Edwin Booth had dropped—a sceptre which now he bears with imperial authority, aiming at the loftiest pinnacle of excellence and renown. John Hare, Edward Willard, and Edward Terry, authentic voices of nature and shining types of exquisite art, slowly but surely made themselves known in both America and Europe, and ripened in splendid fame. The winning personality of Ellen Terry dazzled every eye and captured every heart. Above all, and notwithstanding adversity of materialism, in a seething civilization of luxury and greed, Henry Irving, lifting the English stage out of a periodic lethargy of ignominious dullness, and raising it to such glory as it had not known since the days of Garrick, made the world resound with acclamation of his great deeds, his affluent genius, his passionate integrity of noble purpose, his religious devotion to the highest ideals, and his pure, gentle, beautiful life. That beautiful life has ended; that towering intellect has fallen; that magical voice is silent; that reverend head is low; but that glorious example cannot perish; nor is it possible that commercialism, however it may temporarily flourish, can utterly destroy the dramatic art, or the passion for it that is elemental in the human mind.

Among the denotements of right effort at the close of the old year and the beginning of the new one of the most conspicuous is Miss Viola Allen's assumption of the character of Imogen, in Shakespeare's historical romance of "Cymbeline." Another auspicious denotement is Mr. Robert Mantell's persistent, ambitious, and often impressive presentment of the Shakespearean drama. Mr. Mantell's best success has been gained in portrayals of Othello and King Lear, and he has made the interesting experiment of reviving the old play of "The Man of the

World," by Charles Macklin, the first great Shylock of the British stage, and of adding to his repertory the character of Sir Pertinax Macescophant, in which George Frederick Cooke was famous, and of which, in later times, James H. Hackett was a brilliant representative. Miss Viola Allen's personation of Imogen, while somewhat more domestic than poetical, is nevertheless remarkable for its winning, womanly loveliness. The character, as all studious readers of Shakespeare know, is an exquisite type of beauty, fascination, fidelity, physical allurements, moral excellence and spiritual grace. Of all Shakespeare's women Imogen is the most lovable; and indeed she would need to be exceptionally lovely, in order to triumph over her dismal environment,—for the play of "Cymbeline" contains some of the worst portraiture of character that ever proceeded from Shakespeare's pen. Posthumous, for example, the youthful husband of the youthful Imogen, is described in the text as a man possessed of every virtue; yet, in his conduct, he is not permitted to display any virtue whatever, aside from belligerent courage. On two occasions he permits, and participates in, a wager as to his wife's chastity: he manifests a ready and foolish credulity when her honor is aspersed; and he forms a cruel, treacherous, dastardly plot to accomplish her murder. He is, furthermore, thoroughly inconsistent; in the making of the second wager he declares that if the absent Imogen proves false she will be not worth a thought, yet, on being told that she has fallen, he instantly bursts into a frenzy and clamors forth his intention to rend her in pieces. When he thinks that his command to his servant Pisanio has caused her to be murdered he lapses into lamentation and says that he wishes to die; yet, though ample opportunity is afforded to him to find death upon the battlefield, he defends himself with unwearied industry, and so he survives to rejoin Imogen and to be reinstated as a paragon of nobility. In a word, he is a purely theatrical person, fashioned, not after nature, but to suit the exigencies of a play. The character of the rascally Iachimo is, likewise, a conspicuous emblem of inconsistency, for no cohesion exists between what the man is at the beginning and what he is

declared to be at the end; at the first a sneering, loathsome incarnation of cynical sensuality, mean, vicious, treacherous, tricky; at the last an ebullient professor of grieved repentance. The whole fabric of the play is tainted with theatrical artifice, and this makes itself felt notwithstanding its beautiful poetic passages. Old Dr. Johnson's opinion of "Cymbeline" was never pleasant to those violent enthusiasts of the divine bard who insist that everything he wrote is perfect; but not the less it shows excellent critical judgment. "This play," said the doctor, "has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the uncertainty of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection and too gross for aggravation."

Other conspicuous features of the hour are Mr. Belasco's new play, called the "Rose of the Rancho"; Mr. Langdon Mitchell's new play, called "The New York Idea,"—in which Mrs. Fiske has given a sparkling and piquant comedy performance; and Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson's presentment of "Caesar and Cleopatra," by Mr. G. B. Shaw. The latter play is an oddity, a singular compound of spectacle and perversely mischievous satire. All of these are successful features of the season, and their arrival can be expected in cities on the Pacific Slope. Miss Lena Ashwell, an English actress of some repute in London, has appeared in a play called "The Shulamite," in which she impersonates an uneducated but naturally refined young woman who has become the second wife of an elderly Boer, resident in Africa. The wife finds her situation irksome. The Boer, a pious, loquacious, exceedingly tedious person, of the hirsute order, customarily beats her, to insure obedience, otherwise occupying himself by tilling the soil, reading the Bible, flogging his servants, and talking platitudes. A time comes when he purposes to beat his wife for reading Shakespeare's comedy of "The Tempest," and, in order to avoid punishment, she falsely assures him that she is in a maternal condition, whereupon he desists





*Viola Allen, as Imogen in "Cymbeline."*

from his barbarous purpose and offers thanks to God. Later this Boer discovers that his wife has lied to him, that she is loved by his overseer, a young exile from England (who has been unfortunate in his domestic affairs), and that she loves him in return. "I shall never whip you again," says the Boer to his defiant spouse, "but I shall now kill you"—with which comforting assurance he departs to get his gun. Meanwhile the overseer, who has started on a journey, is detained by a terrific storm, in which his horses are struck by lightning, and he returns just in time to meet the fusillade of the angry Boer and to shoot him in self-defense—to the profound satisfaction of the audience. The widow and her suitor are subsequently imperiled upon suspicion of having murdered the Boer; but they are exonerated, and they depart to bliss. That tale, since it presented the Boer character in an odious light, must have been grateful to English audiences, recollective of the war with the Boers. To an American audience it has no political significance, and is crude,

uncouth, and repulsive. The play contains an uncommonly fine stage effect of tempest.

Record should be made of the stage presentation at the Majestic Theatre, New York, November 12, of the dramatic poem of "Pippa Passes," by the poet Browning. That production was made by Mr. Henry Miller, with Mrs. LeMoyné in the characters of Ottima and the Bishop. Mrs. LeMoyné is an expert elocutionist, and, in her way, a dramatic artist of intellectual character. "Pippa Passes," in the book, is impressive as a poetic study; on the stage it is a curiosity. The presentment of this, and of various other eccentric literary fabrics, such as Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," Suderman's "John the Baptist," Maeterlinck's "Sunken Bell," Oscar Wilde's "Salome," etc., may be taken as indicative, among other signs, of the contemporary trend toward experiment. Most of the managers clutch eagerly at anything that is fantastic, their sole object being remunerative business. For the present the field is in the full possession of commercialism.



# The Star-Bell Tree of Shasta

(Styrax)

By Lillian Hinman Shuey

In Persian valleys and by Syrian seas  
The lovely Styrax lived its centuries,  
And hung its flowers so starry white and sweet  
Where 'Ishmael's children ran with flying feet.

A precious plant, that fed the incense flame,  
For which the trains of dusty camels came,  
And made great traffic in the sacred balm  
From Tyrian walls to India's isles of calm.

'T was Aaron's wand with fateful powers endowed,  
Before whose might was haughty Egypt cowed;  
And from the desert rock the spring gushed free,  
Smote with the rod—the ancient Styrax tree.

\* \* \*

Once, wand'ring, dreaming, on a fair June day  
Where Shasta's woods their piny shadows lay,  
A sudden perfume from a warm hillside!  
A radiant bush diffusing fragrance wide!

And then I saw the caravan's long trains,  
The temple's altars, and the Syrian plains,  
For this was Styrax, separate, lonely one,  
The incense-bearer to the western sun.

The lovely Styrax hung with star-bells bright,  
In glitt'ring clusters waxy-pure and white!  
I lingered o'er its charms with musings rare;  
My soul it blest, as it enriched the air,

As if Queen Esther or the gentle Ruth  
With tender memories of love and truth  
Had met me, eager-eyed, to talk once more  
Of Israel's splendor and immortal love.



*Robert M. ("Cyclone") McCullom.*



## Two Partners and the Homeless Twenty

By Curtis Fleming

*Hamlet*—It is the dawn, Marcellus; behold the sun rising o'er yonder hill.

*Marcellus*—The dawn, but not the sun; thou seest the sage fires on Minidoka.

—*Hamlet according to the Frisco Kid.*

"Twin Falls!" said the commercial man, diving into his pocket for a cigar. "Haw-haw! Say, here's a man who is going to make Twin Falls."

"Harp-strings or crowns?" drawled his companion, looking up from his route-book.

"Neither," said I testily. "What's the joke?"

"My friend," said the first commercial traveler. "Twin Falls is the joke. You've been taken in by it, just as others have. But it aint on any route I ever made. And so far as good testimony goes they dont wear shoes or eat breakfast food or sleep on mattresses or buy mineral water in Twin Falls. It's a fairy tale. Forget it."

The second traveler put up his little book and smiled at me engagingly. "Harp-strings and crowns and maybe silver polish are the only articles you can sell in Paradise. Twin Falls has the same limited market, old chap."

"There's a Twin Falls, because I've got a ticket there," I said firmly.

"There is," acknowledged the first. "But I was through all that country not two years ago and all that I heard was the roar of the jackrabbit in the sagebrush or the bellow of the horned toad pursuing his prey. That's all."

They refused to converse longer on the subject and I retired into my berth long before the Chicago Special had climbed out of the Columbia Gorge. I slept the sleep of the untroubled till dawn. A tousled head was thrust in between the curtains of my couch and a hoarse voice shouted "Twin Falls." I poked my head forth and met laughter. The day had begun and till midnight, when I got off the car after being tenderly loaded with matches, tobacco and other articles they thought I might need in the desert, my companions passed the hours with jests upon the pilgrimage I was making.

When I left the warm car and descended into the darkness of night at Minidoka, when the train slid away into the darkness and but two lights met my eye in the direction of the town, it struck me that maybe, after all, Twin Falls was a myth, myself a fool.

But the Sears House received me, it and its melancholy but kindly proprietor, who

had just been defeated for election to the state legislature, and in due time I slept as well as the howls of the coyotes permitted.

The next morning I rose to view a cloudless sky, the interminable plain of sage, that vast desert that has lain in arid silence for centuries. The chill breeze swept by in a stream of spicy air; the gray of the sand warmed into yellow and as it deepened into the tint of the sunburnt day there materialized on the far horizon the white eminence of a prairie schooner.

"Where in h— is this Twin Falls?" demanded an angry voice.

"The train goes about noon," came another voice.

"But where does it go?" continued the

Before I knew it a huge trough in the sand sheered out from the plain and swerved away again. "That is the Minidoka ditch," said a man beside me. "That is the Government project."

A town suddenly materialized and I found it was called Rupert. Other towns rose in the distance, grew as we approached and dwindled behind us as we sped on. We crossed the Snake River and I perceived a gradual change in the yellow of the desert. The sagebrush seemed to thin away and here and there huge piles of broken straw marked where the "combination" had been. Then water appeared, slipping along in the canals, and well-painted houses dotted the plain. There



*The Main Street of Twin Falls.*

angry tones. "Is this what Twins Falls looks like? Did I come out here from Missouri to look at sagebrush and jack-rabbits? This aint any joke."

"Who said I was joking?" said a tall man, severely. "I tell you the train goes to Twin Falls about noon and you wont find a better place in Paradise if you ever blunder up there."

A great peace came over me. The tall man had been there. Twin Falls was a reality. So I contained myself till noon and in due time ascended into a chair car with fifty others and was whirled out from the main line into the glimmering desert of Southern Idaho.

was the clatter of wheels over switches and I alighted before a solid station on the other side of which a carriage waited for us.

Five minutes later I sat down in the dining-room of a cool and comfortable hotel to a hot and appetizing meal. The table was filled and I caught cheerful words, the round-toned phrases of prosperity, and assured myself that after all this, which had caught my eye in a country paper a week before, was not a lie:

On the last day of July, a year ago, a drummer left the Short Line Railway at Minidoka and made the towns of Oakley and Albion by stage. He then turned back by



*A Sagebush and the Crop that Displaced It.*

way of Rock Creek and Shoshone Falls to reach the railroad at Shoshone. It was a long, dry, weary ride through a desert of sagebrush and dust. When his driver, the mailcarrier, left Rock Creek he took a bag of drinking water with him and went four miles off his usual route to leave it with a man who was living in a little, new building in the sagebrush.

When the driver stopped to deliver the water, the lone dweller, a pleasant appearing fellow, invited the traveler inside, got him in, pulled a blue print plat of a townsite on him and tried to sell him a building lot, descanting volubly on the beauties and advantages of the location, drawing fancy word pictures of the busy and thriving city he would soon see spring up on the very ground on which they were standing. He pointed

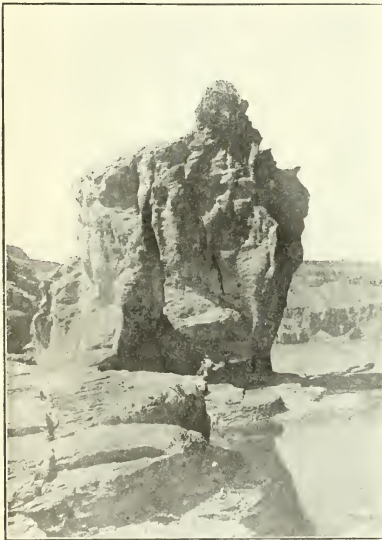


Chap. I—Grubbing the Sagebrush.

submitted to being located on this dream-plot and went on his way to Shoshone (pronounced "Shoo-shone") crying abroad that there was a lunatic in the desert and that his name was Bob McCullom. The tale ended as fairy tales do, by justifying the lunatic and recorded the joy of the drummer thirteen months later when he revisited this spot in the desert to find his tearful speculation to be in the heart of a prosperous city with three banks and a hotel with electric ranges and bellboys and a register where the names of the wealthy were inscribed.

It was Bob McCullom, "Cyclone" McCullom, whom I had traveled to see.

I met him and saw a short, rather sturdily-built man with gray-blue eyes and a brown mustache which covered a tender and gently firm mouth. He gave the immediate impression of a man bred in silences. He surveyed me quietly and then timidly suggested that he would like me to see things for myself. His air was so apologetic that I felt exalted. Others had been fooled and separated from their money. But in me this Cyclone had recognized a shrewd fellow, on whom his



Eagle Rock, Shoshone Falls.

away south across the plain to the outline of distant mountains, west over a smooth country covered with gray sagebrush as far as the eye could discern and drew pictures of waving fields of grain, growing trees, thrifty orchards and comfortable homes, schoolhouses and churches, scattered all over this vast expanse. He pointed his finger to places on the plat, saying, "This square is reserved for a great hotel, on this corner a fine bank building will be erected; here and here the squares are reserved for public parks; this one will be for a school building; this, Blue Lakes Avenue, will be one of the leading business streets; this will be the manufacturing section of the city; here will be the—"

And the *Silver City Nugget* went on to tell how the drummer, in fear of his life,



Chap. II—The Desert—Cleared.



spells could not be worked. He was smart, but I was his match and I saw him cringe at the thought of how I would prick his bubble and tumble his Twin Falls City and his rainbow schemes about his ears.

However, I condescended to be gracious and in a few minutes was introduced to the Mayor and other dignitaries. I thought I detected in their attitudes, too, a depreciation of the exposures I was certain to make. They were polite enough, but seemed stricken dumb when the conversation approached the city they claimed to have built in 365 days. But I had had a good luncheon and was disposed to be kindly. I would see the Tract tomorrow. Today I would look around a bit and see things for myself. I even congratulated them on the hotel—which apparently made them more deprecatory than ever and “Cyclone” shook hands again, with embarrassment, and I departed.

As I emerged upon the main street of Twin Falls City it suddenly struck me that wagons loaded with produce were rattling back and forth. I saw a big concrete building going up across the way and the sidewalk was crowded with men with contented faces and rough hands. In the next block I found a most modern postoffice and within a hundred yards I passed two banks. Then I fell upon a big confectionery store that bore all the outward signs of prosperity. A department store filled with customers nearly upset my notions of a few minutes ago and when I ran into a big schoolhouse, built of brick and roomy enough for a thousand children, I accepted with joy the company of an utter stranger who gaped open-mouthed and swore in the genteel phrases of the pious Wabash.

“Gosh!” said this man, pulling his hat over his eyes. “They tell me there was n’t



Chap. IV—The Schoolhouse.

a house within thirty miles two years ago, nor a drop of water, nor anything.”

We hailed a passing dairyman who leaned out of his wagon and informed us that there were 480 children at that moment in the school and that wagons went out all over the Tract and brought them to the fount of learning and afterwards distributed them (filled) among the farm houses where they belonged.

We digested this slowly and then inspected the town from one end to the other. In several places I heard a phrase that roused my interest. I abandoned town-lots to find out what it meant. I stopped teamsters and demanded of them the significance of the “Homeless Twenty”; I sought its meat everywhere until the man from the Wabash left me and fled to a real-estate office for figures.

The phrase was still busy in my ears when I ran into McCullom again. He stopped and said, diffidently, “How are you getting along?”

“I dont believe a word of it,” I said.

He should have been crushed, but he actually brightened up. “I dont myself,” he said quietly.

“I dont believe this story of your being alone here two years ago and having brought a big town and a well-to-do country out of the sagebrush in one year.” I went on. “It sounds to me like a lie.”

He shoved his hat back and looked down the crowded street. “It was n’t me that did it,” he said, more quietly than ever. “It was Bert Perrine. He had the nerve to do it. I did n’t believe in the scheme at all. There was nothing but sagebrush. Perrine was the man who had the foresight and the nerve. It was Perrine.”

I was never more astounded in my life.



Chap. III—The Desert—Fertile.



*"Desert Station"—On the Old Overland Trail, near Twin Falls.*

He looked at me steadily, as if he was anxious to see whether I had got the full meaning of what he had said. And I—I was remembering that I had never heard of Perrine, this man on whom he was putting the burden of this gigantic fraud. He had sidestepped and to my incredulity had offered another as the victim.

"I wish you could meet Perrine," he said gently. "He was the man that did all this. I was going to quit. I did n't think there were people who could be separated from their money this way. Why, it was only sagebrush and not a drop of water. But it's all come true. I guess the Lord was on our side."

There was n't a trace of boasting in his tone, and as I realized the meaning of what he had said, of his deprecatory manner, I believed in Twin Falls City. It was no dream nor any bubble. For there was a man's heart in it, the heart of the man whose gray-blue eyes were looking into mine.

It was many hours later that I bade Bob McCullom good-bye. The hours I spent with him I shall never forget. In them I caught a little of the history of two partners and the meaning of the phrase I heard so often—The Homeless

Twenty. I shall try to tell a little of that history. Twin Falls with its 1800 settlers in a year, its miraculous growth, everything of wealth that it has, is but an incident—an incident of the history of Two Partners and The Homeless Twenty.

Some thirty years ago an emigrant wagon stopped three miles down the Snake River from Lone Tree and a small man, not over five feet seven inches tall, toiled through the sagebrush to the edge of the gorge through which the river rushes to Auger Falls. Six hundred feet below him lay a dry and desolate valley, hemmed in by inaccessible walls of lava rock, divided by a rushing torrent. His eyes traveled over its arid extent and then lighted on two mirrors of blue far below him and almost under the lofty crag on which he stood.

He gazed upon it and his mind traveled down the future. The azure pools below him sank away into verdure; up the bleak cliffs climbed domestic vegetation; the valley bloomed and the roar of the rushing falls deepened into the hum of industry. He returned to the emigrant wagon and told his wife: "This is the place. We will live here."



*Blue Lakes Farm.*

And so Ira B. Perrine descended the perilous cliffs, letting his wagon down five hundred feet sheer with ropes, leading his mules down by a roundabout trail where even a goat could hardly have found footing. Below the blue lakes he built him a house and in due time the little vale was green and apple trees blossomed under the hot sun of Spring. \* \* \* And as the seasons went on, and the unchained river roared through its canons, a road crept up the cliffs on either side; for Perrine's dream was still vivid and in due time Commerce would demand passage down those lava rocks, and when Commerce called down into the valley, Perrine was going to be ready.

So the little ranch by the Blue Lakes lapped further up its prison walls each year and passing emigrant trains paused on the heights to wonder what dementia had afflicted Perrine that he built him a home in the bowels of the desert. They passed on; but Perrine stayed, toiling at the road that now unites the two deserts divided by the Snake, dreaming his dream of the great future, waiting for its realization.

In another part of the West the man who was to arrive and make the dream

come true was working at a printer's case, editing a paper in the frosty altitudes of Robinson, Colorado, driving stage through the dizzy enchantments of Mosquito Pass, gradually answering the call that drew him ever to the West until at last he landed in Shoshone, Idaho, twenty-five miles from where Perrine was nursing his Blue Lakes Ranch.

From Bob McCullom's narrative all I know is that in due time Perrine had a partner in the stage business and this partner was Bob McCullom. Their stage line ran from Shoshone across the waterless plain to Blue Lakes, across the Snake and on into the unreclaimed wilderness. But Perrine had not forgotten his dream.

Then came the Carey Act in Congress, by which a state may improve desert land, "prove up" on it like a homesteader and then have it for its own citizens. This act meant that if water were turned on the sagebrush plain below which Blue Lakes lay all the vast miles of it could be settled up, cities would grow—and Perrine's dream come true.

So Perrine labored and his partner toiled and you may see today, if you will, the huge dam at Twin Falls whence runs the sixty-nine-mile ditch that has made

400 square miles of desolation into a garden. That dam represents not only two men's dreams but their physical and constant exertion. A few miles further on, at Shoshone Falls, I have myself looked down a big tunnel, fourteen feet in the clear, that was built through the rock, largely by Bob McCullom and I. B. Perrine when they had no money—only hope and faith and pluck. That tunnel is now the channel through which thousands of horsepower flow down to turn the turbines that before long will light up half a state, turn the mills of ten counties and bear



Photograph by C. R. Savage.  
Ira B. Perrine.

away to market the produce of ten thousand farms.

I drove out over the "Tract" as it is affectionately called, with McCullom, starting at 9 o'clock of a brisk November morning. We left the hotel—Hotel Perrine, its builders called it—and swung out towards the Sawtooth Range behind a couple of rangy horses. I was muffled in a big coat and McCullom had exchanged his derby hat for a light felt one.

We sped out of the bustling town upon a straight and excellently kept road, down each side of which ran a small stream of water. Within half a mile we had

stopped in front of a field where Mr. McPherson, the superintendent of the experimental farm, was testing some onions.

"How are they, Mac?" McCullom asked.

McPherson crawled through the fence and reared his lanky form beside the buggy. "They differ," he said. "Some are good and some are middling and the frost got at some of them. They were sowed late. But here's a specimen." He handed us a big, firm onion which accompanied us over the miles.

As we turned round and went towards the river McCullom talked. He reminded me that 1906 was really the first year crops had been gathered. "Some of 'em got in their crops last year; but this is the first year for most. And yet—look!"

In the clear atmosphere one could see for miles. And as far as my eyes traveled I saw farms—not ranches, but farms, with good buildings, stable barns, neat fences and glowing yellow stacks of alfalfa hay, with here and there the tumbled gold of a pile of broken straw from the "combination."

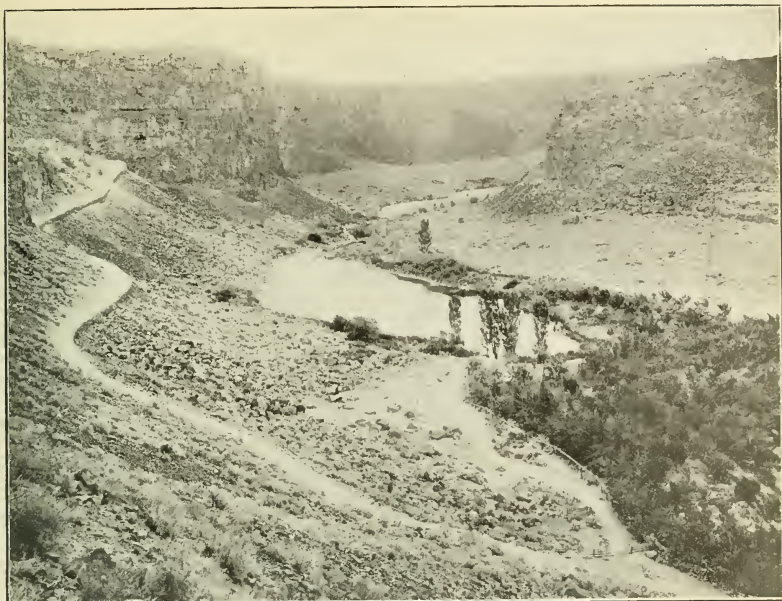
We crossed a coulee down which tumbled broken water. "We use that as a lateral," said my guide. "That's Snake River water. This whole system is gravity."

Suddenly the road shot out into mid-air, the horses fell back a little in the harness, we swerved to the left and I saw a good six hundred feet below me the narrow stream of the Snake winding through its lava gorge to Auger Falls. Two miles away as the crow flies rose the other wall, dark, bleak and forbidding. Nestled below us was a farm, orchards, hay fields, cozy houses, a pasture where certain aged horses fed lazily.

"That's Perrine's place," said McCullom, as the cliff rose up past us and the road fell.

We wound on down, turned in under a lofty spur of the cliff, were wet by the spray from a dizzy fall, slid a few yards on wet rock and then descended past the pasture where the old horses fed and on to the ferry.

As we passed the horses McCullom pointed out two. "Those were Bert's stage horses years ago," he said. He called to them, but they only stared, viewing us with old eyes long too dim to discern a friend.



*The Blue Lakes and the Grade.*

The ferryman greeted us cordially and asked when "Bert" was expected. On the other side we drove up through an orchard to a little space where a comfortable house stood by the side of what was a little branch of the river, as I thought. A couple of girls were busy in the yard and sundry cats surveyed us complacently.

A moment later we were out on a little bridge over the stream, which is really a Spring, and McCullom was throwing meat to the trout that splashed and darted almost to our feet. McCullom inquired anxiously for "Billy." "I told you about the big trout eighteen inches long that came out and bit my fingers trying to get hold of some meat," he said in a melancholy tone. "And here he does n't come and I'm a liar on the spot."

I reassured him. I believed thoroughly in "Billy." I could believe anything.

We returned to the buggy and drove down into a meadow where one of the hands assured us we could find some water-melons. Water-melons in November seemed to me to be too much, but it was not long till I was deep in one, quenching my thirst and getting gloriously damp and

sticky all over. Then we went back by way of the house, past a little office bearing the legend STAGE OFFICE and out and up a road that wound through an apple orchard.

I observed, as we passed, an old Concord coach rotting under a tree. McCullom answered the curiosity of my glance. "Bert wanted to go to Shoshone one time and climbed up the hill and waited for it to go by. He had only two dollars. The driver refused to take him for that and Bert cried. He vowed he would own that coach some time and drive it himself. That's the coach, there under the tree. You could n't buy it for two thousand dollars. Bert bought it and drove it himself. But he only had two dollars that time and he simply *had* to get to Shoshone."

The road climbed out up a rocky road and to my right I saw the sapphire pools that have given the name "Blue Lakes" to the ranch. I saw the rocks in the bottom of them and the trout darting after the skippers. "Those lakes are just forty-five feet deep," said my companion. "They're clear, are n't they?"

I looked down as we ascended the road



Auger Falls.

Photograph by Tacha.

and when we rounded a turn, fully five hundred feet up, I saw the rocks just as plainly and caught the flash of turning fish just as clearly. Then McCullom remarked that at this turn a teamster had lost control of his wagon, and wagon and six-horse team and all had gone over the cliff. He indicated with his whip certain bones sheer below us and I looked and shivered and preferred the heights above as altogether more enjoyable. He added that one of the horses had been got out alive from that awful tangle and on that miracle we speculated until our panting team dragged us out of the gorge, and the desolation of the sagebrush, as yet unregenerated, received us for several dry and weary miles.

We saw the great Shoshone Falls almost dry, for the first time since in the hissing vapor of the creation the lava cooled sufficiently to allow water to settle. We saw Senator Clark's hotel across the river and McCullom told me of the struggle to build the works that soon will supply power for the industries now coming into the Tract. But in all the miles I learned no greater thing than something of McCullom—the man who made Perrine's dreams come true.

The Tract is a fact, a raw, glaring fact

that can be proved by arithmetic, measured by bank clearings, defined by figures and described by pictures. But there isn't any arithmetic that can figure the power and the character and the soul of a man like Bob McCullom. As we traveled back from Shoshone Falls it was borne in upon me more deeply than ever that I had not come to see a new town smelling of paint in the desert. I had been brought to Twin Falls because Bob McCullom had done a big thing and I desired to meet him and see the thing if it were indeed so. It was fine that Perrine had dreamed and had seen his vision's accomplishment. But there was something finer in the thought that these two men had been partners, had done all this through affection and faith and understanding. And, from what I had heard, it seemed to me, as it seems to me now, that, after all, if Cyclone McCullom's fit biography is ever to be written, it will be written by the Homeless Twenty.

I spoke to McCullom about them. I mentioned the fact of my having heard the phrase several times. He warmed instantly. "They were the men that saved the day," he said. "It was a tough time. But they can tell you."

So I went and saw one of the famous

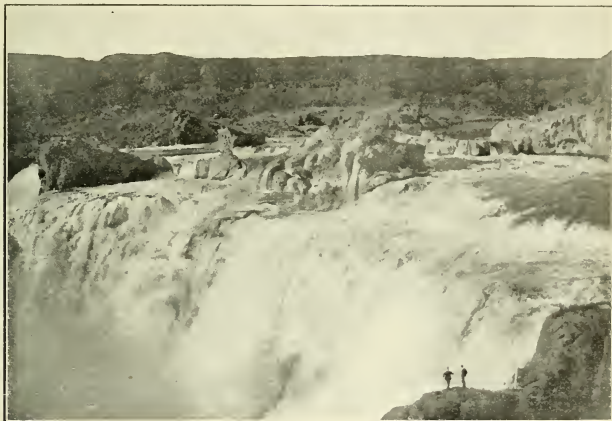
Twenty (The Homeless Twenty is a club, now) and he dropped the selling of dry goods to tell me.

"We were here last year, a lot of us, and things were pretty bad. We slept five in a room, three in a bed. The grub was awful, we bathed in a washbowl, we had no heat in the cold weather and we were busted. All we had was Bob's word that things were coming. You can see we almost thought we had been buncoed. We were ready to quit. We would have quit before, only we were broke.

"You see we were all married men, and our wives were n't here. One day we were down and out. 'Round comes Bob that day and says, 'Come up to my house to-

I went out and looked at the town again. I saw the wagons loaded with laughing school children leaving the big schoolhouse and going off into the plain in every direction. I saw the crowd at the postoffice. I looked down the busy main street at all the signs of permanency. Then I sought the man whom I had known by proxy many years, C. B. Fraser, the editor of the *Twin Falls News*. We had eaten quail together the night before and talked over old times. "Look here," I said, "what do you think of it?"

He showed me his many guns and spoke of dogs. Then he dropped them to say this: "It's all true. You are n't being lied to. A man came in here the other day



*Shoshone Falls.*

night to dinner. Mrs. McCullom and my daughter will be glad to see you.' You know Bob has a way with him. We went and there were twenty of us and we stayed till 4 o'clock next morning, and we went every week. Things picked up. Every official of this town except the peace officer, I think, was one of the Homeless Twenty. We meet still. But Bob cheered us up when things looked black and kept us working and here we are, in the best town in Idaho, all doing well, with our wives with us and happy."

Cole went and spoke a minute to a customer and came back. He smiled at me with a smile that spoke volumes. "The Homeless Twenty pulled through," he said.

and said: 'What's the name of this town?' and told me—."

I wont repeat the story. It was all in the *Silver City Nugget* just as I have quoted it at the beginning of this article. He told me other stories, just as strange, and proved by written documents that they were true.

I went back to the Hotel Perrine and got my suit-case and shook hands with Bob McCullom and Fraser, and got in the 'bus and went to the train. As we sped back to Minidoka the one thing that stuck in my mind was what McCullom had told me, on our long drive, about the loneliness of those first years when only the stage driver stopped to talk to him. "I thought I'd go batty. It was so lonesome I could n't

sleep. But every man that came along I talked Twin Falls to. Bert believed in it and convinced me that it was all right. But the loneliness was awful. I could n't go through it again. Even now, when I see the town and the people it seems that it can't be true. But I guess God thought it was all right, for he's done everything we might have asked him to do. A little thing could have spoiled it all."

I remember that he spoke often of The Homeless Twenty. But at the very last he seemed to think it over-bold to say too much and I shall always think of him as the most modest man I ever met—a man whose nerve and grit and decency are characteristic of the men of the West who have made the desert to bloom and justified the Frisco Kid in changing the text of Shakespeare to fit the experiences of auditors under the pure skies of Idaho.

When "Cyclone" McCullom reads this he will be angry. He will say that I have abused his hospitality by paying him compliments. But I shall protect myself. I shall tell a story.

At Blue Lakes Farm we met a wagon drawn by two fractious horses. A tall, muscular Yorkshireman named Clark was striving to keep them from climbing a tree and spilling out a load of red apples.

"These 'ere brutes will kill some one

vet," he panted, bringing his team to a standstill. "They've run away *twice* this morning." He gazed at McCullom with rebuke in every line of his face.

McCullom looked at him calmly. Then he called to another hand: "Say, get Clark a team of oxen. He's afraid of these horses."

I saw the dull red mount in the honest Englishman's face and he protested thickly.

"He's afraid of his horses," said McCullom in the same, even tone: "steers are the only thing for *him*."

"Look 'ere," roared Clark, "hi ham *not*!"

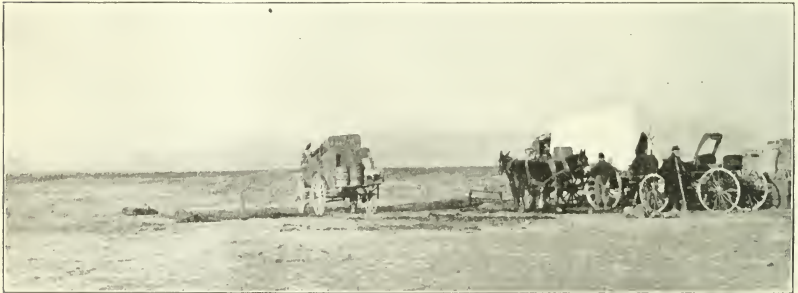
"Why dont you pack the apples in a wheelbarrow, Clark?"

Clark raged under the trees and tore his beard.

"And yet," Cyclone went on, meditatively, "I dont know as *that* would be safe. You'd catch sight of a ground hog and run away and break the wheelbarrow."

We drove on just in time and I heard Clark prancing under the noses of his horses, using language of an intensity that seemed to dim the sky.

If McCullom resents this article I am going to send a copy of the magazine to Clark. Thus I shall forestall vengeance.







*Three-year-old Apple Tree.*

## Irrigation in Beulah Land



**I**RRIGATION as a creative agency in wealth production, has come to occupy a place of the first importance in the consideration of economists and statesmen. This is particu-

larly well exemplified in the present attitude of the United States Government, including President Roosevelt, who helped "to win the West"; the United States Senate and House of

Representatives, as well as the whole people of the country. After the passage of the United States Reclamation Act in 1902, the people of the East viewed with some suspicion its probable operation. In the intervening four years, however, the results of irrigation have become so manifest, and the benefits so marvelous to the whole people, that this form of intensive farming is no longer looked upon as an experiment.

Fortunate, indeed, is the State of Washington, which has not only ample



*Beulah Land as it is now.*

money now being invested from the reclamation funds, but has many private irrigation enterprises which have proven themselves remarkable benefactors of this commonwealth. Illustrating the marvelous wealth-producing capacity of private capital in irrigation fields, may be cited the Northern Pacific Works at Kennewick, Benton County, constructed four years ago at a cost of \$350,000, and watering 13,000 acres of land. In four years' time, wealth has been created of approximately \$15,000,000 from this one project alone. In 1901 the assessed valuation of Yakima County was less than six millions, while in 1906 it reached \$16,000,000, and in the meantime Benton County has been taken from Yakima. Wealth approximating \$15,000,000 has already been created in Chelan County from this source.

Because of the fact that it is the policy of the reclamation service to avoid such projects as are clearly within the range of private capital, enterprising men have gone into the more favored portion of Eastern Washington where irrigation enterprises have lain dormant for years. In the opinion of expert engineers and irri-

gation authorities, many of these enterprises are susceptible of profitable development, but until the last three or four years, the great mass of the agricultural people in the West have not realized that farming under irrigation is the safest and most profitable form of agriculture. The reason for this fact is, that in the rich corn belt of the Mississippi Valley, and in the wide prairie regions of Kansas and the Dakotas, great farming communities have been built up and prospered by agriculture without artificial irrigation. In these regions wheat, corn, potatoes, hay and other staple products, have been grown successfully and even with great profit. It has seemed impossible to the men who have farmed for years under these conditions, to enter upon the sagebrush desert and make it bring forth wealth.

In the last three years, however, there has been an awakening among the agricultural classes of the country on the subject of farming by artificial irrigation. Well-informed farmers in the Central West and in the Intermountain States, now realize that there are no crop failures under irrigation; that the drudgery and

toil of farming in the old way has been done away with; that comforts and even luxuries denied the farmer of average means in the Mississippi Valley are possible and within the reach of all in a well-cultivated irrigation district.

It has been but natural, therefore, that private capital should seek to develop those projects which, because of their smaller size, are left alone by the United States Government. The Wenatchee district, in the State of Washington, long famous as one of the richest and most productive in the whole West, is an example of what private capital can do in a desert region. Ten years ago the first of the irrigation canals was in successful operation in the Wenatchee district and in three years from the time the water was placed upon the land, Wenatchee came to the front as a shipping point for the finest apples and peaches raised in that section of the state. A second and higher canal was built, and has been in operation, successfully, for the past six years; a rich and thriving community has been established, and the fame of the district has grown until, "The land of the big red apple," where dollars grow on trees, is the title given to the Wenatchee Valley and the large district tributary to the city of the same name.

About twenty miles to the east of Wenatchee and a part of that rich district, lies a new and fertile field for irrigation by private capital. The district is now known as Beulah Land—the land of promise. There are about 1000 acres in this tract, situated in Moses Coulee, which has its outlet upon the main line of the Great Northern Railroad, at a point shown on state maps as Columbia River.

The Coulee or valley (for it is really a narrow valley from a quarter to a half mile wide) is walled in on both sides, by steep and often precipitous bluffs that tower above the valley floor to a height of 700 to 1,000 feet. From the summit of these walls spreads the great plateau of the Big Bend country, with its thousands of acres of the finest wheat land in the state. The bed of the Coulee is level and, nestling between its rock walls, is protected from the frost and cold winds of Winter. This fortunate location and perfect protection makes

Beulah Land one of the most promising irrigation sections of the state.

Soil, elevation above the sea, and general climatic conditions are similar to those of the Wenatchee Valley, and it is reasonable to suppose that this section will produce as large profit-paying crops as those now marketed from the City of Wenatchee. If there is any difference in point of climate, it should be in favor of Beulah Land. The Winters there are very mild, with little snow, and the seasons, year by year, are uniform, enabling the fruitgrower to select his variety of fruit with the greatest degree of certainty against injury by frost. The days in Summer are warm, but the nights are always cool. The long hot nights of the East and of the Mississippi Valley are missing here, and the result is that both man and beast enjoy perfect rest when once the toil of the day is over.

The soil is of great depth, running often to fifty feet or more below the surface of the ground, so that it is absolutely inexhaustible. It is composed of a mixture of volcanic ash and decomposed vegetation, and is of such heavy character that when once watered, it is more productive and prolific of fruits, cereals and all high-class vegetable products than almost any other section of the State of Washington.

Because of its many unique characteristics, a more extended mention of the Beulah Land enterprise is deserved. The property was purchased some months ago, after a thorough investigation had been made by a syndicate of Wenatchee and Seattle men, who organized and incorporated the Wenatchee Fruit Land Company. Being equipped with ample financial means to carry out in every detail the proposition of developing and putting Beulah Land on the market, the company at once proceeded to work and has now a force of engineers in the field, platting the land for sale.

It is intended to improve Beulah Land by a broad tree-bordered avenue running through the center of the valley, with five-acre home tracts running from the street to the line of the rocky cliffs. Pure spring water for irrigation and drinking purposes is to be delivered on each tract; a town site is to be laid out; schools and churches built; saloons are to be prohibited, and every effort made to build up a

prosperous and happy community of profit-producing homes.

The most prominent irrigation engineers have investigated thoroughly the question of an ample supply of water flowing from Douglas Creek upon this land. Measurements have been taken, and the question studied on a scientific basis. In short, the plans provide for what in other irrigation districts is considered a most adequate and generous allotment of water. The question of the dependability of the supply has been absolutely solved, so that the element of chance is removed.

One thousand acres of land will be brought under cultivation, divided into individual holdings, averaging five acres, which will be planted during the coming season to fruit orchards. The trees will be selected by competent nurserymen, with instructions to secure only the most profitable varieties which are known to be certain of production in this latitude. Within three years from date of planting, these fruit orchards should produce in abundance, particularly in apples and peaches. Being so fortunately situated, the owners of fruit farms of this region will be able, after the third year, to obtain a yearly income from their orchards, which will, within a very short time pay, not only the cost of the land, but all improvements and a very handsome income as well.

One of the vital facts of the success of any farming region, is the question of markets and transportation. Statistical authorities of the Reclamation Department, at Washington, in discussing the characteristics of the chief irrigation districts of the State of Washington, have commented in the most flattering manner upon the markets reached by the important irrigated sections of this commonwealth. Indeed, it is doubtful if any state in the Union is so blessed as this, particularly in the matter of the market for the products of field and orchard. Passing through the northern central portion of the State of Washington, is the Great Northern Railway, which is being extended both north and south from the present main line.

The engineering department of the Great Northern has projected a branch line to be built up Moses Coulee, traversing Beulah Land to a point near Oroville,

and thence to a connection with the Hill System in Western Canada. To the south Mr. Hill has projected a line extending down the west bank of the Columbia River from Trinidad to Pasco, where a connection will be made with the new main line railroad of the Portland & Seattle system down the north bank of the Columbia.

Having these projected lines of railroad in mind, a glance at the map will show that the new Beulah Land district is in almost the geographical center of the State of Washington, thus having a commanding position in a traffic way.

Through these widely diverging lines of traffic, the Chelan and Douglas farming communities are able to reach the cities of Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Bellingham and Everett on the west, and of Spokane, Butte, Helena, St. Paul and Chicago on the east. This does not take into consideration the smaller mining camps of the Coeur d'Alene district in Idaho, and the mining towns of British Columbia on the north.

It is because of this exceptionally fortunate situation as regards markets and transportation that the orchardists of Central Washington have been able to earn such tremendous returns from their land. An apple orchard, fairly well matured, yields a revenue of from \$300 to \$1,500 per acre, according to the degree of attention given. Peaches yield from \$650 to \$1,000 per acre, and grapes produce almost equally large returns. The result of this is, that today land in orchard in the Wenatchee country cannot be purchased for less than \$1,000 an acre if close to a shipping point, and even runs as high as from \$1,500 to \$2,000 per acre. A farm of five acres in this marvelous district will support a family in luxury. Indeed, a farm with an orchard covering part of the land, exceeding ten acres, is almost too large an undertaking for the average farmer, owing to the enormous yield of crops of every character.

Concerning the soil and fruit-raising advantages of this district, the State Statistician of Washington says in the state book of 1905:

For variety, quality and amount of fruit that can be raised to the acre, this section has become famous. Fruits of all kinds that grow anywhere in the Temperate Zone are raised in great abundance. These include



*Beulah Land, Showing Rock Walls.*

apples, peaches, plums, apricots and the small fruits, grapes, raspberries, gooseberries, strawberries, currants. Of these, apples, peaches, grapes and cherries approach perfection; apples weighing 43 ounces and flavor to correspond to the size have been grown. Peaches have been raised weighing 18 ounces and that measured 13 inches in circumference. Bunches of grapes that weigh from three to six pounds are not uncommon.

The future of this section of the state is absolutely assured, and the incoming of new settlers from the East during the present Winter will greatly increase the number of cultivated farms and the population of Chelan and Douglas Counties.

As a matter of fact, there is very good reason for believing that the next Federal census will show a greater growth in population and of taxable wealth in farm lands and improvements here than will have been recorded in any other portion of the United States. Enough evidence is now at hand to prove that the astonishing development now going on in the arid portion of Washington under irrigation will not reach its highest point for some years to come, and that before that time is here, a new record will have been made in the upbuilding of the West.

# Intelligent Co-operation

How It Paves the Certain Way to Profitable  
Success in Southern California

By Chas. V. Barton



HERE has been no safer or more profitable form of investment in Southern California, particularly in its leading communities, like Los Angeles and Long Beach, than the intelligent placing of capital in real estate, both improved and unimproved. Vast fortunes have been made, and there are vast fortunes still to be made.

While many individuals have achieved a competence, and more, from comparatively small beginnings, it is an undeniable truth that the person of little means is greatly hampered by the mere fact of limited capital. He cannot take advantage of the safest and most promising opportunities, because these, in the great majority of instances, are seized only with the help of large capital. A \$500 investment, for instance, in a single lot in the outskirts of a city, will not be as safely or as profitably invested as it would be if the property consisted of a lot on a principal street in the down-town district. But the down-town lot may be worth \$50,000; so the man of large means is able to swing the investment, while the person with only \$500 must let the opportunity go by and take his chances with far less promising opportunities. The old Scriptural saying, "To him that hath shall be given," is but an apt recognition of a long-prevailing law of finance.

But, happily, there is a saving grace. One person with only \$500 cannot compete with another possessing \$50,000; but 100 persons with \$500 each are equal to the \$50,000 man, provided they join their forces and their money in intelligent co-operation.

This great truth has been given practical recognition in the organization of The United Syndicates Company (Ltd.), of Los Angeles and Long Beach, Southern California. There are many forms of co-operation, and the mere fact of joined

forces will not of itself insure success. There must be, so far as human intelligence, honesty, sound judgment and experience can provide it, a foundation which supplies an effective safeguard against risk or failure. This foundation is established in the plan of the United Syndicates Company.

This company organizes real estate syndicates, on the debenture system, for investors and speculators of small means. It makes them, in proportion to the size of their investment, the equal of men of large capital, and opens to them equally favorable opportunities.

The debenture of the company is a contract or bond covering specified pieces or parcels of property purchased for investment; it constitutes a lien on that property; but, instead of guaranteeing a small rate of interest, it guarantees an equal *pro rata* of seventy per cent. of the profits or increase in value, and at maturity is payable in cash, both principal and profits, when the property is sold.

This admirable plan has many advantages over the ordinary stock proposition; the debenture holders are exempt from any and all liability as stockholders, and free from assessment for corporate liabilities. The investor knows just what he is buying and in which basket his egg is put.

The debentures are issued in sums of \$50 and multiples thereof, the most convenient form for people of moderate means. The proceeds of the sale of debentures in each separate syndicate are treated as trust funds. They can be used only to purchase specified pieces of property, which are deeded direct to trustees or to a responsible Trust company for the purpose of safeguarding the interests and rights of debenture holders.

From the profits accruing from the sale or income of the property, seventy per cent. of such profit is divided *pro rata* among the debenture holders, in addition to the return of their principal, making each

transaction complete in itself; the remaining thirty per cent. of the profits only is retained by the company. Out of this thirty per cent. all expenses must be paid, the company taking the remainder for its remuneration or profit.

The company makes no profit unless profits are made on the investment. No salary or other compensation is allowed any officer or director from the investment funds of the syndicate.

The debentures are free from taxation; they can be sold or transferred at any time for their full market value; they are negotiable.

Very much depends upon the men who are behind the plan. One of the chief advantages to the small investor who buys these debentures is that he has the benefit of the knowledge, shrewdness and sound judgment of men who have made a success of real estate and financial investments; he is a partner with them, and shares proportionately in their success.

The United Syndicates Company is composed of men whose names are a guaranty of shrewd investment, careful management and an honest accounting. The president is Epes. Randolph, well-known capitalist and railroad man of Los Angeles; the first vice-president is W. J. Doran, vice-president of the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, of Los Angeles; Morris H. Wil-

son, the second vice-president, is a well-known real estate man of Los Angeles; P. E. Hatch, treasurer, is cashier of the National Bank of Long Beach; N. Emmet May, of the Minton-May Company, real estate, Long Beach, is secretary. These constitute the board of directors. In addition, from each syndicate an advisory board is chosen from the debenture holders to advise, assist, and co-operate with the directors.

For those who wish to purchase more debentures than the amount of available cash will permit, the company conducts an excellent system of partial payments which places the purchaser on an equitable basis with the cash purchaser.

The principal field of the company is in Long Beach and Los Angeles, though it is by no means necessarily confined to those cities. There the best opportunities for profitable investment are found. Several syndicates have already been successfully organized, and others are forming.

It will be seen that the United Syndicates Company presents an admirable form of investment for non-residents who wish to establish favorable financial connections in the Land of Sunshine. Those who desire to learn more of the enterprise should address the secretary, N. Emmet May, 14 Pacific Avenue, Long Beach, for literature covering full details.



Written by Hugh Herdman unless otherwise designated

### Splinters From the Birch.

I.

#### IN GREAT HASTE.

One morning recently in one of the Portland grammar schools, Willie Smith, a sturdy, independent, little chap of six years, walked into the building five minutes after the tardy bell had rung. As promptness is one of the cardinal virtues, tardiness is dealt with in school with considerable severity. Willie had been tardy before, and he well knew what was in store for him when he confronted his teacher. Accordingly, with jaw set firmly, and eyelids blinking rapidly, he was making his way down the hall toward his room.

As he turned a corner in the corridor, however, he came face to face with the principal. Willie was for continuing his way, but the principal had other views.

"See here, Willie," he said, taking hold of the young man's arm, "I want to talk to you."

"Aw," said Willie, impatiently, as he tried to wriggle out of the hold, "I aint got no time to talk; I'm late already."

II.

#### AN URBAN CINDERELLA.

The teacher had been reading the story of Cinderella to her class of youngsters, and was now going over the story again with them to fix it in their minds. Among other questions which she asked them was why it was necessary for Cinderella to leave every night early enough to be home by twelve o'clock.

From various members of the class she elicited most of the reasons which are implied in the story, until finally all remained silent.

"Is n't there any other reason?" she asked. "Can't any of you think of another?"

Up shot Larry's soiled, chubby paw, in frantic eagerness to indicate his knowledge.

"That's good, Larry. What is the reason?"

"She had to ketch the last car," piped Larry.

III.

#### OBEDIENT.

Another teacher had the baby class, and was teaching them how to spell simple words.

Among her charges was a sweet, fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl, named Millie, in whom the teacher took great pride and pleasure because of her brightness and her obedience. One explanation of anything seemed to be all that was necessary to make it clear to her eager mind.

The teacher was teaching them to spell "dog." She put it on the board, D-O-G, and then spelled it aloud for them several times, D-O-G. Calling upon several members of the class, she had them spell it after her. Then, thinking that, of course, Millie understood it and could spell it alone, she called on her.

Millie rose from her seat and said, "D—dog."

"No, Millie," said the teacher in surprise, "that is n't right. It is n't D—dog. Try again."

But Millie persisted in saying "D—dog." Finally the teacher asked her, "Why dont you spell the rest of the word, Millie? Why dont you say, not 'D—dog.' but 'D-O-G dog'?"

"'Cause," answered Millie innocently, "my mamma does n't like for me to say 'Oh gee!'"

IV.

#### TO BE EXACT.

"Here you are again!" exclaimed the principal, in disgust. "You were in this office yesterday because you were in trouble, and now you come back again. What is the matter this time?"

"Well, teacher sent me here because I throwed chalk at another kid."

"So you have been a bad boy again, have you?"

"Yes, mam—or sir."

"Now you've broken your word too, because when you were in here yesterday, did n't you promise me that you would in the future be an exemplary boy?"

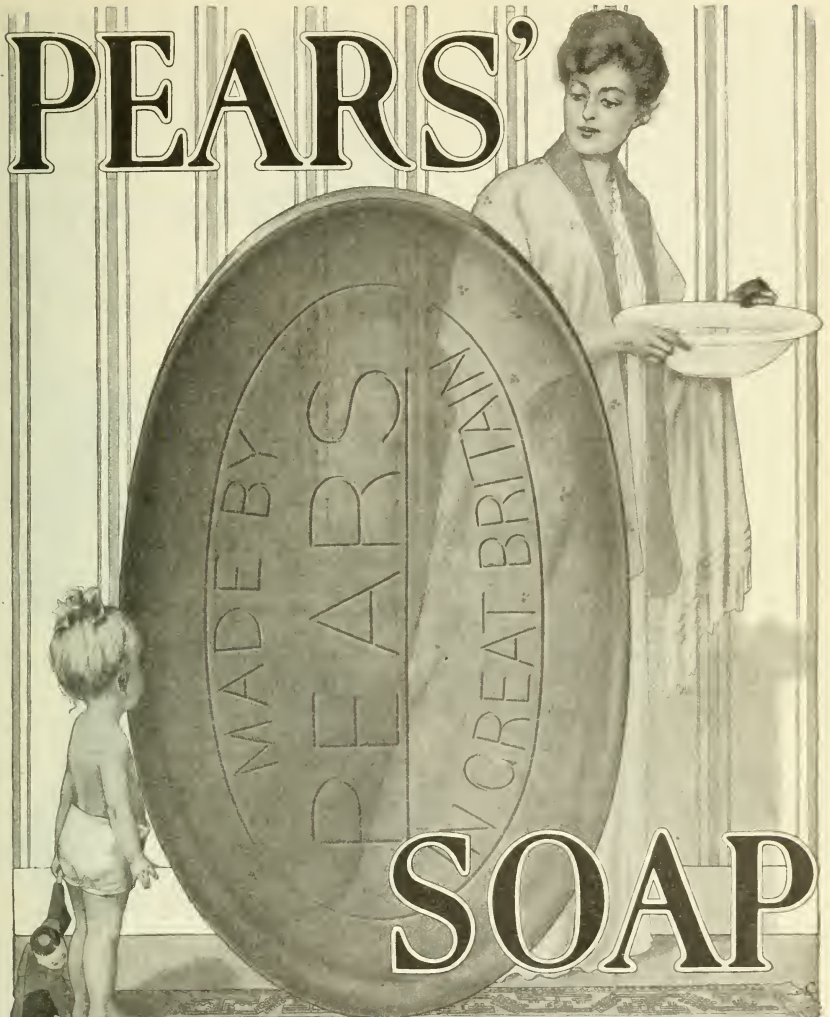
"No, I did n't. I did n't say 'ex'plary'; I said I would n't play hookey no more."

\* \* \*

#### In Alkali Ike's Restaurant.

Notis: Gests will pleze not use there guns on the beefstake if it is to rare.





"As sweet as a peach" and "as smooth as satin"  
is baby's skin after a bath with Pears' Soap

**Matchless for the Complexion**

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

*"All rights secured."*

Do not forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

**In Elysium.**

Socrates—Here's one for you: Did you ever see a—  
 Solomon—A purple cow? Yes.  
 Socrates—No, a—  
 Solomon—A five-legged calf? Yes.  
 Socrates—No, a s—  
 Solomon—A sea-serpent? Yes.  
 Socrates—No, a s—  
 Solomon—A smokeless fireplace? Yes.  
 Socrates—No, a st—  
 Solomon—A stainless reputation? Yes.  
 Socrates—No, a st—  
 Solomon—A state legislature without graft?  
 Well—

Socrates—No, a stuttering woman?  
 Solomon—Of course not. And nobody else ever did. A woman with an impediment in her speech! And you set yourself up for a philosopher, a man who knows things! Huh!

**How Could He Refuse Her?**

"James, dear," she said, as she put her arms about his neck, "you said before we were married that you would get me anything I wanted after we were married. Did n't you?"

"Yes," he drawled, mentally squeezing his pocket-book.

"Well, James, I think I would like a divorce."

**Now Is the Time.**

In this age of bargain-hunting, doubtless many citizens of Portland will avail themselves of the opportunity which is presented in the following advertisement which appeared in a daily paper recently:

The Suredead Undertaking Company desire to announce that henceforth the price of interments will be greatly lessened. Phone, Black and White 23.

**Under no Obligation.**

Gas O. Line—What's the big sheet of tin for that you are carrying?

Ben Zine—I am going to have a sign painted on it, saying, "The owner of this automobile will positively not be responsible for funeral expenses contracted by moping pedestrians," and hang it on the rear of my machine. I've paid my license, have n't I?

**Sic Semper.**

Blinker—What is the trouble between Tinker and his wife? Had a quarrel?

Sinker—Well, not exactly. Tinker persuaded his wife to go for a row on the river with him, saying that he knew how to man-age a boat.

Blinker—Well?

Sinker—Well, he didn't, and they had a falling out.



# HALL'S

## VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

Makes a rich and abundant growth of hair. Quickly stops falling hair. Keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Prevents the hair splitting at the ends. An elegant dressing for the hair, making it soft and smooth.

For the whiskers and moustache we make a Dye known as BUCKINGHAM'S DYE. It colors instantly a rich brown or a soft black.

R. P. HALL & CO.,  
 Nashua, N. H.



## Make Your Syrup at Home

WITH

# MAPLEINE

For one pint of Delicious Sappy Syrup,  
**Better than Maple**

Dissolve 2 cups white sugar in one cup water and add one teaspoonful of Mapleine. Make it in any quantity—full directions with each bottle, including book of recipes, "MAPLEINE DAINTIES."

See bottle of MAPLEINE (2 gals. syrup) mailed to any address on receipt of stamps. Don't miss it.

**CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, Wash.**

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

### Untouchable.

Timkins—Happy New Year, old man!

Tomkins—Same to you, and many of them!

Timkins—Beautiful day, is n't it?

Tomkins—It is, indeed.

Timkins—I was just thinking how happy I could be if I had—

Tomkins—It 's no use, Timkins, I 've sworn off.

Timkins—Ah, you dont understand. I did n't mean a drink. I 've sworn off that too. I mean—

Tomkins—It 's no use, I tell you, I 've sworn off.

Timkins—I dont understand.

Tomkins—Yes, you do. You were going to ask me to lend you a twenty; but you 're a day too late. I 've sworn off lending my friends money. I always lose by it.

Timkins—What? The money?

Tomkins—No; the friends.

\* \* \*

### Had Probably Heard It.

Willie Highball—Call your wife up and tell her you have to go out of town tonight.

Bennie Tippler—Mush n't do it.

Willie Highball—Aw, go ahead. She 'll not recognize your voice when you 're drunk.

Bennie Tippler—But she 'll reshize my—hic-hiccough.

### Musings of a Misogymist.

Women have a better knowledge of books than men have—pocketbooks.

Men's talk may be broader than women's; but women's is longer.

Women are more truthful than men—about each other.

Husbands endure the expense of their wives' Summer vacations because of the pleasure—to the husbands.

A woman picks out her own hats, but picks to pieces those of her friends.

Women think that a man's stomach is his god; but it is only his devil that drives him to eat mince pie and drink of the flowing bowl.

\* \* \*

### Error of Judgment.

Visitor to the penitentiary—My friend, have you confessed your sins?

Nimble-fingered Pete—Naw, worse luck! I plead "not guilty," and de jury stuck me de limit. If I 'd a confessed, mebbe de Jedgo would a let me off easy.

\* \* \*

### Ho, Diogenes!

Morton—Whose umbrella is that?

Martin—Yours. I was just bringing it to you.

Morton—Help!



## The Peerless Seasoning

As a seasoning for Fish,  
Steaks, Chops, Game, Soups, etc.,  
nothing can take the place of

# Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Beware of imitations. Look for Lea & Perrins' signature on label  
and outside wrapper.

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.



## French Curved Plume

An exceedingly graceful feather which readily lends itself to many uses. Carefully made of selected stock from male

birds; full, wide and lustrous. 15-in. length, any color, prepaid \$3.75

## Cawston Ostrich Farm

Visitors to Southern California should see this, the original and largest ostrich farm in America, without fail. Here, in an ideal climate, the Cawston birds are scientifically bred and cared for, maturing into strong, vigorous creatures bearing a splendid plumage, full of life and brilliancy.

We manufacture the product on the farm and sell direct to patrons, who thus save middlemen's profits and import duty. Everything shipped prepaid.

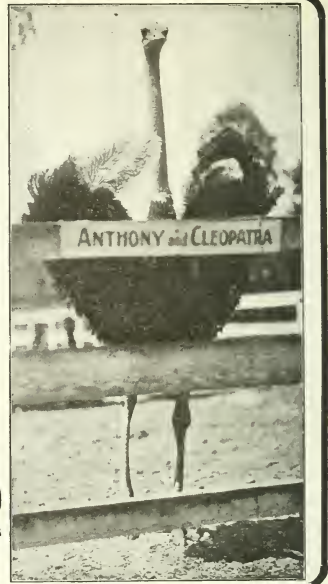
**Free on request** Our handsome new catalogue. An interesting history of ostrich farming in America, containing also prices and illustrations of Cawston Tips, Plumes, Boas, Stoles, Fans, Etc.

**Repair Dept.** Old ostrich feather goods are always valuable, no matter how broken or faded. The same skilled operators who manufacture our new goods handle all repair work. Send us your old plumes and boas for rejuvenation.

**CAWSTON**  
OSTRICH FARM 

P. O. Box 67

South Pasadena, California



### The Biggest Graft of All.

"Look at that!" exclaimed the man of humanitarian instincts.

A look about failed to reveal anything but an endless line of horses hitched to all sorts of conveyances, traveling up and down the street.

"Look at what?"

"At that, that graft. If you can pick out anything that has been exposed as graft and that beats that spectacle, I'd like to know what it is."

"Well, if you will be a little more explicit, perhaps I can accommodate you."

"Why, dont you see? I mean that graft of making a horse work. What right has man to levy on the services of an animal like that? What right has he to deny him his freedom, which God gave him, put a piece of iron in his mouth, a collar on him, and tell him to go to work for his living? What right has he to take him off the open turf range, put shoes on him, and pound his legs to pieces on hard pavements? Do you suppose the poor beasts know why they are working? Not on your life! And what do they get for it? A little oats, some musty hay, and a kick in the ribs, or a welt on the back."

"There! There! Look at that specimen! A sixteen-year-old, two-legged brute thumping the life out of one of the noblest creatures

God ever made. And why? Just because some good-for-nothing lazy hulk of a man in ages past thought it a fine scheme to take away the horse's freedom and make a slave of him.

"Oh, yes; man is the noblest creation of God, but he is also the biggest grafter."

\* \* \*

### Agreed.

Mr. Henpeck (laying down the Bible)—A wonderful, wonderful story, that about Job! No wonder we hear the expression, "The patience of Job."

Mrs. Henpeck—Yes, but who wrote the Bible? Men, of course. Otherwise we surely should have heard something about Mrs. Job. The patience of Job, indeed! Just think of what she had to put up with. A man is bad enough; but a man with boils! Heaven deliver me!

Mr. Henpeck (sotto-voce)—Me, too!

\* \* \*

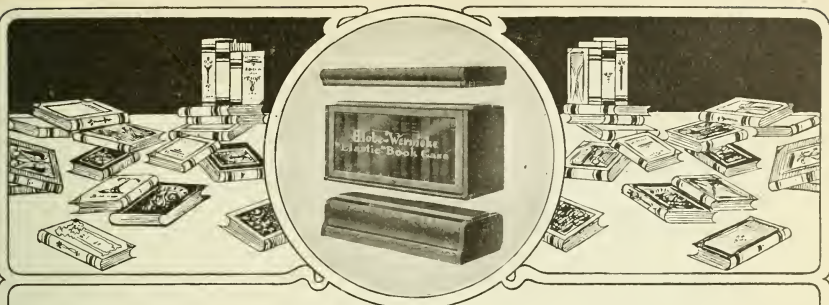
### Not Intentional.

Simms—You dont drink as regularly as you used to, do you?

Timms—No, not quite. I missed two drink times last month. I'm becoming absent minded or something.

Simms—Take anything for it?

Timms—Thanks! Dont care if I do.



## WHAT TO DO WITH THE HOLIDAY BOOKS!

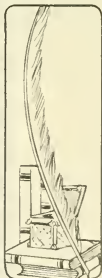
Just now this is a leading question in many thousand American homes. How can all the new books, with their attractive bindings be displayed to the best advantage, arranged and classified so as to always be accessible?

*Now* is the most propitious moment of the entire year to settle this question for all time to come, by procuring Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Book Cases which are graded as to height to fit the books of any library, and in lengths to fit most any room.

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BRANCH STORES: NEW YORK, 380-382 Broadway. CHICAGO, 224-228 Wabash.  
BOSTON, 91-93 Federal.

**Always.**

Chairman campaign committee (before the election)—From reports which we have received, and which are absolutely infallible, we are certain that our candidate will be elected by a majority of at least 200,000. We have made a careful house-to-house canvass of the entire state, and we know what we are talking about.

The election results in a majority of 10,000 for the candidate mentioned above.

Chairman (after the election)—The result of the campaign was just as I predicted, and meets our most sanguine expectations. It is a great triumph for dignity and purity in politics.

\* \* \*

**In the Ark.**

Noah—What's all that noise among the animals?

Shem—The camel has got his back up because the rhinoceros thinks he is an automobile and keeps tooting his horn.

\* \* \*

**The Object.**

Mrs. Dakota—I see that the main thing in the new divorce law that the anti-divorcists are advocating is publicity.

Mrs. Chicago—How perfectly lovely!

**Who's Easy?**

Everybody touches father,  
He's a great, big, bloomin' jay;  
He opens up his wallet  
And gives the bills away.  
Mother needs a bonnet,  
Sister wants a dress.  
Everybody touches father  
Every blessed day—  
The easy mark!

\* \* \*

**Consistency.**

Jinks—Who has a cigarette?  
Binks—Here's one.  
Jinks—I thought you had sworn off smoking them?  
Binks—I have. They are very injurious to one's health. The sale of them should be forbidden by law.  
Jinks—But you always have a case full.  
Binks—Well, my friends still smoke.

\* \* \*

**Those Girls.**

Miss X. Acting—Yes, indeed, I shall insist that the man who marries me shall be as unselfish after marriage as before.  
Miss Cutting—Are you sure, dear, that his unselfishness will not be exhausted in marrying you?

# Electric Power

**For  
Manufacturing  
Purposes**

If you contemplate establishing any business requiring POWER in PORTLAND or its suburbs, it will be to your advantage to talk with us before placing your orders for machinery.

Advantages in the cost of producing power in Portland, in comparison with other cities of the country, enable us to make lowest rates and give the best service in the supplying of LIGHT, HEAT or POWER.

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# ARCADIA

**LOCATION**—On railroad 22 miles from a large city.  
**SOIL**—Rich volcanic ash. Splendid farms surrounding. Yields abundant harvest of fruit and vegetables. Real estate taxes paid by Association for four years.

# IRRIGATED

**TERMS**—\$1.00 per acre per month which includes free water right and clearing and planting of all kinds of fruit trees and the CARE OF SAME FOR FOUR YEARS. Selling fast.

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SEATTLE, WASHINGTON



Music Master: "I give the assurance that the effectiveness of any speaking machine is improved by the use of

# Columbia Records"

**YOU** cannot get the best results from any talking machine without using Columbia Disc or Cylinder Records.

Why? Because they are as unapproachable in **quality** as they are in **repertory**.

Columbia Records reproduce the voice, whether in song or speech in exact fac-simile, unmarred by the rasping wheezy sounds produced by all other records.

Perfect **purity of tone** with **perfect enunciation** are the distinguishing features of Columbia Records. You hear the **real Sembrich**, the **real De Reszke**, the **real Bispham** among the other famous singers for the Columbia. And **only** from the Columbia's enormous repertory will you find the **best** in Opera—the **best** in Popular Songs—the **best** in Bands, and the **best** in Everything.

All talking machines accommodate Columbia Records.

Columbia Gold Moulded Cylinder Records, **25c**, if you pay more you waste your money. Columbia 10 Inch Disc Records, **60c**  
Columbia Half Foot Cylinder Records ("20th Century") - - **50c**

The Half Foot Records contain **every verse** of a song and complete **dance music**  
"20th Century" Records are played only on the newest style Columbia Cylinder Graphophones

**COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Gen'l**

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Grand Prix, Paris, 1900

Double Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904

Grand Prize, Milan, 1906

Stores in every large city—Dealers everywhere



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Finest deep Green Jade with Pure Gold (24 Karat fine) Mountings. Made by Chinese workmen under our personal supervision. Rings, Brooches, Pendants, Bracelets, Scarf Pins, etc.

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Broadway and Fourth  
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**DENTACURA**

The Tooth Paste      The Ideal Dentifrice

A CHAIN of testimonials from dentists in practice attests the unequalled excellence of Dentacura Tooth Paste. It cleans the teeth, destroys bacteria, prevents decay. It is applied to the brush without the waste attending the use of powder. That you may know by experience its value, we will send you free a sample tube of Dentacura and our booklet, "Taking Care of the Teeth" if you write immediately. Dentacura may be had at most toilet counters. Price 25c. If your dealer does not have it we will send it on receipt of price.

**DENTACURA CO., 209 Alling St., Newark, N. J.**

**The Common Lot.**

Smith—It 's no use. I 'm up against it!  
 Smythe—What 's the matter now?  
 Smith—Well, you know, about a month ago I told you I had worked a scheme on my wife by buying a safety razor. I used to shave myself with the old, regulation, straight blade; but about once a week I would find that my better, but thoughtless, half had used my razor to sharpen a pencil with or rip up an old dress, or something else of that sort. Finally, I gave up in despair and resorted to the safety.  
 Smythe—Yes, you told me.  
 Smith—I also crowed over the fact that I had her fowl. There was n't any conceivable use, according to my blatant tongue, that she could put a safety razor to. Isn't that what I said?  
 Smythe—Yes, that 's right.  
 Smith—Well, I lied. See those seventeen scratches on my cheek? Well, I started to shave last night in a hurry, and they are the result of my first and only stroke. What do you suppose she confessed to having been doing with it?  
 Smythe—Give it up.  
 Smith—Trimming off the hair from those rat things that women put in their hair. And

when I kicked, she got sore, and said she wouldn't have a razor that wouldn't cut hair. Gad!

\* \* \*

**A Shrewd Turn.**

When the bottom dropped out of the boom in Kansas a great many years ago, the desire to get rid of the property was as great as it had been to acquire it.

One day, a lawyer while traveling along a country road met an old friend of his wearily but happily leading a reluctant cow toward town. Inquiry drew out the reply that he had acquired the cow in exchange for a city lot.

"And do you know," said the new owner of the bovine, laughing, "I just turned a great trick with that old bewhiskered rube. He can't read a word, and in the deed I worked off two lots on him instead of one."

\* \* \*

**No Doubt.**

First Financier—Well, how did you come out in that merger deal of yours?

Second Financier—Oh, I cleaned up a million on it.

First Financier—Between you and me and the railroad, I have no doubt that it needed cleaning, eh?



**The Way to Become Wealthy.**

As matters went in that community, he was accounted "well fixed." He owned one hundred and sixty acres of good land, which bore him bountiful crops of corn, oats, and wheat, and which were well stocked with horses, cattle and hogs. These he had acquired, however, by unusual thrift and economy which his neighbors did not always find commendable.

To illustrate this point, here is an incident that happened one day in January: The price of pork had gone up to five cents, and he decided to sell most of his drove. Accordingly, he called in a number of his neighbors with their wagons and teams to help him haul his hogs to town. The day was cold, and when they had reached town and unloaded their wagons at the stock yards, they hastened up town to warm up. By all the laws of gratitude, old Schimp should have set before them whatever solid and liquid refreshment they craved. But, although he had a check for over five hundred dollars in his pocket, he showed no signs of "loosening up."

Finally, one of the others called the crowd into a saloon and invited them to have a drink. Schimp complied with alacrity. Each gave his order.

"What's yours?" asked the bartender of Schimp.

"I'll take the nickel," said Schimp, without batting an eyelid.

\* \* \*

**The Voice of Authority.**

The room was in an uproar. Everybody was talking at once, and no one seemed to make himself heard. Suddenly a tall, gray-haired man, who had an unmistakable air of authority about him, rose and pounded on the table. Still the hubbub continued. He glared around him, but nobody heeded his growing anger. Then clenching his fist, he pounded vigorously on the table and shouted in a resonant, commanding voice, "Order! Order!"

The effect was instantaneous. In a trice a waiter stood at each elbow and said obsequiously, "What's your order, sir?"

"A clubhouse sandwich and a glass of beer," he said, sinking down into his chair with a sigh of relief.

\* \* \*

**The Cause Thereof.**

Casey—Listen here to the pothry me daughter Mollie writ.

Egan—Pothry, is it?

Casey—Yis. She writ another wan yister-day, but I lost it.

Egan—Aha! An' that 's what 's the matter with me goat. Take that fer yer crim'nal negligence.



**JELL-O**

Is the most delightful dessert imaginable, and can be made up into hundreds of different combinations by following the simple directions given in our

**New Illustrated Recipe Book**  
sent free on request.

By using JELL-O it is possible to serve a different dessert every day in the year.

**Prepared instantly**—simply add boiling water and set to cool. A 10c. package makes enough dessert for a large family.

There is no other dessert just like JELL-O. Beware of dangerous imitations; they may undermine your health. JELL-O is

**Approved by**  
**Pure Food Commissioners**  
and so stamped.

Highest Award at  
ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION 1904.  
PORTLAND - - - 1905.  
BIRMINGHAM - - - 1906.

7 flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Strawberry, Chocolate, Cherry and Peach. At Grocers everywhere.

10 cents per package.

Leaflet in each package, telling how to get fancy Aluminum Jelly Molds at cost of postage and packing.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,  
Le Roy, N. Y.

# THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

## Advice to Editors.

Pay the least you think the poor devil will take.

Never return a manuscript within less than two months after receiving it.

Throw all rejected manuscripts on the floor and walk on it two or three days before returning it. This will necessitate the author's having it retyped before submitting it elsewhere.

Keep half the postage enclosed for the return of manuscript. The author will pay whatever is due on the package.

Promise to pay on acceptance, but pay, if at all, only on publication. He has no redress.

Pay by the word—two syllables or more.

\* \* \*

## Said Uncle Rastus.

"Hit 'pears ter me," said Uncle Rastus, "dat many ob de cool thousand dollahs dat Ah hears 'bout lays pow'ful hot on de consciences ob de folks dat has 'em."

\* \* \*

## Nothing New.

Smith—Say, old man, you look pale. How many cigars have you smoked today?

Smythe—That 's my business.

Smith—I inferred that from never having seen you do anything else.

## A Cruel Kindness.

Singleton—I say, old chap, you look a hundred per cent better than when I last saw you. You were thin and pale then; now you are fat and rosy. What have you been doing?

Benedict—Been living in the open air for six months.

Singleton—Oh, consumption, eh?

Benedict—No, presumption. I presumed too much on my wife's good nature by staying out at nights, and she turned me out.

\* \* \*

## Deservedly So.

Bings—There goes the wealthiest physician in the country, as well as the most famous.

Bangs—That so? What has he done?

Bings—He was the first man who had the nerve to call stomach-ache appendicitis.

\* \* \*

## Well Named.

Willie—Pa, why do they call them trusts infant industries?

Pa (gingerily disengaging his whiskers from Baby Mary's clutches)—Because they have got such a pull.

\* \* \*

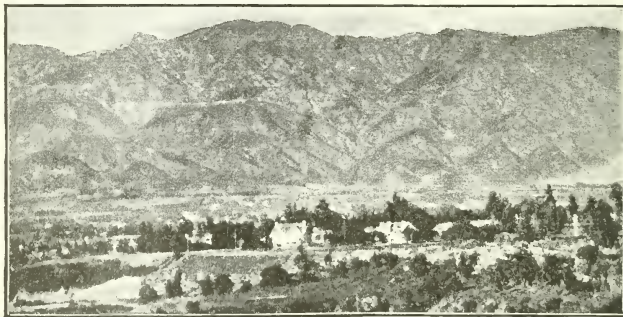
## One Way.

Lady Visitor (to prisoner)—My good man, how did you get your start downward?

Prisoner—By being sent up.

## WE MAKE A SPECIAL FEATURE OF BEVERLY HILLS LOTS

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### Los Angeles, The Wonderful

Population:	Actual value of real estate,
1880..... 12,000	taxed this year, 1906, Los
1890..... 50,000	Angeles City, \$375,000,000.
1900..... 100,000	Actual value of county real
1906..... 275,000	estate, taxed this year,
	1906..... \$215,000,000

The above figures are authentic, being estimated from the records, and the new buildings now under construction will add \$8,000,000 to the values. There is no one out of work who has gray matter enough to earn money and a desire to work. Come to Los Angeles. Have your mail addressed to our office.

### A SUNLAND HOME

If you are thinking of an investment, Home, Ranch or a Residence ready to step into and settle down in—write us at once. We can sell you first-class Alfalfa Land under irrigation, in blocks of 40 acres and up at from \$30.00 to \$60.00 an acre, that will earn you from 60 to 100 per cent yearly on the cost of your lands which yields from 6 to 8 crops, and besides this profit you will live in a land of perpetual sunshine, flowers and freedom from snow, ice, sleet, cyclone or earthquakes, where peace and comfort reign supreme. We handle all classes of Southern California real estate, also exchange for Eastern or Northern property. Correspondence solicited.

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8-YEAR-OLD ALMOND GROVE AT MAYWOOD COLONY, CALIFORNIA

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If so, look up the

## MAYWOOD COLONY at Corning, California

**3,000 EASTERN PEOPLE ALREADY LOCATED ON  
30,000 Acres of FRUIT, ALFALFA and FARM LAND**

Beautiful Orange and Lemon Groves here prove mild climate. Alfalfa is cut four and five times a season. Peaches, Pears, Prunes, Apricots, Almonds, Olives, Figs and Grapes are growing on 12,000 acres of the Maywood Colony. ¶ The colony village is incorporated and progressive. No saloons. Good stores and six churches. In the colony are five schools, employing 19 teachers. A modern creamery makes a cash market for cream. Local drying plants and evaporator make cash market for all colony fruit. *No Pioneering. Everything Organized.*

**Good Land in Lots of from Ten to Forty Acres at \$50.00 per Acre**

Write for my printed matter—it's FREE

### W. N. WOODSON

Proprietor of Maywood Colony  
**CORNING, CALIFORNIA**

**A la Mode.**

"Here is something that is sure to revolutionize the divorce business," said the lawyer, whose practice consists largely of handling domestic affairs of ill-assorted couples.

"What is that?" asked the layman.

"Here is a notice in the paper saying that Mr. Willie Gotthedough and his wife, who was formerly well known on the stage as Helen Highkick, have signed articles of separation."

"Which means?"

"Which means that, instead of getting a divorce at the expense of publicity, they prefer to let each other go in peace. Still, I am not sure that I disapprove of this method. There is money in it for the profession."

\* \* \*

**One on Cabby.**

Here is the only instance on record in which a "fare" ever got the better of a cabby. The individual who achieved this unique honor was a New York millionaire, as well known for his parsimony as for his business acumen. One night after working late at his office, he decided to take a cab, a very unusual thing for him to do. From his office to his residence was nearly four miles, and the cabby who drove up in reply to his whistle, smiled broadly in anticipation

of the fare which he had reason to expect from such a drive.

In due time, the cab stopped before the proper number, the cabby jumped quickly down, threw open the door, and stood in pleasant expectancy. The millionaire got out of the cab, and proffered the cabby a dollar.

The cabby looked with profound disgust, first at the dollar and then at the millionaire. His feelings were beyond the power of words to express.

"Oh, well," said the millionaire after a few moments of this, "never mind, then. Just keep the change." And up the steps and into the house he walked.

\* \* \*

**Definitions.**

Cake-walk—The two-o'clock A. M. stroll you take trying to forget that you have eaten two pieces of delicious fruit cake.

Horse Laugh—What the horse does when you take the hurdle and he does n't.

Elections—National indigestion.

Gambling—When you lose.

Legitimate Speculation—When you win.

Economy—What your wife should practice.

Latchkey—A reminiscence of bachelor days.

Angel—Your child.

Imp—Your neighbor's child.

Heaven—Where there is no rent to pay.



FRANCIS G. LUKE

**Merchants' Protective Association**

SCIENTIFIC COLLECTORS OF BAD DEBTS.

FIFTH FLOOR, COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK BUILDING  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, U. S. A.

FRANCIS G. LUKE, General Manager.

"Some People don't like us."

**B. D.**  
Stands for Bad Debts

**D. B.**  
Stands for Dead Beats

We collect bad debts from dead beats every where. We can collect yours. We collect more hopelessly bad debts than any agency in the world. We spend more money for advertising than any agency in the whole world. Write us and we will both make money

**A Long Chance.**

"What's the matter, old chap? You look worried."

"Well, I don't deceive my looks, then."

"In trouble?"

"Course, I'm in trouble. The idea of asking a fool question like that!"

"Business?"

"No."

"Domestic, eh? I'm sorry."

"So'm I. But that doesn't help any, because I told her that all she said was 'Humph!' 'Sorry' is no good. Think again."

"But I feel a little delicate about—"

"Never mind that. Let me do all the feeling."

"Well, I must know the cause, if I am to assume the role of counsel."

"There wasn't any real cause. I just got to mail a letter, and she found it months afterward in my old coat."

"By Jove! it is serious. There's nothing for you to do but to sit up all night tonight writing your will, and then call her to you in the morning and read it to her. If she loves you, the inference which she draws may cause her to forgive you."

"Well, I'll try it; but she's pretty blamed mad."

\* \* \*

**Enlightened.**

Jones—So you were held up last night, I saw in the paper.

Johnson—Yes.

Jones—Did the highwayman get all your money?

Johnson—Yes, even the fifty I had stowed away in a secret pocket.

Jones—How did he find it?

Johnson—Oh, he didn't find it.

Jones—But you surely didn't tell him where it was?

Johnson—No. My wife was with me, and the smooth villain made her go through my pockets and turn over the stuff to him.

Jones—But I thought it was a secret pocket?

Johnson—So did I.

\* \* \*

**An Infallible Clew.**

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Sherlock Holmes. "There goes a man dressed in woman's clothes. That's just the man I am looking for."

"Where? I don't see anybody that looks like a man."

"That person who just got off that car."

"Nonsense! That's a woman."

"My dear doctor, that remark only goes to show how immature and inaccurate are your powers of observation and your methods of deduction. In your usual careless manner, you failed to notice that the car was moving when the person descended, and that she—I should say he—did not step off backwards."

# MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

## TOILET POWDER



### Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

used daily renders the most tender skin proof against chapping and the usual ill effects of wind and weather. Mennen's soothes, heals, and preserves the most delicate complexion. Put up in non-refillable boxes, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's genuine, that's a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cts. Sample free.

**Gerhard Mennen Company**  
Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder.  
It has the scent of fresh cut Violets.



## A PERFECT LUNCH

A CUP OF

*Snyder's* DELICIOUS COCOA

WITH

*Snyder's* Chocolate Dipped

**TRISCUIT**  
Biscuit



YOUR GROCER OR DRUGGIST SELLS BOTH

A PERFECT HEALTH FOOD

A Satisfying Lunch Biscuit

*Snyder's*

**CHOCOLATE DIPPED TRISCUIT**

is the highest achievement in the science of food production.

THE NATURAL FOOD CO'S SHREDDED WHEAT

*TRISCUIT* DIPPED BY *Snyder's* in their World Famed

**CHOCOLATE** Making it doubly

**STRENGTHENING AND INVIGORATING**

**THE BEST CHILDREN'S BISCUIT EVER PRODUCED**



# Beautify Your Hands

*The Care of the Hands*

By Professor Ginocchio

A booklet giving much valuable information, sent FREE. Would you have pretty hands and beautiful finger nails? Then follow the instructions of PROFESSOR GINOCCHIO, a graduate of Heidelberg School of Dermatology.

A full set of New Method Manicure Instrument, made of California Orange Wood. No steel instruments, no cutting.

**\$3**

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Send today for the FREE booklet giving much valuable information about the care of the hands

**PROF. GINOCCHIO**

Room 643 Citizen's National Bank Bldg.  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

### He Was Wise.

Ben—Ah, Ned, how are you? Where have you been?

Ned—Been to Europe, my wife and I.

Ben—Have a good trip?

Ned—Fine. Come around and see us.

Ben—Was this your first trip across?

Ned—Yes. Why?

Ben—And you've just got back? Thanks for the invitation, old fellow. But if you dont mind, I'll postpone my call until you have finished telling about where you went and what you saw.

\* \* \*

### Ads.

Shoe store—Fine shoes on hand.

Dental office—Teeth extracted while you wait. (Unethical.)

Surgeon's office—Come here, and you will live to pay the bill; go elsewhere, and you'll not. (Unethical.)

Undertaking parlors—Our prices are not stiff.

Sausage factory—Prices right down to the ground.

Drug store—Why hire a physician to kill you? We will prescribe for nothing.

Insane asylum—All kinds of bugs exterminated.

\* \* \*

### Premonition.

His salary had not been increased for three years. In the same time, living expenses had almost doubled.

"It isn't much use, Mary," he said, bitterly. "I dont see how I am going to keep the wolf away from the door any longer. I expect him—"

Just then there came a knock on the door.

"See who it is, Mary."

"It's the man to read the gas meter," she said, coming back.

"What did I tell you?"

\* \* \*

### But—

They sat on the sand with their backs against a log. The light from their driftwood fire showed them close together, with her head upon his shoulder.

"Bread and cheese and kisses

Are good enough for me,"

she sang, softly.

"Well," he replied, "I dont care much for bread and cheese, but—"

The fire waited patiently for fifteen minutes, and then spluttered, "Well, I'll be blowed!" It was an English fire, you see, and not given to sentiment.

\* \* \*

### Strange.

Deep breathing tends to decrease the size of the abdomen; deep drinking to increase it.

## CORSET COVER, 39c

**DO YOU EMBROIDER?**

To advertise our stamped Corset Covers, we will send to any address this handsome Corset Cover, stamped on extra quality French Cambric, with cotton to embroider, all for 39 cents.

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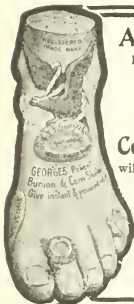
will be sent on request to any sufferer. It tells how these thin-edged, antiseptic shields with oiled silk center, are made to fit any spot and relieve instantly by removing the painful pressure and friction.

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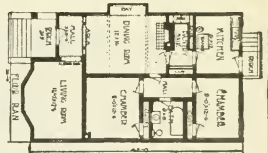
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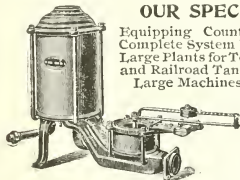
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**M. B. CRANE & COMPANY**

710-713 Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Washington.

**Mixed on Words.**

A well-dressed man, with his hat tilted back on his ruffled hair, and an excited look in his eyes, entered an art store one afternoon and stalked up to the counter, behind which several clerks were standing. The man slapped his hand imperatively on the counter.

"I want a quarter 'v' a million," he cried, "and I want it quick."

The clerks turned pale and stared at the stranger. A porter slid quietly to the door to get a policeman. The well-dressed but excited stranger stared at the clerks in astonishment.

"What the dickens is the matter with you fellows, anyhow?" he cried. "Cant I get a quarter 'v' a million without you having fits?"

"Pray dont get excited," said a clerk, patting the man on the arm. "The porter has just gone after it. We cant get so much money in a second, you know."

The stranger looked thoughtful a moment, then laughed, and the laugh gave the clerks another unpleasant shock.

"Ha, ha!" said the stranger. "I see, I see. Dont get alarmed. I merely want paint—paint, not cash. A quart of vermilion paint."

The clerks recovered their self-possession.

"I beg your pardon," said one, "but you talked so fast that it sounded as if you had demanded a quarter of a million. We thought you meant dollars."

The stranger got his paint, and the clerks went out and treated themselves.

\* \* \*

**He Could Find Out.**

A Scotch girl, rosy checked and demure, was in one corner of a compartment in a Continental train. In the corner opposite sat a heavy German. The Scotch girl was reading in the Bible. The German noticed the fact. After looking the girl over critically, he asked her whether she actually believed all she found in the Bible.

"Aye," answered she, raising her eyes to him from the page.

"Not the story of Adam and Eve?"

"Aye."

"And of Cain and Abel?"

"Aye."

"But certainly you don't believe the story of Jonah and the whale?"

The girl said she believed that, too. The German was puzzled.

"But how are you going to prove it? Ask Jonah when you get to heaven?"

That idea struck the girl as a good one, and she said she could prove it that way.

"Suppose he isn't there? What then? How would you prove it?"

"Ah," said the demure maiden, "then you ask him."

\* \* \*

**An Office Ruse.**

Another way to get the office-boy into the habit of sweeping under the radiator is to put a quarter there occasionally.—Exchange.



**CHEWING GUM BY MAIL**

On receipt of 50c we will send to any address in the United States a box containing twenty 5-cent packages of Gardner's Gum—a w-e-torn chewing gum that is becoming world famous because of its goodness. You'll like it.

**GARDNER GUM CO., Seattle, Wash.**



**His Bright Kid.**

"The fact is, I consider myself fairly up to snuff," said the journalist, "and I keep myself in pretty good shape by working off all the sharp things I hear on my oldest boy, a youngster of about twelve years and three months. He's no slouch himself, takes after his dad, you know, but I usually down him before I finish. The other night I came home with a pretty fair bunch in a small package and was gloating over my victory in advance."

"Say, Buster," I said to him—Buster is n't his name, but that's what I call him when his mother is n't listening—"I've got one for you. Stand up and take it. What is the longest word in the dictionary?"

"Transmagnificanjubandality," said he, following some old instructions I had given him in a previous scrap.

"Nit," said I.

"Give it up," said he.

"It's smiles," said I, "because there's a 'mile' between the first letter and the last."

"Rats," said he, in a tone of disgust.

"And what's the next?" said I.

"Pass," said he.

"Rubber," said I, "because if it is n't long enough you can stretch it."

"Buster was still for a minute as if thinking. Then he came at me.

"Your 'smiles' is good enough," said he, "and your 'rubber' aint so bad, but I know a word that's longer."

"What is it?" said I.

"Guess again," said he.

"There is n't any," said I.

"Bet you a new overcoat," said he, with confidence.

"Done," said I, for I had to get him one anyhow. "What's the word?"

"L-o-n-g-e-r," said he, spelling it out slowly, and I hiked back to the rear and sat down."

\* \* \*

**More Desirable.**

Two gentlemen stood in front of a building in process of erection on one of the New York thoroughfares, discussing a late shipwreck, from which one of them, by the exercise of unusual presence of mind, had narrowly escaped.

At their side a humble "son of Erin" was busily mixing the plaster for the new walls. Turning, in great friendliness, born of his escape from death, the fortunate man addressed him:

"Well, my dear fellow, can you think of anything more desirable in time of great peril than 'presence of mind?'"

"Well, sor, indeed thin, no; unless it be absince of body."

\* \* \*

The auto-car of the well-known actor had broken down, and the chauffeur was underneath it, trying to discover the trouble.

"Who is the man under the machine?" asked a bystander.

"He's my understudy," replied the actor, running his hand through his hair.—Yonkers Statesman.

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### Engine and Boiler.

Noody made up his mind that he was not going to be bossed any longer by his wife, so he went home at noon and called out imperiously: "Mrs. Noody! Mrs. Noody!" Mrs. N. came out of the kitchen with a drop of sweat on the end of her nose, a dish-rag tied around her head, and a rolling-pin in her hand.

"Well, sir," she said, "what 'll you have?" Noody staggered, but braced up.

"Mrs. Noody, I want you to understand, madam"—and he tapped his breast dramatically—"I am the engineer of this establishment."

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, Noody, I want you to understand that I"—and she looked dangerous—"am the boiler that will blow up and sling the engineer over into the next county. Do you hear the steam escaping, Noody?"

Noody heard it, and he meekly inquired if there was any assistance he could render in the housework.

\* \* \*

### Tough Ones.

Some punning catches are appreciated by a good many people. Here is an old one that is good:

If a father gave one of his sons 19 cents and the other 6 cents, what time would it be?

The answer is, "Quarter to two."

And here is one of more recent birth:

If a postmaster went to a menagerie and was eaten by one of the wild beasts, what would be the hour?

Perhaps you 'll have to think this over a little. Yet the answer is very simple. It is "8 p. m.," of course.

\* \* \*

### Eligible.

"Yes; Markley came in for a fortune the other day. He's actually got more money now than he knows what to do with."

"Yes; there are certain people who will be anxious to meet him now, and after that he 'll know more."—Philadelphia Press.

\* \* \*

### The Poor Family.

"I never saw anybody as crazy as Elsie over a mechanical piano."

"Nor I. Why, she's played hers until she has become flat-footed."—Cleveland Press.

\* \* \*

### How the Cook Fared.

Mrs. Knicker—Is your cook treated like one of the family?

Mrs. Smartset—Dear, no; my husband kisses her.—New York Sun.

\* \* \*

### Horrors of "The Jungle."

"Yes, your honor," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "I claim the jury has been packed."

"I see," retorted the judge; "and you ask me to 'can' it."—Cleveland Press.

\* \* \*

There's a movement on foot to change the name of Kansas City. Come to think of it, Kansas City has a pretty bad name.—Exchange.

One Way of Looking at It.

"Say," says the old man of the mountains, "I've lived in this world eighty-odd year, and I've saw a lot of things, and I've made up my mind on a lot of subjects. And one of them subjects is religion. Now, I ain't got no quarrel with the kind of religion that is the real, genuine article, bear in mind, the kind that makes a man live decent and treat everybody square and not to pretend to be what he ain't. That kind of religion is all right, and I've got a whole lot of respect for the preacher that preaches that there kind, and that lives up to what he preaches.

"It's the shyster sky-pilot that I ain't got no use for, the feller that never done an honest day's work in his life, but has lived off of his poor congregation all the time. That's the shyster sky-pilot I mean. He's a robber, that's what he is, worse than Jesse James ever was, 'cause Jesse James never robbed nobody that didn't have nothin'. There is a whole lot of things I could tell you on this here subject, but I'm goin' to say jest one thing and quit. And that is that if it wasn't for them shyster sky-pilots, hell would cool off so in a year that it wouldn't be hot enough to singe a rat."

\* \* \*

Against a Brace Game.

Knicker—What's the matter, Bocker, old man? Been taming an automobile?

Bocker—Nope.

Knicker—Been learning to ride a horse?

Bocker—Nope.

Knicker—Learning to skate on rollers?

Bocker—Nope.

Knicker—Playing the revised game of football?

Bocker—Nope.

Knicker—Falling down stairs?

Bocker—Nope.

Knicker—Talking rudely to the cook?

Bocker—Nope.

Knicker—Arguing with the janitor?

Bocker—Nope.

Knicker—What, then?

Bocker — Wrestling catch-as-catch-can with a folding bed. That's all.

\* \* \*

Things You Were Thankful For.

That you are married.

That you are not married.

That your cook didn't leave you.

That you don't have to worry about cooks.

That you didn't have indigestion.

That you recovered soon from your attack of indigestion.

That it was a fine day and you could wear your new winter clothes to church.

That it rained and you didn't have to go to church.

That the family reunion at your house was entirely successful.

That the family is no larger than it is.

That Thanksgiving comes but once a year.

# Niagara Hydraulic Engine



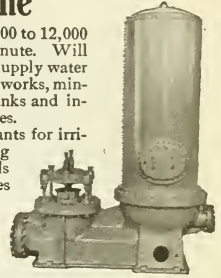
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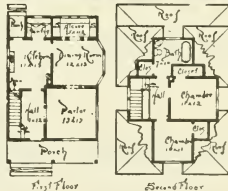
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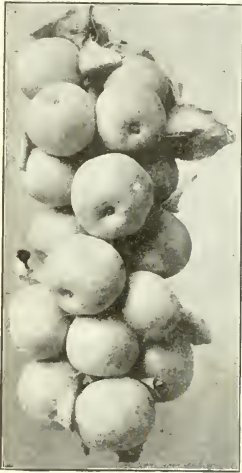
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# Money in Apples

An apple orchard in the Wenatchee Irrigated District produces a net yearly profit of \$500 to \$1500 per acre. We are prepared to prove this statement and invite your fullest investigation of the earning capacity of our irrigated Fruit Lands. We are now selling on easy terms five acre tracts in



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## Beulah Land

which is located in the celebrated Wenatchee Fruit District, with similiar soil and climatic conditions. No better opportunity was ever offered to secure a profit paying home in a pleasant land. Write to us about it and we will send you our

**Illustrated Prospectus Free**

## Net Profit \$1,232 per Acre

State of Washington, County of Chelan, ss.

P. O. Vaale, being first duly sworn, on oath deposes and says that he is a citizen of the United States over the age of twenty-one years; that he has for six years last past been engaged in fruit raising, and that in the year 1905 from his irrigated ranch in Malaga, Chelan County, Washington, picked and sold the following described fruit, to-wit: Black Twig apples, 320 bushel boxes from 20 seven-year-old trees, at \$1.10 per box; from 1 nine-year-old Wolf River tree twelve bushel boxes at 85 cents per box. The largest Wolf River apple exhibited at the Portland Fair this summer was picked from this tree.

THE ABOVE AMOUNTS ARE NET SALES AFTER THE TRANSPORTATION CHARGES HAVE BEEN DEDUCTED.

Dated at Wenatchee, Washington, December 5, 1905.

P. O. VAALE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of December, 1905.

W. W. GRAY,

Notary Public in and for the State of Washington, residing at Wenatchee.

Seventy trees to the acre is the proper number. Reckoning on this basis an acre of orchard like the above would have produced a net income of \$1,232. The prices that Mr. Vaale secured are not unusually high. Fine apples often selling at the shipping point for \$1.75 to \$2.50 a box.

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**Seattle Office:**  
303-304-305-306 Boston Block  
Seattle, Wash.

REFERENCES: Columbia Valley Bank, Wenatchee, Wash.; Puget Sound National Bank, Seattle, Wash.

Only One of His Name.

The late Billy Birch, the old-time minstrel, had just recovered from a severe illness. He met a friend who owns a trotter, and who offered the use of it to Birch, saying that the exercise of a ride would do him good.

Birch accepted the offer and ordered the horse hitched to a light road wagon. He drove slowly down Lexington avenue. The horse pranced about in a lively manner, and at times evinced a disposition to use both sides of the street.

At last a train came hissing through the tunnel, and the horse took the bit in his teeth and bolted. Here is where Birch concluded that he was no Jehu, for he wrapped the lines about the whip and deliberately climbed over the back of the seat. He did not stop at this, and soon his short legs were dangling over the tail-board of the wagon. He dropped off, rolled over in the mud several times, got up, pulled down his vest, and remarked to a policeman:

"I made a hit that time, eh?"

The officer then took him to task for not holding on to his horse, but Birch shook his head and said reflectively, "There's lots of horses and buggies in this world, most noble guardian of the law, but I'll give you a quiet tip that there's but one Billy Birch."

\* \* \*

Wrecked Afterward.

I was once summoned as a witness in a case where an old darkey was charged with chicken stealing. The old darkey was on hand early and before the case was called the judge, observing his presence, asked his name.

"My name is Johnsing, yo' honah," said the darkey.

"Are you the defendant in this case?" inquired the judge.

"No, sah," replied the darkey, "I'se got a lawyer to do my defencin'. I'se de gentleman what stole de chicken."

Just then a small, insignificant Irishman hobbled in on crutches accompanied by his wife, a big, brawny woman.

"Judge," said she, "I want you to give this man six months for giving me this black eye."

"What!" exclaimed the judge in astonishment, "do you mean to say that this physical wreck gave you that black eye?"

"Your honor," said the woman, "I want you to understand that he was not a physical wreck until after he gave me this black eye."

\* \* \*

No Use.

"I saw a big rat in my cook-stove and when I went for my revolver he ran out."

"Did you shoot him?"

"No. He was out of my range."

\* \* \*

Diplomacy.

Mrs. Knicker—How did you get the steam turned on?

Mrs. Bocker—I gave the janitor's wife a peek-a-boo shirtwaist.—New York Sun.

# DAILY SHAMPOOS



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And weekly dressings of Cuticura, purest and sweetest of emollients, at once stop falling hair, remove crusts, scales, and dandruff, destroy hair parasites, soothe irritated, itching surfaces, stimulate the hair follicles, loosen the scalp skin, supply the roots with energy and nourishment, and make the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp, when all else fails.

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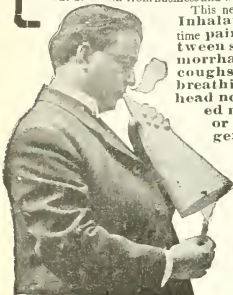
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### Sexology

(Illustrated)

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- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

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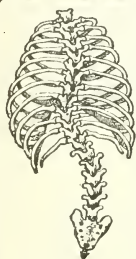
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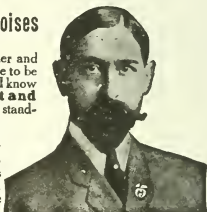
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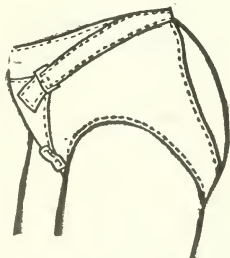
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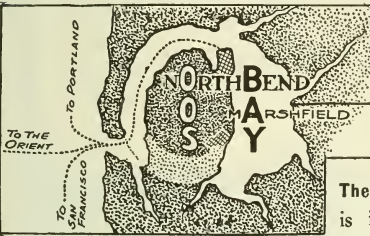
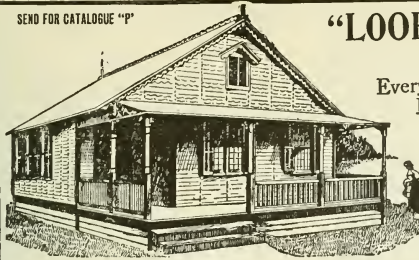
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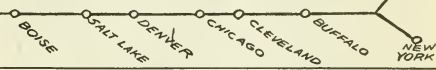
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My new Obesity Reducer, taken at mealtime, compels perfect assimilation of the food and sends the food nutriment where it belongs. It requires no starvation process. You can eat all you want. It makes muscle, bone, sinew, nerve and brain tissue, and quickly reduces your weight to normal. It takes off the big stomach and relieves the compressed condition and enables the heart to act freely and the lungs to expand naturally and the kidneys and liver to perform their functions in a natural manner. You will feel better the first day you try this wonderful home reducer. Fill out coupon herewith and mail today.

## FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Kellogg's Obesity Reducer with testimonials from hundreds who have been greatly reduced, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to

**F. J. KELLOGG, 3972 Kellogg Bldg.,  
Battle Creek, Mich.**

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.....

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

# Why Be So Thin?



To prove that any lady can GET A SUPERB FIGURE with well-developed bust, beautiful neck, pretty arms and shapely shoulders, we will send, prepaid, a trial treatment of Dr. Whitney's Scro and Flesh Builder, absolutely free. This remarkable remedy develops new flesh and fills out all hollow places; not by false stimulating, but by reaching the cause of the trouble. It also builds up the whole physical system, creates new energy, strengthens the nerves, restores the appearance of youth and makes the figure perfect. It will positively enlarge the bust from 2 to 6 inches and improve the complexion. Write to-day for our Free Treatment and Handsome booklet, "Beauty, The Figure and Health," illustrated from life. Address C. L. JONES CO., 130A Realty Building, Clmra, N. Y.



## I Will Make You Prosperous

If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real-Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once. Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable book and full particulars FREE. Write today. Address nearest office.

**EDWIN R. MARDEN, Pres't,**  
National Co-operative Realty Co.,  
557 Athenaeum Building, CHICAGO.  
557 Maryland Building, Washington, D. C.

## A BUSINESS THAT WILL PAY \$5,000 A YEAR

literature, special circulars, names of mail order buyers, place your advertising, and guide you on the road to success. If you can invest from \$10 to \$100 write us. We know how and will "show you."

is considered a fairly good business, and it is. We can assist you in starting a business (selling a general line of merchandise by mail) that can be made to pay as much or more than \$5,000 annually. By the MILBURN-HICKS EASY METHOD success is almost certain. We furnish everything necessary: catalogues (the best ever printed), follow-up literature, special circulars, names of mail order buyers, place your advertising, and guide you on the road to success. If you can invest from \$10 to \$100 write us. We know how and will "show you." Catalogue and Particulars Free. MILBURN-HICKS, 115 Pontiac Building, Chicago.

## AGENTS WANTED

right men. If you are interested, WRITE AT ONCE FOR SAMPLE OUTFIT, PARTICULARS AND TERRITORY. WARRINGTON WOOLEN AND WORSTED MILLS, Dept. 33, CHICAGO, ILL.

We want agents to sell our MADE-TO-ORDER SUITS AND PANTS. Suits from \$10.00 up. Pants, \$3.00 up. We will give liberal commission to the right men. If you are interested, WRITE AT ONCE FOR SAMPLE OUTFIT, PARTICULARS AND TERRITORY. WARRINGTON WOOLEN AND WORSTED MILLS, Dept. 33, CHICAGO, ILL.

**CUT RATES**  
on  
**Household Goods to the East**  
Are you going to ship? If so, write  
**OREGON AUTO-DESPATCH**  
**PORTLAND, ORE.**

**U.S. POSITIONS PAY**  
The U. S. Government has thousands of steady positions paying good salaries, for those who can pass the Civil Service examinations. We can fit you, at a small cost, to pass these examinations and qualify you for a good place. It is necessary only that you be an American and over 18 years of age. Write at once for free CIVIL SERVICE BOOKLET. WEST COAST CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Seattle, Wash.

# A GOLDEN CHRISTMAS

## OR A GOLDEN NEW YEAR



The oranges are ripening on the trees all about the great tropical gardens that surround

## THE TAMPA BAY HOTEL

Scarlet hibiscus, glorious poinsettias, roses and lilies are there. Curious, delightful shrubs from Japan; arbor-vitæ runs riot, and—all the wonders of a tropic garden of Eden.

Even in modern Florida there is nothing else so luxurious and delightful as THE TAMPA BAY HOTEL, your castle in Spain—with every modern device for comfort.

The hotel overlooks the beautiful Tampa Bay. The fishing and boating are ideal. There is hunting, motoring, tennis, cycling, golf and driving. The only foreign city in this country is but a short drive away—Ybor City, the home of the Cuban cigar makers.

Spend Christmas and the Holidays at THE TAMPA BAY HOTEL. Open continuously from November 12th to the end of the Florida season. Special Low Rate for December and January.

Splendid schedules and train service from the North and Northwest via Atlantic Coast Line, Southern Railway, Seaboard Air Line Railway and their connections.

For booklets and further information, address

**DAVID LAUBER, MANAGER, TAMPA, FLA.**

or any agent of the Atlantic Coast Line, Southern Railway or Seaboard Air Line Railway.

# \$1000 EARNED NO LABOR NO SPECULATION

One good investment is worth a life time of labor; \$4 per month for 25 months (\$100 in all) invested now in Oregon timber will buy 100,000 feet (guaranteed by bank and trust company). Will soon be worth \$1000, besides paying 50 per cent. dividends.

Write today for our pamphlet "MONEY IN TREES."

North Coast Co-Operative Lumber Co., PORTLAND OREGON



ANTHONY P. WILSON, Attorney

## THE AMERICAN Collection Agency

No fee charged unless collection is made. We make collections in all parts of the United States.

413 KANSAS AVE.  
Topeka, Kansas

## Hood River Lands

HAVE abundant water, perfect drainage  
PRODUCE finest apples and strawberries  
in the world.

We also have lands for sale in White Salmon and Mosier districts

TWENTY YEARS RESIDENCE IN HOOD RIVER

**W. J. BAKER & CO.**  
Hood River, Ore.

**WANTED** 10 men in each state to travel, distribute samples of our goods and tack advertising signs. Salary \$20 per month, \$3 per day for expenses. SAUNDERS CO., Dept. E, Jackson Blvd., Chicago

## Buy a FIVE ACRE ORANGE GROVE At RIALTO, CALIFORNIA

\$1275 \$15 DOWN and \$15 PER MONTH UNTIL PAID \$1275

NO TAXES. NO INTEREST

Write for our Free Booklet

## CALIFORNIA ORANGES

We put Deed in Escrow and properly care for the Grove until it is paid for.

## California Fruit Growers Ass'n

General Offices: 219, 239 H. W. Hellman Bldg.  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

**SEND YOUR NAME**  
For Free Illustrated Booklet

## About California

Which is worth \$4,000.00 to any homeseeker. Address

HOME EXTENSION COMMITTEE  
175 Chamber of Commerce Building  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

## HOOD RIVER, OREGON, POSSESSES

**CLIMATE**—A desirable medium between the drier eastern and the more moist western conditions of the Northwest.

**SOIL**—Volcanic ash, rich in phosphates, and recognized as the best in the world for apples and strawberries.

### THE HOOD RIVER LAND EMPORIUM

has the only set of land abstract books of that district, and makes a specialty of real estate, abstracts, conveyancing, loans and insurance.

Hood River, Oregon

## CONSUMPTION RELIEVED

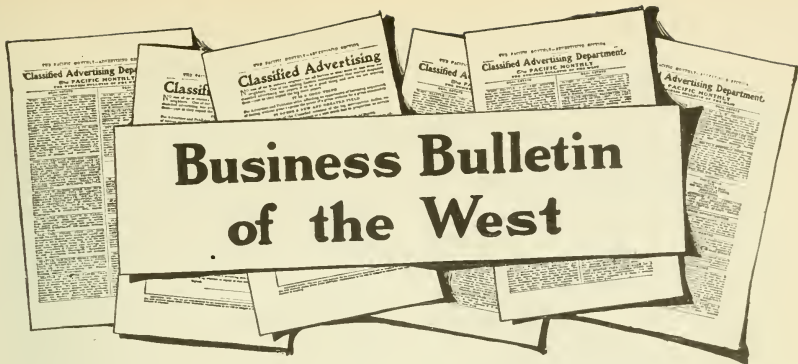
A little book on this subject has recently been issued by the LOS ANGELES OLIVE GROWERS ASSOCIATION at Los Angeles, California. This book tells some very interesting and startling things and furnishes strong evidence in favor of the use of pure Olive Oil in the treatment of all wasting diseases. Book No. 7 may be had upon request.

REAL ESTATE IS OUR BUSINESS  
AND

## COOS BAY REAL ESTATE is our specialty

For special information regarding Coos Bay, Oregon, Address  
J. D. JOHNSON & CO., Marshfield, Ore.

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.



# Business Bulletin of the West

## REAL ESTATE WASHINGTON

**WEST SEATTLE, JUST TEN MINUTES** from the business center of Seattle by ferry or street car. Elevation, 400 feet, with twenty-mile view of beautiful Puget Sound and the snow-capped Olympic Mountains for a background. No finer residence section in America or Europe. It is really the Switzerland of America. Buy now while prices are low. This will be the most expensive property on Puget Sound within two years. You lose money by delaying a day. Write for particulars. MORRISON & ESELMAN, Alaska Building, Seattle, Washington.

**ARE YOU COMING TO SEATTLE?** Then better write to us at once. Houses and apartments for rent and desirable building lots are becoming scarce. The most desirable residence district is Mt. Baker Park, on the shores of Lake Washington, the permanent and exclusively residence section. **350 LOTS SOLD IN 30 DAYS.** Rest will go just as quickly. Best place to buy and best place to live. A sound investment or a safe and profitable speculation. Send for our illustrated booklet. It's interesting. Hunter Tract Imp. Co., 117 Cherry St., Seattle, Wash.

**JOIN OUR SEATTLE BUSINESS PROPERTY SYNDICATE WHILE SHARES ARE AT PAR, \$1.00 EACH. WE INVEST ONLY IN INCOME PRODUCING REALTY, AND HAVE PAID 28 PER CENT DIVIDENDS DURING THE PAST YEAR. THIS INSTITUTION IS BACKED BY MEN OF HIGHEST PROMINENCE IN THE NORTHWEST; REFERENCE ANY SEATTLE BANK.** Write quick for booklet—P and subscription blank. REALTY ASSOCIATES, COLMAN BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

**SEATTLE IS MAKING MORE MEN RICH THAN ANY OTHER CITY IN AMERICA. HOW—BY PUTTING THEIR MONEY INTO DESIRABLE REAL ESTATE. WE HAVE A FEW MORE TRACTS OF BEAUTIFUL SUB-URBAN PROPERTY THAT IS ENHANCING IN VALUE RAPIDLY.** \$10.00 a month will start you on the road to wealth. Write today. FORESTER & COMPANY, INC., Seattle, Washington.

**825 ACRES FINEST FRUIT, ALFALFA, HOP AND SUGAR BEET LAND;** all watered and in cultivation; 8 miles from Walla Walla; 2 m. from R. R.; good house, barn, shop and sheds; fine fruit and shade; telephone; R. F. D.; church, school. Price \$35 acre cash. Joseph Merchant, Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

**ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR AND FIVE ACRE TRACTS OF RICH GARDEN LAND** advantageously located near Seattle, on payments of \$10 to \$20 a month; city lots, 40 by 120 and larger on same easy terms. No such chance ever before offered to plant your earnings for profit. Crawford & Conover, 202 and 203 New York Block, Seattle, Washington. Established in 1888. References, every bank and business man in Seattle.

## REAL ESTATE WASHINGTON

**INVEST IN A NEW COUNTRY** that is growing more rapidly than any other part of the United States. Real Estate in Seattle is the most profitable and safest investment to be found. Splendid opportunities for investors. Burwell & Morford, Colman Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

**WE HAVE SEVERAL PROPERTIES THAT WILL ADVANCE 100 PER CENT. THE NEXT YEAR.** Investors may take advantage of these opportunities on our partial payment plan. PETTIT & SON, Colman Building, Seattle, Washington.

**IN REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT, LOCATION IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN PRICE.** The permanent and exclusively residence section of Seattle will be on the shores of beautiful Lake Washington—and the choice location on the lake is Mt. Baker Park. Here you have best view, landscape gardening, parks, parkways, boulevards, etc., within easy access to the business part of town. Here is where investment now will pay large profits. Send for booklet. Hunter Tract Imp. Co., 117 Cherry St., Seattle.

**SEATTLE, THE PLACE WHERE ONE DOLLAR EARNS FROM TWO TO FOUR EVERY YEAR IF INVESTED IN REAL ESTATE WITH US.** Write for full particulars. Forehand & Company, Investments, 302 Pioneer Building, Seattle, Washington.

**SEATTLE IS GROWING FASTER THAN CHICAGO** ever did. Every minute that you delay in investing you are losing money. Millions of dollars were made here last year. We can earn money. We are doing it for others every day. We firmly believe that Seattle real estate furnishes the safest and most profitable investment on earth. Some of our prices are under the market. Rutherford, Huggins & Elliott, Real Estate, Seattle, Washington.

**GOOD INCOME FOR LIFE** is what it means to buy Real Estate in or near Seattle now before it gets to be another New York. Unimproved land, 75 acres, only \$20.00 per acre. Improved farms, \$100; fancy, fronting on Sound, \$200. City lots, fast becoming business property, \$1,000. Income property paying 15 to 20 per cent at present time. And think what it will be worth in two years. Don't wait until you get ready to come. Send us your order, and we will give you first choice. W. A. GORDON & CO., 113 Madison St., Seattle, Wash.

**U. S. GOLD BONDS** are not as good an investment as Seattle real estate, because they have not the earning power of Seattle realty. Think what it means to have a man handle your investments who began real estate business in Seattle in 1888 and has seen the town grow from 11,000 to 200,000 and property values double yearly. Seattle will have 600,000 people in 1911. Figure for yourself what a small amount invested now will earn in 5 years. Write us today. A. Robinson & Co. Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

**REAL ESTATE**

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE, THE GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT AND ALASKA—5 transcontinental lines, 2 more building; pop. 200,000; the place for safe real estate investment. H. A. Schroeder, 315 Boston Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

A CHANCE FOR THE SMALL MAN to become wealthy. Buy Seattle home sites, 5 and 20 acre tracts, rich soil, raise everything, best climate, water and scenery. Prices advancing rapidly. A small payment cash and a few dollars a month will buy a splendid piece of property. Write now for prices and particulars. Robert Maltby, Alaska Building, Seattle, Washington.

PIN YOUR FAITH TO SEATTLE—Dollars are doubling, trebling and quadrupling every year invested in Seattle Real Estate. I have several properties that will make big money for small investors who have \$500 or \$1000 and can put aside \$10 or \$20 per month. Pin your faith to Seattle. Write now for full particulars. C. J. RILEY, New York Block, Seattle, Washington.

PUGET SOUND'S ADVANTAGES: Delightful climate, best farm products in the United States, a sportsman's paradise, the grandest scenery on the continent and the all-important advantage;—the chance to make more money and make it easier than any other place in the world;—by buying Seattle Real Estate. Write us. Jos. E. Thomas & Co., 109 Cherry St., Seattle, Wash.

THE PUYALLUP VALLEY, WASHINGTON, has some points of excellence most places do not have. Visit it and be shown. Near Tacoma.

WEST SEATTLE HOME SITES are the most beautiful of Seattle's suburban residence districts, and are increasing in value 100 per cent and over per year. Many purchasers have more than doubled their money in six months. \$150 to \$300 per lot—25 per cent cash; balance 4-8-12 months. Send reservations for lots today. Every selection given personal attention. Write today for plat of property. J. Walter Hainsworth, American Bank Bldg., Seattle, Washington.

OREGON

COOS BAY NEXT! Oregon's Coast City. Buy lots in Schaefer's Addition for Location—not phraseology—which is "Central," between Empire, North Bend and Marshfield, ON THE BAY Geo. J. Schaefer, Desk C, 317 Chamber of Commerce, Portland, Ore.

MYRTLE POINT, THE "GEM OF COOS BAY COUNTRY," the home of the myrtle (tree), has the "key to the situation"—timber. For the furniture-maker, woodenware manufacturing, we have good openings for sash and door, wooden pipe, and pulp factories, sawmills, shingle mills, brick and tiling factories, broom factory, starch. A fruit and vegetable cannery is needed. A steam laundry is wanted. For particulars write Chamber of Com., Myrtle Point, Or.

CALIFORNIA

GREAT LAND OPENING IN CALIFORNIA—Big Govt. approved canal now ready to irrigate. Great wheat farms of Colusa and Glenn Cos., Sacramento Val.; rich garden land with irrigation, produces \$50 to \$200 an acre annually; 20-acre tracts for \$200 cash and \$200 yearly for six years at 6 per cent. Write today. C. M. Wooster Co., 1666 O'Farrell St., San Francisco.

W. J. MORTIMER & CO. ATTRACTIVE INVESTMENTS IN BERKELEY REAL ESTATE AND CHOICE HILLSIDE LOTS WITH SUPERB MARINE VIEW, IS OUR SPECIALTY. 2127 CENTER STREET, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

FOR SALE—\$5 and up acre for South. California lands, with water possibilities, in orange and alfalfa belts. Write for lists, W. A. Heiss Land Co., 703 Union Trust Bldg., Los Angeles.

**REAL ESTATE**

CALIFORNIA

SHARE IN THE PROSPERITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—Buy a ¼-acre lot in Corinth Heights; 25 minutes' ride from center of Los Angeles, for \$400, \$10 down, \$10 monthly payments. Write for free descriptive booklet. References: Merchants Trust Co., First Nat. Bank. Winton & McLeod Company, 330 South Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.

THE CALIFORNIA OF '49 REFOUND—60 miles south of San Diego, on beautiful Escondido Bay, lies the summer and winter resort of La Playa. In the mountains by the lakes are found the silver tip deer and Rocky Mountain sheep. In the bay Tuna and sea food abound. The temperature is the most equable in the world, never varying 30 degrees. Here are hot springs, beautiful beaches for autoing ten miles long. City lots on easy payments. Send 3c in stamps for prices and beautiful 64-page booklet. La Playa Beach Co., Los Angeles.

MONROVIA—FINEST FOOTHILL SUBURB OF LOS ANGELES. Electric car service. Send 2c stamp for descriptive matter. C. E. SLOSSON, MONROVIA, CAL.

WE ARE OWNERS AND AGENTS for choice Los Angeles and suburban property. Panoramic view of Los Angeles for 2c stamp. C. H. Lippincott & Co., Dept. P, Union Trust Bldg., Los Angeles. Members Los Angeles Realty Board.

**BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES**

60 PER CENT INVESTMENT. We have a limited amount of stock that nets 60 per cent. dividends. Established company with a daily capacity of 500 barrels to back up our assertion. Write Yo Landa Springs Co., Big Rapids, Mich.

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! Make a fortune in the safest, surest mining investment ever offered. We own 160 acres of gold dredging land, only seven miles from Chico, California. 15,000 shares for sale at 50c per share. Gold Bar Dredging Co., Grosse Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

THE REALTY INSTRUCTOR. Free—Send for it—Get posted. W. A. CARNEY, Stimson Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED—RELIABLE PARTY WILLING to invest \$500 to \$1000, which will be amply secured, to represent us in any city or town; \$200 per month guaranteed, besides full equity for investment. Address, or call AMERICAN FINANCE AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, 442 Huntington Building, Los Angeles, California.

**RESORTS**

TAKE A REST—Scenic Hot Springs, Washington's most select cuisine and scenic watering place—90 miles east of Seattle on main line Great Northern Railway—Open all year. Steam heat and electric lighted. Write for illustrated booklet "C."

**MAILING LISTS**

KEATON'S CLASSIFIED MAILING LISTS. Why waste your circular letters and advertising matter when you can get Keaton's Classified Lists, giving names of Oregon and Washington farmers, showing kind of crops raised, acres owned, size of family, etc. Write for full particulars. Rural Directory Company, 291½ Stark street, Portland, Oregon.

MAILING LISTS adapted to your business. If you are soliciting mail orders in any line of business we can furnish you correct, up-to-date typewritten mailing lists that will put you in touch with the class of people you desire in the most prosperous section of the great Northwest. Circularizing is the best means of enlarging your business acquaintance and many orders are secured in this way that would never come to you through other advertising. For particulars address NORTHWESTERN DIRECTORY CO., Stebbins Block, Miles City, Mont.

**ARCHITECTS**

**GOING TO BUILD?** Send stamp for particulars or 50c for handsome book of California bungalows. Most cosy and inexpensive of America's homes. R. N. Lamberth & Co., Dept. S., Los Angeles, Calif.

**HELP WANTED**

**PLEASANT PROFITABLE POSITION** offered to anyone able to sell and to manage sub agents. **ESPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE** to men with insurance or similar experience. **REGISTRY GUIDANCE COMPANY, 132 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.**

**DETECTIVES**—Shrewd men wanted in every community, to act under instructions; experience not necessary. Send for free book of particulars. **Grannan's Detective Bureau, 72 Cincinnati, O.**

**LIVE AGENTS** in every city and town—Men and women of good standing, who can furnish good references, can secure pleasant and profitable employment. Many of our representatives make \$6 to \$10 per day and any good, earnest worker can make \$4.00 per day; strictly high-class work. Address, giving references, **F. Hof-feditz, room 35 Lafayette bldg., Portland, Ore.**

**HUSTLERS WANTED** to sell best specialty of recent years. Aggressive workers make \$10 day. Write for full particulars. Special. To those wishing to lose no time we send samples for 10c. **W. P. Chase & Co., Wilcox Bldg., Los Angeles.**

**INSTRUCTION**

**LEARN TO ILLUSTRATE.** Magazine illustration, cartoon drawing and portrait painting taught by professional artists. Address for terms, etc., **Lute Pease & MacM, Pease Studio, Marquam Building, Portland, Or.**

**LEARN HOW TO BUY AND SELL REAL ESTATE.**—We teach by mail how to become a real estate broker, a profitable business that requires no capital; course is highest standard real estate instruction under the direction of experts. Terms moderate; write for free booklet. **United States Real Estate Institute, 200 Broadway, New York.**

**LEARN A PROFESSION IN ONE DAY** that will insure you a large income at an easy, fascinating occupation. Full particulars free. **PACIFIC ART SCHOOL, Box 680, Bandon, Oregon.**

**ATTORNEYS**

**PATENT ATTORNEYS**—Townsend, Lyon, Hackley & Knight, 504-7 Merchants Trust Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. Patents for Inventions procured in all countries. Patent and Trade-mark litigation in all courts. Patent and Trade-mark Law exclusively.

**COLLECTION AGENCIES**

**DO YOU NEED THAT MONEY?** We will collect it for you anywhere in the United States. Better to let us than to wish you uad. Send us accounts now. Best references. **Searchlight Law & Coll. Agcy., 304 Severance Bldg., Los Angeles.**

**PRINTING**

**JOB PRINTING**—Rush orders a specialty; booklets designed, written, illustrated and printed. Reasonable prices. If you are looking for result-bringing printing, call on **Bolton Printing Co., 257-8 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles.**

**CIRCULAR LETTERS**

**ARE YOU MAKING YOUR POSTAGE EXPENDITURE COUNT?** If not, let us write your circular letters, making each one original, individual typewritten work by Multigraph process. Write for samples and particulars. **Lewis & Cope, Grosse Building, Los Angeles.**

**GAMES, NOVELTIES, ETC.**

**THE ENTERTAINMENT SHOP, 99 4th Ave., New York.** Headquarters for Plays, Games, Toys, Xmas Favors, Decorations, Grab Bag and Fair Articles, Advertising Novelties, Masks and Entertainment Supplies. Illus. Catalog free.

**POINSETTA, THE GREAT PARLOR GAME.**—Fascinating, exciting. Any number of players. Entertains the entire family. Seems simple. Try it. Made of California Orange-wood. Mailed on receipt of 50c. Send today. **J. A. Cronkrite Mfg. Co., 510 Mason Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.**

**POULTRY SUPPLIES**

**YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO HATCH WITH HENS.** It is a proven fact that a good incubator can beat the hen at every stage of the game. The "Sure Hatch" is the most perfect machine to date. Catalogue 30 free. **DOKE STOCK FOOD CO., 711 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Calif.**

**Have You Anything to Sell to 300,000 Western Readers**

**FILL OUT COUPON BELOW AND MAIL WITH COPY AND CHECK**

Rate for 4 lines (smallest accepted), 75 cents per line, \$3.00 per issue. Each additional line up to 12 lines (largest accepted), 50 cents per line.

Thus a five line advertisement will cost \$3.50 per issue, six lines \$4.00 per issue, twelve lines (largest accepted) \$7.00 per issue.

Ten per cent discount for six consecutive insertions.

Bills payable monthly in advance on receipt of invoice.

Always allow not more than eight words to the line and all of the last line for name and address. This coupon with check to cover cost of first insertion, together with copy, must reach us by Nov. 5th to be in time for the December number.

Date.....

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT THE PACIFIC MONTHLY  
Lafayette Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Kindly enter my order for.....lines to run.....times in the Classified columns of The Pacific Monthly, beginning.....issue. Enclosed please find.....payment in full for first insertion—copy attached.

Upon receipt of invoice on the 20th of month preceding date of publication I will remit promptly for next insertion, advising whether to repeat or run new copy.

Signed, .....

**IMPORTANT:** The ten per cent discount for six consecutive insertions will be credited on your sixth invoice. Do not deduct same from your monthly remittance or we will be obliged to withhold your copy until full amount is received

# HELP WANTED

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## A Good Opportunity FOR LIVE PEOPLE

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WE WANT a good live agent in every city and town in the United States to take subscriptions for THE PACIFIC MONTHLY. The work is high-class. There is no other magazine for which it is so easy to secure subscriptions. Especially is this true through the West. We have regular agents who are making

*From \$150 to \$250 per Month*

If you can devote your entire time to the work you can do this also. You can begin right in your home town and we will gradually extend your territory as occasion demands. If you have only a few spare hours you can work near home among your friends and acquaintances. In this way you can earn many an extra dollar. Many students are helping to pay their way through college by this work. We pay liberal cash commissions.

*This Is an Exceptional Opportunity*

to connect yourself with a first-class Company. Write today stating how much time you can devote to the work and we will lay our proposition before you.

Address, AGENCY DEPARTMENT,

Pacific Monthly Publishing Co.

Portland, Oregon





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Geo. J. Schaefer, 1906.

# OREGON'S Coast City

Buy lots in Schaefer's Addition and you buy location (not phraseology), which is "Central" between Empire, North Bend and Marshfield, ON THE BAY. "The only protected harbor on the Pacific between Golden Gate and Puget Sound".

**100 Dollars and upward, think of it!**

For full information write

**GEO. J. SCHAEFER**

317 Chamber of Commerce

Portland, Oregon

Other Coos Bay Property for Sale



One of Our 12-inch Wells

## ALFALFA FOR PROFIT

We are owners of several thousand acres of water-bearing alfalfa, walnut and orange land, located in Southern California near Los Angeles. On this land we have developed water and are selling in tracts of from 10 acres and up, with water developed, at prices from \$100 to \$250 per acre. Terms, one-quarter cash and balance easy terms. This land will produce seven crops of alfalfa per year, and from 1½ to 2 tons per cutting, per acre. Alfalfa sells from \$10 per ton and up, on the ground. Only one mile from market, schools and churches. This is your opportunity to purchase a home and a competency on your own terms. See or write

**F. W. STEARNS & CO.**

129½ E. FIRST STREET LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

## LONG BEACH

The Coming City of Southern California

1906 **POPULATION** 1916  
20,000 100,000

We are sole agents for the Pacific Boulevard Tract, the largest and best located tract in or adjoining Long Beach. Beautifully situated on the Los Angeles Beach Boulevard, and between two electric car lines. Lots in this desirable tract from \$300 up. Terms if desired.

We are also owners and agents for large amount of acreage in alfalfa lands and dairy ranches.

Write us for free booklet and information on this section.

**LAZENBY & BARRON**  
451 Pine Avenue : LONG BEACH, CAL.

Reference—Any Long Beach Bank

## LEARN TO JUDGE

### COLOR VALUES

Exact color reproductions of famous paintings are the best means of teaching **Color Values** to art students and art critics.

True tonal effects are lost in the ordinary halftone process in black and white printing.

#### THE AMERICAN COLORTYPE CO.,

the largest picture making concern in America will send as a special offer to readers of **The Pacific Monthly**, 25 beautiful pictures in color, exact reproductions of original paintings by famous artists—Pictures vary from 9x13½ to 11x 16 inches—no white margins—put up in portfolios and sent to any address in U. S. complete, prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.00. Send 10c. in stamps for sample picture and list of subjects. Limited edition.

WRITE TODAY

**THE AMERICAN COLORTYPE CO.**

1205 Roscoe Street

CHICAGO

# PORTLAND REALTY—

## HOLLADAY'S ADDITION

The geographical CENTER of Portland.  
The most DESIRABLE and only exclusive residence district in the City.

A level plateau well drained, 150 feet above river.  
Commands a fine view of the City, the river, Mt. Hood, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Adams and surrounding country.

Is very accessible and within easy walking distance of the business district.

Has one hour more SUNLIGHT than over the river.

Has improved streets, gas, electric lights, water mains, trolley lines and sewers.

Lots sold on advantageous terms to home-builders.

Seeing is believing. Locate your home where it will be a comfort and a joy and an investment that is certain to enhance in value.

THE OREGON REAL ESTATE CO.,

88½ THIRD STREET, Room 4.

PORTLAND, OREGON

REAL ESTATE  
GAGE-HEMPHILL CO.  
INVESTMENTS

"Here 'Tis." Willamette Valley. 140 Acre Farm.

Modern home, up-to-date equipment, orchards, hops, well stocked. Five miles from one of the best towns in Oregon, growing section, R.F.D., schools, churches. We have also other farms, timber lands, city property, business and residence; business chances both here and in other parts of the Northwest. Write us for any information you may want.

REAL ESTATE  
GAGE-HEMPHILL CO.  
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*The Railroad Center of the Pacific Coast*

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BUSINESS AND RESIDENCE  
PROPERTIES PAYING GOOD  
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WILL DOUBLE IN VALUE  
IN A YEAR

Commercial Investment Co.

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The Great Southwestern Desert contains many curious and interesting things. Photographs furnished writers, publishers and others. Send for list. Send your films by mail to us to be developed and printed. We do the best kodak printing on the Coast. SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

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& Company

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Investors of  
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Portland  
Real Estate  
Absolute  
Security

References:  
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Correspondence Solicited

## West Portland Heights

Lies high and level, overlooking the City of Portland and the beautiful Willamette Valley. Splendid view of snow capped mountains in the distance.

**\$50 for 5 Lots**  
\$10 cash and \$5 per month

Not a broken lot in the entire tract. Plenty of good spring water. Many fine homes in this immediate vicinity. No better investment on the Pacific Coast.

For full information and maps call on or address the owner.  
**W. REIDT, Room 15 Washington Life Building, Portland, Ore.**  
Reference: Security Savings & Trust Co., Portland, Oregon.

## FOR SALE

Portland City Real Estate

Paying in rents up to six, eight, and even ten per cent upon the selling price. Values increasing every week. Prices lower now than like property in similar cities anywhere in the United States. Great demand for buildings for business and residences.

WRITE FOR STATISTICS  
We expect 300,000 population in 1909.

R. M. WILBUR

110 Second Street, Portland, Oregon

We have purchased and combined three great estates lying in and contiguous to the City of Portland—the Klosterman, the Prescott and the Fleischner tracts. The most beautiful location for homes in the whole city.

STRICTLY INSIDE PROPERTY WITH DIRECT CAR SERVICE ALONG THE ONLY BEE LINE BOULEVARD OUT OF THE CITY. BUY NOW BEFORE PRICES ADVANCE.

*Acres now  
at the  
Price of Lots*

## ROSE CITY PARK

OVER 1000 ACRES NOW BEING PLATTED

*Finest View  
in all  
Portland*

A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS WILL BE SPENT IN IMPROVEMENT OF STREETS, PARKINGS, SIDEWALKS AND BULL RUN WATER. IT WILL BE THE MOST ATTRACTIVE OF SUBURBS.

High as Portland Heights and as level as a billiard table. Write for particulars.

**HARTMAN & THOMPSON**

Chamber of Commerce

Portland, Ore.

## Business Property Warehouse Sites — Residences

Persons or corporations desiring inside or residence property in or about the City of Portland, should call upon or write to

**CHARLES K. HENRY**

122 Third St., Failing Bldg., PORTLAND, OREGON

References: Any Bank or Leading Business House in the City of Portland.

# Klamath County, Oregon

## HAS

**IRRIGATION:** A Government Reclamation Project under construction embracing the expenditure of \$4,500,000, will bring 250,000 acres under water. The area to be watered includes gently sloping valley lands, tule and swamp lands and lake beds of remarkable fertility; 10,000 acres under irrigation from existing canals, producing bountiful crops of wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, other grain and root crops and alfalfa, timothy and other hay of the first quality.

**WATER POWER:** Link River, having a fall of 63 feet to the mile, adjacent to and through the town of Klamath Falls, affords enormous power that is partially utilized in generating electric current for lighting, manufacturing and domestic purposes.

**NAVIGATION:** Upper Klamath Lake, the largest body of navigable water in the United States west of the Rocky Mountains, is traversed for a distance of almost 50 miles by fine steamers and smaller craft; Lake Ewauna, Klamath River and Lower Klamath Lake furnish an avenue of commerce and travel between Klamath Falls, Merrill, Keno and other points, for a distance of more than 40 miles.

**TRANSPORTATION:** The California Northeastern Railroad, building from a connection with the Southern Pacific at Weed, Cal., will be completed to Klamath Falls as soon as the contractors can complete the work; through service now established in connection with stage and steamboat lines; the Oregon Eastern Railroad to be built from Natron, Oregon, to Klamath Falls, is under survey; the McCloud River Railroad is building from a connection with the Southern Pacific at Upton, Cal., to Laird's, Cal., where connection with points in the basin will be made by means of steamboat; the Klamath Lake Railroad, present route of travel, connects with the Southern Pacific at Thrall, and its owners plan extension to tap timber lands that will bring its terminus to the Klamath River or near that stream at the lower end of the navigable portion of the stream. Two street car companies have rails laid at Klamath Falls and suburban electric railway lines are contemplated to Bonanza and other adjacent towns.

**RECREATION:** Klamath Basin, with its wonderful lake system and waterways, rugged mountain groups environing and towering snow-capped peaks with Shasta and McLaughlin most prominent, is the paradise of the photographer and delight of the sportsmen. Crater Lake National Park lies entirely within Klamath County and is one of the seven wonders of the world, comparable in its beauty and solitude to no other spot of earth. Wild game abounds in the mountains, including bear, deer, elk, all of the game birds of this portion of the United States and waterfowl in such variety and abundance as found in no other locality.

Hot springs flowing water of rare medicinal qualities and cold springs from which burst forth large rivers are among the possessions that add to the attractions and advantages.

Rainbow trout and other species of game fish are more plentiful than in the waters of any other section, and the limit is the easily resultant catch of a few hours for the angler.

**TIMBER:** Adjacent to the Upper Klamath Lake and the Klamath Basin is the largest body of standing soft pine timber in the Pacific Northwest. Sugar and yellow pine are the chief varieties, but all of the best classes of pine occur here. The manufacture of lumber will be one of the giant industries of the region, affording an unfailing supply of building material at moderate price and a strong home demand for products of the farm, garden, orchard and dairy.

## KLAMATH COUNTY NEEDS

**FARMERS:** Men who know how to cultivate the soil and make it yield of the bounty of fertility with which Nature has so richly endowed it cannot select a better location, where irrigation is assured with an abundant supply of water.

Further information will be gladly furnished by

Klamath Dev. Co.

Hot Springs Imp. Co.

J. W. Siemens.

Klamath Co. Bank.

Frank Ira White.

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Klamath Com. Agency.

First National Bank.

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Willbur White,  
of Klamath Falls, or  
C. H. McKendree,  
Chas. B. Pattee,  
of Bonanza, Or.



Do YOU want a HOME like this?  
**Then Buy Rich Irrigated Land**

in the CANADIAN-PACIFIC IRRIGATION COMPANY'S TRACT in Southern Alberta, Canada.

**3,000,000 Acres at \$25 per Acre**  
On Easy Terms

Grows Wheat, Oats, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, etc. Good climate. Virgin rich soil. Good schools and churches. Good markets. Water **50 CENTS per acre per year**. Use all you want. Soil is a black decayed vegetable mold now growing bunch grass and peas knee high. It is not an alkali sage brush country. Write TODAY for pictures and information to

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Guaranteed by Four Prominent Banks

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WE have an option on a block of 200,000 shares of stock in the famous **Bonanza King Silver Mine**, the greatest silver producer in California, which has yielded nearly \$2,000,000 of bullion in two years. Our option expires in one month and we offer the stock at the present price of **THIRTY CENTS A SHARE**, par value one dollar a share. Full-paid and non-assessable. With this stock we give a guarantee, **endorsed by one of four banks**, that the stock will earn **not less than 10%** per annum for five or ten years, besides doubling or trebling in value. This is an exceptional opportunity. We also offer for a limited period, in this Company

**7½% Gold Bonds and 9% Preferred Stock**

With a bonus of stock in three subsidiary companies. Write for our prospectus explaining our plan fully. Send your order with cash for Bonanza King Stock without delay, or telegraph for reservation.

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Is still the crack train of the Northwest. Electric lighted throughout. Pullman first class and Pullman tourist sleeping cars. Dining car, night and day. Observation car, electric lights, electric fans, card and smoking rooms, barber shop and bath room. Clothes pressing service. Library, 150 volumes and magazines and periodicals and all the little luxuries that go to make a comfortable and pleasant trip, East or West.

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Copy of "North Coast Limited" booklet, free for the asking.

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Friends or relatives in the East that are contemplating coming to the "Golden West," if so, send name, full address and we will have them furnished proper literature and full information for the trip.

ANY OTHER INFORMATION desired regarding rates, routes, sleeping car reservations, etc., apply to any Agent of the Northern Pacific Railway, or to

**A. D. CHARLTON**, Assistant General Passenger Agent  
255 Morrison St., Cor. Third, Portland, Ore.

# Oregon's Big Red Apples



*"King of Tompkins County" average four and one-half inches in diameter*

**Grown Near**

## Eugene, Oregon

in the famous Willamette Valley Apple Section known the world over for producing apples of exceptional size, flavor and keeping qualities.

### Apples the Popular Fruit

Bismark, the great German statesman said, "When I have brain fag give me apples." There is no other fruit so universally used, that has so many uses. Eaten raw or cooked, the apple is the healthiest of all fruits. There is never an over supply of good apples, and, while all apples are good,

### OREGON APPLES LEAD THE WORLD

They bring the highest prices in all markets. This year thousands of boxes (1 bushel to the box) of Oregon apples sold at from \$1.50 to \$4.00 per box, F. O. B. cars, the Eastern buyers contracting for same at the orchards.

In New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other Eastern markets, Oregon apples sell for twice as much as Eastern apples, 3 for 25 cents is a common price. Five carloads of Oregon apples sold in Birmingham, England, for 1 shilling (24 cents) each.

### Crop Failures Unknown

The careful grower who properly cares for his trees does not know what crop failure means in Oregon; of course some years are better than others, but there is never a complete failure, and 1000 bushels per acre is not at all uncommon. Figure for yourself, with no failures, big crops, top prices, apple raising must be a profitable business.

### APPLE LANDS from \$25.00 to \$100.00 per ACRE

near Eugene, a thriving city of 6000 people, best of business facilities, schools and churches. An ideal place for a home. In view of the beautiful snow-capped Cascades, only a few miles from the Pacific. For full information address

**The Merchants Protective Association**

**EUGENE, OREGON**

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Usually, from one of three sources:

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**INHERITANCE:**—That is by favor.

**INVESTMENT:**—That is where we may help you—if you wish.

We know of no investment so safe, so sane, and so surely profitable as Seattle real estate today.

Not a "boom" with inflated and false values, but a steady demand from without that is forcing prices rapidly upward until no one seems willing to even guess where they will stop. Almost impossible to buy or rent a house here, and thousands pouring in all the time.

We think that our long experience as real estate agents here might prove of value to you. At least our customers, both local and corresponding, have learned to buy "sight unseen" on our say so.

Should you care to make any inquiries, our services are at your disposal—gratis.

**McGraw & Kittinger**

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Seattle, Washington.

Property suburban to Los Angeles is rapidly enhancing in value, and the demand for this type of property is enormous. Los Angeles is growing like the proverbial weed, and the extension of electric lines to the outlying districts is mainly responsible for the unusual activity in suburban properties.

The Santa Monica Land and Water Co., offices 602-6 Fay Bldg., Los Angeles, control what is probably the most desirable suburban property that is offered for sale at reasonable prices. Their subdivisions are famous for mountain, valley and marine views, quick electric transportation to Los Angeles and all beaches, costly public and private improvements, and the consistent prices of lots. Special information will be sent upon application.

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In the heart of homeland, where crops never fail. Let us send you our booklet on how to secure an income alfalfa ranch on easy terms. We help you pay for it. An unusual offer. Just cut this "ad" out and send it to us, and we will do the rest. The booklet is free.

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Investors, who contemplate buying UTAH or NEVADA mining stocks, should have my "Weekly Comments" giving information regarding the best investments.

IT IS FREE.

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The wonderful Wenatchee Valley nets the owner from \$400.00 to \$2400.00 per acre every year. No failure. I have 6000 acres of the best in the Valley. Deep, rich soil that will earn 500 per cent. on the money invested in twelve months.

Write for full information.

A few dollars put in the Wenatchee Valley will make you independently rich.

**L. V. WELLS**

Wenatchee, Washington



# KOOSBAY PLAT B

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**B**EING well acquainted from Newfoundland to British Columbia and Alaska; from Maine to California; from the Straits of Northumberland and Belle Isle to Cape York, I know the seaport developements and possibilities of the Western Hemisphere, and I am now willing to go on record with this strong statement of the future: Koosbay will be the largest city on the Pacific Coast.

L. D. KINNEY

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## CENTER OF THE CITY TO BE

# Pacific Coast Mines Bureau, Inc.

REFERENCE: State Bank and Trust Company of Los Angeles, California

**THIS COMPANY IS INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, WITH A CAPITAL STOCK OF \$50,000.00 DIVIDED INTO 5,000 SHARES OF THE PAR VALUE OF \$10.00 EACH; \$25,000.00 PAID UP, AND 2,500 SHARES IN THE TREASURY. ¶ THIS COMPANY IS ORGANIZED TO PROMOTE MINING AND INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISES; TO BUILD MILLS, SMELTERS, AND REDUCTION PLANTS; HANDLE REAL ESTATE; LAY OUT TOWNSITES; BUILD ROADS; AND TO DO EVERYTHING NECESSARY TO SUCCESSFUL MINING**

The business of this Company has accumulated so fast that it has become necessary to increase its capital; while very reluctant to do so, the Directors have finally consented to sell some of the Treasury Stock, to a selected list of investors.

The first allotment is limited to Five Hundred Shares, at par value, Ten Dollars each. Unless still other brilliant opportunities offer, or for some other good reason it becomes advisable, no more of the stock will be sold. And should there be at any time a second allotment, it will be offered at not less than ten per cent premium.

It is the purpose of this Company to pay dividends as earned on stock sold during the current month; that is, the investor during any month will receive such dividend the first of the following month.

A large surplus has already accumulated. The Company has established a fine business, an invaluable good will, and sundry other advantages, the fruit of years of well directed work; it owns some valuable mines, has real estate holdings, townsites, and stocks in gilt edge companies. In all this the investor will share.

This is an extraordinary and an exceptional opportunity. It is a chance to become a stockholder in a well known and phenomenally successful corporation of brokers, and lets the investor in on the ground-floor. The Directors reserve the right to withdraw this offer at any time without notice.

**The Company will sell one share and upwards, limiting the number of shares to be held by any one person, except those who become employees of the Company**

The Company is in need of office men, salesmen, mining engineers, foremen, mill men and miners; men who have energy, pluck, ability, and tenacity of purpose. Those who buy a block of Treasury Stock on the easy terms offered, and who desire employment are requested to address the Secretary of the Company, stating experience, position preferred, etc.

*Address*

## Pacific Coast Mines Bureau, Inc.

• 214-15-16-17 Delta Building, 426 South Spring Street

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Debentures are issued in sums of \$50 each for  
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SEVENTY PER CENT of the profits is  
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The company is composed of successful Los  
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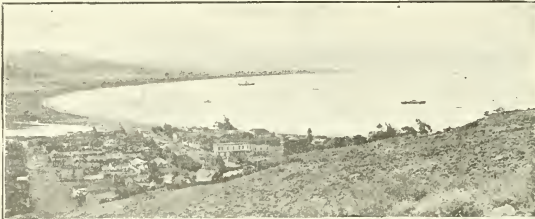
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## LOTS \$15—\$5 DOWN, \$5 in 3 and \$5 in 6 MONTHS

An ideally located piece of high mesa property, gently sloping to, and fronting on this magnificent bay, has just been sub-divided into residence lots, 25x100, which are now offered for sale at the above prices. A climate said by old travelers to be the finest in the world. Hot springs, excellent boating, bathing, fishing and the best small game shooting found in the west, combine to make ENSENADA BAY an ideal place to spend your vacation—either summer or winter.

**Why Not Own Your Lot? You Can Use it Some Day. Lots Sold in Pairs**

Write us for maps and full particulars. Make a reservation by mail. We will send you immediately a complete description of the property, after reading which you can send your deposit.

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References: Any bank of Seattle.

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Stock in the BULLFROG FORTUNA MINING COMPANY at 25 cents a share. Company own PICKUP and BIG CHIEFTAIN claims lying between and adjoining on its respective sides and ends the famous MONTGOMERY SHOSHONE, the AMETHYST and the LUCKY JACK properties.

This is not a mere prospect; the Company is actively engaged in developing the property. A shaft and winch now down 75 feet; tunnel in 166 feet; have already uncovered a 4-foot vein of High-grade Ore and two smaller ones of an exceedingly rich nature. 40 assays average \$43. Three railroads will be running into Bullfrog within a fortnight. This means cheap transportation and supplies, as well as increased milling facilities and consequent big returns for investors.

*The Bullfrog Fortuna has all the earmarks of becoming a Great Mine—  
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## GENUINE SANFORD & BENNETT 14K GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN

Fully Guaranteed

A High Grade Pen Equal in Appearance, Quality and Workmanship to Pens Usually Sold at from \$2.00 to \$3.00

We not only give you this pen absolutely FREE, but we stand behind the guarantee and if the pen should prove unsatisfactory in any particular you may return it to us and we will refund your money or give you a new pen.

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Date.....

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed find \$2.00 for two years subscription to THE PACIFIC MONTHLY also a Sanford & Bennett Gold Fountain Pen as per above offer. NEW or RENEWAL. Please underline which ever your subscription may be. Be sure to give post office address in full.

Name.....

Post Office address.....

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Are you tired of drudging along in the same old way, day by day, month by month, the everlasting same old grind? If so, do as the wise ones in all the history of America have done—put your investments in virgin fields.

The last great American territory where immense returns are possible, is the Pacific Northwest. Even this great field is being rapidly taken up.

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NOTE—Write name plainly so that no mistake will be made in filling out certificate.

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Please reserve.....shares for me, at \$1.00 per share; send me certificate, booklet, reports and all information; if I am fully convinced that it is an enterprise of the soundest character and will prove ENORMOUSLY profitable, I will pay for the same at the rate of 10 cents per share per month until fully paid. No more than 1000 shares reserved for any one person.

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Chino products that are making the growers independent are alfalfa, walnuts, deciduous fruits, onions and potatoes, sugar beets and berries.

Nearly \$400,000 worth of Chino lands have been sold since the recent opening of the ranch. Is this not solid proof of the merit of this property?

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For quick returns on your investments, buy lands in the Great Salt River Valley, where you are assured abundance of water for irrigation from the Tonto Reservoir, now under construction by the United States Government. For prices and terms write **PECKA BROTHERS**, Real Estate, Loans and Insurance, offices 510-512 West Washington street, Phoenix, Arizona.

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Organization effected in ARIZONA with least trouble and expense. Can begin business day papers reach us. No franchise tax. No public statements required. Stockholders exempt from company liability. Hold meetings, keep books and transact business anywhere. Any kind of stock may be issued and paid up in cash, services or property, and made non-assessable. The legislature can not affect corporate franchises by subsequent laws. Territorial officials now prohibited by law from serving companies. Our president, I. T. Stoddard, was for years Secretary of Arizona, and officially in charge of the incorporating business. Write or wire today for copy of laws, blanks, and full particulars. By-laws gratis with each incorporation. **STODDARD INCORPORATING CO., Phoenix, Ariz.**

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First mortgages on irrigated ranches in the wonderful Salt River Valley of Arizona. Conservative and reliable information free. Homeseekers and investors will be given the benefit of our years of experience and best judgment. We handle nothing but the best property in either mortgages or ranches. Consult us before deciding.

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Please send me complete particulars concerning the new Town of Earlington.

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completed.**

The center of the **GREAT SALT RIVER VALLEY**, offers greater opportunities to the homeseeker and investor than any other locality in the great Southwest.

**IN NO COUNTRY IN THE WORLD** can the farmer do as well as here in **ALFALFA, SUGAR BEET, MELON-RAISING, TRUCK GARDENING, LIVE STOCK and DAIRYING.**

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## SALT RIVER VALLEY, ARIZONA

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE



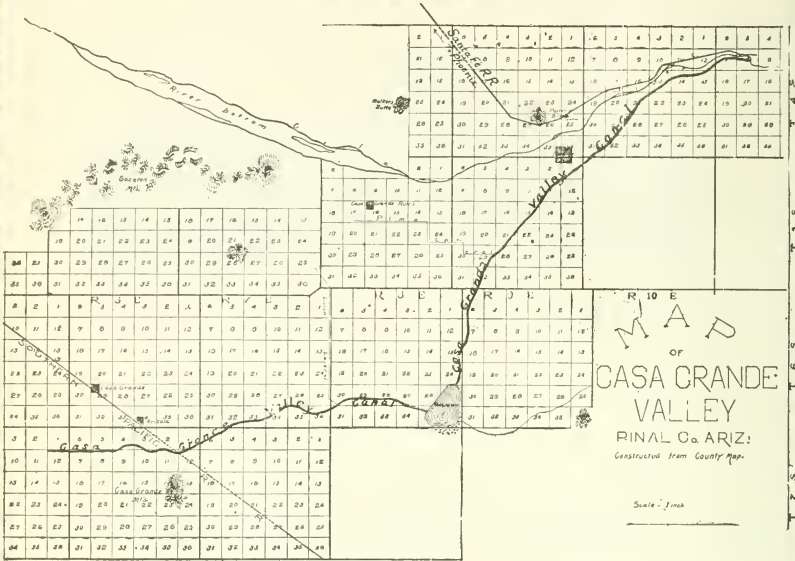
Offers rich inducements to the Capitalist, the Home-seeker and the Tourist. The mild winter climate of this valley brings great relief to those who are tired of cold winds, snow and ice. The fertile lands of this famous valley will grow to perfection wheat, barley, oats, alfalfa, cantaloupes, figs, grapes, strawberries, sugar beets, oranges, and all kinds of vegetables. The great Tonto Reservoir under construction by the U. S. Government will greatly enhance the value and productiveness of this valley. For illustrated booklet, send 4 cents to any of the following:

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Phoenix, Arizona.

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**Central Arizona beats the world on Alfalfa raising. Just listen a minute:**

In one year on a ranch of 140 acres near Phoenix, Mr. D. D. Horning raised and stacked 700 tons of alfalfa, which sold for \$6700.00. You ought to see a picture that was taken of that big stack.

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The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railways are in the valley, only twenty-five miles apart. Markets east and west.

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**\$25.00 an Acre, Up**  
**Best opportunity in the West today.**

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ELMER WHITE, Mgr. Phoenix Office

**Box 505, Phoenix, Arizona**



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(MOUNTAIN VIEW)

## The Beautiful Residence Suburb of Los Angeles, Cal.

MIRAMONTE PARK almost touches the city limits of Los Angeles, and is reached by the best equipped electric road in the United States, the celebrated Huntington system.

Only 15 minutes  
ride on fast  
trolley from Los  
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and her sky-  
scrapers to your  
beautiful home  
mid the trees of  
Miramonte  
Park.



Come to our office  
in the beautiful  
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and get full  
particulars regarding  
the most rapidly  
selling tract  
in the vicinity of  
this rapidly  
growing city.

## Homes for Home-Seekers

The upper picture is from an actual photograph of one of the streets in Miramonte Park. A beautiful view of the mountains can be seen in the distance, the houses are clustered among magnificent trees, streets are wide, walks and curbs are extra wide and heavy. Building restrictions are adequate; electric lights and telephones are provided; no Africans or Mongolians.

The first portion of Miramonte Park sold out in 90 days, the second addition sold as quickly, the third addition is now on the market. 46 lots were sold the first 4 days.

**The prices are remarkably low, \$550 up.** Terms 10% down and \$15 a month or 10% discount for cash.

There is no better investment in Los Angeles and no home site so attractive.

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A brand new tract of 400 lots just placed on the market. Streets all being graded, oiled, cement curbed, water piped to every lot; building restrictions \$1500. Lying in the southwestern part of San Pedro. Prices and terms very reasonable.

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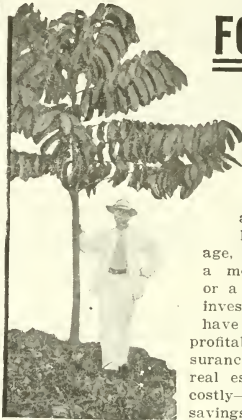
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This company is divided into only 6,000 shares, each one representing an undivided interest equivalent to an acre in our Rubber Orchard and Plantation. Our booklets will prove to you that five shares in this investment, paid for at the rate of \$25 a month, will bring you an average return of 25 per cent on your money during the period of seven years and an annual income of \$1,500 for life. This investment insures absolutely the safety of your future. The man or woman who owns five shares in our rubber plantation in tropical Mexico need have no fear for old age, no doubts about illness, no care nor anxiety for after years—you are safe—absolutely and certainly—our booklets will prove these statements—write for them today.

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Perfect climate, allowing the farmer to work his land every month in the year for continual profit.

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Located on the main line of one trans-continental railroad, with direct connections to all the others, insuring quick, convenient transportation for both passengers and freight.

**Within Fifty Miles East of Los Angeles, only  
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We desire to sell this land only to buyers who will locate at once and work the land. We will divide the land to suit the buyer, allowing liberal terms of payment. Write at once for complete information.

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PHONES { Home Ex. 2100  
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Character of Homes being erected in Brentwood Park

# Brentwood Park

The Grandest Homesite in

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

This picture shows you some of the beautiful homes being erected in Brentwood Park. From month to month we are going to show a series of these homes under construction, and completed, being erected by owners and to be occupied by them as homes.

Brentwood Park is laid out in the same manner as the Golden Gate Park, at San Francisco, which is so well known. On account of the great natural advantages, Brentwood Park is unsurpassed as a home place. Overlooking the Santa Monica Canyon, for its entire length, just far enough from the ocean to escape any raw winds, and its elevation being higher than any other available point near Los Angeles, the views, both marine and mountains, as well as valleys or canyons, are superb. Here one can live in an atmosphere of flowers and trees in full view of ocean, valleys, and mountain peaks, extending for miles in every direction and still be within thirty minutes' car or automobile ride to Fourth and Broadway, the business center of Los Angeles. The Los Angeles Pacific cars, on their new double track, pass the door; no more rapid or finer transportation any place.

No lots in Brentwood Park have a frontage of less than one hundred feet, and the depths range from one hundred and seventy-four feet to four hundred and fifty feet. A beautiful grand boulevard extends through the park, ranging from one hundred and thirty feet to one hundred and eighty feet.

It is the intention of this Company to make Brentwood Park the home place of people of culture and refinement.

Now is the time to purchase; you may not need the lot today, but isn't it a good time to buy when you can get choice locations; you can use the lot when you wish and they are all rapidly increasing in value. No better investment in Southern California; no finer place for a home.

Write us today for full particulars, which will be sent free to all. Prices range now from fifteen hundred dollars to five thousand dollars per lot, according to the location, with the usual terms of payment. Of course, as beautiful homes are erected, lots are bound to be advanced. Address,

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If you are considering locating anywhere in California these books will be of great value.

If you simply want an investment, they will tell you how to select the right land. With the booklets we send descriptions of one of the grandest and best of the immense ranches in the state that is now being cut up into farms of 10 to 100 acres.

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Capital Stock, \$250,000

**Offers to the Investing Public  
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Issue of \$50,000 worth of 6%  
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These bonds are protected by a first mortgage on the developed mines of this company, valued at to exceed three hundred thousand dollars.

In order to induce the early sale of these bonds, with the first \$25,000 of bonds sold, each subscriber will receive as a bonus, One Share of Treasury Stock of The J. C. Lee Company of a par value of \$100 with each bond of \$100.

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A statement of the business of the J. C. Lee Company and its financial condition will be placed before any one desiring to invest, and every opportunity will be given to satisfy investors that our mines offer not only ample security, but will soon be paying further dividends on the stock.

The management of The J. C. Lee Company is in the hands of a Board of Directors consisting of the following conservative business men, whose names guarantee careful and able direction of the affairs of the Company:

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- D. L. KEYT, Capitalist, Perrydale, Ore.
- J. G. BOYDSTON, Portland, Ore.
- J. C. WYATT, Druggist, Vancouver, Wash.
- W. S. HURST, Merchant, Aurora, Ore.
- J. C. LEE, President, J. C. Lee Company, Portland, Ore.

*For particulars call on or address*

## THE J. C. LEE COMPANY

Incorporated

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## **Lee's Creek Gold Mines**

Is now selling at Two Cents a share. But when the "gold begins to run," as it will early in the year, this stock will be worth much more money, and there will be none on the market.

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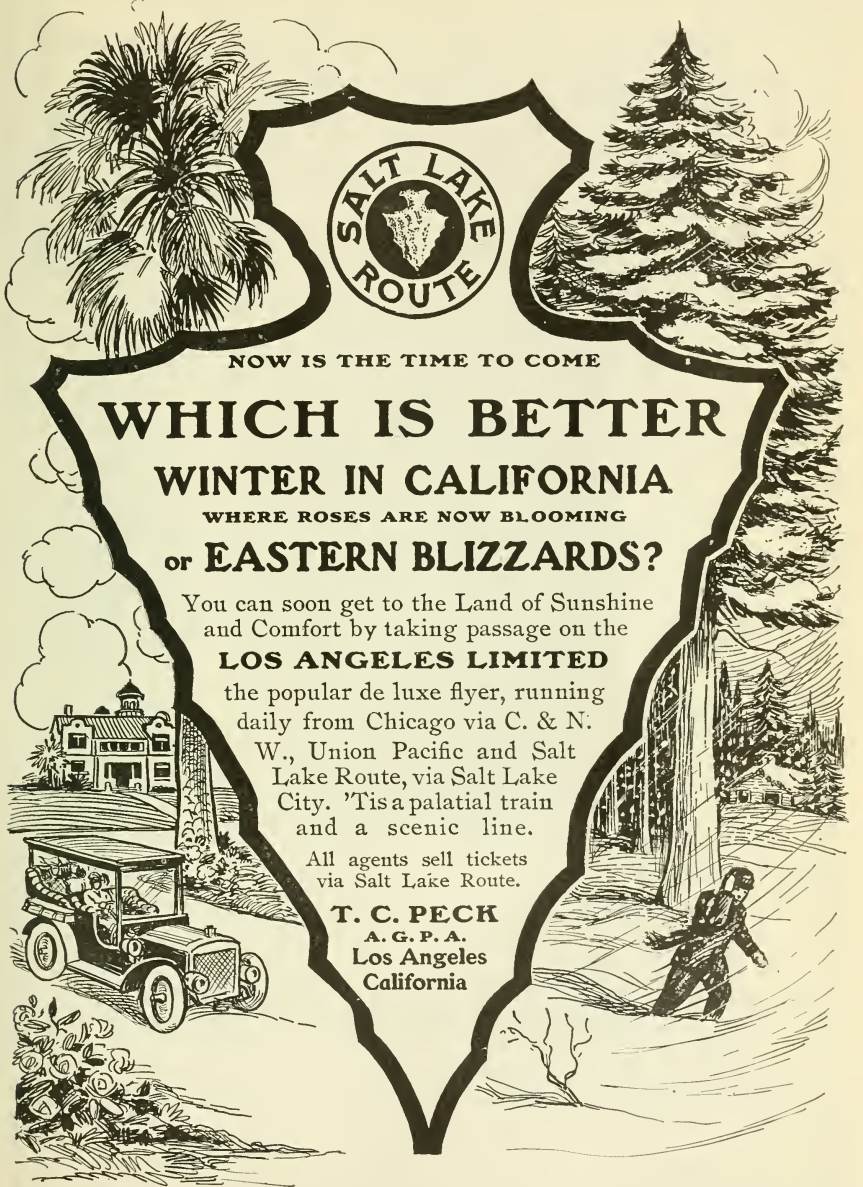
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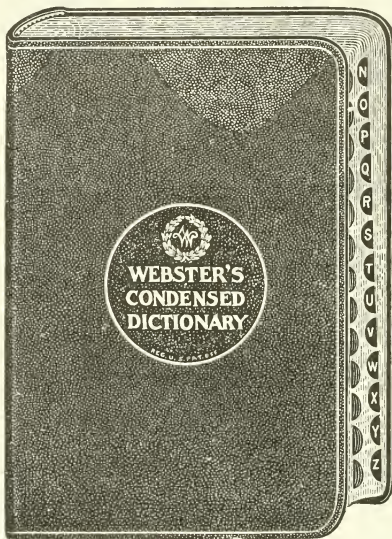
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VIEW OF CANYON FROM EL TOVAR HOTEL



# Pabst Extract Calendar for 1907

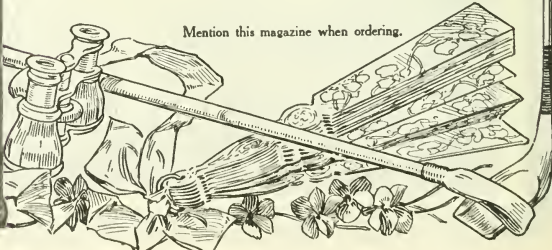
This charming panel shows in richest coloring the vivacious health and beauty of the women who achieve and maintain physical perfection by the aid of

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This handsome art calendar, size 7½x36 inches, is exquisitely printed in seventeen colors and is a striking example of Bryson's best style in portraying the American Girl. It is free from advertising and makes a most charming decoration for the library, den or office.

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### PERFECTION OF RAPID TRANSIT.

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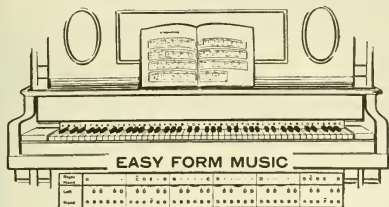
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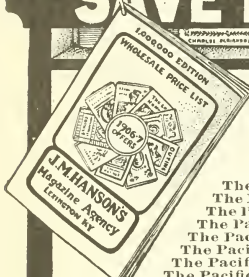
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## *The Pacific Monthly for March*



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The stories in this number are by Edwin L. Sabin—"Buster and the Loco-Cycle"; Elizabeth Lambert Wood—a delightful study of a "Village Widow"; R. C. Pitzer, whose story, "Told in the Clouds," tells the dramatic ending of a prospector's love-affair. "At the Whistling Buoy" is a story of love and a woman's adventure off the Columbia River Bar.

The illustrations in the March Pacific Monthly will be of most unusual interest. The second series of Mr. F. H. Kiser's photographs of mountain-climbing, some native illustrations of an ascent of Japan's sacred mountain, Mr. Herbert T. Bohlman's bird-pictures and photographs of the principals in the Indian Wars in the Southwest are some among the three-score illustrations that go to make a magazine of pictorial beauty.

The installment of Mr. Whitaker's novel, "The Settler," will be a most thrilling one. It proves the author's mastery of the dramatic.

A remarkable lyric by Charles B. Clark, Jr., "Red's Saloon," will be in this issue.

## *Announcement by the Editors*



Beginning with the April Pacific Monthly will be published a series of "Stories of the Western Railroads," by W. F. Bailey, the recognized authority in the United States on all railway history. The first article (in April) is "The Story of the Shasta Route." This will be followed in the May number by "The Story of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company." These articles, as befits the history of the greatest enterprises of the Pacific Slope, will be illustrated fully and beautifully.

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"A SOLDIER OF PERU," by Gerald Morgan.

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"THE CLAIM-JUMPERS," by Herman Whitaker.

A splendid story by the author of "The Settler."

"O'GRADY OF THE BUTTONS," by E. D. Biggers.

A humorous story of an Irishman, a president of a republic and the tragedy of an ice-cream "parlor."

"THE MEMORY OF A GENTLEMAN," by John Fleming Wilson.

A love-story of the lighthouse service by the author of "Peering Jimmy," "Feinnes II" and "The Past of the *Madge Fenton*."

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## Climbing Mt. Baker---First Series



*In 1906 the Mazamas, an association of mountain-climbers, made their official outing to Mt. Baker. A small party, under the guidance of Mr. F. H. Kiser, made the ascent to the summit. Next month THE PACIFIC MONTHLY will reproduce another series of striking photographs taken on the trip by Mr. Kiser.*

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II—The northeast side of the summit of Mt. Baker and head of Roosevelt Glacier. This baffled the strength and courage of the Kiser party for over three hours.



III—Mt. Baker from Shuksan Ridge.



IV—Mr. Kiser leaping Mammoth Crevasse, Mt. Baker. The rope shown in this picture was anchored the day before by jumping across the crevasse with an Alpine stock. The ice chasm is hundreds of feet deep.





*V—The Kiser party ascending a perilous snow slope on Mt. Baker.*



VI—The Mazamas near a large crevasse, Mazama Glacier. Over one hundred of these were crossed  
in this ascent of Mt. Baker.



VII—The Kiser party on an Ice Bridge, Mazama Glacier. On the way to the summit of Mt. Baker it was necessary to cross six of these natural bridges.



VIII—The largest crevasse on Mt. Baker; length 225 feet; width of cavity 120 feet, depth unknown.

# The PACIFIC MONTHLY



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## A Neglected Coast

By William Leon Dawson

Illustrated by the Author



**E**AST or West there is probably no stretch of coast bordering the United States which is less known or less frequented than that extending from Gray's Harbor to Cape Flattery in Washington. North of Moclips, especially, where the rocky ribs of the Olympic Mountains begin to break up the dead level of shining sand, travel becomes increasingly difficult. The tributary region is penetrated deeply by only one wagon road, that from East Clallam on the Straits to Mora in the lower Quillayute country. Navigators shun the coast as they would a plague, for it is guarded by over a hundred rugged islets, and by the remains of countless others now reduced to sullen reefs. Rain falls almost daily, save during July and August, and these months witness a never-ending conflict between sun and fog. The timber in consequence is very heavy, and the undergrowth which crowns the sea-wall is almost impenetrable.

Yet in spite of these drawbacks, in spite,

too, of the scanty population, chiefly Indian, to be found in the tributary region, those who have forced their way along this coast, or have ventured into its troubled waters, have felt amply repaid by the sight of frowning headlands pierced by graceful arches, by the ever-fresh delights of crescent beach and erashing surf, and not least, by the ever-varied panorama of the islands,—in the morning half-mantled in the mystery of fog, at noon resplendent in clear sunshine and flashing with the wings of countless sea-birds, at evening silhouetted against the warm saffron of the western sky, like the fabled Islands of the Blessed.

In July of the present year, the writer, accompanied by wife and child, arranged to visit this coast, together with its adjacent islands, intending primarily a systematic study of its bird-life. We had the services of two Indian boatmen, of the Quillayute tribe, California and Gordon Hobucket by name, and the use of a typical Indian canoe hollowed from a single log of cedar. Cedar in itself is the frailest of wood, but cedar



*The Grenville Arch.*

plus Indian seamanship is the safest thing ever devised—at least for waters with which the natives are at all familiar.

Starting at Moelips and proceeding north we camped first at Point Grenville. Here the Grenville Arch and the Grenville Pillar gave a foretaste of the good things in store for the bird-man, for seven kinds of sea-birds nest upon them.

Cape Elizabeth, the next point north, is notorious for foul weather as well as for its dangerous reefs, which run out like a sloping cross-cut saw set under water a half mile or more. Our first attempt at rounding this promontory was unsuccessful, owing to head winds, and we put back into a little cove near the mouth of the Quinault River, which the Indians declared to be the last refuge short of Destruction Island, thirty miles away.

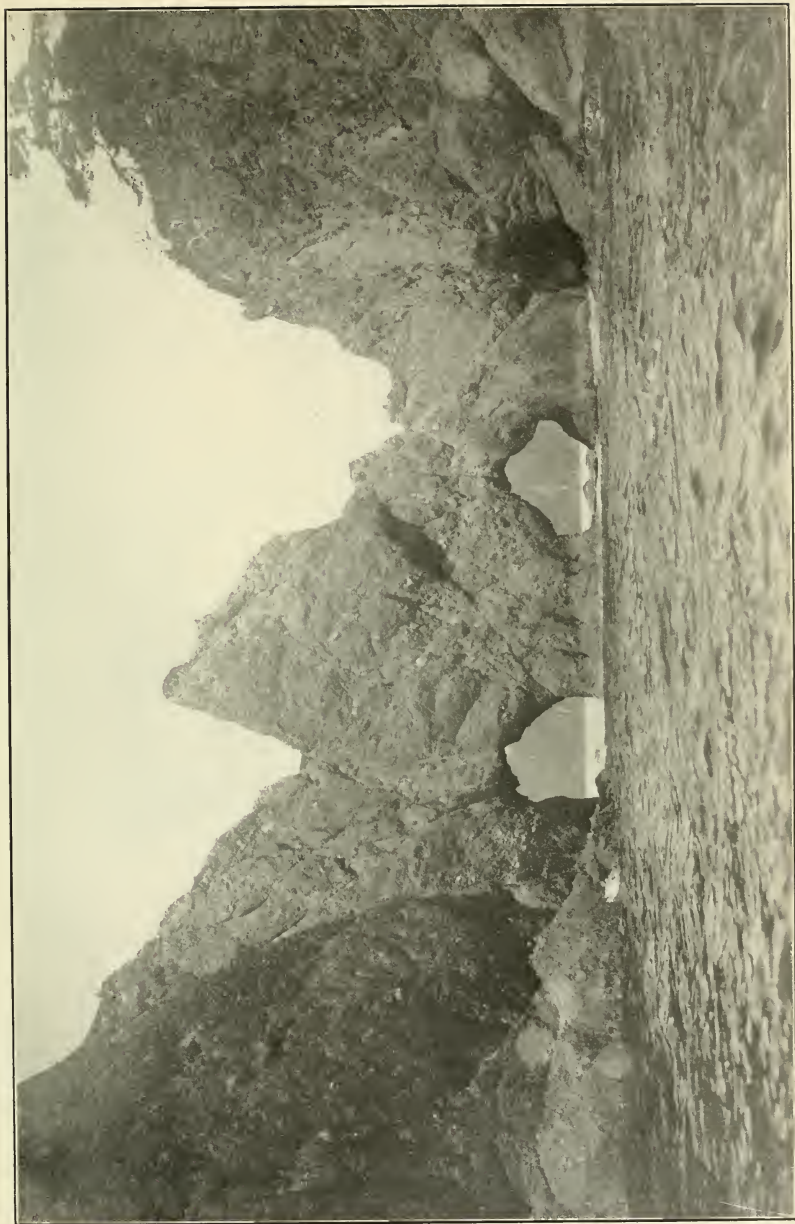
This landing was a study. The surf was running well and the boat was heavily laden. To be caught in a comber meant to be swamped, at best, and the line of breakers seemed always five crests deep. But critical attention showed that here and there a wave failed to break. Or now and again one broke prematurely and spent its foam before it attained the shore. Hovering on the outskirts, our canoe-men watched for an opening, some over-indolent wave, seized upon the first sign of inaction and darted within the line. But the sea frowned suddenly to the rear, and at a sharp guttural of command from the stern's-man the canoe was shot back to meet the oncoming wave before it should develop full power. Again and again this ruse was tried, the boat weaving and dashing back and forth, now gaining

two, now losing one, until by this intricate jugglery we found ourselves within the third line. To our joy the third roller was smitten with sudden impotence. "Alte!" (now), shouted the stern's-man. "Ae" (yes), from the bow's-man. The paddles dipped fiercely and the canoe sprang forward like a race-horse under the whip. The Indian faces kindled to whiteness with the joy of conflict. Before and behind was the roar of breakers, but about us was always calm. Paddles were dropped and poles seized without the loss of a stroke. Twice the spent waters surged past us in full retreat, themselves helping to stay the snarling pursuers, while the bending poles struggled madly forward. The canoe grounded at last and was drawn up on the beach in a trice. Out of the hurly-burly we emerged somehow, dry as herrings, while the baffled waters roared and plunged behind us, each crested giant blaming his fellows for the deliverance. To the seasoned Siwash this sort of thing becomes not only a passion but an instinct. When we left this place we passed a seven-line surf without a spatter, but it took twelve minutes of alternate spurring and timely retreat to accomplish it.

Unfavorable weather gave us time to thoroughly familiarize ourselves with the marvels of Cape Elizabeth. Here we played tag with the waves as they raced up and down their narrow play-ground. Or we explored the spacious chambers which the sea had hollowed out from the lofty wall, and to which, with thoughtful provision, it gave access by archways of graceful proportions. In the uplifted walls we could read the story



*Keyhole Near Tip of Cape Elizabeth.*



*The Spectacle Arches.*

of an ancient beach, among whose shifting pebbles a Miocene sea had once fretted. The very driftwood was there, flung about through the rock, waiting to be used, but black with impatience at the long delay.

We lose the poetry of coal when we regard it as a commodity and handle it by the ton, but to pluck it from the bank and place it under the elfish coffee-pot is to command the service, not only of carbon, the material, but of attendant visions. The black rock perceives a subtle flattery in this personal attention, and as it crackles and glows genially alongside the waif of the last tide, it whispers of its former grandeur and chuckles with satisfaction, as it recalls how

Island. The suggestion of the name was romantically gruesome and its significance became more definite as the fog closed down upon us. There was a bit of a breeze in spite of the fog, and a sea which kept the *cheechacos* at the bottom of the boat. Hour after hour the Indians rowed and paddled steadily, saying nothing at all, seeing nothing but fog and the nearer waves, hearing nothing but the roar of sullen breakers upon a hidden shore which it was death to touch. At seven we held a sort of council. The wind was fresh and gusty. We had no compass, and so dared not lose track of the sound of the surf. The grayness was appalling and the sea yawned all the more



*Salvation on Destruction.*

even as a prostrate log upon the beach, it was wont to harbor flocks of *Palaeolari*, the gulls of old, which, fat from the plunder of the sea, came to doze, or preen, or clack and croak among their jostling fellows. "Aye, there was delight! And how my scarred sides shook with laughter when, upon a time, a baby Nimravus, sporting overhead among the fragrant cinnamon blossoms, missed footing, fell splat upon the sand, and put the silly birds to shrieking flight."

Not loving Cape Elizabeth less but the unknown more, we accepted the first half-promise of good weather and pushed off on the fourth day, although it was two o'clock in the afternoon, "bound for Destruction"

limitless that we could not see it. The senior boatman, hardened veteran, but thinking most of the mother and child, said, "*Nika hia kwass.*" (I am very much afraid.)

Well, of course, there was nothing for it now but to go on. And there was the hope of coming within sound of the siren. Our salvation lay in "Destruction," and its earnest was to be the melancholy blast of the fog-horn. Destruction Island lies well offshore, and the range of audibility of its siren depends upon the direction of the wind and the state of the weather. Finally, after an hour of ear-strain, it came, a faint, low moan from beyond the imagined edge of things. One could have heard as easily the



sigh of a gnat in a swaying fir tree,—if it had meant as much. The faces of the boatmen cleared, and they bent to their task with renewed vigor. The siren sounded at intervals of one minute, and though the changing air-currents swept evidence away for minutes at a time, it always came back again a little stronger and a little sweeter.

Time came at last when we had to abandon the ominous assurance of the breakers and to trust to the voice alone. Out across the darkened waters we crept, following the resonant gleam. Oh, how sweet that pensive voice became! No longer dismal, prophetic, doomful, but alluring, soft and friendly, like

ancient trireme, lay these cruel barriers fending us from coveted "Destruction."

But the Indians knew safety was to be had somewhere along this forbidding shore, and went feeling their way around the outskirts looking for entrance. Once we ventured into a tortuous channel, and threaded our way for a hundred yards through an inferno of black rocks lit up by the pale evil of phosphorescence, only to find ourselves confronted at last by a blank wall ashore. Out again through the horror with the instinct of fatuity, and on feverishly with the search. On and ever on! Suddenly, California grunted, the keel grated on gravel, and in a



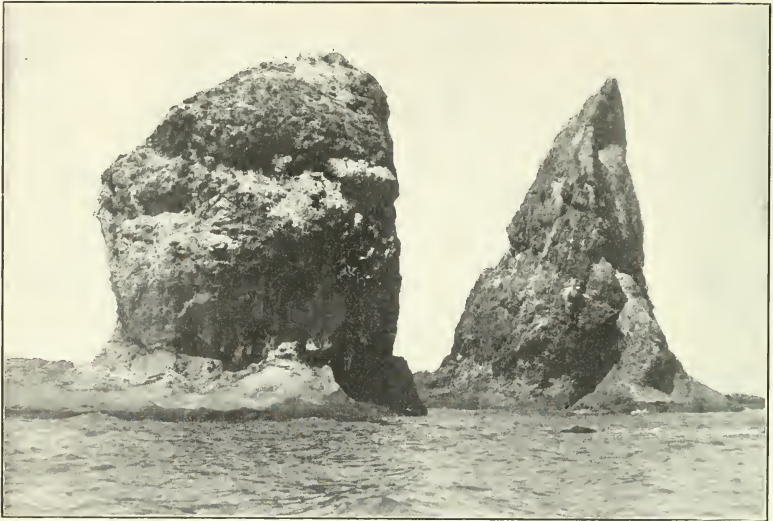
*The Roaring Reefs of Destruction.*

a mother's to a tearful child. Once, twice, three times the blasts missed turn. Five minutes passed. The machinery had broken down. Oh, surely they would do their best! "They" did. The auxiliary was brought into play and droned a sister sound as sweet, a blast of patient triumph.

And now, beneath the siren, came the hushed murmur of water,—fretful, troubled water; hissing, angry water; gnashing, frenzied water; for simultaneous with the first glimpse of the hindered light from the lofty tower, came the revelation of black reefs, at which the waters yelped and tore like angry wolves. Like the half-hidden snouts of an

moment we were comfortably on the shore of Destruction Island at 11 p. m.

We started to pay our respects to the light-house keepers on the morrow, grateful for their faithful if unconscious pilotage, but the way was beset by many interests. Crumpled sheets of copper, variegated to the tints of malachite through long exposure to the elements, projected here and there from the sands and told of the horrible grilling to which some luckless ship had been subjected years before. Copper bolts there were also, once staunch with youth and not unfaithful in that awful hour, but altered now through the action of salt water until they flaked and



*Knob and Spike—Typical Bird Rocks of Cape Johnson.*

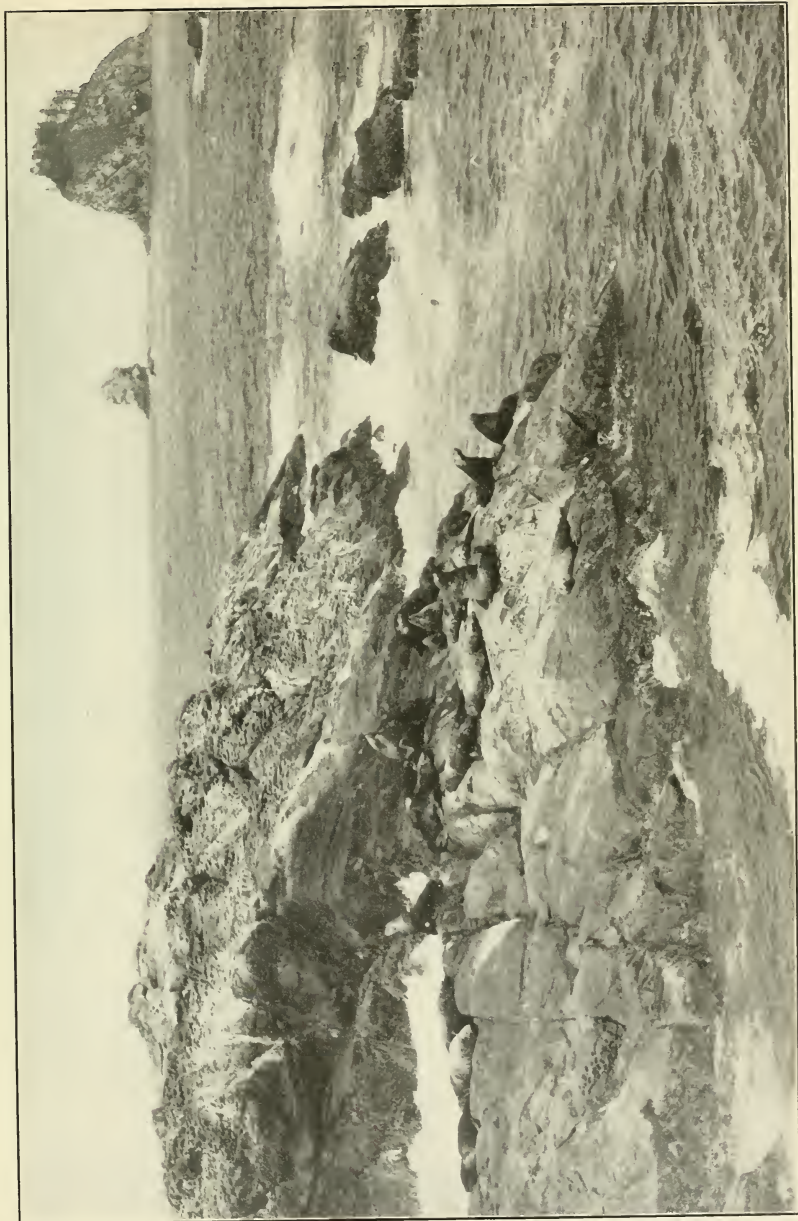


*Castle Rock—Point of the Arches.*

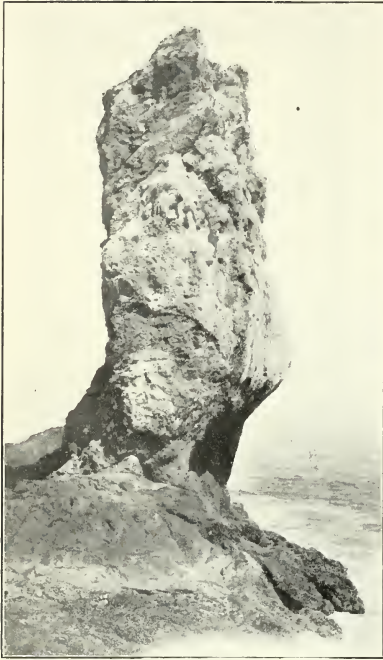
crumbled like clay-stone. And the reefs themselves, cruel, fascinating, grand—hour after hour we watched the white-maned hurdle-riders charging upon their long-sought goal, and leaping to claim their high-held chaplets of jewelled spray. The spectacle had all the fascination of a gladiatorial show under a management guaranteeing “not a dull moment.” Royal seats we had, carved fantastically of stone and placed where no claw or fang might touch from the roaring arena. Ceaselessly, the contestants appeared from the wide-flung gate of the North. Some came swelling and boastful only to drop cowering before the last wall; while others



*Approaching Point of the Arches From the South.*



*Sea Lions on Jagged Islet.*



*Fuca's Pillar at Close Quarters.*

gaining strength with every stride or joining forces with their fellows, crashed against it and burst into a splendor of mighty spray to win the notice of the very gods.

But upon the obdurate rocks all manner of sea-creatures were clinging, barnacles, mussels, limpets, and after each onslaught these spat out the spume in a murmuring chorus of ecstasy—life one long surf bath, with a shock and a shriek every second.

Said the keeper's wife, "Monotonous? Why, no. It's glorious! The sea is never twice alike." But the head keeper told, with a pardonable touch of pride, how the late fog had been the longest in the records of the station, seventeen years, necessitating an unbroken run of sixty hours,—unbroken, that is, save for those few moments whose anxiety we had known upon the water.

From this point north the islands begin to thicken, and the first large group, the Giants' Graveyard, appears off Toleak Point. The shoal waters which surround the spot are a



*The Principal Arch of Cape Elizabeth.*

veritable sea garden, and the Indians of bygone generations gathered here to bake the festive clam. But the "kitchen-midden" so eloquent of pleasures past is overgrown with clover now. The shore is littered like a workshop, as though the monuments which adorn the Titans' Graveyard had been dressed here and set down finished in the watery "God's acre" beyond.

The camera can depict better than words the ruggedness of these rock-splinters, upon most of which only the jaunty gulls may find



*Anak's Headstone: One of the Giants' Graveyard Group.*



*Sea Lions at Play.*

lodgment. Many of the islets share the elevation of the mainland; viz., a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty feet; but others, worn to an attenuated point, are slowly receding, while others still are reduced to mere stumps, or island cores, the last stage preceding the condition of reefs.

The next point, Tealwhit Head, is guarded by a semicircle of protecting rocks much appreciated for canoe passage in the face of a northwest wind, but fearful for all its mitigated terrors. The eccentricity of bad water suddenly confined within narrow limits is well known, and although the wind was little felt behind the rocks, the experience of waves ricocheting from side to side fifteen feet high in a passage a hundred feet wide, was something akin to being tossed up in a blanket.

The Giants' Graveyard had been weird enough, but our guides were right in insisting that the Quillaynte Needles would be a little bit better. The needle proper is a solid shaft of rock some eighty feet high, sloping at the base like the Eifel Tower, but pointed at the top like the Washington Monument, altogether of very handsome proportions, the slenderest because the outermost and oldest



*A Kitchen Midden—Toleak Point.*



*Cape Flattery.*

of the group. Indeed, as one proceeds further north the scenery improves in variety and grandeur, just enough to sustain a fresh interest on the part of those who are becoming accustomed to this sort of thing.

The James Island group, not more rugged than others, is nevertheless interesting as having been for countless generations the ancestral home of the Quillayute Indians.

In the islands off Cape Johnson. Nature has outdone herself in conceiving the fantastic. One is a minaret, another a dome, and a third has a summit which might prove to be level if one could attain it. One may have all the solemnity of an English cathedral, while another sprawls along the surface like a sea-serpent and makes ugly faces at you in stone.

It is, however, at the Point of the Arches, that the greatest profusion of islets is found. There is really a double point; and a double line of descending rocks pushes out into the sea until the outposts of each are lost under the breakers. Here, too, Nature's architecture runs riot: Gothic, Byzantine, Romanesque, and Chimikuan are allowed equal freedom. There is the dearest squatty chapel with a thatched roof in the second line; while

another pile is a castle retouched by half a dozen hands in as many centuries. The Spectacle Arches afford at low tide a convenient exit, whereby the wayfarer of the beach may escape, if he is so lost to himself as to be willing to leave the enthralling embrace of these hospitable arms.

It was with mingled feelings of thankfulness and regret that we rose from a picnic luncheon on that enchanted shore, looked out upon a sea and sky whence, before a compelling westerly breeze, the opalescent haze had faded, leaving only turquoise and sapphire, stepped into the faithful canoe which had been chafing on the pebbles, set sail and said briefly to the Indians, "Neah Bay at seven." The afternoon was a dream. The shore was Italy, and we sailed "the Vesuvian Bay," no longer seeking

Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,  
Where high rocks throw  
Through deeps below,  
A duplicated golden glow,

but satisfied with the fruition of a long-cherished promise, satisfied that Italy and Norway should lie at our very door and be accessible to humble adventurers.



# The Old Prospector

By Charles B. Clark, Jr.

There's a song in the canyon below me  
And a song in the pines overhead,  
As the sunlight creeps down from the snow-line  
And startles the deer from his bed.  
With mountains of green all around me  
And mountains of white up above  
And mountains of blue in the distance  
I follow the trail that I love.

My hands they are hard from the shovel,  
My legs are rheumatic by streaks  
And my face it is wrinkled from squintin'  
At the glint of the sun on the peaks.  
You pity the prospector sometimes  
As if he was out of your grade.  
Why, you are all prospectors, bless you!  
I'm only a branch of the trade.

You prospect for wealth and for wisdom,  
You prospect for love and for fame,  
Our work dont just match as to details,  
But the principle's mostly the same.  
While I am at work in the mountains  
You slave in the dust and the heat  
And scratch with your pens for the color  
And assay the float of the street.

You wail that your wisdom is salted.  
That fame never pays for the mill.  
That wealth has n't half enough value  
To pay you for climbin' the hill  
You even say love's El Dorado,  
A pipedream that never endures--  
Well, my luck aint all that I want it,  
But I've never envied you yours.

You're welcome to what the town gives you,  
To prizes of laurel and rose,  
But leave me the song in the pine tops,  
The breath of a wind from the snows.  
With mountains of green all around me  
And mountains of white up above  
And mountains of blue in the distance,  
I'll follow the trail that I love.



*Juan Ysidor Jimenez, the Scholarly Santo Domingan President, Who Cared Too Little for His Office to Hold It by Fighting.*



# South American Revolutions

By Edward Nocton



OUTH America during her ensanguined history has had two men who were willing, for her sake, to sacrifice their lives. The Moloch which is the spirit of the continent demanded their immolation. The sacrifice was made. Nearly a century has passed, and the destiny of nations visits upon whole races the sins of fathers who had neither hearts of gratitude nor minds of foresight.

North America scarcely recalls, and South America has half forgotten, the intrepid San Marten, at mention of whose name Spain, hereditary tyrant of the hemisphere, trembled in the years gone by. With an army steadily increasing in numbers and improving in discipline he marched, in 1827, from the southernmost coast of Argentina sheer into Peru, a thousand miles away; and he left Spanish soldiers dead behind him, all along his trail.

He was no republican, this patriot of the early century. He believed that South America's salvation must lie in a monarchical government whose power should be hedged with strict constitutional limitations. But, stern as he was in the discipline of his army and firm as he was in combating the tyranny of Spain, he had the grandeur of a humility which is possessed only by the greatest among leaders. He knew that, to the average man, liberty was synonymous with pure democracy. The history of his time chronicles the object of that indomitable march as being the desire of the great San Marten to learn, from the lips of a greater even than he, the temper of the fighting North. He learned it in Peru. Monarchy was slain, and must never be revived.

Without one spark of anger, with no more than a sigh for the abasement of his own calm judgment, San Marten marched back toward Buenos Ayres, a conqueror with limited power at his back, who was intent only

upon giving it into the hands of the people he had freed.

He found himself arraigned, in a public mind as fickle as it was suspicious, as a usurper who designed his triumphs for freedom to be his stepping stones to imperial rule. The same magnanimity which bade him abandon his well-thought plans for his people's welfare, made him abandon the sword of his ascendancy. He left his horde of ingrates to themselves; and he died, years afterward, in that distant Spain whose captains he had beaten—died of sorrow for the injustice that had been his portion, and of grief for the misfortunes which, thick and fast, befell the people whose inbred nature would not let them trust an honest man. Liberty, ever since, has been tossed about among the South American nations like a bone among wolves. War's drama has changed its scene to make room for boasting cowards, and has come back again to war, until hardly a foot of the continent remains that has not been watered with the blood of the brave, or stamped with the heel-marks of those who got away. The republics of Hayti and Santo Domingo, and of Central America as well, have blended in their histories the humor of burlesque and the pathos of tragedy. A roar of laughter from an amused populace has often been as effectual in dissolving a rebellion as the thunder of artillery. Revolution has followed revolution with the frequency of faction fights in Ireland, and nearly all of them have brought disaster on misfortune's heel. The republics of the Indies are but theoretically free. Of the ninety per cent constituting the red and black races who inhabit them, one-third are little better than serfs. The planter and the politician are lords paramount. No Tammany leader possesses a modicum of the sway of the tropical statesman. His presence is a menace to his untutored constituency; his nod is a command. Demagoguery, sworn enemy of peace, attains a power that is drunken. Hardly a

President has been elected without its cheap resources. Ambitious and clever understrappers have risen, from its pliant knee, to the shoulders of a rebellion, and on to the Presidency.

In nearly all of the republics, politics is the handmaid of loot. It is a game tricksters play for gain chiefly, and for glory incidentally. The Presidency is a continuous temptation—the golden fleece for innumerable Jasons.

Sometimes, with cruel wrongs nerving them, the people rise and strike their vengeful blows in such ferocity of wrath that civilization stands aghast. And again, the mountain of discontent, in travail and in throe, brings forth a mouse the world must laugh at. There is truth in the story they tell of a Texas cow-puncher who wanted a vacation that would be quiet and restful, and departed to join in a South American revolution.

"Jimmy," said a friend of his, "are you loaded up with cartridges?"

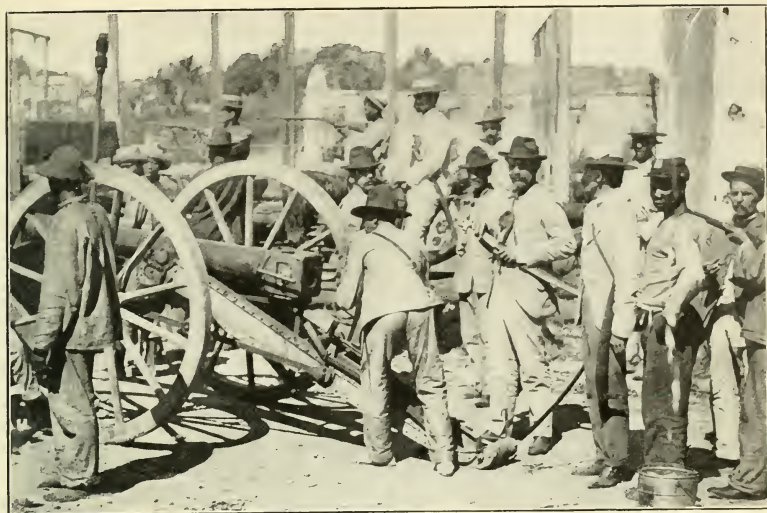
"Cartridges, hell!" answered Jimmy. "All you need down there is pepsin tablets and cigarette paper."

He may have been South before. He may have merely guessed at the real condition of affairs. But, surmise or knowledge, the reply touched upon a curious bit of fact. Without paper and tobacco, half of the revolutions would burn out in a week. Without paper alone, many of them would not be born to live a day. This is an age of advertising, as the early campaigns of Napoleon were wars of proclamations. The republic of Hayti, with nine-tenths of its population pure African in blood and bastard French in language, uses tons of white paper to inaugurate its revolutions.

The torch of sedition, there, is a circular about the size used by a grocer doing business in the suburbs of Chicago. Its text is a trifle more emphatic in denunciation than a Chicagoan can be in words of praise. The iniquities of the accursed government are set forth in broad, but contumelious generalities; and most of the space left over is filled with exclamation points. There is, usually, a pertinent paragraph added which inquires whether patriots whose fathers bled, week before last, to preserve their sacred liberties, can loll supinely in the sun while the tyrant they installed drains the life blood of the nation.

The circulars are pasted on dead walls, over night. Hayti, rising in the morning, discovers that a revolution is restraining itself somewhere in the woods. But Hayti, inured to revolutions, continues to loll. The day's mail brings more circulars—thousands of them. This, it appears, is to be a real revolution, with capital behind it. The citizen of Hayti spells it out, and awakens. Has he not saved his country a dozen times before? Pangs of patriotism stir him. With a flintlock gun in his hands, and moth-eaten epaulets pinned on his undershirt, he begins drilling himself, a bare-footed and lonely hero, while the members of his family gaze at him, overawed.

From Hayti, with its minstrel show of war, to Venezuela, where the fiercest of the passions are unleashed—from the Indies and the Isthmus to the disfigured face of the continent beyond, half made by toil, half ruined by mean rapacities—there is a bitter debt of fostering owed to the United States. The bulk of the inflammatory circulars are printed in New York. The city is the rendezvous for fugitive rebels and malcontents—impassioned spirits, brewing revolts to glut vengeance and secure quick aggrandizement. The world knows nothing of their councils. They plot destructions undisturbed. Now and then come fellow countrymen, who confer with them in secret and depart unknown. To sit in one part of the world, and excite sedition in another, is a master stroke. It is being done today with results far more effective than when, in decades past, Cuban belligerents met, again and again, in that safe harbor and planned their dangerous expeditions against the cruel power of Spain. A huge performance, this handling of cable lines that move men across the seas to deadly combat with the ease of puppets. In the Island of Trinidad, in Curaçoa, and in other safe and convenient places, the revolutionists co-operate with their allies. A system of relentless espionage keeps those in New York constantly informed of every move the government makes. To the rebels in the United States is usually left the purchase of arms and the accoutrements of a war, although the material is sometimes bought in neighboring islands, or in France. Every manufacturer of arms and powder in the United States knows the bargain-hunting revolutionists of the Latin republics, whose poverty, greater



*Artillery in Action; Santo Domingo.*

than their pride, makes them take what they can get, and leave the more modern—and more expensive weapons—to nations that have treasuries.

Important adjunct as he is to every revolution, the professional treason-maker is nothing more than a by-product of South American industrial conditions. The real origin of the majority among the political disturbances of the continent is to be sought in the industrial condition of the population. The story of the French revolution, sequent upon governmental rapacity reducing to beggary a people naturally industrious, is repeated annually in South America, because the evils of wholly selfish administrations are multiplied by the inertness of great masses among the population—a combination of evils that reduces the marvellous fertility of the land to the productiveness of flint, and leaves even conscienceless speculation comparatively poor in its endeavor to steal fortunes. Given capital for development, and steady employment at fair wages for the people at large, and rebellion, as a habit, would vanish over night.

In the countries of the North—Colombia, Venezuela and Bolivia—poverty and civil strife have gone hand in hand. In Brazil,

and in the more Southern republics such as Argentina, Chile, Uruguay and Paraguay, the industrial activity is greater and the number of insurrections is less.

The North seems to have fallen, irretrievably, into the vicious circle of political decay. Though the mountains hoard minerals and the soil, even with the most superficial tillage, yields the earth's choicest products, both capital and native energy are insufficient for the exploitation of the immense resources. The insurrections that arise withhold from them the wealth which, normally, should flow in millions for their development from the United States and Europe. The loss to Colombia and Venezuela, from their diminished coffee crops alone, is an object lesson for all who seek the true causes of the disturbances chronic to the continent.

But a population rarely, if ever, seeks to find within itself the origins of its mischances. And, when there are whole people embracing only ten per cent who can be classed as educated citizens, it is a political certainty that good and evil will be attributed directly to some prominent man, or group of men, as if they had in their possession a panacea for ills and an occult power for harm, which they use as their interest die-



*Brigadier-General Pino Guerra, Typical Cuban Revolutionist. He Was the Leader of the Insurrectionary Forces in the Recent Cuban Troubles.*

tates. The existing regime is always blame-worthy. The people watch the government with suspicious eyes, expecting anything and dreading the worst. Difficult as many have found it to be an honest man in the United States, it is actually painful for a South American government official to be worthy of his place—not necessarily because of the temptations he must resist, but because of the quality of turpitude with which public opinion must invest him.

Every new administration commences its career with a legacy of harsh suspicion as an asset. An item even more dangerous is its debt of practical dishonor, because forced loans upon industry and commerce must be repaid, and insolvency lurks in every alleyway. The President, vested with executive power, is forced as much as he is tempted to exercise the license of a dictator. Men of influence and wealth clamor or fawn for favors. And the people at large bear the crushing burden. The long heritage of distrust, pressing poverty and readiness for war leaves the populace little patience to wait until even the most well-disposed administra-

tion can straighten out the inconsistencies into which greed, complaisance and knavery have plunged industry and finance. South America paves the pathways of its destruction with the intention of its governments.

Here, then are the two agencies at work for the fomentation of discord—a nation in constant readiness for civil war, and ardent revolutionists industriously sowing the seeds of sedition from refuges on foreign shores. When discontent is most rife, the professional revolutionist appears upon the scene of prospective action. Wherever he may flourish, he seems to be indigenous to South America, a strange figure outlined against the bizarre background.

His business is to convert sedition into civil strife—at so much per strife. As shrewd as he is audacious, he seldom fails. In him are mingled the qualities of a circus press-agent and a diplomat. Always the emissary of some leading “statesman” supported by a coterie of hungry malcontents, he will make a proposal to the particular bank that has been slighted by the government, or to a group of disgruntled business men, under which he agrees, in return for their financial help, to overthrow the government and give the bank and the tradesmen the benefit of the national business—when the new administration shall have been inaugurated. Such methods are common in Hayti and are not infrequent in South America generally. Thus, by hook and crook, the cash is obtained for the fiery literature and for shiploads of arms, brought into the country labeled “hardware.”

To the professional revolutionist, patriotism is as amusing as labor is abhorrent. He scorns the fight, and stoops only enough to the dissemination of pronunciamientos and the sale of arms. The highest bidder can have his very jack-knife. He has innumerable bargains in muzzle-loading guns, powder, and machetes; and he drives them like a Shylock. They have a saying that, when the battle is on, he may be found, seated on a load of his own ammunition, safe behind a rock, hoping either side may run short of powder. While the muskets crack, he counts his gains, and gauges the consuming capacity of the current rebellion in order to meet exactly the requirements of the next.

He never gives the matter a thought, yet he knows that two-thirds of the cable dis-

patches published here regarding the troubles in his country are false. They are written in New York, sent to fellow conspirators in Porto Rico, Curaçoa, and Port of Spain in Trinidad, by letter, and are cabled back to New York. They speak of unsettled conditions, of rebels massing here and there, and of "battles" that are being fought. As the leading spirits of every succeeding revolution compel their predecessors to expatriate themselves, an administration is ever harassed by enemies, who snatch at any opening for its overthrow. Two battles, reported as having taken place during Venezuela's revolution during the last uprising, at San Cristobal and Maracaibo, never occurred. The dispatches, primarily designed to weaken the power of the government, place it in a bad light with contiguous republics and foreign countries, while a general distrust takes root among local producers and traders. Forces so vicious, complex and powerful, bring about the crisis.

Its coming is forecasted by never-failing signs. Groups talk quietly on the streets of the capital and in all public places. Soon, well-known men, as also the loiterers about the market place, drop out of sight. Every passing day thins the numbers of the populace. Those who remain do not seem unduly agitated. The life of the city's streets ebbs and flows more dully. That is all.

Out among the plantations, at night, torches flare and the hum of voices murmurs over the pampas. They are the revolutionaries, foraging for cattle, or impressing ignorant negroes into the unwelcome service. It is part of the recruiting system. Weary laborers, hustled from their beds, are forced to follow. The march is toward a rendezvous fixed upon by the rebel chiefs. Along the roads in day time, those in sympathy with the rebellion, stirred by the rattle of the drums and the mocking taunts of the ever-increasing army, swing into line of their own accord. Some are equipped with machetes, clubs, or ancient guns snatched up in haste; others bring only their muscels and their appetites. Songs—patriotic or ribald—roll up in chorus from the raucous throats of the ragged multitude. It is a riot, on tour.

There are few hurried marches for the rebels. Nightly feasts of fresh-killed cattle make delays delicious. A ship or two, laden with arms, find meanwhile some obscure har-



*Manuel Estrada Cabrera, President of Guatemala, One of the Strongest Men of All the Southern Republics, and a Statesman of Achievement. To Him Guatemala Owes the Rehabilitation of Its Railways, Important Reforms in Land Holdings in the Interest of Small Owners, the Restoration of Public Credit, Great Improvement in Its Public School System and Many Other Reforms. His Term Expires in 1911.*

bor and are unloaded. As far as possible, the army is equipped. There are barely enough guns for all; but then, there is the ever-handy machete.

Rumors begin to deluge the cities and towns. The mass of the people become restless; for, at any moment, the rebels may flow in upon them, intent on plunder and murder. Assured at last of the gravity of the revolt, out go the government forces, to run the rebellion down. Railways are few and transportation is difficult. Along the line of the hasty night bivouacs, immense swamps, veiled in sombre shadows, lie in wait to swallow men and engulf artillery.

Apprehension seems to sweep over each army as it approaches the other—even the temerarious feel qualms. It is a malady common to the raw recruits of all nations; but, from the very nature of affairs, a general longing to shirk the mortal issue characterizes every one of these nascent campaigns. Nor does it preclude the ultimate possibility, when

the deeply-seated passions rise, of grim and bloody conflict, as appalling in its list of slaughter as any ever witnessed on the Iberian Peninsula or on our own Western plains. A single battle is usually decisive. In twelve campaigns, conducted by one of the greatest military leaders South America has known, but fifteen battles were fought.

As soon as word can reach him, after the

believes, must change its fortunes. Weeks, months, show them still changeless. The finances are in a deplorable state. With the government's credit bad, its debts numerous, and its obligations many, prosperity holds aloof. From doubt to distrust, from distrust to impatience, and from impatience to conspiracy, are mere leaps of the imagination, the nerves and the passions. And so, once more, the country is convulsed with civil war.

It is the course of the average and typical revolution which has been traced here. To any one intimately familiar with the history, recent and remote, of the continent, the republics present curious variants of the general theme, with farce, shameless assassination, and hard, cruel war as a medley of the cacophonies of the passions.

As late as a few years ago, Juan Ysidor Jimenez sat, apparently secure, in Santo Domingo's Presidential chair. A rebel army, a few months afterwards, bivouacked outside the capital. Jimenez understood. For days his colleague, the restless and ambitious Vice-President, Horatio Vasquez, had been strangely absent from the city. Strife was distasteful to the scholarly Jimenez. He packed his trunks and departed quietly for Europe. That day, riding at the head of the rebel troops, Vasquez entered the city and took the place vacated by Jimenez. Not a blow was struck. Weeks afterwards, scores of peaceful planters had not heard of the bloodless revolution. It was a remarkable event for ruthless old Santo Domingo, whose military history bears the scars of more than a century in the course of which, for six long years of civil strife, the creoles and mulattoes made the land sodden with their blood.

Hayti, sullen with the wounds of innumerable revolutions—where white men hold no office nor dare own land—rises always joyously to revolution. Solomon, elevated to the Presidency and deposed nine years later, made room for the insurrection that swept Seid Talemach into power—and left half the republic the conqueror's remorseless foes. Before the year was done, Talemach was indiscreet enough to stand before the open window of his home. An assassin's bullet found him. At the very hour in which he fell, Hyppolite, burning with ambition for the executive power, was leading an army against him out of the north. Without need for vio-



*General Nord Alexis, President of Haiti, Elected 1902 by the Almost Unanimous Vote of the National Congress. He Has Long Been Prominent in the Affairs of the Island.*

doleful retreat has sounded, the defeated President, execrated by a people who cringed an hour before, flies across the country.

The victorious army marches straight to the capital, and seats in the President's chair the rebel chieftain. His generals are his cabinet. His captains and colonels fill the offices; he must pay his debts of honor. The nation grows hopeful, expectant. A day, it



*Cypriano Castro, Able Soldier and Revolutionist,  
Who Won the Presidency of Venezuela  
With His Sword.*

lence he took up the reins of government, holding them in a relentless grip until a day in 1896, when he dropped dead from his horse into the arms of his guards. All Hayti knew he had been poisoned.

Of the nations of South America that had their birth in the first quarter of the last century, Venezuela and Colombia have stood out, mailed warriors, pre-eminent in strife. Since 1830, these two republics have paid the penalties of twenty-five revolutions. Beginning about 1840, Venezuela's people occupied themselves in slaying one another for five continuous years. Among the quickest and most bloody of the briefer insurgent campaigns was that of 1898, led by Cypriano Castro against President Ignacio Andrade. Andrade had just put down a powerful insurrection under J. Manuel Hernandez. With watchfulness, but no great alarm, he kept his eye on the new uprising. In the State of Los Andes, on the borders of Colombia, 1,000 miles away, Castro, on his own estate, maintained and drilled his army, before he began his enterprise—the exceptional precaution of an exceptional man. After an hour's march from his home, enemies began to harass him. With valor and skill equal to his foresight,

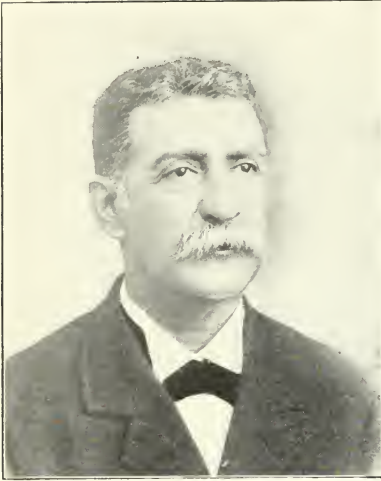
he fought his way, foot by foot, across the long stretch of country into Valencia; and 4,000 men marched beneath his standard on his arrival. Andrade's main army of 7,000 men was arrayed to oppose him. For three long hours, marked by the ferocity of the bayonet charges, that supreme test of courage, the battle raged, until a thousand lay dead on the field behind the fleeing President, who, at the first dubiety, sped toward the coast. Castro, not knowing what the delay of an hour might bring forth, took up his march of one hundred and fifty miles to the capital, Caracas. From a little port in the Caribbean Sea, Andrade made his escape to Paris, using the only seaworthy gun-boat in the Venezuelan navy. Within a month the vessel steamed into the port of La Guayra. From his luxurious exile Andrade sent this message by the captain, to Castro:

"I return to you our navy. You will have use for it, as I did."

Very strange, and very various, these endings of Presidents, dictators, and revolutionaries whose fortunes perish in the making. Most true is it of Venezuela, above all, that an ally unrewarded is an enemy at large.



*Ascencion Esquivel. Who Has Just Completed a  
Four Years' Term as President of Costa Rica.  
A Man of Integrity, Calm Judgment and Re-  
flective Mind; a Lawyer of Marked Ability,  
Whose Presidential Administration Has Been  
Notable for the Peace and Progress of His  
Country.*



*President P. Jose Escalon, of Salvador, an Able Ruler and Ambitious Soldier.*

Before Castro aspired to power, Guan Pietro was his friend. When Pietro was denied a political position, after Castro had risen, he took the disappointment to heart, and left the city in a rage. Out on the pampas, under his direction, a rebellion arose, like a squall. Within three days he came back at the head of five hundred men. A regiment sent out by President Castro, captured him, and sent his followers flying.

"Who is this Guan Pietro?" said Castro, in haughty ignorance, to one of his generals. "I would like to meet him."

The captive, with handcuffs on his wrists, was brought from prison and was placed before the President. Castro, the faint suggestion of a smile on his face, bowed with an ironical suavity.

"I'm glad to meet you, Señor," he said. "I hear you are a citizen of our beautiful capital. It is my duty to look out for your welfare. A strong guard will see you safely home."

Pietro, flushed with chagrin, stared stubbornly at his erstwhile friend and smothered his fury. A hundred soldiers, fully equipped, marched out through the streets, with Guan Pietro in their midst. They went straight to his home, where the troops halted, took off

his manacles, and turned him free. He was amazed. He had thought they meant to hang him. A roar of laughter drove him into the house. After that, if he went out on the street, the jibes of his neighbors sent him home, in blazing anger. He could not endure the ridicule. Castro, for the sake of the impression the deed must give of the security of his power, had flung life and freedom to him, contemptuously, as if he were a barking dog. For him, he felt, it must be either suicide or a fresh revolt. One week passed, and Pietro marched toward the city with another rebel mob at his heels. Again he was captured, and brought before Castro. The President looked at him, sternly.

"I'll take better care of you this time," he said.

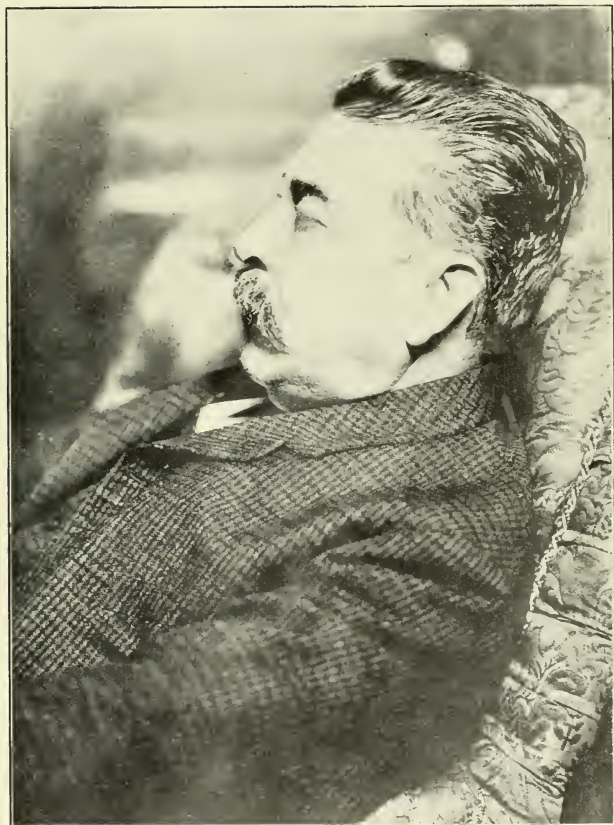
Guan Pietro is in prison to this day.

So fast do beaten rebels multiply that, if gathered from their retreats in the islands of the Caribbean Sea, the West Indies, New York City, and Paris, they could form a republic of their own. For many who are compelled to put their native soil behind them, there is no retreat more speedily gained than the little Duch Island of Curaçoa, two hours off the Venezuelan coast. Out of the chief city's population of 40,000, one-sixth are refugees from Colombia and Venezuela. As fortunes of war change, these adopted citizens of Curaçoa go when foolish, transient peace invites, and come when danger threatens.

It is expatriation for all—thieves and patriots, homuncules and Titans. One chance the continent had to treasure up the riches which Fate invests in the spirit of some men who have been chosen for the accomplishment of mighty deeds. It came in that day when San Marten marched northward to Pern. One-half the chance was forfeited when his people were too base to know him as he was, and too cowardly to profit by the power that was in him. Yet half a chance remained.

It was Simon Bolivar whom San Marten marched north to question. He felt that, for the final verdict, he could depend on the lofty spirit of the Liberator alone, before whose memory South America—disdainful of him living, reverencing him dead—is satisfied, in the after years, to kneel. The magnitude of Bolivar's work when, from the northernmost parts of Colombia, he fought his devious way, six thousand miles in all, through serried ranks of the defenders of Spain's hereditary





*General Jose Miguel Gomez, the Son of the Great Cuban Patriot. He Was the Liberal Candidate for the Cuban Presidency Against Palma, but Formally Withdrew From the Campaign a Few Days Before the Elections, Alleging Fraud by the Palma Forces. This Led to What Will Doubtless Prove the Last Cuban Revolution.*

rule, has loomed ever larger, in the eye of Time. As he cut his way southward through Great Colombia, which included the territories comprising now the republics of Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador, his motto became his soldiers' song:

"Death to all Spaniards, though they be innocent; life to Colombians, though they be guilty."

When the two met, San Marten's last hope of a constitutional monarchy was swept away by the impetuous eloquence of Bolivar, who would consider nothing but independence.



*President Manuel Bonilla, of Honduras, an Ambitious Soldier, Said to Have a Jealous Eye on the Policy of Guatemala.*

immediate and absolute. San Marten, acquiescent, went southward to his own people, and to his bitter disillusion. Peru overflowed with cheap thanks to Bolivar. Its people offered him a million as their gift.

"Keep it," said the Liberator. "Build hospitals, or give it to your brothers who fought to free you."

Across the land that he had rescued, never again to be enslaved, Bolivar marched, inspired with day-dreams of the fulfillment of that labor which, just begun, the gratitude of his own countrymen was to enable him to

finish. The dreams ended when he passed the borders of his home. There, from the lips of the nearer and dearer people he had freed he—like San Marten—heard the cry:

"Bolivar's presence is a threat to our liberties!"

The North was like the South. He could not leave them to themselves a day, without guarding against the dangers of domestic treason. Rebellion had sprung up, fully armed, as if from the seed of dragon's teeth; it had organized; it had tried him, and judged him, and condemned him. The decree was banishment. It was the will of his people that he be put in irons and borne, a prisoner, forever from the scene of his triumphs. None lived in his day who could comprehend his magnanimity; none lived who could set down more than the bare words his calm voice spoke:

"Let my place of banishment be the Island of Santa Marta."

In that quiet spot, with no friend other than a companion-in-arms who had fought side by side with him through all his campaigns, he died in 1831.

Given the genius of two such men as these, invested with almost absolute power and actuated by their motives, it might have been with South America as it has been with Mexico under Diaz. But Nature, in the course of centuries, spews up few giants of mind and soul combined. The continent's salvation—slowly and bloodily to be wrought out—lies, primarily, in the attrition between its interests and those of the world at large. There can be no peace which is not founded upon some measure of prosperity; and there can be no prosperity which is not founded upon continuous industrial activity. Europe, long ago, realized the profits that were to be won in South America; and the United States, that fecund breeder of healthy toil, is just beginning to comprehend them. The Isthmian Canal has its part to play in making the conditions of the future stable, upon the firm foundation of commercial demand. American capital, reinforcing the investments of Europe, has the lesson to teach of paying industries. In her soil and in her minerals, South America has riches whose peaceful exploitation could occupy the armies of the earth. Sooner or later, the time must come when her nations shall learn they have no time to spare for war.



Cahuilla Indians in Native Costume (1892).

# The Last Indian Campaign in the Southwest

By Millard F. Hudson



ALTHOUGH none of the Indian campaigns of early days in the Southwestern corner of the United States hold a large place in history. there is scarcely a spot where the Indians were originally more numerous or, at times, more troublesome. The Spanish records are full of confused accounts of petty uprisings and of expeditions for the punishment of stealers of horses and cattle. These records are full of suggestions of romantic possibilities and serve to throw a glamor over the fragmentary tales disclosed; but, besides the attack on the Mission in 1775, only one such event stands out clearly and well authenticated, and that occurred in 1851.

The Indians living around San Diego Bay, from Mounts Jaepin (*Agua Caliente*) and Cuyamaca westward to the ocean, and from the international boundary northward to the

San Luis Rey River, bore the national name of *Ya-ha-noes*; but they were subdivided into a number of small tribal organizations speaking somewhat different dialects. The Spaniards called them all *Diegueños*, and by this name they were generally known. Their language was a strange jargon, the despair of all who tried to acquire it. Richard Henry Dana says: "The language of these people \* \* \* is the most brutish, without any exception, that I ever heard, or that could be conceived of. It is a complete slabber. The words fall off the ends of their tongues, and a continual slabbering sound is made in the cheeks outside the teeth." Other more scientific observers have left similar opinions on record.

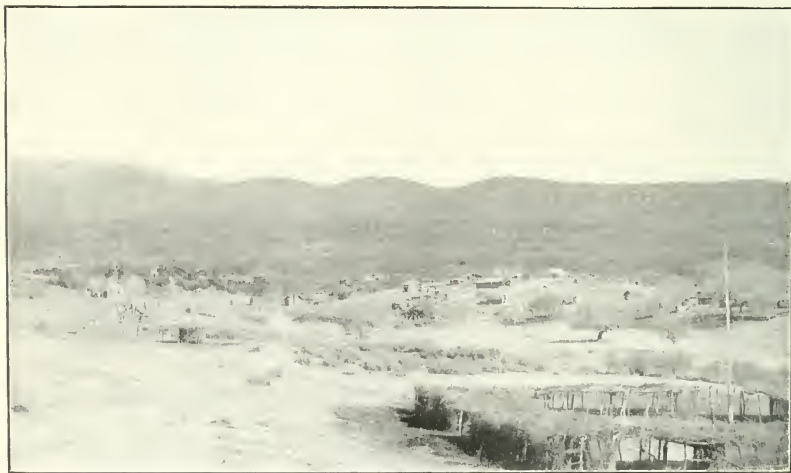
The character of these Indians was as bad as their language. Humboldt classed them with the inhabitants of Van Dieman's Land, but this judgment is, perhaps, rather harsh. There must have been some good in them, or

the Spanish missionaries could never have transformed them into peaceful and industrious neophytes, as they did, by the thousand. The small remnant now remaining are "good Indians," cultivating their own lands in peace, and seemingly forgetful of the wild days of their ancestors. But the missionaries never brought more than a tithe of the Indian population into their fold, and even in the days when the missions were most prosperous the hills were full of wild tribes whose principal occupation was raiding and pillaging the outlying ranches and fighting with the soldiers sent to punish them. That these savages never succeeded in destroying the weak Spanish settlements was due entirely to their own ignorance of military science and their apparent inability to learn the necessity of organization and co-operation among themselves.

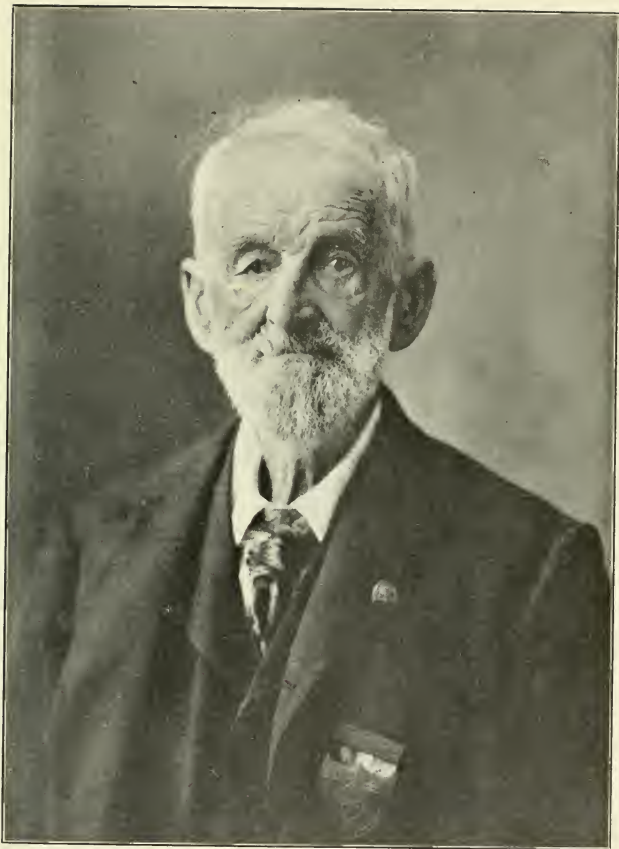
In the Fall of 1851, the Americans had been in possession of the country five years, and during that period no serious Indian uprisings had occurred. The ex-neophytes were scattered throughout the back country in small villages, or *rancherías*, and the once wild hill Indians had generally taken on so much veneer of civilization as to follow their example, after a fashion, raising cattle and horses and engaging in other pursuits which did not require too much man-

ual labor. They were often employed on the ranches and were regarded as rather troublesome, but harmless neighbors. Within the circumference of a circle having a radius of one hundred miles, with Warner's Ranch as its center, there were supposed to be living about ten thousand Indians. This ranch, sixty-five miles northeast of San Diego, was the first station after crossing the desert for emigrants by the Southern route and at the parting of the roads leading to Los Angeles and San Diego, respectively. A situation more exposed to the attacks of hostile Indians it would be hard to imagine; yet here Colonel J. J. Warner had lived and flourished for three years, keeping a store, raising cattle and horses, and practicing a little agriculture on the great grant he had received from the Mexican Government. Three miles east of his store, at a place called Agua Caliente, there were some hot springs, noted for their cures of rheumatism, and to this place the people of San Diego were accustomed to resort, at times, for their health.

Early in October, an Indian came in to San Diego from the Colorado River and brought a rumor of trouble at Fort Yuma. It was said the Yuma, Cocopah and Maricopa Indians had fought among themselves and then joined in an attack upon the little



*The Village at Warner's Ranch—Agua Caliente (Indian Name: Cupa).*



*Captain Robert D. Israel, a Survivor Who Tells the Story.*

garrison at the fort, who were in danger of annihilation. This rumor proved unfounded, but it was believed for a time, and it therefore became necessary to send reinforcements of regular soldiers; and this, in turn, made it impossible for the officer in command of the San Diego military post (Colonel Samuel P. Heintzelman, later a general in the Civil War) to aid the settlers in the early part of the Indian uprising at Warner's Ranch which soon followed.

The dissatisfaction of the Indians was of long standing, and due to a number of causes. They claimed that General Stephen W. Kearny, when he passed through their country in December, 1846, made certain promises which had never been fulfilled. An attempt which was made by Colonel Agostin Haraszthy, the first Sheriff of San Diego County after the organization of the civil administration, to collect personal property taxes from the Indians, greatly exasperated them. The leader of the malcontents was Antonio Garra, an Indian living near Warner's Ranch, who had been educated at the San Luis Rey Mission. He was a man of wealth and influence, and well fitted for leadership. From brooding over his people's wrongs, he conceived the idea that the time had come for vengeance and began to make plans for an uprising. The first step in his program was a great advance upon all the Indian strategy of the past. He formed the bold design of uniting all the scattered tribes under his own leadership and of falling upon the whites in a body, instead of allowing his warriors to be whipped in detail.

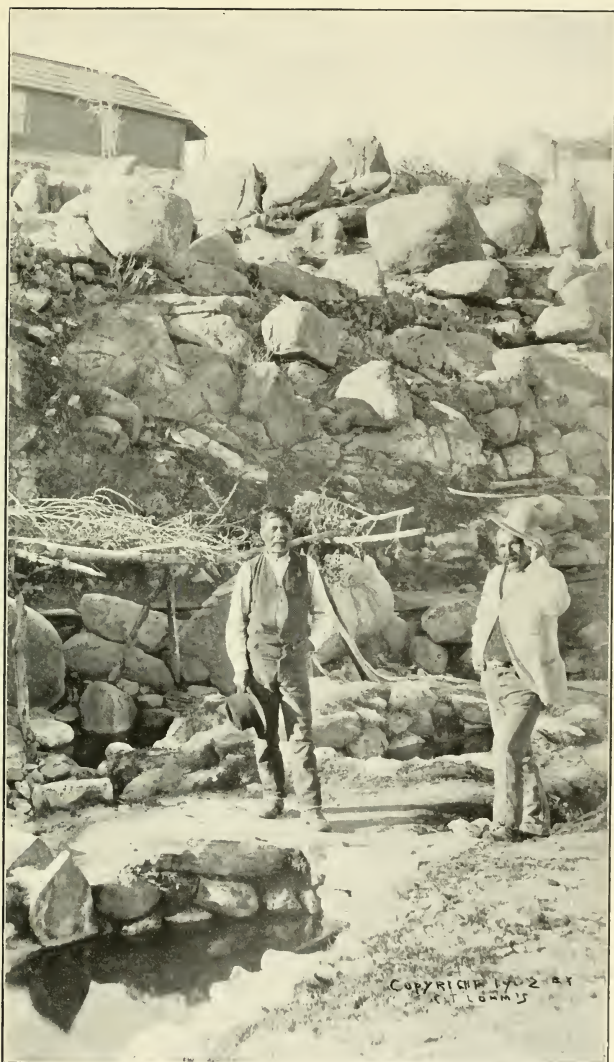
This was a design worthy of a great leader, and had the Indians carried it out sufficiently at any time within seventy years after the first settlement of the Spaniards, they could easily have swept them out of the country. What Garra did not understand was that the time had gone by; there were too many whites in the country, and he was too closely watched. His warriors, too, were undisciplined and untrustworthy, and he could not control them. All the details which he entrusted to others were faultily executed. The messengers he sent throughout the mountains, summoning the neighboring chiefs to bring their warriors to his aid, were so indiscreet as to disclose his plans to a number of Indians friendly to the whites.

These friendly Indians promptly gave the alarm, and the air was soon full of rumors and panic, and the country in a turmoil. By November, it was known in San Diego that the Indians, from Tecate, in Lower California, to San Bernardino, on the north, had been invited to join in the extermination of the whites. Garra even had the assurance to dispatch letters of invitation to a number of Spanish citizens who, because they were large owners of livestock, and somewhat dissatisfied with the tax levy, he imagined would join him. On November 21 the Indians suddenly fell upon four Americans, who were stopping at the Agua Caliente hot springs, and killed them. Several other settlers at isolated points were killed at the same time. Next morning they made an attack upon Warner's, but the colonel managed to escape, after killing three Indians. Warner had previously sent his family away, and now followed them into San Diego. The Indians looted and burned his store and buildings, and then settled down to await reinforcements.

The arrival of the refugees from Warner's Ranch, with the news of the massacres and alarming rumors from Fort Yuma and elsewhere, threw the little town into a state of wild excitement. It was believed that Garra had three thousand warriors with him and had sworn to kill every white man in the country, and sack the city. The inhabitants at once held a mass meeting, proclaimed martial law, and began the organization of a volunteer company to go on a punitive expedition. Sentinels were posted, who guarded every approach. The town quickly filled with fugitives; not only the ranchers came in, many of them in such haste that they abandoned all their household goods and livestock, but the Temecula Indians, refusing to join in the uprising, came in for protection. The editor of the *Herald*, J. Judson Ames (himself a most interesting character of pioneer days), said:

"Society is in that condition described by a militia lieutenant during the Dorr War in Rhode Island. Arraigned for contempt before His Honor the Mayor of Providence, he defined martial law to be that state of being wherein every captain was a Sheriff and every private a Constable."

The town now presented an unusually animated and picturesque appearance. Besides



Photograph Copyright, 1902, by C. T. Lammis.  
*The Hot Springs—Black Tooth and Captain Ambrosio Ortega, Present-Day  
Warner's Ranch (Cupenos) Indians, Now at Pala,*



*A Near View of Agua Caliente (Cupa) Now Deserted by the Indians.*

the customary mixtures of American and Spanish population, the loaded wagons of the country refugees stood on all the back streets and vacant lots; the Indian encampment was large and gay; mounted regulars were continually galloping between the town and their quarters at the old Mission, six miles up the river; and the volunteers were drilling on the plaza. A number of officers of the regular army, who were staying in San Diego for their health, enlisted with the volunteers and served as privates. The command was given to Major G. B. Fitzgerald, an officer of the regular army, and the company was called the "Fitzgerald Volunteers." Several of these volunteers were veterans of the Mexican War and out of their number part of the petty officers were selected. Colonel Haraszthy was made first lieutenant, notwithstanding his want of military experience. This favoritism was resented by the men, who proceeded to exercise to the limit the American volunteer's privilege of grumbling. The preparations and drill were soon completed and on November 27 the company was ready to march. The volunteers were divided into two companies of forty each, one consisting of the

single men, who were to take the field, and the other of the married men, who were to be left at home to guard the town.

Behold the little company of volunteers, then, drawn up on horseback on the historic old plaza, awaiting the word of command to march. An amusing incident now occurred, which is best told in the words of one of the survivors, Captain Robert D. Israel, a veteran of the Mexican War, who was for many years after keeper of the lighthouse on Point Loma.

"We saw Haraszthy coming," says Israel, "and Andrew Cotton spoke up and says: 'Dont move, boys, unless he gives the correct military command.' So we passed the word along and waited to see what would happen. Haraszthy came riding up, and he says: 'De company vill now march to de Soledad!' Not a man moved.

"Haraszthy says: 'Vat is de matter mit you? Vy dont you go?'

"Nobody said anything, so he rode up to me. 'Vat 's de matter mit you, Israel?' he says, 'vy dont you go?'

"'I dont know what you want,' says I: 'give the proper military command and I'll obey it.'



"So away he rode, in a rage, to see Major Fitzgerald. In a little while here came the adjutant, Cave J. Coutts, and he says to me: 'Israel, Major Fitzgerald wishes you to march the company out to the Soledad.'

"I says: 'Captain, I'm a private.'

"So he rode off again, and by and by he came back and says to me: 'Israel, Major Fitzgerald presents his compliments and asks if you will please do him the favor to march the men out to the Soledad?'

"'Oh, all right, captain,' says I; 'if you put it that way, I'll be glad to do what I

loaned by Colonel J. Bankhead Magruder (then in command of the troops at the old Mission, later of the Confederate Army), and which, it afterward transpired, were condemned guns. Israel says he reported this at once to the adjutant, but nothing was done, and next morning the march was resumed. The route followed was by the way of a number of great old land grants, whose very names are suggestive of old Spanish days—Penasquitas, San Pasqual (where General Kearny suffered a bloody defeat at the hands of Pico during the Mexican War), Santa Maria, Santa Ysabel, and so on, to Agua Caliente. Warner's Ranch was found in ruins, but no Indians were seen; they had gone some fifteen miles across the mountains, to a place called Los Coyotes. It was their policy to avoid engagements with strong bodies of troops, especially during the absence of Garra, who had gone north to use his personal influence upon a Cahuilla chief named Juan Antonio, in the San Bernardino Mountains. Had they known the condition of the volunteers' arms, they could easily have exterminated the whole command, and would doubtless have tried to do so. On the evening of the company's arrival at Agua Caliente, Major Fitzgerald ordered an inspection of arms. The result showed that only ten men had serviceable guns. It is said that Magruder had given fair warning that few of the guns were of any account, and why this inspection was not had sooner is a mystery.

Nothing now remained but to return to San Diego as quickly as possible, before the Indians should discover their plight; and so, after gathering up and burying the bones of the murdered men and burning the Indian *rancheria* at Agua Caliente, the return began. They reached San Diego without incident, after an absence of two weeks, and were disbanded. As the sole fruits of the campaign, they brought in a white man named Bill Marshall and an Indian named Juan Berus, who were captured by a scouting party on the first day of the return march, and who alleged that they were coming in to give themselves up.

Marshall was a native of Rhode Island, who deserted from a whaleship in San Diego harbor in 1844, took up his habitation with the Indians, and married the daughter of a chief. In December, 1846, he was the cause



*Col. J. J. Warner, Who Escaped After Killing Three Indians.*

can.' So I gave the proper commands, got the men in formation, and we rode out to the Soledad and made our first night's camp. Major Fitzgerald gave me the appointment of first sergeant after we got there, and we did n't have any more trouble with Haraszthy."

When the camp was made, the new sergeant ordered the men out for an inspection of arms. To his consternation, he found that only three of those who mustered had serviceable guns. A few had arms of their own, but most of them carried muskets



Captain Ambrosio Ortega, a Present-Day Warner's Ranch Indian, Now at Pala.

of the death of eleven Mexican rangers, who had been taken prisoner by the Pauba Indians, advising the Indians that, as the Americans and Mexicans were then at war, it would please the former if they would put their prisoners to death, and they foolishly took his advice. At the trial by court-martial in San Diego, after his capture by the Volunteers, it was proved that both he and Berus were in command of squads of Indians at the Agua Caliente massacre. Probably a more grievous pervert than Marshall never fell into the hands of justice. Both he and Berus were found guilty and publicly hanged. The Indian confessed his guilt, but Marshall protested his own innocence. There was no drop, and the men were slowly strangled to death, after the barbarous fashion of the time.

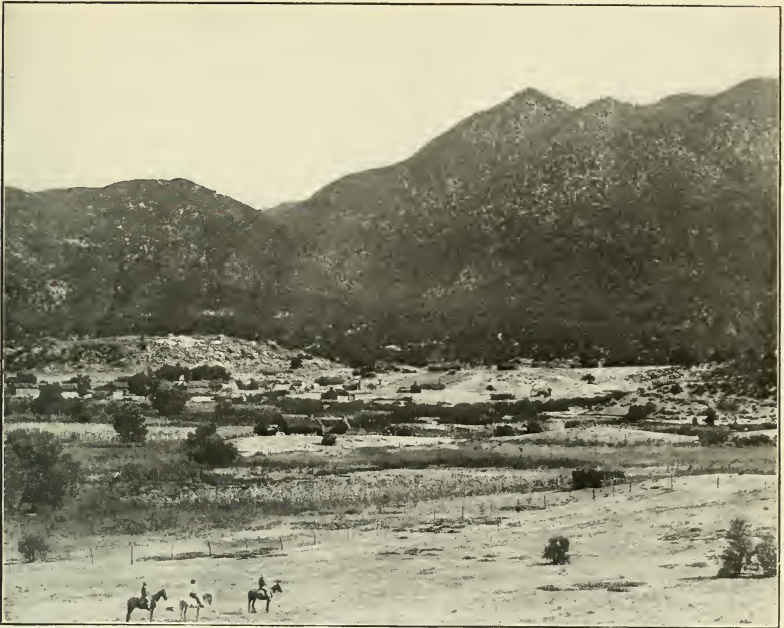
Up to this time, the Indians had suffered no serious check, and few losses save the three men killed by Warner, the capture of Marshall and Berus, and the burning of their *rancheria*. The Volunteers had, like the King of France, marched up the hill and marched down again, leaving the Indians undisturbed at Los Coyotes, awaiting the re-

turn of their leader at the head of many warriors to lead them against the whites. But fate had a number of bolts in store for them.

Early in December, two companies of regulars arrived at the San Diego post and were at once dispatched on an expedition against the Indians. Lieutenant Patterson, the officer in charge, took his wagon train out upon the desert by a short cut, and then brought it back upon the Yuma road, disguised to resemble a train of emigrants. When they reached the region where the Indians were, the warriors sent their squaws down from the mountains to investigate the character of the wagon train, fearing an ambushade. The women reported that it consisted of emigrants; and thereupon the bold bucks, under the lead of Chief Chapulgas, swarmed down from the rocks like bees from a hive. Their surprise when met by a volley of bullets, from muskets which had been inspected and *did* go off, may be better imagined than described. Eight were killed, and the survivors fled precipitately, pursued by Patterson and his men, sword in hand.

But the strategy of the campaign was not yet completed. That night the troops went into camp at Agua Caliente; but in the night, leaving their camp fires burning, they stole over the mountains to Los Coyotes, whither the Indians had fled and were sleeping in fancied security; and when they awoke, it was to find their camp surrounded by soldiers, who immediately began shooting them down. How many Indians were killed in this "battle" is not known, but ample vengeance was taken for the earlier atrocities of the war. And, to finish, four Indian prisoners, Francisco Mocate, chief of San Ysidro, Louis, Alcalde of Agua Caliente, Jacobo or Ono-sil, and Juan Bautista or Coton, were tried by drumhead court-martial and shot.

In the meantime, Garra was pursuing the dreams of destiny which, in all probability, that evil genius of the Indians, Bill Marshall, had helped to inspire. He found Juan Antonio apparently friendly, but secretly meditating treachery. Juan Antonio did not want any trouble with the whites; besides, he had heard that there was a reward of \$300 offered for Garra's capture; and it had entered his head that here was a chance to keep



*Indian Village at Agua Caliente; the Village Formerly Here Was Burned by the Volunteers 1851.*

out of trouble and to make some money, at the same time. Therefore it came to pass that, while the two chiefs sat amicably discussing the matter, a number of Juan Antonio's men slipped up behind them and seized Garra. He was taken to Los Angeles and delivered to the authorities, and early in January, 1852, brought to San Diego under guard for trial by court-martial. The court consisted of Major-General of the State Militia Joshua H. Bean, Major Myra Weston, Lieutenant George F. Hooper, Major M. Norton, Captain T. Tilghman and Major Santiago E. Arguello. Captain Cave J. Couets was judge-advocate, Major J. McKinstry counsel for the prisoner, and Colonel Warner interpreter. The trial lasted two days and resulted in the conviction of the prisoner, who, it is easy to believe, as the *Herald* rather naively said, manifested "no desire to live." Why should he wish to live? All his plans had failed, his supposed friends had betrayed him, many of his tribe and kindred were dead, and those surviving would probably

have killed him, themselves, had he been set free. The only resource left him was to die bravely, and of that alternative he took the fullest advantage. All accounts agree that, in all the somewhat turbulent days of the early Southwest, no man ever met death with great courage than did Antonio Garra.

At 4:30 P. M. on January 10, the firing squad paraded before Garra's cell and he was led out to die. As the march to the place of execution began, the priest who accompanied him, thought the prisoner's cool bearing unbecoming and insisted that he must pray all the way. Garra refused, saying: "What is the use? That is of no account!" But Father Juan took the matter seriously, stopped the procession, and stood quarreling with Garra about it until he gave in and began to say a prayer. "Then," says Israel, "we found that Garra knew more Latin than the priest did." This by-play continued all the way, the priest continually insisting upon the prayers, and Garra declaring there was no use in them, but muttering a prayer

now and then. Arrived at the open grave, Father Juan commanded Garra to ask the pardon of the people assembled. He refused, at first, and it was only after repeated commands that he lifted his eyes and said, calmly and with a contemptuous smile: "Gentlemen, I ask your pardon for all my offenses, and expect yours in return." Then a soldier advanced to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, but he refused to permit it, and the priest had to intercede once more before he would yield. The provost then quickly gave the command to his men: "Ready! Aim! Fire!" and, with a laugh actually upon his lips, Antonio Garra sank into his grave.

The whole population, including many friendly Indians, turned out to witness this execution, and were doubtless duly impressed. Editor Ames said, in the *Herald*: "In an instant the soul of a truly 'brave'

winged its flight to the regions of eternity, accompanied by the melancholy howling of dogs, who seemed to be aware of the solemnity of the occasion,—casting a gloom over the assembled hundreds, who, while acknowledging the justness of Antonio's fate, felt the need to drop a tear o'er the grave of a brave man and once powerful chieftain." But Ames was also something of a wag, and could not refrain from cracking his joke, even upon this occasion. Under the head of "Departures," he inserted the following: "Antonio Garra, *Tierra Caliente*,"—literally, for a hot country; i. e., hell.

It is a grim and unromantic picture which has been presented, but perhaps no more so than war (especially Indian warfare) always is, if the truth were known. There was never another Indian uprising in the Southwest.

## The Songs of Old

(Rondeau)

By Frank Newton Holman

The songs of old—how deep a spell  
Doth in remembered rhythm dwell,  
When sometimes from the long ago  
Faint, far, melodious echoes flow  
Like murmurs from a deep-sea shell.

Far-off and sweet o'er dale and dell  
Tinkles again the vesper bell,  
And mother 's crooning, soft and low,  
The songs of old.

Then 'mid the roses lovers tell  
The story old; and then the knell  
Of love is rung, and sad and slow  
I stand today, while to and fro  
Thro' mem'ry's halls Her lovesongs swell—  
—The songs of old.

# Mr. Hodges' Adventure

By John Fleming Wilson



HE captain of the *Asuncion* finished his story with a flourish of his long pipe. "Of course," he concluded, "there must have been some explanation of it all. But I never made it out."

"Yes," said the Honolulu banker, "it isn't reasonable to suppose that there isn't some perfectly natural cause for the biggest mysteries we wonder at. I have heard the sound of a piano being played in a house I knew was empty at the time. But I believe there was some simple explanation I could n't arrive at."

"Two years ago," said the captain, slowly, "Captain Fennella, of the Italian bark *Via Sacra*, lost his ship on a reef which, by his observations, must have been—must be—just about where the *Asuncion* is now. And we are twelve hundred miles out in the North Pacific. What do you think of that, Mr. Hodges?"

We all looked across the smoking-room at the man who had been addressed. He nodded gravely at the captain, then said, "I admit there must have been some physical explanation. But then—" He stopped, very calmly, as much as to say, "What's the explanation, after all?"

"You don't believe in ghosts, Mr. Hodges?" demanded the banker.

He did not answer at once and we waited, listlessly. The gale outside was busy in the rigging and the draft down the ventilator made the flame of the lamp in the swinging bracket flicker uneasily.

"I do n't know whether I do or not," Mr. Hodges said at last. "I remember that I did believe in ghosts for a short time; in fact, I saw ghosts. But the explanation seemed simple. Yet when I think about it now, the mystery is as deep as ever."

"You mean —?" I suggested.

Mr. Hodges nodded again, quietly. "I can tell you just how it was," he said.

The captain looked at his watch. "If it's

fact and not a mere yarn," he said, "I'd like to hear how it was."

I was in Astoria just after the close of the Fall fishing season. A matter of business had taken me there, and I found that I should have to remain for at least a week. The weather was stormy and my spirits, chafed by the delay, fell a good deal under the influence of a dull sky. I spent my mornings in the hotel, going over my correspondence; the afternoons and evenings seemed endless.

On the fourth day I found myself wide awake at dawn. All attempts to compose myself in bed were fruitless, and I was the first down to breakfast.

There was only one other person beside myself in the dining-room. He was a roughly dressed man, of middle age, and I soon observed that he was ill at ease. This uneasiness I put down to haste, for he ate heartily.

He rose from the table some time before I did, and so I was slightly surprised to find him in the hotel office, stretched out in a chair by the stove, quite half an hour later. He greeted me politely, when I drew up near him, and remarked on the weather.

"It's not pleasant now," he said. "But it was fine until a few days ago. I am sorry it has turned off this way. I had hoped we should have good roads for some time."

"Bound inland?" I responded.

"I was going over to Nehalem," he replied. "But the road will be quite impassable after this rain. I have been here for some weeks now, and I am anxious to get away."

I assured him of my fellow feeling, and we discussed things in general for some time, until the clerk came over to warm his hands. "You gentlemen might pass the time away by going after ducks along the beach," he suggested. "This would be a good day."

You know how anything will appeal to you on such an occasion. We found that a train left Astoria an hour before noon for Warren-

ton, which lies on the south shore of the Columbia River, and we agreed to take it, walk over to the ocean beach, and try for some teal, which the hotel clerk assured us frequented a series of little brackish lakes running down the coast for some miles.

My new acquaintance, who introduced himself as Reynolds, went to his room and returned with a rifle and a shot-gun, offering the latter to me. "I like the rifle best," he said. "But you will find the shot-gun a good one."

We walked down the street, built on planks over the bay, to the station, and there took the little train that ran in the Winter to Warrenton.

I mention all these details because to my mind they have a very direct bearing on what happened on that day. You observe how common-place they are, how utterly without any ulterior meaning.

The train pulled slowly out along the water front, swerved round Smith's Point into the full wind blowing from the southwest, and a few minutes later we were traversing the long trestle that carries the track across the wide estuary of the Columbia River mouth and over to the southern side.

It was just half an hour later that we landed on the little platform of the Warrenton station. Here we found a general store, a saloon, a lumber mill, and a small wharf over a tidal stream—as common-place a spot in all the drizzling rain as you might imagine.

Reynolds said he knew the way to the beach and we started out bravely on a sandy road that led away from the village toward a dim line of hills stretching between us and the ocean.

"I rather like this," said Reynolds. "It's good for the nerves."

"I'm not sure that I've got nerves," I remember saying. "I wish to goodness I could get a little excitement just to see if I have."

Our road turned up into a wood presently and ascended a rise which ended abruptly on the edge of a marshy lake. Here a cut had been made in the sand and a corduroy bridge continued on across the lake and up into the stunted growth of fir beyond.

"There are n't any ducks here," Reynolds informed me. "We must cross on over; a mile further will bring us out on the sand dunes. Between the second and third dunes these lakes lie. There's the place for ducks."

As we halted in this cut I happened to cast my eyes up and to the right. Certain white, rain-washed boards peering over the edge of the little bluff attracted my attention.

"That's the graveyard," Reynolds explained. "This cut goes right under its shoulder."

"It looks dreary enough," I answered.

"They say it's haunted," my companion went on. "It seems an old chap was found dead right here where we're standing. He had been murdered, hit by a club. They suspected a young fellow that was in love with his daughter, but I guess they did n't prove anything." He paused and laughed queerly.

"But what makes them think it's haunted?" I insisted.

"Well," said Reynolds, shouldering his rifle again, "They found the coffin in which they had buried the old man here in the road a few weeks after the funeral."

"Nonsense!" I protested.

Reynolds shrugged his shoulders. "Sounds queer, does n't it?" he said apologetically. "But I guess the story's straight enough. An engineer at the Jetty told me about it in Astoria the other day. He was riding over from the beach along about dusk, and on the other side of the bridge there his horse refused to go any further. Horse, in fact, broke away from him. He said he did n't want to have a wild-goose chase, so he let the horse go, and decided to walk into Warrenton. But when he got here he stumbled onto a coffin. Right in the middle of the road. The next day some people came over and found the coffin here, all right. It was the coffin of the murdered man. They buried him again, and now the place is supposed to be haunted."

The story interested me immensely. It was n't so much the finding of the coffin; I was curious to know about the murder. Reynolds did n't know much about it. He said the evidence against the young man was chiefly that his knife had been found afterwards on the spot where the crime had been committed.

"But you said the old man had been clubbed to death," I corrected.

"That's so," Reynolds admitted. "But somehow that knife looked bad. You see the old man came out of his grave; then they find the knife here in the sand; looks as if the old man had intended they should, does n't it?"

I looked about me more carefully, for the tragedy appealed to me. I even restrained

Reynolds, who was impatient to be moving on. I tell you precisely what I saw:

Imagine a cut between two sandy bluffs, the one on the left hand some thirty feet high, topped by a fringe of sod, overhanging like an eaves; the lower one on the right much less steep. Between ran the road, much less trampled, the damp sand caking into little hollows and ruts. Then came a sharp dip to the bridge, whose approach, for some twenty yards, was muffled by the sand carried down on it from the road. But, chief of all, picture to yourselves a couple of leaning head-boards peering over the higher bluff, rain-washed, veiled a little by the drizzle, inexpressibly dreary. That was all.

But as I stared around, I suddenly became aware of a vague hum, of something that resembled a murmur of voices. It was quite inarticulate, a concourse of rising and falling tones. As I listened—as we listened, for Reynolds' face showed that he heard it, also—it grew in volume, gathered strength. We caught ourselves, with questioning glances, listening for some ending to it, for something . . . something . . . articulate.

Fancy us there in that dripping rain, with our guns in our hands, staring into a sand bank from which issued a vast hum . . . a hum as if the inhabitants of the graveyard were waking to muffled speech. Two duck-hunters, by Jove! standing there like scared children, listening! That was the oddity—*listening* for something more, for words! for speech from a cemetery!

A clod fell at my feet and I swear I jumped clean off my feet. Reynolds turned his gray, dripping face slowly upward. He even raised his rifle a little, as if, when his eyes finally had seen, he would shoot. I say, frankly, that I did not take my eyes from his face. I preferred to let him do the looking—the *seeing*!

Suddenly his gaze reached the top of the bluff. His look of relief was a comedy, a comedy in one act. I looked up myself. Two men on the edge of the graveyard were gesticulating towards us, talking the while. Almost instantly other heads appeared up there; a half dozen, a dozen, a score of men speaking subduedly.

We stood there, like fools, our guns in our hands as if we were ready to shoot. More clods rolled down from the top and struck our feet; then the heads disappeared, the

hum of voices dimmed swiftly. We turned just in time to see a file of men scramble down a little path behind us to the road.

"Look here," said one of the newcomers, pointing to our feet, "Here is just where we found it this morning. The coffin was lying sort of up-ended towards the bank. This is the second time!"

They swarmed around us, pushing us aside, pointing at the sand, talking as though we were not there, as if we were invisible.

Reynolds looked at me and nodded. "You catch the name? Haskins. That's the name of the murdered man."

Suddenly one of the crowd addressed me. "Did you see the mark of the coffin?" He demanded, and led me a few feet apart and showed me a dim oblong in the sand. "That's where it lay," he said.

Others gathered round us and explained. We caught the thread of the story, of the love of a young man for old man Haskins' daughter, of the father's rejection of the suit, of the quarrels, of the finding of the body, of its burial, of the suspicions, of the return of the body to the place of the crime, of the finding of the incriminating knife. "And here old man Derkins was going home this morning," said one, "and comes right on the coffin again, lying here in the middle of the road for the second time since we held his funeral."

Something in the man's tones arrested my attention. Up to this time it had been the tragedy that had occupied me. Now I felt strongly the presence of the invisible. Why had this uneasy spirit driven its cold body from the grave?

"Did somebody dig it up for a joke?" I demanded.

"A joke!" whispered a man at my elbow. "Do n't you know? My God, man, the *grave has never been opened*!"

The mist settled heavily around us as we stood in silence. Reynolds looked up at the head-boards, stark above the lip of the cut, when that sibilant whisper put an end to all speech. I confess that I felt an unrecognizable terror. My blood flowed coldly. I anticipated the horror that was enveloping us all with its physical and infinite immensity.

An old man, quivering by the roadside, seized with spasms of fear, chattered through the silence: "He was left right here. We buried him and he came back in his coffin. There was n't a crack in his grave. We open-

ed it, and he was n't there; there was n't anybody there; we put the coffin back. I was walking home today and I found him again, right here in his coffin. The grave ain't been touched."

I turned to look at the speaker. He gazed at us with intensity and I think we all detected at that moment an unspoken question on his gray lips: Why?

With an involuntary and simultaneous impulse, we left the road and filed up the steep path into the graveyard, Reynolds leading, swinging his gun excitedly, panting through the sand that slipped and tumbled under our feet. Once on the bleak crest he followed fresh foot tracks down into a little hollow about a dozen yards from the edge of the cut. A yellow mound rose there. Beside the mound was a black, unboxed coffin, beaded with wet, marked here and there with clots of sand.

I bent over that mound. It bore a caked and unbroken surface. Two or three weeds sprouted on its crest. The head-board gave, in fresh, black letters:

HENRY HASKINS

Aged 65

Found Dead November 7th, 1899.

How long I stared at that legend I do n't know. But I suddenly realized that Reynolds held a spade in his hand. He thrust me aside and started to dig with haste, throwing the sand over my feet. As he toiled the others kept silence, shuffling about a little as the mist gathered more thickly and dripped from their faces.

After a while another man relieved him and then another took his turn until what must have been the bottom of the grave was reached in the dry sand. There was nothing there. Man after man of us went up and looked down into the empty hole and retired. Some one pointed to the coffin questioningly.

"The next thing," assented some one. We put the coffin back, lowering it with difficulty.

Once in the bottom of the grave the coffin rested untouched a moment. Then Reynolds looked over at me. "It ought to be covered," he said.

We filled the grave up once more, and as the sand poured in from the diving spade, we talked in low tones.

I shall never forget that half hour. Fancy a score of men, sweating with toil, dripping

with rain, huddled on that bare eminence over a marshy lake, filling up for the third time a grave that refused to hold its dead. Fancy the words that were said, the looks askance, the oppressive pauses, the appalling helplessness of us all! Imagine how we avoided the solution of the tragedy, too; how we dared not mention a name in the face of this dumb testimony of the grave demanding vengeance.

But the worst of it all was when old man Derkins clutched me by the arm and drew me apart. "They found him the first time," he quavered in my ear.

"Who?" I demanded.

"The boy and the girl. They were running away to get married. They were going to Warrenton. It was dark and they came on him right here. So they said."

"Well?" I said.

"Then they found his knife—after the last time the body came out of the grave. Does n't it look bad?"

The sordidness of the old man's tone, the vileness of his logic disgusted me. But I let him talk on.

"Of course," he whispered, pulling me a step further away, "the young fellow says he did n't do it. He says he lost his knife somewhere round here. Says he remembers using it to see how deep the cracks in the grave were when we found the coffin in the road. Say, Mr. Hurst," he called shrilly, "Where's that knife you found in the road the last time?"

The voice cut like a saw through the darkening mist. The man he addressed seemed quite at a loss and slowly thrust one hand into his trouser's pocket, only to withdraw it helplessly.

"Have n't you got it, Hurst?" another asked.

"I did have it," Hurst responded, turning a perplexed face upon his questioner. "I had it in the grave when I cut away the sand so the coffin would sit square. But I've lost it just this minute."

"Maybe you left it in the grave," Reynolds suggested.

There ensued a long discussion. It was decided that the knife had been left in the grave. We looked at the freshly heaped mound and assented. But Derkins fumed. "You've lost the evidence," he croaked.

There's always a certain amount of decency in a crowd. No one had said right out



that that knife was evidence, and their resentment was brutal. You know how brutality, due to a long strain, will throw off restraint. It brought the chattering, loquacious old man right to bay. Before the rest realized it, I saw that he took this unreasoning resentment for accusation. By Jove, it was amazing the way that old codger stood up and gave them back as good they offered. But he went too far. He not only sheltered himself, but he proved that the young fellow must have killed his sweetheart's father. That ended it. The crowd separated angrily, with insane mutterings, vanishing into the drizzly darkness with incoherent threats.

As suddenly as we had come upon this tragedy, my new acquaintance and I found ourselves alone, with only our errand before us. But the early evening of late Fall was coming over the dim hills and we came down from the cemetery to look at each other and debate feebly what to do.

"We've missed the train to Astoria," said Reynolds presently. "We might as well keep moving over towards the beach. Then we may have some ducks to take to the hotel in Warrenton for our dinner."

That determined us and we crossed the bridge and went over the hills covered with scrub fir and down till we came to the wind-swept dunes.

We got only a brace of ducks by sundown, and it was full dark when we floundered down the hill and out upon the bridge that ran across the marsh and up under the graveyard where we had been that afternoon.

You will believe me when I tell you that we had said nothing at all about old man Haskins since we had left his newly-filled grave. I think it was partly doubt in our mind as to how the other would take it. But now Reynolds stopped before we entered the cut and faced me. "It sounds like a lie, does n't it?"

"It is a lie," I found myself asserting. "It's all a lie. Those men are crazy. I won't believe it. I do n't believe Haskins was murdered. Certainly he never left his grave."

But Reynolds' face appalled me. It was just light enough for me to catch his glances, and it was then, gentlemen, that I realized that the strain had been too much for his reason. He stood there, shaking, trying to speak. When his lips opened I admit that I jumped. It was the terror in his voice, terror that swept all humanness, all manhood

away, and left only a cowering form venting a shrill and dreadful cry. And as I stared at the chalky visage, the shaking hands, the darting eyes of the man before me I knew that I was facing a madman, that all the afternoon I had been among madmen, listening to their tales, hearing their voices, yielding myself to the mortal spell that had made them a prey to reason-dethroning hallucinations.

I controlled myself sufficiently to lay a calming hand on Reynolds. "Nonsense," I said. "We're all worked up over a crazy dream. I'll warrant you Haskins won't walk tonight. He's buried once for all."

He did not respond articulately, but I managed to get him again on the road, now almost wholly dark.

As we neared the approach to the graveyard I felt my companion slacken his pace once more. I looked at his face and realized that he was not any longer a companion, but a burden.

The water on either side of us stretched vaguely into the mist. To my eyes the bridge was interminable. So strong did this feeling become that I spoke aloud my relief when I felt under me the sand that marked the beginning of the road.

But I had not taken a dozen steps in the sand when my feet failed me. I fell to my knees, forced there irresistibly, and as I struggled I heard Reynolds' frantic cry into the night as he, too, swayed and was driven to the ground.

In that moment I knew that the terror had seized upon me, as well. I was capable of infinite credulity. I knew of no fixed or immutable law, for did I not hear, coming out of the ground to which some invisible hand held me, a vast purring sound, a sound so unspeakable, of such incredible, remote volume that it deadened the explosion of Reynolds' rifle into a mere puff, a minute and almost inaudible popping?

It stopped, as it had begun; and I dragged Reynolds a yard further on. I even got him to his feet. But we went no further. I seemed to feel through the dark mist another hand than Reynolds', a hand that with cold and immitigable touch sought for my heart. And as those chill fingers groped over my breast, the purring rose again from the caverns of the graveyard; I waited.

Somehow, we drove ourselves on presently,

up through the sand, up into the depths of the cut. There we stumbled upon a huge bulk and Reynolds' fingers sank into the flesh of my arms as there rose once more the vast sound of the rising cemetery, the unspeakable purr of the gathering dead.

In the very midst of it my reason asserted itself. I dropped my burden and felt in my pockets for a match. I found one. I scratched it and held it before me as I knelt. The slender ray fell on an up-turned face beneath my very eyes, flickered on a black mass above it. I saw the wall of sand above me bulge and advance as a wild gust swept through the cut and blew the match out.

It must have been a moment later, in a dead silence, that I came to myself. I was furiously scratching a match on the wet sole of my shoe. I stopped till I regained a particle of composure and then I fought in the murk for light. As it came a livid face was thrust close to mine and I recognized that Reynolds was still with me. "My God! *My God!*" he chattered in my ear.

I managed to recall my voice. "We're afraid of ghosts," I think I said. "We're a set of cowards."

The match's ray shot ahead of me and my breath died within me. A face, absolutely white, with contorted mouth and protruding eyes, stared up at me from under a long, black box. I comprehended that that box was a closed coffin, lying across the body that belonged to the face. As I held the match above my head, there came for the third time the sound of an immense purr. The coffin heaved and the white face turned, in agony. I ran away, dragging Reynolds after me; ran away with my legs like lead under me; ran in blind terror; ran back across the bridge towards the sea.

At daylight next morning I was again crossing the bridge. With me were half a dozen men whose horses were plunging and snorting where they had been tethered on the other side of the lake. We walked in silence until we struck the sand that marked the approach into the cut that ran under the graveyard. Then one of the company spoke, very quietly: "Mr. Hodges," he said, "we shall soon see about this ghost story of yours and poor Reynolds'."

We started up through the sand, our leader ten feet in advance. He stopped, and we came to a halt, looking down at a huddle in

the roadway, right under the high bank. "It's true, all right," said the leader, staring down. "It's old man Haskins come back again in his coffin, and here's—". He ceased.

I remember walking forward very calmly and viewing the spectacle. A black, unboxed coffin lay tilted down into the road. From under it peered a face, contorted, livid, stamped into a grimace of horror.

As I gazed, one of the company stooped down and picked up two burnt matches and handed them to me with an indescribable gesture. I followed it and laughed. I had scratched the last match on the side of the coffin. The marks were there.

At a word they lifted the coffin away and set it a few feet up the road. Then we stood looking down at the dead man who returned our look steadily, icily, with eyes distended with that ultimate fear I pray I may never know. The leader turned to me awkwardly. "It is old man Derkins," he said.

Before I could catch my tongue I blurted out, "But I thought suspicion rested on the boy."

There was no response, no acknowledgment that any one had heard me. Instead, the men went and picked up the coffin, and I watched them stumble up the steep path into the graveyard with it. Then I followed.

The grave showed no sign of disturbance, I assure you. The yellow mound rose where we had left it the day before. We considered it silently, and then went down to the road to consider—the Other Thing.

As we halted about the huddled form, I suddenly was overtaken with fear again. The ground seemed to leave under me. I cried out and met with looks of alarm. And then there rose from under us, from about us, a vast sound of purring, the unspeakable noise of the uneasy dead. It subsided, like a sigh.

I think we started to run when we were caught in the immense silence that followed that awful noise, held motionless in the grip of terror. Then we shouted, for the thirty-foot wall of sand above us bulged, gave as if under the pressure of huge bodies, striving for exit, and once more, as the little clods rattled about our feet, we heard rise from the depths the gathering volume of a tremendous hum, of a purring noise from the speechless dead. As the wall settled back again, a long sigh breathed out; a stream of dry sand suddenly flowed like a spring from

a spot, ten feet up the bluff, and there tinkled down, at my very feet, a shining piece of steel.

A man laid a shaking hand on my arm, and then cackled out, "It's the boy's knife again!"

"But Hurst had it yesterday and lost it in the grave," another protested.

The stream of sand failed swiftly, as if its source had dried up. Suddenly, it was all clear to me. I felt the burden of terror roll away from me. I laughed, and when my companions stared, I smiled, confidently. "It's perfectly plain," I said.

The man who had led the way caught my eye and nodded. "Quicksand," he muttered. "Buried old Haskins in quicksand, and the road cuts through it."

The company saw it instantly, with exclamations of relief.

"It clears the boy, anyway," I remember saying. "He lost his knife at the grave, dropped it down a crack. Naturally, it was borne out into the road when the stream that runs under the grave flowed."

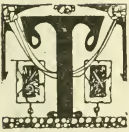
"This clears away the ghost theory," put in another. "But I *did* think the old man had played spirits a while. Quicksand! Were n't we——." His gaze fell on the contorted face of old man Derkins, and his lips opened.

We were all dumb. We had laid one ghost. It was quicksand. But no one has ever answered the question we never put into words.

For old man Derkins' eyes looked into ours steadily, icily, filled with the ultimate horror of the Pit.

## A Divided House

By Adelaide Soulé



HAT place with a fence down the middle o' the front yard, an' half the house painted, an' the rest bare? Why, that's Alviry Pettijohn's house; Alviry Cuthbert that was, an' Smith afore that.

Divorced? Well, yes—an' widdered, too, fer that matter. Jest wait 'til I git my peas t' shell, an' I'll tell you about it. Hev this big rockin' chair with the cushi'n. Oh, of course, ef you 'd *ruther* set on the edge o' the porch, under the hopvine—I'm al'ays afeared o' worms, myself.

Yes, I knowed Alviry fr'm the time she was a slim thing o' ten or twelve, kitin' around the village, with two long braids down her back, an' big blue eyes that made you feel sorter sorry fer her, without knowin' why.

She was a real sensible, capable girl, spite o' her simple looks. Them was jest outside. Inside, she was smart as anybody, tho' she never said much, an' 't wan't easy to know

what she was thinkin'. Ef 't was about the price o' caliker fer a skirt, her eyes 'd be so dreamy an' far-off lookin', you 'd think she was mournin' over some secret sorer. An' same way, ef she was feelin' real bad, she 'd go round still an' quiet, an' 't wan't no use to try to see into her mind.

Alviry's mother died when she was nigh sixteen. She went to live with her Aunt Car'line, an', tho' she never said much about it, I guess she did n't like it there any too well.

Anyway, she took up with the fust offer o' marriage that come along; an' that happened to be fr'm a painter-chap that boarded with me one Summer. Alviry was always in an' out o' my house, an' I see he was struck the minit he laid eyes on her. He was a nice, kind-dispositioned man, but sorter queer an' dreamy lookin', an' I s'pose Alviry's lookin' that way herself attracted him. He said her eyes was like blue corn-flowers; an' he painted a pictur that looked real like her in

the face, tho' he said he was a landscaper, an' did n't set up to be no figger painter. Still, it would 'a' ben a real nice pictur ef he had n't painted her in the old caliker dress she wore round week-days, 'stid o' lettin' her put on her nice Sunday one, with the ruffles. I know Alviry felt real mortified about that, tho' she did n't say nothin'.

They was married. He bought that old place o' Jim Seeley's that 'd stud empty an' tumblin' down for goodness knows how long. We was all glad to think it would be straightened up now, an' Alviry told me she counted on makin' things look most as good as new, with fences an' a couple o' coats o' paint on the house. She 'd set her mind on yellow as a good wearin' color, an' I was glad to see her so sensible. After she got engaged to Cuthbert—that was his name, Arnold Cuthbert—her eyes seemed to be bigger'n, softer'n ever, an' I 'd ben a leetle worried for fear she might take up some o' his queer notions. So, when she decided on yellow paint, I felt relieved.

But laws! She 'd counted without her husband. He would n't have the house painted, an' he would n't mend the fences, more'n enuff t' keep out stray stock, an' he did n't want a blessed thing about that place changed. Said it was picteresque an' an inspiration to him, an' that he liked to see Alviry settin' under that big, straggly columbine that grows over one end o' the house.

It must 'a' ben awful tryin' to Alviry, with all the neighbors lookin' on an' advisin' an' snickerin' behind her back; but she kept her temper good 'til it come to the matter o' furniture. They was a lot of old beds an' chairs an' sets of drawers in the house that belonged to old Miss Seeley, afore she died, an' Jim throwed 'em in with the place, as you might say, knowin' that nobody 'd buy sech old truck.

Alviry allowed to git a plush set fer the parlor, but she had n't made up her mind whether she 'd have red or green. Red's the han'somest, but green wears better. She asked her husband to go down to Briscoombe's with her, an' help her decide, but he would n't buy either set. Said they was hideous, an' hurt his eyes, an' he tried to make Alviry think that them old things of Jim Seeley's mother's was a heap nicer.

It was n't that he could n't have afforded the plush set. He jest did n't have sense

enuff to know a han'som' thing when he seen it.

Some folks blamed Alviry fer what she did, but I did n't. I knew jest how mortified she must feel, jest married an' him not willin' to do the least thing to fix up an' be respectable; an' when, after a pretty heated argyment that lasted three days, off an' on, she walked out o' the house, sudden-like, an' went back to her Aunt Car'line, I fer one, stud up fer her. A man ain't got no call to treat a woman that way.

He come to see me an' talked an' talked an' talked. Said Alviry did n't understand—that none of us understood—that we had n't no appreciation of the artistic, an' that ef Alviry would jest trust him an' let him teach her, he 'd make her happy, an' raise her ideals above red plush furniture.

"Mr. Cuthbert," said I, real frigid, fer I was disgusted with him, talkin' so foolish, "no woman isn't goin' to set down an' be taught by a man that ain't got sense enuff to like red plush furniture better'n that old moth-eaten stuff o' Jim Seeley's mother's. Ef you want to make Alviry *happy*, an *teach* her, the way to do it is to give her what she wants an' make her love you fer your kindness—an' then, mebbe she 'll let you teach her—if you know anything wuth teachin'." "Which I doubt," I sez to myself, under my breath, fer I was beginnin' to suspect that he had n't no sense.

He looked at me, sudden, as ef I 'd said somethin' wonderful, an' then came over an' took my hand.

"You're a good woman, Mrs. Cummins," he sez, "even if—well, never mind, you're good! You go and see Ally"—he al'ays called her that, did n't like the name Alviry—"an' tell her that I love her too well to refuse her anything that will give her pleasure. Tell her to come back to me, only to come back. I am hungry for her," he sez. An' all that time he was holdin' my hand, an' ef I did n't feel foolish no woman ever did. Ef anybody 'd ben there to see, I do n't know what I 'd 'a' done.

Alviry came back an' he let her buy jest what she wanted. He put all that old stuff he valued so much in one end o' the house that they was n't goin' to use. He did n't build no fences, nor put in a vegetable garden, but he was real generous with money, an' Alviry furnished up that house fine. She had a red

an' green carpet in the parlor, an' a red plush set, an' a melodeon, an' three or four splendid picturs—not an o' his'n, but some fine, high-colored chromos—an' altogether, it was a house to be proud of when she got through fixin' it up.

I thought everything was goin' right, then, an' I felt real glad fer Alviry. But one mornin' I run in to borrow a cup of emptins, an' there set Alviry, all huddled up on a chair, with a scared look in her eyes—an' lookin' kinder mad, too, under that.

She wan't much of a talker, gen'ally speakin', but she burst out as soon as I come in.

"Aunt Hannah," she sez, jumpin' up an' draggin' me to the door of the front room, "Is there anything the matter with this room?"

"Matter?" sez I, lookin' up an' down an' all around. "Why, no, Alviry, I do n't see nothin' the matter. O' course, I can't see in all the corners or under the melodeon, but I know you're too good a housekeeper to mean that. Has the roof ben leakin'?" I asked.

"No, no," she sez, an' then she broke down an' told me. Her husband jest hated that han'some plush furniture. Every time he looked at the picturs, he groaned; an' sometimes he'd act'ally take hold of his head with both hands as ef he wanted to tear his hair.

"Today," she sez, lookin' scared again, "he said he could n't stand it any longer, an' he's taken all his paintin' things out into the barn an' is workin' there."

"Well," sez I soothin'ly, "do n't you worry about it a bit, Alviry. I sh'd think you'd be real glad to have him take his truck out to the barn. I never liked to say anythin', but the house did smell awful queer, sometimes, with all that paint around."

She did n't seem to pay any attention to me. "Is there anything wrong with my dress?" she asked.

"Alviry Cuthbert," sez I, calm an' patient, but firm, "do n't you let that husband o' yours put crazy ideas in your head. You know as well as I do that that's a han'some lilac caliker, six an' a quarter cents the yard at Everett's store, fer I seed the piece there myself."

She sighed. "I thought mebbe it was n't made right, or something—he seemed to feel so bad about it."

Poor girl! It seems, he wanted to paint another pictur of her, an' she had bought the lilac caliker an' made it special, an' when she put it on an' told him she was ready to "sit" fer him, he went all to pieces an' cavorted out to the barn with all his belongin's.

I tried to divert her mind by telling her about Cousin Sally Mercer's new bed-quilt pattern—sun-flower center, with red an' green border, an' a touch o' purple in the corners. It was a beautiful pattern, an' I do n't know as I'd a given it to any one ef I had n't felt so sorry fer Alviry, an' wanted to cheer her up.

Next day I went over agin. The house was all shet up an' I was goin' away, when I thought I'd look in the barn an' see if Cuthbert wan't there.

He was, sure enuff, an' Alviry, too. They did n't see me as I looked through the cowshed winder, an' I jest stud there an' stared, struck all of a heap by what I see.

He had rigged up a sort o' platform, an' Alviry stud on it, with her hair all down her back—it reached mighty near to her knees, I guess—an' some sort of a clingin' white thing that could n't rightly be called a dress, hangin' straight down fr'm her shoulders, an' sort o' driftin' about her feet.

He was standin' in front of her, with a big canvas stretched; an' as I looked, all of a sudden, he went down on his knees, an' caught her hands in his'n.

"Oh, my Queen," he said, soft, but so clear I could n't help hearin', "my Queen, will you *never learn*—will you *never understand*? My beautiful one—*my beautiful one!*"

I'd a gone away real quiet, fer I knew how awful Alviry'd feel to be caught in that get-up, an' know anybody'd heard her husband talkin' in that crazy way to her—but jest that minit, I heard somethin' behind me, an' turned quick, an' there was the two Smith girls comin' down the gardin walk.

They was all fixed out in their best, come to visit Alviry, an' they'd seen me lookin' in the barn, an' was comin' too.

I stuck my head in the winder. "Alviry." I said, low an' sharp, "the Smith girls is comin'. Git out o' sight, *quick*—climb up in the hay-loft—*some 'ers.*"

It was too late. She stud like she was turned to stone, an' then, as ef he did n't realize what a scene he was betrayin', Cuth-

bert opened the barn door an' walked out, jest as the girls got there.

He looked sort of annoyed, but not a bit ashamed, an' began to say somethin' about Mrs. Cuthbert bein' engaged at that moment—an' then he stopped an' looked sort o' puzzled at his wife. She stude there like a statue, with her hair an' that white drapery tumblin' all about her, an' the two Smith girls starin' at her as ef they, an' she, too, had lost their senses—an' then, with jest one awful look at her husband, she walked out o' the barn, past the girls an' me, without a word, an' into the house.

It was terrible. I could n't move. Susie an' Mame begun to giggle, but Cuthbert did n't pay no attention to them. He looked up the path, where his wife had passed, an' then at me.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "What is the matter with Ally, Mrs. Cummins?"

"It's like you to ask," I sez, hot all over, what with feelin' bad fer Alviry an' mad at him, an' madder still at them two Smith girls, standin' there gapin'—"It's like you to ask, when you make Alviry a laughin'-stock an' a scandal in the neighborhood, gettin' her to dress up in them heathen garments. Ain't you got no sense at all?" I asked.

He looked at me cold an' quiet, an' I saw he was mad clear through, an' I guessed it was only part at me an' the rest at Alviry. He did n't seem to notice the girls, no more than ef they was flies.

"I have sense enough to see at last, that there can be no happiness here for myself or my wife. Thank you for making me see it, Mrs. Cummings."

He started toward the house. "What are you goin' to do?" I called after him.

At first he did n't answer. Then he turned, an' said, quiet, but determined-like:

"I'm going to take my wife away—out of this atmosphere."

I went away an' so did the girls. They spread what they'd seen all over town before the afternoon was done, an' I did n't know but Alviry'd be so mortified she'd be glad to go away some'ers until it was fergot. She came over to see me a few days later, an' after we'd talked a while, I said, casual-like:

"Are you thinkin' o' goin' away fer a while, Alviry?"

"No," she sez, shuttin' her lips tight. "Why do you ask, Aunt Hannah?"

"Cuthbert was sayin' somethin' about it."

She did n't answer, but her cheeks got red all of a sudden. She'd ben real white when she come in. After awhile she sez:

"He's havin' a fence built."

"Well, now, I'm real glad, Alviry. That front fence did look bad, all leanin' over."

"Taint the front fence," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Well, mebbe after he gets the back fences fixed up, he'll see how much better they look, an' tend to the others."

"Taint the back fences, either," she sez. Then she jumped up an' walked to the door. She stopped with it half open an' looked back at me.

"He's goin' to live in one part of the house an' I in the other," she said. "An' the fence is down the middle of the front yard."

"I could n't say a word before she was gone. That afternoon I went past Alviry's house, an' sure enuff, there was the fence, jest as it stands now, runnin' right down the middle o' the yard. Cuthbert had brought his things back fr'm the barn, an' had 'em all set up in the big front room at the end o' the house where they'd put old Mis' Seeley's furniture. I seen him movin' around in there, arrangin' things.

It was really true—he preparin' to live in one part o' the house an' she in the other. It most took my breath away. I went round to the south end of the buildin', and there set Alviry on the door-step, hemmin' a towel, quiet an' calm as ef nothin' had happened.

"How do you do, Aunt Hannah," she sez. "Do you think Al White would come up an' do some paintin' for me tomorow?"

"I guess so. What was you thinkin' o' havin' done, Alviry?"

"I'm goin' to have my half the house painted," she sez, lookin' straight at me,— "painted yellow."

"Alviry," sez I, "would n't it be better, mebbe, to paint it white—or gray. Mebbe," sez I, careful-like, fer I did n't like the look in her eyes, "Cuthbert'd like that color an' have the rest painted the same."

"I'm goin' to have it painted yellow," she said. "And I'm goin' to have a new front fence—as far as the division line; and I'm goin' to put in a vegetable garden. There's no sense," sez she, shuttin' her lips tight agin, "in wastin' all that ground from the front step to the gate."

Cuthbert never interfered an' she done as she liked. He planted flowers an' vines on his side, an' before Summer was over the house was most covered with green an' really would a looked sort of pretty if it had n't ben so comical, comin' plumb up agin that yellow paint on the other half. People used to drive past, jest to see, but after a while we got used to it, an' did n't pay no more attention. Alviry went her ways around the town, but there was a look in her eyes an' about her mouth that kept people fr'm askin' questions. Cuthbert never was a man you could talk to.

Of course, he must 'a' given her money to live on. That part of it did n't worry me none; but when, toward the end o' Summer, Hi Pettijohn took to drivin' up at odd times, an' hitehin' his horse outside Alviry's half o' the house, an' standin' at the door talkin' by the half-hour—I begun to feel mighty uneasy.

Mebbe Cuthbert noticed it, too, fer I met him once or twice, an' he looked pale an' thin. Once he stopped an' talked to me about Alviry.

"If she would come away with me," he said, "I could show her her mistake. I can't live the sort of life she wants to live—and I can't live much longer without her. One of us must yield."

"It won't be Alviry," I said. "I know her. Alviry's awful set when she knows she's right. Seems to me you'd better be sensible, an' try to live like other folks, Mr. Cuthbert."

He shook his head, very despondent, an' walked away. He seemed feeble, an' I wondered if Alviry 'd noticed it.

One day Hi Pettijohn drove up to the house, an' hitched his horse as usual; but he went around an' knocked on Cuthbert's door. He told me, himself, afterwards, every word he said, an' jest what Cuthbert answered.

He started in: "I want to talk to you about Alviry."

Cuthbert stiffened up an' looked at him, cold an' stern, but Hi had made up his mind what he was going to say, an' would n't be went fr'm it.

"If you ain't goin' to live with her," he sez, "why do n't you let her get a divorce an' marry some one else? There's others," he sez, "as would be glad to marry her."

Cuthbert stepped back all of a sudden, an' leaned against the door-frame. He tried to

speak two or three times before he said, in a dry, thin voice:

"Did Mrs. Cuthbert send you to say this? Does she want a divorce?"

"It stands to reason," said Hi, "that she do n't want to live forever this way, neither wife, maid nor widow."

Cuthbert bent his head still lower. He did n't look up, an' it almost seemed as ef he did n't hear, as Hi talked on, givin' his views, an' all but sayin' that he wanted to marry Alviry himself.

At last Cuthbert straightened up an' looked Hi all over—jest as ef he'd never seen him before. Hi was a good-lookin' feller, real sensible an' strong, an' though it was queer talk he was indulgin' in about another man's wife, he did n't look down when Cuthbert stared at him. He jest stud there an' waited.

"Tell Al—tell Mrs. Cuthbert," said Cuthbert at last, "that if she wishes to get a divorce, I will not contest it."

That was all Hi waited to hear. He bounced in on Alviry and got her to promise to file papers before she hardly knew what had happened. When he told her what Cuthbert had said, she turned crimson, an' then white, an' Hi said he never see so many different looks in a woman's eyes as there was in her's fer a minit. She started toward the door that led to Cuthbert's part of the house, an' then stopped short, with her hand at her throat, an' at last she turned to Hi, sharp an' cold, an' said:

"Very well, I will get a divorce an' marry you. An' let it be quick—do you hear?"

She went home an' stayed with her Aunt Car'line while the matter was pendin'. It did n't seem to take long; most as easy to get divorced as to get married. Old Squire Plummer, who decided the case, said to me afterwards, real confidential:

"There was n't any real good grounds fer that divorce, technic'ly speakin', Mis' Cummins, but I made up my mind fr'm what you an' the other witnesses testified that Alviry's husband was plumb crazy, an' it did n't seem right that she should be tied up to a man that might get vi-lent an' cut her throat some day, so I divorced 'em.

"Why, Mis' Cummins," he said, "I went down an' had a look at that house, jest to satisfy myself. I saw the part Alviry lived in, clean as a new pin, an' fixed up in sech fine taste, an' I sez to myself: 'Any man

that can't appreciate that red plush furniture, is crazy—an' I divorced 'em."

Alviry married Hi in a month. I as't her what she s'posed folks would think, but she gave a fierce-sort of laugh, an' said she'd got past carin' what folks thought. There never was a girl that cared more, nat'rally.

Cuthbert stayed in his part of the house, an' went out less an' less. Finally, I did n't see him fer a week, an' I went up to ask ef he was sick or anything. I did n't feel very friendly to him, but I knew he was n't a well man. I knocked at the door, an' there wan't no answer, so I pushed it open an' went in.

He was layin' on the high, carved bed old Mis' Seeley died in, an' it give me a shock to see him stretched out there so still.

"Ain't you well, Mr. Cuthbert?" I sez—an' I did n't much expect an answer. He tried to raise his head an' then fell back, too weak to move.

"Where's Ally?" he asked, in a fretful way.

I see he was bad off, so I went straight an' got Dr. Brown. We stayed with him ail that night. It was pitiful to hear him callin' fer "Ally, Ally," an' tryin' to get up an' go an' look fer her, until the old doctor give him a good stiff dose o' somethin' that put him to sleep. Even then he tossed an' turned, an' I see his lips movin'.

"Mis' Cummins," said Dr. Brown, the third day, "has this man any relatives? Because if he has, they'd better come."

"Good land," sez I, "I do n't know nothin' about his folks. Mebbe Alviry does."

"Go an' ask her," sez the doctor, turnin' away.

"Do you mean"—I began.

"Only a matter of a day or two, at most," he said.

I went up to Alviry's new house on the hill. She had n't taken a thing fr'm the old place, an' I noticed as I set in the front room waitin' fer her, that she had green plush furniture this time.

"*Dying*," she said, with a catch in her voice, when I told her, "*Dying*."

That was all she said, but her hands shook so she could n't put on her hat, an' she'd started off without sayin' a word to Hi, ef I had n't reminded her. He did n't make no objection to her goin'. Hi Pettijohn's a real good sort of man, an' he thought the world of Alviry—does yet.

Cuthbert was tossin' an' moanin' when we come in, but as soon as he felt Alviry's hand on his'n, he went to sleep real quiet an' peaceful.

We telegraphed fer his brother, an' he come next day; an' his cousin, a proud, black-eyed girl, with him. She seemed mighty fond o' Cuthbert, an' I could see plain enuff that she resented Alviry bein' there. Alviry did n't notice it. She was n't thinkin' o' nothin' but Cuthbert. She'd brought in her best crazy-quilt fr'm the other part of the house, an' spread it over him. I fetched some tidies an' some pressed Autumn leaves, an' a few other things, an' tried to spruce things up a little before Cuthbert's folks came, but it looked pretty bare.

We was all gathered round the bed when Cuthbert come to himself, sudden-like. The doctor had warned us he would n't last long, an' we was watchin' an' waitin'. He looked at me, sort of puzzled, an' then at his brother an' the young lady. A little pleased look come over his face fer a minit, but I see he was lookin' fer some one else, an' I knew it was Alviry. I pushed her forward an' she bent over him an' pulled the crazy-quilt up under his chin. His face lit up, an' then, as he caught sight o' the quilt, he frowned a little—he al'ays did hate crazy-quilts—but the next minit he smiled up at her.

"It was good of you, Ally, to put this over me," he said, very weak an' low. He held tight to her hand, an' shut his eyes, an' she stud there, her head droopin', her face shaded by her heavy yellow hair, never seein' the other woman's burnin' eyes. Somehow, Alviry al'ays looked like a pictur, tho' she had n't no wish to do so. I saw Cuthbert's brother lookin' at her, jest as Cuthbert did when he first knew her. An' the cousin looked at the two men, an' at Alviry, an' the hate in her eyes was mortal.

After a while, Cuthbert roused up again, an' looked real satisfied to see Alviry there by him. I think he had forgot all about the divorce. He seemed to be lookin' fer somethin' at the foot o' the bed, an' his brother threw back the blind, to give more light. Then I see, what I had n't noticed before—he had a full-length pictur of Alviry there, painted jest as I see her stand that day in the barn, with all her yellow hair an' white robes flowin' about her.

He looked at it a long time, an' then up at



her. "My beautiful wife," he said softly, "My own beautiful wife! You never understood, did you, dear? But it is all right now."

He shut his eyes. Alviry bent over—down close to his face—an' whispered somethin' to him. Then she kissed him.

"Come away," said Cuthbert's brother. He took her by the arm an' led her out of the room.

Cuthbert had left her everything—most six thousand dollars, an' some pictures that brought right good prices—an' all the old stuff he was so fond of collectin'—old furniture an' chiny, an' Lord knows what.

I went to the house with her the day after the funeral. Cuthbert's brother an' his cousin were standin' in front of Alviry's pictur, lookin' up at it, an' they did n't hear us as we came in.

"Poor Arnold," said the young lady. "What a terrible mistake."

"Yes," he said, lookin' sort of strange at the pictur, "but one any man might have made."

Her face flashed into a fury—she had an awful speakin' face, with them black eyes an' twitchin' red lips—but he did n't see it. He was starin' at the pictur, an' he looked more like Cuthbert than I'd noticed before. The young lady gave a gasp, an' leaned against a chair. It was one of them outlandish, tall-backed things that Cuthbert set sech store by, but I had put a real han'some tidy over the hole in the upholsterin'. Her fingers elinched on it; she snatched it off an' threw it on the floor as ef it had been a snake. An' jest then she saw Alviry.

The two women glared at each other fer a minit, without sayin' a word. Cuthbert's brother never saw a bit of it—jest stud there, lookin' up, sorter sentimental, at Alviry's pictur. Then Alviry stooped an' picked up the tidy an' walked out o' the room. I follored quick, fer I did n't want no words with Cuthbert's folks, an' I was pretty mad at the way that girl looked at us, like we was dirt under her feet.

When I come out in the kitchen, Alviry stud there, lookin' at the tidy in her hand, sort o' scared an' white.

"Aunt Hannah," she said, her breath comin' quick, "They hate these things—jest as he did."

"Well, what of it?" I said. I was a little put out, fer I showed Alviry that stitch my-

self, an' there was only one other tidy like it in town, an' that was mine. "Ef they ain't got sense enuff to appreciate a hand-knit tidy like that," I sez, "I would n't worry over 'em."

She did n't say nothin' more, but when Cuthbert's brother come out to talk to her—the cousin never come nigh—she was still an' watchful, an' seemed to be tryin' to read somethin' in his face. I never see Alviry act so queer.

"Mrs. Pettijohn," sez he, kind o' hesitatin', "I thought, perhaps, as you have—as you are—otherwise provided for, you might be willin' to let me buy the furniture in the part of the house where my brother lived. I should like it very much, not only because of its beauty, but because it will remind us—me—of him."

"You can have it, an' welcome," said Alviry. "It ain't worth anything."

He looked at her, surprised.

"Is it possible, Mrs. Pettijohn," he sez, "that you do not know the value of that old furniture. It is very rare and beautiful, an' if you are willin', I'll have a dealer down from the city to appraise it."

Alviry started to say somethin', then gave him a sort of scared look, an' walked toward the door.

"Please take it," she said. "I—do n't value it." An' she went out.

He insisted on payin' for it, though. He must a-told the dealer to put a ridic'us price on it, because o' course, them old things wan't wuth nothin'. I told Alviry I guessed he wanted to make her a present an' tuk that way to do it; but she looked at me an' did n't say a word. Alviry'd got awful silent them days.

Well, Cuthbert's brother an' cousin went away, an' the old house stud there deserted. Alviry give me the red plush set; it's in the parlor now, but I d'know as she's set eyes on it fer five years. She al'ays sez she'd ruther set out in the kitchen, when she comes to see me.

She's made Hi a real good wife, an' I guess he's happy. But she has that pictur Cuthbert painted of her, up in her bedroom, an' I've seen her stand afore it fer minits at a time, with the same scared, questionin' look on her face that she had when she looked at the tidy, that day in the kitchen. I d'no what she's thinkin'. Alviry never sez much.

# The Music That Hath Charms

By William Hopkins



It was Springtime in Butcher's Bar—radiant, rollicking March! But with the bursting of the buds, the ringing melodies of the birds and the dawning of the first bright vernal suns, there came a rude awakening to the little church of Butcher's Bar.

Having grown from a mere mining camp of red-shirted, hairy citizens to the dignity of a prosperous town, Butcher's Bar had changed its name to Paradise Vale, built a schoolhouse, a courthouse and a church, and was now in the throes of calling a minister to save its pioneer soul.

The Reverend Paul Henry Pennington, late from the "States," had filled the pulpit several Sundays on trial, and had promptly convinced the younger and more progressive contingent of the congregation of his especial fitness for the place.

Then the Reverend Ezra Broadside, *Brother Broadside*, as the older-fashioned faction called him, had preached to them on trial. And the "old-fogy" faction, as Miss Sallie Salisbury called it, had unanimously declared in his favor. The fact that Miss Sallie, the organist and leading soprano, had not been consulted by the official board rankled deeply in that young person's heart. "For," as she explained indignantly, "when I have to be there three times a week and listen to six prayers and two and a half sermons, I would like at least to have a voice in the matter."

Mr. Paul Pennington, every one was ready to agree with her, was an interesting speaker, to say nothing of his very attractive personality. Added to this, Sallie was always sure of being properly escorted home after the evening services when he filled the pulpit, which made his installation a matter of vital importance to the fair young soprano.

Brother Broadside, on the other side, was of the good, old hell-fire-and-damnation

school of theology. He preached the necessity of a sudden conversion from the sinfulness of sin, of being born again into the Kingdom of Heaven, and receiving therefrom a new heart. Also he preached the wickedness of dancing, card-playing, theater-going, Sunday excursions, horse-racing, always ending with heated and intimate descriptions of the tortures of hell, and, for the unregenerate, eternal and inevitable damnation.

To the old-timers in the congregation, this good old doctrine came like an echo of their lost youth. "For," they sighed, "the churches are getting so worldly you can hardly tell the sheep from the goats. And it is many a long day since we have heard such rousing, soul-stirring sermons." Moreover, Brother Broadside proposed to inaugurate, should he be installed as pastor of the congregation, a sweeping, soul-saving revival.

With this gratifying announcement, the sentiment in favor of Mr. Paul Pennington began to turn, leaving the younger, more liberal members of the congregation clinging to him alone.

Thereupon, the congregation that had struggled so valiantly together raising money with strawberry festivals, bed-quilt raffles, and holiday bazaars, now split into two opposing factions. Each faction, moreover, gathered recruits from the lukewarm outsiders until every man, woman and child was hotly either for or against one of the candidates. The feeling ran so high, as is usual in such cases, that there was no hope of a compromise.

"It is only because you have heard Mr. Broadside last," the Pennington faction argued, "that you prefer him. You forget how well you liked him at first."

But when the gray-heads bent together to consider the question, the liberality and progressiveness of the younger man counted against him as shortcomings.

"Mr. Pennington is a very pleasant speaker," the Broadside faction agreed, "but

he is too easy in his doctrine. After all the sermons he preached to us we do not even know his position on hell."

"Perhaps he does n't believe in hell at all," ventured Deacon Simpkins with bated breath.

"Possibly," assented Deacon Hopkins, "the youth of this age are getting so terrible wise in their own conceits."

Thus the fate of the Reverend Paul Henry Pennington was settled with the Broadside faction.

At last a final trial of merit was decided upon. The question could be settled in no other way, and as there was still the paint-

when the birds perched and sang their "Alleluias" in the treetops, the wild flowers flung their incense to the skies and the blue dome of Heaven smiled down in benediction upon the little prairie town, there was heart-burning and strife within its temple walls.

The Broadside faction sat on the right-hand side of the church, conspicuous for its black bombazines and poke bonnets. Already the prospect of a soul-saving revival had induced a sanctimonious cast of countenance among some of the elder sisters, as a forerunner of the invitation to the Mourners' Bench.



"—And We Do Not Even Know His Position on Hell."

ing to be paid for, the finishing of the spire and the erection of a bell, it was imperative to restore harmony in order that they might get to work again on their strawberry festivals and grab-bag socials.

Accordingly, a certain Sunday in early March was set for the deciding trial. Brother Broadside was to preach in the morning and Mr. Paul Pennington in the evening. The congregation would then decide by ballot the relative merits of the two candidates.

Thus it was that on this particular March morning when all Nature rang out in peans of praise for its Springtime resurrection,

The Pennington faction, on the left side, presented a more cheerful albeit a determined front, topped off with a certain levity of headgear that accorded ill with its black bombazine background.

On the tick of eleven o'clock the two ministers entered the church from the study door and mounted the steps of the pulpit. After reading the usual announcements for the week—the meeting of the Official Board, the Ladies' Aid Society, the Band of Hope, the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, the Sunday School and the midweek prayer meeting, Brother Broadside began the service.



"Sally Was Always Sure of Being Properly Escorted Home."

All the windows of the building were opened wide to the soft Spring breezes that wandered through the audience, toying gaily with Deacon Simpkins' hoary forelock, and rustling the pink roses that nodded a-top of a knowing little hat in the soprano's corner.

After a long and wordy prayer of the good old-fashioned sort, imploring God to be good, generously informing Omniscience as to the needs of the world, apologizing to the All-Wise Creator for the state of affairs existing in His universe, offering much advice, and his assistance, to Omnipotence, he arose and turned to the hymn book.

As the stentorian tones of the preacher lined off the words of the hymn,

*"Hark! from the tombs, a doleful sound,  
My ears attend the cry,"*

a bold little sparrow perched upon the eaves, and with a saucy perk of his head, lifted a blithe "Excelsis" over the solemn-eyed audience, then skimmed away into the boundless blue.

Miss Sallie felt the caressing breezes on her cheeks, watched the tiny songster as he skimmed the sky, caught the elusive breath of the wild blossoms, and saw through a vista of black bombazine backs the fields of glowing flowers. Something of the bubbling, buoyant beauty of it all struck an answering chord in her soul that went soaring off, like the tiny songster, toward the boundless love it expressed. But

*"Ye mortal men come, view the ground  
Where ye must shortly lie,"*

recalled her suddenly from her reverie. With the spire, the bell, the painting, was also the expense of an organ to be considered, so in the meantime on special occasions Miss Sallie loaned her piano. So while the treetops danced and the birds carolled on the outside, within the oaken doors the audience followed the lines of the solemn hymn.

Glancing without quite knowing why toward the perch from which the brown sparrow had fluted its joyous "Excelsis," Miss Sallie struck a chord, a ringing major chord that brought the congregation to its feet at attention.

Because of the unusual nature of today's occasion, the music had been especially prepared. Therefore the player, all the joyousness of the outer world tingling in her finger-tips, swung off into an elaborate prelude. The dismal air of the hymn that accompanied the still more dismal words was so embellished with gay little runs and liquid trills that it bubbled over into something perilously like a waltz caprice before it settled down into a mournful B-flat dirge.

The musical skill of Miss Sallie was the pride of the town, so while the audience listened and marveled at the brilliant effects produced upon this simple long-metre theme, they did not suspect that the sanctimonious lines were being smoothed out of their sin-oppressed countenances; while to the "*Hark! from the tombs*" the flying fingers kept up a blithesome accompaniment of trills and arpeggio effects running in and out among the dolorous words, tripping up the death-bed and judgment-day associations usually inspired by the hymn, till at last it broke all bounds and rippled into a pagan *cadenza* of worship to the Goddess of Spring.

As flowers after a parching blast lift up their heads in glad response to a refreshing

shower, these staid old hearts ran out to meet this *allegro* echo of the Spring. Death-bed and judgment-day gave place to the present joy of living—the birds, the flowers, the smiling skies, that told of justice tempered with mercy and the peace that passeth understanding—till all-unconsciously the spirit of the congregation had fallen out of step with the hymn. When the last little curly-queues of melody had died away it was into a praise-offering, smiling, audience the flushed young pianiste looked.

Now Brother Broadside arose slowly and contemplatively. Spreading out his broad, fat hands, he looked into the smiling faces around him just a bit bewildered. He, too, was dimly conscious of the springtime colorings on the hillsides, the glory of the resurrected world and the lavish love it all betokened. Only dimly, however. But this smiling, hopeful state of mind was not the effect this hymn was calculated to produce. According to his usual plan of campaign, the singing of "Hark! from the tombs" turned the minds of his hearers to the subject of his sermon and prepared the way for his text, he had never before seen a congregation so little impressed by this hymn.

Determining to put extra stress on what was to follow, Brother Ezra Broadside opened the heavy black book that lay in state upon its crimson plush mat and read his text. Every person in that audience had probably read those verses many times calmly and dispassionately, but from the lips of Ezra Broadside they were hurled like curses until with the final rendering of "Woe—Woe!" his voice arose in towering tones of impending doom. "Woe unto you!" he repeated, pointing a fat forefinger at the collective and individual sinners before him, and following up his gesture with a piercing scrutiny from his beady eyes. "Woe unto you—and *you* and *you*!" pointing out worldly-looking individuals here and there over the house, and backing up his wholesale denunciation with a volley of threats against "this wicked and perverse generation." The depths of the bottomless pit were plumbed and sounded before them till the atmosphere grew blue and sulphurous, and the flames of hell-fire seemed to scorch their sin-scarred souls; the wrath of God was poured down in drenching floods upon their unrepentant heads; the degeneracy of hu-



"Woe Unto You—and You—and You!"

man nature, "prone to evil as the sparks fly upward," was exploited by illustration from criminal records until the Creator thereof must have blushed at His own handiwork; the horrors of the death-bed of the unrepentant sinner painted in such lurid, goose-flesh-inducing terms that the starting eyes before him began to see the devil stoking up the fires that were to burn and blister but not consume for millions and millions and millions of years.

The perils of dancing were described in terms his clean-minded young hearers did not understand; the serpent lurking in the bottom of every social glass was stirred up and made to hiss its venom in the faces of the breathless audience; the history of every professional gambler traced down to the little home game of whist and a similar career predicted for every casual player.

The bombazine faction was nodding its collective head in swaying unison at the truths the good brother was telling, and casting meaning glances across the church at the guilty ones, who were known to follow openly these sinful lusts of the flesh. On the Pennington side flushed faces and red-

rimmed eyes told where the arrows of Brother Broadside were hitting their mark, and, finding his audience at last falling into line, he lost no chance to drive his arguments home. Then, when the field looked promising, he changed his tactics to the saving blood of the Lamb, the sudden regeneration by going down into the baptismal waters black and cankered with sin and coming up whiter than snow; urging repentance for the sinner, restitution for the backslider and the Mourners' Bench for all.

Leaning far over the pulpit and fixing the congregation with his eye, "Every foot in this house," he announced, solemnly, in awesome tones, "is on the brink of eternity. Every step you take in sin brings you nearer, nearer, nearer the yawning chasm of hell. Every step, my brethren, young and old alike, is plunging you over the precipice of eternal damnation. I see you marching before me in single file, in twos, in families, in companies, toward eternity, your heads turned to the pleasures of this world, your feet slipping down, *down*, DOWN into hell!"

Slowly, under the power of his personality, the congregation was becoming affected, and at each new slide of his verbal stereopticon of the Inferno, they fell more and more under the spell of his magnetic force, even the Penningtonites began to wonder if they were right in holding out so obstinately for their own way. Faces throughout the audience grew white and began to work nervously, little tongues of blue hell-fire began to shoot up the spines of the hysterically-inclined sisters, eyes grew tense and wide as the speaker pictured the uncertainty of life, the certainty of death, and the inevitableness of eternal damnation for the unsaved.

The time was now arrived for the invitation to the Mourners' Bench. In loud, commanding tones those who were convicted of possessing sinful hearts, those who wanted to live better lives and taste the joys of a conscious salvation, those who had once known those joys and had backslidden therefrom, those who hoped to escape the wrath of God on that awful judgment day, were invited to go forward and fill the altar rail.

Miss Sallie, looking into the strained, up-turned faces before her, saw the Pennington cause losing ground.

"And while we gather around the altar rail we will sing. 'There is a fountain filled

with blood,'" Brother Broadside announced, turning to the choir.

Here again Miss Sallie saw her opportunity. The nodding roses on her hat had grown very still as she sat rigid and upright watching the effect of Brother Broadside's discourse. Springing quickly to her place, she flung her soul into leading her lost cause on to victory. With a renewed resolve to do or die, she turned to the number. The scales not only balanced between the two candidates, but were heavy in the Broadside favor. A tremor throughout the congregation showed a preparation to start for the Mourners' Bench when the invitation should be given, subdued little sniffles on the bombazine side portended the floods of penitential tears to be released at the altar rail, the countenances of loyal Penningtonites, white and set, announced a sudden determination to escape the terrible wrath of God by a prompt, watery plunge into salvation.

A few sudden, sharp *staccato* chords struck the straining ears of the congregation. Many of the younger, more impressionable ones came to themselves with a sudden start, and looked about them with strange eyes.

The opening bars rang out the good, old-fashioned orthodox strain *con moto*, but the next movement glanced off into something suspiciously akin to a quickstep. The "old-fogy" faction did not grasp the nature of the variations—"new-fangled" music being, as they confessed, out of their line—but some of the younger members of the congregation did, and gasped with the shock. It was only an instant's digression, however, then the air idled back through a maze of rippling notes to the familiar strains of the hymn, but not until the atmosphere had been somewhat cleared of its clouds of brimstone.

At the signal to begin the congregation arose.

*"There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins"*

they sang, with—although they did not know it—a medley accompaniment of a gavotte, a waltz, a snatch of the ballet from "La Papillion," interrupted only by an occasional C-chord to carry the air along.

Eyes that a few moments before had been wide and strange, now looked composedly upon the scene or roamed beyond the speaker

to the smiling blue of the heavens. Countenances that had looked drawn and seared from the scorching brimstone now began to regain a normal poise and feel a revivifying touch of life in the music as from a draught of fresh air. And when the song reached—

*"And sinners plunged beneath its flood,  
Lose all their guilty sta—a—a—ains"*

the pianiste again perpetrated such a frivolous undercurrent of motif upon them they might have been singing a serenade.

The masses of glowing blossoms nodded gaily to the weary eyes that strayed out to them, the tiny brown sparrow fanned the air an instant at the window to see how the soprano was getting on. Meantime the invitation to the Mourners' Bench, although made urgent, even thrust upon them, was, barring the solemn-eyed elders, not obeyed. Over the few bent backs of the righteous who had gone up to the rail in order to set an example to the others, the preacher looked into the audience that scarcely more than a minute before had seemed ripe for a rich harvest of souls. Now the magnetic current seemed, in some inexplicable way, to have been broken.

Red in the face, sawing the air with his arms, the Reverend Broadside besought them to come forward. Nobody but the elect moved. The doctrine of his creed, in the present atmosphere, seemed impossible. Breathless, but scenting victory from afar, the player played on, glancing again from the suggestion of levity that had crept into her accompaniment she played the closing bars of the hymn in simple chords, then taking a new liberty with the order of the service, struck into a grand old theme from the oratorio of "The Messiah"—a moment's revelation of Infinite love and the sublime and simple dignity of the great Creator's plan.

Paul Henry Pennington glanced oftener than he realized toward the soprano's direction, and noted the rising color in her cheeks that rivaled the nodding roses on her hat, the earnest eyes that seemed lost to everything but the enthusiasm of the moment, and recalled a certain text from an epistle of Saint Paul.

The bombazine backs still knelt around the Mourners' Bench alone in their glory. The congregation, again cheerful and serene, lis-

tened with polite interest to Brother Broadside's invitation without accepting it. At last, after a long and painful wait for more recruits in the mourners' ranks, the service was brought to a close and the benediction pronounced by a disgruntled, short-winded parson, who felt a sense of having been baffled, and for no cause that he could see. This sermon had never before failed to do its work, and the music, he knew, had been good—extra good!

After the reluctant benediction, the Broadside faction slowly gathered itself up and turned toward the door, realizing its defeat. But the postlude that followed them out and even beyond the doors brought back the hope to their hearts. Triumphant, ringing strains stirred through their souls that knew no defeat, strains in which the "Excelsis" of the birds, the incense of the blossoms and the glory of the infinite blue seemed to have a part.

The evening service was even more largely attended than the morning service had been, and the music, as had been announced before, was an especial feature.

The Reverend Paul Henry Pennington was blessed with a rich baritone voice, that accorded excellently with the clear, sympathetic quality of Miss Sallie's soprano. During his discourse there was no effort to play upon the emotions of his hearers. His was a strong, earnest plea for the merits of righteousness, the necessity of setting high, Christ-like ideals, the possibility of reaching up to them, and the opportunity for usefulness and service to each other the every-day business of life offered. But still the congregation did not know his position on hell.

When, after the service, the pianiste was escorted home by Mr. Pennington much was said about the music she had played that day at both the morning and evening services. But at the meeting of the Official Board the following day, that all-important factor in their decision was not even guessed.

It was not, however, until after harmony had been restored to the congregation of Paradise Vale, the spire finished, the bell erected, the painting all paid for and several other happenings of breathless interest to the church that Mrs. Pennington confessed to her husband the extent of the part she had played in his installation as pastor of the church of Paradise Vale.

# “Greater Love Hath No Man”

By Marguerite Stabler



HY?” It was rebelliously spoken.

“Because I say you shall,” sternly came the answer.

One high-pressure instant the spirit of father and daughter, like two opposing flints, struck fire. Then the girl turned quietly, too quietly for her, and left the room.

As the door closed, a rustling of papers and the drawing of a chair back to the desk showed the episode ended, as far as Colonel Kerrigan was concerned, and the interrupted accounts again the business of the moment.

But, once on the other side of the door, in the teeth of the wind that cut across her face like the whizz of a bullet, the girl blew out her breath in a half-sob, half-threat, and “Damn!” the red lips swore hotly. And again “Damn” she repeated over and over until she began to feel better all through, as she swung herself over the rail and made off to the stables.

The sun was burning low and the “boys” had gathered in to the cook-house, leaving the corral and stables free from curious eyes.

“It’s all up, Crommie,” the girl sobbed into Cromwell’s mane, “it’s up with us both!” She held her head high, and her slim, young body tense; she would have scorned to cry like a girl.

Cromwell, not being a hot-headed Kerrigan by birth, waited until the girl had sprung upon his back, dug her heels into his ribs, pounded his flanks and worked off all the steam she could in various well-known ways, before he made any effort to assure her it was all right and that he was ready to meet his fate like a soldier.

“But there is no knowing what it will be,” the girl wailed, disconsolate, visions of cart-drivers, livery-men, dray-owners, unspeakable creatures of every sort rising in her mind as possible purchasers. “It will break your heart, old boy,” the girl explained, reviewing the contrast between the slavery into which

he was to be sold, and the wild free life he had always known; rank, stifling stables, cruel cobbles burning from the heat in Summer, and slippery with sleet in Winter, blood-sucking drivers to whom a horse is a machine, shimmered through her brain as she fumbled with his halter. Suddenly, with a stiffening of resolve, she turned her head so she might not look him in the eye. “There’s nothing left, old boy,” she said, “I’ve got to do it.”

The miserable “thirty pieces of silver” Cromwell’s price was to bring to the company did not figure in her calculations. There was but one way to save her old pal from worse than death, and now was her chance. Because he had out-lived his usefulness on the range, was no reason the rest of his life should be spent in torment.

The start for Cheyenne was to be made in the morning, with old Cromwell in the bunch of “sound Brigadier stock,” but this moment was her’s—and Cromwell’s. The corral was beyond ear-shot of the quarters and Dick’s six-shooter was in the lock-up. For the last time she slipped old Cromwell’s halter, led him out to the water trough, because that always came next, tucked the revolver into her belt, and made for the little acclivity behind the stall-shed. Then, with hands that did not tremble, she lifted the hammer and her bullet went home.

\* \* \* \*

“Why?” This time it was the girl’s father, white-lipped with rage.

“Because,” her heart too heavy with grief to harbor anger, “there was no other way to save him,” the girl answered.

Words, threats, imprecations fell upon unheeding ears. The girl watched her father’s countenance go from white to red and from red to purple, impassively. Nothing made any difference to her. Cromwell was dead.

It was from the grave of Cromwell, however, that there sprang up an understanding and the change to a side-bar brand. But



the next day, seeing the girl bounding over sympathy between father and daughter. Diamond had cut diamond, and thereafter there were always careful answers and explanations on both sides.

So when the girl's father at last grasped the belated fact that the range was no longer the place for his daughter to run wild, that she was learning everything but the things she ought to know, that her sole standard was to ape Dick in all his ways of doing things, and that this wild-animal life of hers must be curbed into something more civilized, he explained to her all the reasons why she should go away to school.

And the girl, in turn, although rebelling at being deprived of her liberty, after driving as shrewd a bargain with her father as any old horse-trader might have done, consented to go.

"I'm going off to school," the girl announced to Dick, after the final arrangements had been made. "I'm going to school, but I'm not going to learn to sew or play the piano or sing, and after every six months I'm coming home for six months."

"But, you may think differently after you have been away a few months," Dick ventured incautiously, trying to imagine this young cow-puncher in the guise of a woman with long skirts and knotted mane.

"I wont!" the girl fired back. "I wont. If I thought there was any danger of that I would n't go. I dont want to get all educated up like those sissy girls you see in Cheyenne. I can read all right; I've read every book on the shelf. I can ride as well as any of the boys, and I can take as many rails as you can on Joker."

Mr. Richard Porter looked long out on the range, over the girl's head, seeing something of the struggle in store for the child. At last, "When do you go?" he asked.

"We hit the trail at five in the morning; but I'll be back before the next round-up," the girl answered. It was touch and go with her. Once she had yielded to her father's arguments there was no use, she declared, hanging 'round whining about it.

Accordingly, at five o'clock the next morning, the cavalcade of the Ol' Man, the girl, Red, Bully Jake, a bunch of stock and a few of the "boys" started off.

Dick was up to see the start with many admonitions to the girl as to coming home

full of airs and graces, and charging her not to forget the ranch. But it was a pair of very wide, serious eyes that looked straight into his, and a drawn little mouth that promised a laconic "Nope."

The routine of the household, after the departure of the girl, subsided from a rousing norther to a mild east zephyr. There were no more tom-boy escapades, disciplinings, outbursts of temper and repentances. Dick, his services as mediator between father and daughter no longer needed, felt his life a vain and useless thing. The Ol' Man, free for the time of the responsibility of "the kid," pulled moodily at his after-dinner pipe, and counted several extra hours in his day, there were no more raisins in the puddings, and the "black-eyed-Susans" ceased to grow on the table and shelf. Then, when the household was becoming adjusted to its new regime, when the range life had picked up something of its lost tang, it was Spring again, and almost time for the Spring round-up.

Dick, counting the weeks up to the time of the girl's return, had taken the precaution to change the books on the shelf. Kennet's *Range Life*, the *Branding Register*, and various works on hippology, were missing; but there was also a new litter of stag-hounds in the stable; several newly "halter-broke" colts in the corral, and one or two new shooting-irons in the lock-up, which he feared might satisfy all the needs of her soul.

In honor of so festive an event as the home-coming of the daughter of the house, the Ol' Man rallied a force of stable boys, and turned them loose on the debris of old bottles, barrels, parts of saddles, discarded "taps," disintegrating hoofs and horns, broken wheels and wagon-beds, until the result was the nucleus of a huge, welcoming bonfire.

The girl's face was whiter and thinner when she reached home and her manner, at first, somewhat subdued, but her whole nature was charged with grim determination.

"I am not going back to school next year," she announced quietly and firmly. "I am never going to school again. Never!"

The Ol' Man pulled reflectively at his pipe and tried to see two sides of the same shield at once, while his daughter continued, "Maybe, after a few years, I'll take a trip somewhere, but I'm never going to school again."

The Ol' Man said nothing. There was nothing to say, so the subject turned naturally to the new trainer engaged for the season, the prairie on Poker, taking the bars as lightly as a breeze, the Ol' Man turned to Dick with:

"I'm going to give the girl her head on the range a while longer." And Dick, knowing the Ol' Man and the girl together a hard-mouthed team, offered no argument as to why the presumptive heiress of half the Big Casino range should be educated beyond breaking and branding. His one hope was the shelf. New books were put there from time to time; books that offered a larger life and broader range of thought than the *Branding Register*, and when these became dog-eared from much reading, they were replaced by others. Thus, a year or two slipped by with nothing more said about a civilizing influence until the girl took the matter in her own hands.

"I'm going to take a trip next year," the girl announced, one evening, perched upon the railing from which dangled a lovely length of buck-skin legging, "and I'm going to take you with me, dad," she added, flicking her father's bald spot with the butt of her quirt.

"Where are you going?" Dick looked up to ask, seeing the Ol' Man's inquiring snort seemed to satisfy his daughter for the time.

"I think we will take a year for it and go around the world," the girl answered calmly, something in her manner showing her announcement to be the result of careful thought and planning and that her decision, thus reached, was not to be easily overthrown.

"Meantime, what do you propose to do with the range?" Dick asked her, scenting a coming interest in the outcome of iron will against bull-dog obduracy.

"I dont know, and I dont care a darn," the girl answered indifferently, the vernacular of the range being the breath of her nostrils, nobody raised an eye-brow when she quoted the Ol' Man or Dick.

Attributing to the shelf the girl's decision to travel, Dick made the most of his chance, and when they were riding the range together, "It is like the sweep of the downs at home," he would sometimes say, looking out over the swelling prairie and drawing out the girl's ideas of what she expected to find in England, what she had gathered from the

histories on the shelf, and stirring her ambition to explore the world that lay beyond the mountain and the river.

The girl began to read with avidity whatever the shelf offered, and listened with wide-eyed interest to Dick's random memories until he found himself digging into forgotten subjects to supplement the girl's desultory impressions. It was on these occasions returning late from the river-range the Ol' Man, noticing Joker's coat rubbed on the left side, smiled complacently. Poker was the only horse Joker ever allowed so near.

The girl was standing by the bars waiting for Dick to round the big bend the evening he did not come. Joker might have stepped into a prairie-dog's hole and broken his leg, she was thinking, as she strained her eyes along the horizon. She hated the thought of Joker's slim, little leg twisted, but what else could be keeping them?

It was later, much later when Red came in. He tried to push past the girl and reach the Ol' Man first, but the girl was too quick for him.

"He aint dead," Red explained thickly, "only we can't wake him up, and he seems so terrible limp."

The Ol' Man swore from the depth of his soul. Dick was his right hand and there was a stress of work on that required prompt action. But the girl, mute and cold, waited at the big bend, mid-distant from the imprecations of her father and the shouts of the "boys."

"What?" the drawn lips articulated, as Red and Bully came home with their limp burden.

"He's alive," they assured her, but more than that they could not say.

The doctor, who had to come from Cheyenne, did not reach the ranch until a whole day had worn itself away, with Dick lying white and still in his bunk. But when, at last, dust-covered and hatless, Red handed over the solemn-eyed old doctor, the little man grew more solemn eyed than ever. What he said to the Ol' Man was a meaningless combination of words to the girl, but not a shade of facial expression was lost upon her. Spavin or glanders would have suggested a definite quantity to her mind, but "a conusion of the vertebrae, inducing paresis," might have been an incantation of black magic.

The business of the ranch had to go on. The "boys" had to cover the range as usual, and the Ol' Man was put to it hard to do double work. Meantime, a pinched young face wandered around, in and out of the stables, up and down from the big bend, never far away, but keeping out of range of human-kind as much as possible.

The next time the doctor came out from Cheyenne, the girl met him miles up the trail.

"Paralysis," the solemn-eyed little man repeated, and carefully explained, adding, "He may live. I see no reason why he should not. But he will never be able to walk again."

"Dick paralyzed!" The words danced like fire-devils through her brain. Turning Joker sharply, she was off like a shot, the words sinking deeper, taking root, rising in tangible meaning with every hoof-beat as she dashed at break-neck speed across the prairie. "Old Dick a hopeless paralytic! Dick spending the rest of his life in a wheeled chair. *Dick!*"

White and rigid, she winced as she grappled with the fine detail of Dick's undoing. Stiffening in her saddle, she faced herself up to the facts of Dick's future life—and hers. Then turned her horse slowly homeward.

Dick lay white and motionless in his bunk, conscious and with no pain—no sensation. The girl walked quietly up to him; for the first time in her life she had remembered to kick off her "chaps" before entering the house. She did not speak, neither did Dick, but there was a curtain awry which she straightened, and a dirty cup on the table which she removed.

There were other things the girl found, Suey Hop, the cook, had been doing for Dick; and the strong, brown young hands, used to throwing the lariat and wielding the quirt, bent themselves to duties about the house, even for the Ol' Man that heretofore his vaquero-daughter had scorned.

Out on the range the old life went on. Excitements of many kinds arose; some of the boys got into a row over a game, and there was a knifing in the camp; the new trainer had arrived for the season, a straggling band of red-skins had made a futile effort to cut out a bunch of yearlings from the herd over on the hill-range, and the busy life of the inside settlement hummed on as full of moment as ever. But the girl knew what was going on, only that she might retail it all to Dick. Joker was turned out; she did not need him

now. Divested of "chaps" and gauntlets, she watched beside Dick's bunk, waited upon him, read to him, sang to him the stag-dance and moon-dance tribe songs they had learned together, gradually losing her rich coating of tan and growing wan-eyed from the indoor life. While Dick, his great length laid low, month after month lay hopelessly inert.

At last it was Spring-time again. The color glowed on the prairies, the birds came back, the sun arose bright and warm as if nothing had happened.

One day Dick lay watching the girl as she sat in the door-way looking longingly out over the range. Her mane of sun-burnt hair was tucked up into a trim little knot, the devil-may-care light had died out of her eyes and her color was subdued to a wild-rose flush. All these long months the lighter foot-step, the gentler tones, the thoughtfulness in a hundred little nameless ways had crucified the man's conscience until his plan of action was plain.

"Girlie," he said, softly, and on the instant she was at his side. Suddenly he felt his purpose nerveless and was afraid. Closing his eyes, he said no more, and waited until a soft rustle told him the girl had staid back to her post on the door-sill. Again, gripping his courage by main force, he called "Girlie," and again she was at his side. He did not know how to put what he was going to say, months of inertia had weakened his will-power. "Girlie," he said simply, "you must go away."

The girl smiled, absently. Dick did not know what an old story that had become, nor how she avoided her father to keep from hearing it. Nothing more was said and again she turned to go, but, "You must not stay here, you shall not stay here wasting yourself on me," he urged.

The girl, laying a cool, slim hand on his forehead, brushed back his hair, as a mother might have done, "Hush," she murmured, "we are not going to talk about that."

But Dick had made his beginning. "We are going to settle it now," he answered. "this thing cannot go on any longer."

"This thing has always been on," the girl said, slowly, "I know it now, but I did not realize it before you were hurt, and as long as you live and I live, it will be on."

"Oh, girlie, girlie, do you care so much as that?" tore its way up to his lips.

"With all my heart and with all my soul and with all my strength," the girl answered reverently.

The man turned his face to the wall and made no answer. The girl stood a moment, slacking heart and soul through her eyes, as she bent over the man, his head so low, his powerful frame helpless as a little child's. When, at length, she turned to go, Dick made no effort to detain her, so slipping softly from the room, she took up her solitary vigil in the door-way.

The sun sank slowly out of sight, the brilliant blues and greens melted into grays, then the purple shadows ran down the hillsides, still the man and woman said no more.

Finally, the sound of distant hoofs told of the "boys" returning, and soon a tremor of animating life ran through the camp.

When the Ol' Man returned, later than usual, and found the girl sitting where he had left her, he grasped another belated fact. Dick, during all these years, had been to him his prop and stay, and it was upon Dick he had hoped to some day shift his responsibilities entirely. But the girl was his daughter, who, within the past year, had grown from a wild little "cow-puncher" to a deep-eyed young woman.

Watching his chance to talk to Dick alone, the Ol' Man lost no time settling his suspicions. There was not over-much fineness in the Ol' Man's tactics, one big fact loomed hard on his horizon, which he put with brutal frankness to his fallen fellow-man. Then, from force of habit, after giving Dick the facts, he waited for Dick's verdict on his own case.

The next day Dick found himself better qualified for his undertaking. The Ol' Man's putting of the question had been at once suggestive and illuminating, although it had turned the knife in his soul as he had thought nothing could again.

"Little girl," he said in even, dispassionate tones, when next the world was theirs, "Do you realize that I am paralyzed for life?" They had never before alluded to Dick's fate.

"Yes," the girl answered, quietly, "When they first told me I would n't believe it, but I've gotten used to it now."

"Well, I have not." Dick's point of view had been enlarged since the Ol' Man's return. Things were not to go on in this way another day.

"But you are not going to have to bear it alone," the girl plead, "you will always have me, you know."

"No, little woman," Dick answered, steadily. She could not know that the instinctive effort to reach his hand toward her and his powerlessness to do so was what nerved him to say it. "No, that could never be, because—because everything."

"But I'm going to marry you, so I can always take care of you," the girl explained simply, as she might have explained to a child, why he should lie quietly and not fret.

"No," firmly, doggedly, "that is out of the question. You can not think of marrying a dead man, unburied." This phrase was the Ol' Man's and Dick knew it to be convincing.

Seeing the girl chose to disregard such argument, he continued more gently, "You see, I have no money, little girl, and no people either, and could not raise a finger to support you or even protect you, if it came to that, lying here like a dog at your feet."

"Hush, hush," the girl shuddered, turning quickly and clapping her hand over his mouth, "you shall not say such things."

But Dick, being still a man, persisted, "You are young, little girl, too young to feel life so deeply. You are bound to see things differently when you are older, and in time you will be able to forget me if you go away now."

Neither the girl's restraining hand nor pleading eyes availed to cut him off, so she listened, perforce, wondering that he who had known her so long, knew her so little.

"The trip around the world is the best thing in the world for you now," he went on, "and your father is arranging his affairs to that end," adding with a pitiful effort at levity, "you see I can not run away from you, so you will have to run away from me."

Still the girl, with her old high-handed way of disposing her affairs, smiled indulgently, as, looking out upon the deepening shadows, she made her own plans bounded by the river and the mountain.

This three-cornered antagonism into which their relation had settled, put the household on tenter-hooks. But the Ol' Man was adamant. Dick was dead, the Dick he had known, the alert, able-bodied young fellow who had been to him everything from confidential secretary to head ranger; his daughter, he suddenly noticed, was growing into a

beautiful womanhood and with her prospects of heiress to half the Big Casino ranch, he had no thought of seeing her throw herself away on a paralytic.

If she would go away quietly, he told his daughter, be a good girl and travel with him as long as he saw fit, perhaps she might, in time, be allowed to come back to the ranch. So he began, but seeing his argument falling upon deaf ears he swore that if she defied him she was no longer daughter to him; he would turn her out of the house, and she and her paralytic lover would be beggars.

Again the girl watched her father's countenance go from white to red and from red to purple in his wrath. Turning, herself, white-lipped, and cold under his threats, she realized her powerlessness to defy him. Dick had no money, nor she, except by her father's bounty, and the idea of Dick and charity could not exist in the same mind.

And Dick, in this first exigency of her life when her own boldness of attack could not face down the situation, failed her. Not only was her father inexorable, but Dick cruel.

The weeks dragged themselves out, nearing the date set by the Ol' Man for their departure.

"For my sake you must go," Dick pleaded, seeing the girl making no preparations for leaving.

"For my own sake, if not for yours," the girl argued, "I must stay. I cant go away and leave you. Oh, Dick! you know I cant leave you!"

This time she did not scorn to cry like a girl, her womanhood overwhelmed her, even down to the weakness of tears. Then, pulling herself together, with a suddenness that made Dick, against his will, see Joker stiffening for a buck, "No, Dick, I will never leave you," the girl vowed reverently, plighting her troth for the worst.

Meanwhile, the Ol' Man's preparations for their departure drew nearer completion each day. The girl was now forbidden to mention staying behind, and Dick was even harder and more unrelenting than the Ol' Man.

"It is this that hurts me more than being a dead man," Dick explained. He used the words brutally, scorning to spare the situation by evading terms. "The one thing precious to me now is your life and when you insist upon throwing that away, what have I left?"

The last day came. Dick was still stern in his renunciation; the Ol' Man obdurate. Everything was ready for the start. A new superintendent had been installed; a new secretary was in Dick's place. An unusual bustle and stir animated the quarters, for the "boys" had come in early from the range to say a formal "good-bye" to the Ol' Man, and present him with a gold-mounted loving cup made from a horn.

To the girl, wandering aimlessly about, it seemed an eternity until things settled back into their places. At last, however, this too, came to an end. The "boys" had had their "time" and gone off with whoops of farewell and good wishes to the Ol' Man and the girl. But it was not until the house was safely wrapped in slumber, the girl slipped down the hall to say good-bye to Dick.

In vain, Dick tried to feign sleep. No one but himself suspected his nerve was not iron and might give 'way under a too-great strain. But "Good-bye, oh, Dick, good-bye," a broken voice wailed at his elbow.

"Good-bye, little one," Dick answered cheerfully, "and good-night. You ought to have been asleep hours ago," in a tone of finality that precluded further ado.

So this was the end! She had thought he might let her pour out her heart this one last time, so that she would go away knowing her parting words were always alive to him. But this was the end, "Good-night, you ought to have been asleep hours ago." A moment she hesitated, then turned quietly and left the room.

The air came sweet and chill across the salt grass as she stood, numb in her powerlessness to resist her fate, under the wide heavens. She knew the ways of the range and the hearts of the "boys."

At first it would not be so bad; Dick would be still Dick to the boys who knew him, but after a few seasons of coming and going there would be a different lot of boys to whom Dick would be only a dead man unburied. Then, unable to move hand or foot, lying all day long in his bunk, the boys off riding the range from morning till night, Dick would be left alone to finish his dying at his leisure.

"This is the end of it all," the girl sobbed silently into the waste of solitude. Tonight she was in her old tracks, her old traces. Tomorrow night and every night thereafter as

long as she might live she would be on alien soil, no matter where she would be. In a cow-puncher's crisis there is never time for prayer, his chance depends upon quick action and cool nerve, and this girl, in her extremity trusting no farther than she could see, threw up her arms to the red moon with a despairing "Oh, Dick!" as a more enlightened soul might call upon his God.

Skirting the patches of light that lay upon the ground, she stole in and out of the shadows to the sill of Dick's door. Already she was an alien in her old home, there was no spot on the earth to which she had a right.

The door swung softly on its hinges. One long, tense moment she bent over Dick's wasted frame, her eyes devouring the straight lines of his profile carved out of the darkness by the slanting rays that ran from the red moon.

Dick was not asleep, the girl's next step assured her. With the dead calm of despair he lay staring before him seeing nothing, but too late the girl realized the selfishness of her return. The tension of bearing up for her sake, once off, his courage was gone.

What a child she had been through it all struck her in this moment's illumination. It

was to Dick she had looked for comfort at the parting, and Dick's great heart had been breaking under his stoicism. With a single bound her nature leaped to the full stature of her womanhood—her prairie-nurtured womanhood. She ground her teeth to choke back the cry that arose to her lips when Dick's eyes, filled with the dumb agony of a trapped and wounded animal, met hers and she read the appeal in their depths.

Above Dick's head hung his six-shooter, the same old iron she had once slipped out of the lock-up. "Lying here like a dog at your feet," in all its horrible significance, struck her like a blow. Dick's eyes, his grit gone, followed her with a childish terror of the future.

Towering in her new-found strength above the very inexorableness of fate, the girl grasped the revolver. Throwing herself upon him in an ecstasy of despair and holding his eyes in hers till the terror died, leaving that courage that fears neither life nor death, nor things present nor things to come, the soul of the woman answered the appeal.

Then, with hands that did not tremble, as another woman might have wept and kissed him, the girl saved him.

## Love's Ambition

By Curtis Hidden Page

I longed to be a poet, that my name  
 Might be immortal—longed to feel my brow  
 Bound with Apollo's deathless laurel-bough.  
 He laughed at my ambition. Then you came,  
 And in rough passion-speech—rhyme was too tame!—  
 I told my love. And you, you rated low  
 The poet's words, to mine—and kissed me. Now,  
 O glorious woman, what care I for fame!

Your lips have set me high all fame above;  
 More than I wished, I am. How can I long  
 For crowns of laurel? I am crowned with love!  
 More than immortal am I, by thy kiss!  
 Yet still I'll sing, but sing for only this.

# The Settler

By Herman Whitaker

## CHAPTER IV.

### *The Coyote Snaps.*



TALL Irishman of the gaunt Tipperary breed, Flynn straightened as Carter reined in and thrust out a mighty paw. "Ye're welcome, m'am; an' ye've come in season, for the woman's just called to dinner. Just drive on an' unhitch before the door."

"Yes, it's a fine stand of wheat." Walking beside them, he replied to Carter's comment. "Too foine. It's a troife rank to ripen before the frost." A wistful shade clouded his face, extinguished the mercurial twinkle in his eye. "It'll freeze, shure." The accent on the last syllable was pitiable; for it told of long waiting, hope deferred, labor ill-requited. It was the voice of one who bolsters himself that the stroke of fate may not utterly kill; who slays expectation lest it betray him. Yet in the pessimism dead hope breathed. "Yes, it'll freeze," Flynn assured the malicious fates.

At close range the house was not nearly so picturesque. A motley of implements strewed the yard: plows, harrows, rakes, a red and green binder, all resting haphazard among a litter of chips, half-hewn logs, and other debris. The stables were hidden by huge manure piles. The place lacked every element of the order one sees on an Eastern farm; rioted in the necessary disorder of newness. Flynn's generation were too busy making farms; tidiness would come with the next.

Not realizing this, Helen was drawing unfavorable parallels from the pervading squalor, when Mrs. Flynn, who was simply Flynn in petticoats, came bustling out with welcomes. Miss Morrill must come right in! It was that long since she, Mrs. Flynn, had set eyes on a woman's face that she had almost forgotten what they looked like!

"An' you that fond av your glass, mother?" Flynn teased.

"Glass, ye say?" Mrs. Flynn retorted. "Sure an' t'was yerself that smashed it three months ago. It's the bottom av a milk pan he's been shaving in ever since, my dear," she added for Helen's information.

Flynn winked. "An' let me advise you, Carter. If ivir ye marry, dont have a glass in the house an' ye'll be able to see ye'self in ivery tin."

Out at the stable the merriment died from his face, and facing Carter, he asked: "Phwat's up between ye and Hines? I was taking dinner with Bender yesterday an' while we was eating along came Hines.

"There's a man," he says, spaking to Bender av you. 'There's a man! big, impident, strong. Ye're no chicken, Bender, but ye could n't put that fellow's shoulders to the ground.' I'm not needing to tell you the effect on Bender?" Flynn finished.

Carter nodded. He knew the man. Big, burly, brutal, Bender was a natural product of the lumber camps in which he had lived a life that was little more than a calender of "scraps." Starting in at eighteen on the Mattawa, he had fought his way to the head of its many camps, then passed to the Michigan woods and attained the kingship there. He *lived* rather than *loved* to fight. But, though in the northern settlements Carter was the only man who approximated the lumberman's difficult standard in courage and inches, so far fate had denied him cause of quarrel.

"The coyote!" Flynn exclaimed when Carter had told of Hines' attempt on Morrill's hay slough. "An' him sick in bed, poor man. I woud n't wipe me feet on Hines' dirty rag av a soul. But he's made ye some mischief. 'Ye're a liar, Hines!' Bender growls. 'I can lick him er any other man betwixt this an' the Rockies.'

"Hines did n't like the lie, but he gulped it. 'Talk's cheap,' he snarls.

"Carter's a good neighbor,' Bender answers. 'But if he gives me a cause—'

"—a cause," Hines cackles, laughing. "Why him an' Morrill have grabbed all the best hay in Silver Creek an' defy anny man to touch it. Run your mower into their big slough an' ye'll have cause enough."

"That made Bender hot. 'I'll do it!' he roars. 'This very day.' But," Flynn finished, "he had to run out to the blacksmith's to fix his mower sickle, so he wont get out till tomorrow morning."

"If ye need anny help —" he said, tentatively, as Carter pondered with frowning brow. Then, catching the other's eye, he hastily added, "Ye'll pardon me! But Bender's a terr'ble fighter!"

His alarm was so palpable that Carter laughed. "Dont bother," he said. "I'm not going to roll, bite, chew or gouge with Bender."

"Look here!" Flynn interposed with additional alarm. "Ye'll not be after making anny gun plays? This is Canada, ye'll mind, where they hang folks mighty easy."

Carter laughed again. "There wont be any fight. Listen!"

And Flynn did listen. As he grasped the other's intent, too, his face cleared and his hearty laugh carried to the house where Helen was making the acquaintance of the smaller Flynns. Six in number, bare-legged, and astonishingly regular in graduation, they scampered like mice on her entrance and hid behind the cotton partition that divided bedroom from kitchen. For a while they were quiet, then Helen became aware of a current of stealthy talk underflowing Mrs. Flynn's volubility.

"Aint her waist small?"

"Bet you she wears stays the hull time."

"Like them mother puts on to go to meetin'?"

"Shore!"

"Git out! her face aint red. Mother nearly busts when she hitches her 'n."

"Aint that yaller hair pretty?" This sounded like a girl, though it were hard to decide, for all wore a single sexless garment.

"Bet you it aint all her 'n. Dad says as them city gals is all took to pieces when they go to bed." This was surely a boy, and unfortunately for him, the remark sailed out on a pause in his mother's comment.

"James!" she exclaimed, raising shocked hands. "Come right here."

He came, slowly, suspiciously, then divining from his parent's shocked look the enormity of his crime, he dived under her arm, shot outdoors, and was lost in the wheat. After him, a cataract of bare limbs, poured the others; all escaping but one small girl whom Helen caught, kissed, and held thereafter in willing bondage until, after dinner, Carter drove round to the door.

Though they had rested barely an hour after their forty-mile run, the ponies repeated the morning's performance, to the horror of Mrs. Flynn; then, as though realizing that they had done all that reputation required, they settled down to a steady jog—in which respect, colloquially, they were imitated by their human freight. A little tired, Helen was content to sit and take silent note of the homesteads which now occurred at regular intervals; while Carter was perfecting his plan for the discomforture of the war-like Bender. Slough, lake woodland, farm, passed in slow and silent procession. Once he roused to answer her comment as they rattled by some Indian graves that crowned a knoll.

"To keep the coyotes from robbing the resurrection," he explained the poplar poles that roofed in the graves.

He spoke again when the buckboard ran in among a score of curious mud pillars. About thrice the height of a man, inscriptionless, they loomed, weird guardians of that lonely land till he robbed their mystery.

"Them? Mud chimneys. You see when a Cree Indian dies his folks burn down the cabin to keep his spirit from returning, and as mud wont burn the chimneys stand. Small-pox cleaned out this village." Then, with innocent gravity, he went on to tell of a stray scientist who had written a monograph on those very chimneys. "'Monoliths,' he called 'em. Allowed that they were dedicated to a tribal god, and that they were used to burn prisoners captured in war. It was a beautiful theory and made a real nice article. Why did I let him? Well, now, 't would have been a sin to enlighten him, he was that blamed happy poking round them chimneys and the folks that read his article would n't know otherwise."

Chuckling at the remembrance, he relapsed again to his planning and did not speak again till they had crossed the valley of Silver Creek from which the Northern



settlement took its name. Then, indicating a black dot far off on the trail, he said:

"There comes Molyneux."

"Two in the rig," he added, a few minutes later. "A man and a woman. That'll be Mrs. Leslie."

Unaccustomed to the plainman's vision which senses rather than sees the differences of size, color, movement that mark cattle from horses, a single rig from a double team, Helen was dubious till, swinging out from behind a poplar bluff, the team bore down upon them. Two persons were in the rig; a man of the blackly handsome type, and a stylish pretty woman, who, as Carter turned out to drive by, waved him to stop.

"Monopolist!" she scolded, when the rigs ranged side by side. "Here I'm just dying to meet Miss Morrill and you would have whisked her by. Now do your duty."

"Captain Molyneux," she said, introducing her companion in turn. "A neighbor. We just heard this morning that you were coming and I was so glad; and I'm gladder now that I've seen you." Her glance traveled admiringly over Helen's face and figure. "You know there are so few women here and they ——" her pretty nose tip-tilted, "—— well, you'll see them. Soon I shall make my call; carry you off for a few days, if your brother will permit it. But there! I'm keeping you from him. Good-bye. Now you may go, Mr. Carter."

A touch of merry defiance in the permission caused Helen to glance up at her companion, though Mrs. Leslie's glance was almost caressing whenever it touched him, he had stared straight ahead while she chatted.

"You dont like them?" the girl asked. "Why? She likes you."

His sternness vanished and he smiled down upon her. "Now, what made you think that?"

"I did n't think; I felt it."

"Funny things, feelings, aint they? I mind one that took me fishing when I ought to have been keeping school. 'T was a beautiful day. Indian Summer back East. You know it; still, silent, broody, warm; first touch of gold in the leafage. I just *felt* that I had to go fishing. But when dad produced a peeled hickory switch that night, he told me, 'Son, feelings is treacherous things. This will teach you the difference between thinking and knowing.' It did——for a while."

"But you dont like them?" she persisted, refusing to be sidetracked. Then she blushed under his look of grave surprise, realizing that she had broken one of the unwritten canons of frontier etiquette. "I beg your pardon," she said, hastily. "I did n't mean to ——"

His smile wiped out the offence. Stretching his whip, he said, "There's your house."

Helen cried aloud. Nestling under the eaves of green forest, it faced on a lake that lay a scant quarter-mile to the south. North, west, and south, trim clump poplar dotted its rolling land and rose in the fields of grain. Here, Nature, greatest of landscape gardeners, had planned her best, setting a watered garden within a fence of forest. Just for a second the house flashed out between two green bluffs, a neat log building, lime-washed in settler style, then it was snatched again from her shining eyes.

But Carter had seen a figure, standing at the door. "Clear grit!" he mentally ejaculated. "Blamed if he aint up and dressed to save her feelings." Then, aloud, he gave her necessary warnings. "Now you musn't expect too much. He's doing fine, but no doubt pulled down a bit since you saw him."

Two hours later Carter stepped out from his own cabin. He and Morrill had "home-steaded" halves of the same section, and as he strode south the latter's lamp beamed a yellow welcome through the soft night. Already he had refused an invitation to supper, deeming that the brother and sister would prefer to spend their first evening alone together; and now ignoring the lamp's message, he entered Morrill's stable, saddled the latter's cattle pony in darkness thick as ink, led him out and rode quietly away.

Now of all equines, your Northern cross-bred pony is the most cunning. For three black miles "Shyster," as Morrill had named him, behaved with propriety, then, sensing by the slack line that his rider was preoccupied, he achieved a vicious sideling buck. Well executed, it yet failed of its intent.

"You little devil!" Carter remonstrated, as he applied correctives in the form of quirt and spurs. "Rest dont suit your complaint. Tomorrow you go on the mower."

"Hullo!" a voice cried from the darkness ahead. "Who's that cussing?"

It was Danvers, an English remittance

man, a typical specimen of the tribe of Ishmael which is maintained in colonial exile on "keep-away" allowances.

"Are you lost?" Carter asked.

"Lost? no!" There was an aggrieved note in Danvers' tone. "You fellows seem to think that I ought n't to be out after dark. There's Jed Hines, going about and telling people that I knocked at my own door one night to inquire my way."

"Tut, tut," Carter sympathized. "And Jed counted such a truthful man! You'll find it hard to live that down. But where might you be heading for now—if it's any of my darn business?"

"Morrill's. Heard his sister had arrived. I'm going to drop in and pay my respects."

"Hump! that's neighborly. They've had just two hours to exchange the news of three years; they'll shorely be through by this. Keep right on, son. In five and twenty minutes this trail will land you at Jed Hines' door."

"Oh, get out!" Danvers exclaimed.

"Sir, to you?" Carter assumed a wonderful stiffness. "I'll give you good-night."

"Oh, here!" the youth called after him. "I did n't mean to doubt you."

Carter rode on.

Ridden by a vivid memory of the jeering Hines, Danvers became desperate. "Oh, Carter! Say! dont get mad! Do tell a fellow! How shall I get there?"

Carter reined in. "Where? To Hines? Keep right along."

"N—o! Morrill's?"

"Oh, let me see. One—two—three—take the third fork to the left and second to the right, that ought to bring you —"

"— to your own door," he finished as he listened to the departing hoof beats. "That is, if you follow directions, which aint likely. Anyway," he philosophically concluded, "you aint a-going to bother than girl much to-night."

Spurring "Shyster," he galloped on, and in ten minutes caught Murchison, an Englishman of the yeoman class, out at his stables. Receiving a hearty affirmative, rounded out with full-mouthed English "damns," in answer to his question, he declined Murchison's invitation to "put in," and rode on—rode from homestead to homestead, putting always the same question, receiving always the same answer. Remittance men, Scotch Can-

adians, Seebach, the solitary German settler, alike listened, laughed, and fell in with the plan as Flynn had done. He covered many miles and the moon caught him on trail before he permitted the last man to carry his cold legs back to bed. It was long past midnight when he unsaddled at Morrill's stable.

Softly closing the door on his tired beast, he stood gazing at the house. Far-off in the woods a night owl hooted, a bittern boomed on the lake shore, the still air pulsed to the howl of a timber wolf. Though born of the plains, its moods had never palled upon him. Usually, he had been stirred. But now he had no ears for the night, nor eyes for the lake chased in rippled silver. He listened, listened, as though his strained hearing would drag the girl's soft sleep breathing from the house's jealous embrace. Soon, he leaned back against the door, musing; and when, having inspected the cabin from one side, the moon sailed over and looked down on the other, he was still there.

As the first quivering flushes shot through the greys of dawn, Bender came out of his cabin. He intended to be at work on Morrill's big slough at sunrise. But as he rammed home the sickle into its place in the mower bar, a projecting rivet caused it to buckle and break. That spelled another journey to the blacksmith's, and the sun stood at noon, before the sickle was in place. Falling to oiling with savage earnestness, that an ancient Briton might have exhibited in greasing his scythe-armed war-chariot, Bender then stuffed bread and meat into his jumper, hitched and drove off north, looking for all the world like a grisly pirate afloat on a yellow sea.

Half an hour's easy jogging would carry him to Morrill's big slough, but on the way he had to pass two smaller ones. The first, which had a hundred-yard belt of six-foot hay ringing its sedgy center, tempted him sorely, yet he refrained, having in mind a bigger prey. At the next he reined in, and stared at a dozen cut swaths and a mower with feeding horses tied to its wheels.

It was Molyneux's mower, and to Bender its presence could only mean that the settlement was rushing the sick man's sloughs. "Invasion of the British!" he yelled. "What 'll Carter say to this? Remember Yorktown!"

He was still laughing when a buckboard came rattling up the trail behind him. It was Hines.

"Cut that slough yet?" he asked.

"Just going there," Bender answered; then gave the reason of his delay, garnished with furious anathema on the maker of sickles. "But aint that a joke?" he said, indicating Molyneux's mower.

Hines whinnied his satisfaction. "Did n't think it was in the Britisher. But my! wont that gall the long-gear'd son-of-a-gun of a Yank? Drive on an' I'll follow up an' see you started—mebbe see some of the fun," he added to himself, "if Carter's there."

Quarter of an hour brought them to the big slough which, on this side, was ringed so thickly with willow scrub that neither could see it till they reined on its edge. Both stared blankly. When Hines went by that morning, a mile of solid hay had bowed in sunlit waves before the breeze. Save a strip some twenty yards wide down the center, it now lay in flat green swaths; while along the strip a dozen feeding teams were tied to as many mowers.

"A bee, by G—!" Bender swore.

"H—!" Hines snarled even in his swearing. "Bilked, by the Almighty!"

For a moment they stood, staring from the slough to each other, the lumberman red, angry, foolish; Hines the personification of venomous chagrin. Presently his rage urged him to a great foolishness.

"You an' your casting?" he sneered. "Scairt, you was; plumb scairt!"

Astonishment, the astonishment with which a bull might regard the attack of an impertinent fly, obliterated for one moment all other expression from Bender's face. Then, roaring his furious anger, he sprang from his mower.

Realizing his mistake, Hines had already lashed his ponies, but even then they barely jerked the buckboard tail from under the huge clutching fingers. Foaming with passion, Bender gave chase for a score of yards, then stopped and shook his great fist, pouring out invective.

"Tomorrow," he roared, "I'll come over and cut on you."

"What's the matter? You seem all het up?" Carter's quiet voice gave Bender first notice of the buckboard that had come softly

upon him from the grassy prairie. With Carter were Flynn, Seebach and two others. Not very far away a wagon was bringing the others from dinner.

"We're all giving Morrill a day's cutting," Carter went on with a quiet twinkle. "I called at your place this morning with a bid, but you was away. We're right glad to see you. Who told you?"

Gradually a grin wiped out Bender's choler. "You're damn smart," he rumbled. "Well—where shall I begin?"

## CHAPTER V.

*Jenny.*

THUS did the bolt which Hines forged for Carter prove a boomerang and recoil upon himself. For next morning Bender started his mower on a particularly fine slough which Hines had left to the last because of its wetness. Moreover, Hines had ten tons of cut hay bleaching nearby in the sun and dare not try to rake it.

It was oppressively hot the morning that Bender hitched to rake the stolen slough; fleecy thunder heads were slowly heaving up from behind the swart spruce forest.

"'T wont be worth cow feed if it aint raked today," the giant remarked, as he overlooked his enemy's hay. Then his satisfaction gave place to sudden anger; a rake was at work on Hines' hay less than a quarter-mile away.

"Haint seen me, I reckon," Bender growled. Leaving his own rake, he crouched in a gully, skulked along the low land, gained a willow thicket, and sprang out just as the rake came clicking by.

"Now I've got you!" he roared. Then his hands dropped. He stood, staring at a thin slip of a girl, who returned his gaze with dull tired eyes. It was Jenny Hines. Jed's only child.

"Well," Bender growled, "what d'you reckon you're doing?"

"Raking," her voice was listless as her look. Just eleven when her mother died, her small shoulders had borne the weight of Jed's housekeeping. Heavy choring had robbed her youth, and left her, at eighteen, nothing but a faded shadow of a possible prettiness.

Bender coughed, shuffled. "Where's your dad?"

"Up at the house. He allowed you would n't tech me. But," she added, dully, "I'd liefer you killed me than not."

Bender's anger had already passed. Rough pity now took its place. His furious strength prevented him from realizing the killing drudgery, the lugging of heavy water buckets, the milking, feeding of pigs, the hard labor which had killed her spirit and left this utter hopelessness; but he knew by experience that a young horse should not be put to a heavy draw, and here was a violation of the precept. Bender was puzzled. Had he come on a neighbor, maltreating a horse, a curse backed by his heavy fist would have righted the wrong; but this frail creature's humanity placed her wrongs outside his rough remedial practice.

He whistled, swore softly, and failing to invoke inspiration by these characteristic methods, he said, kindly: "Well, for onct Jed tol' the truth. Must have strained him some. Go ahead, I aint a-going to bother you."

Having finished raking his own hay, he fell to work with the fork, stabbing huge bunches, throwing them right and left, striving to work off the pain at his heart. But pity grew with exertion, and, pausing midway of the morning, he saw that she also was plying a weary fork.

"You need a rest," he growled, five minutes later. "Sit down."

She glanced up at the ominous sky. "Can't. Rain's coming right on."

Lifting her bodily, he placed her in a nest of hay. "Now you stay right there. I'm running this."

Picking up her fork, he put forth all his magnificent strength while she sat, listlessly watching. It seemed as though nothing could banish her chronic weariness, her ineffable lassitude. Once, indeed, she remarked, "My, but you're strong!" but voice and words lacked animation. She added the remarkable climax, "Pa says you are a devil."

"Yes?" he questioned. "An' you bet he's right, gal. Keep a right smart distance from men like me."

"Oh, I dont know," she slowly answered. "I'd liefer be a devil. Angels is tiresome. Pa's always talking about them. He's a heap religious—in spells."

Pausing in his forking, Bender stared down on the small heretic. Vestigial traces of religious belief occupied a lower strata of his savage soul. Crude, they were, anthropomorphic, barely higher than superstitions, yet they were there and chief among them was an idea that has appealed to the most cultured of men; that woman is incomplete, nay, lost, without religion.

"Shore, child!" he protested. "Little gals should n't talk so. That aint the way to get to heaven."

"D' you allow to go there?" she demanded with disconcerting suddenness.

Bender grimaced, laughed at the ludicrousness of the question. "Dont allow as I'd be comfortable. Anyway, lumbermen all go to t' other place. But that dont alter your case. Gals all go to heaven."

"Well!" For the first time she displayed some animation. "I aint! Pa's talked me sick of it. I allow it's them golden streets he's after. He'd coin 'em into dollars."

Seeing that Hines' had not hesitated in minting this, his flesh and blood, Bender thought it very likely, and feeling his inability to cope with such reasonable heresies, he attacked the hay instead. Having small skill in women—the few of his intimate experience being as free of feminine complexities as they were of virtue—he was sorely puzzled. Looking backward, he remembered his own pious mother. Hines' wife had died whispering of religion's consolations. Yet here was the daughter turning a determined back on the source of the mother's comfort. It was unnatural to his scheme of things; contrary to the law of his vestigial piety. He would try again! But when, the hay finished, he came back to her, he quailed before her pale hopelessness; it called God in question.

Limbering up her rake, he watched her drive away, a small thin figure, woeful speck of life under a vast grey sky. For twisting cloud masses had blotted out the sun, a chill wind snatched the tops from the hay cocks as fast as Bender coiled them; blots of water splashed the dust before he finished his task.

Black care rode home with him; and as, that night, the thunder split over his cabin, he saw Jenny's eyes mirrored on the wet-black pane and it was borne dimly upon him that something besides overwork was responsible for their haunting.



"—Sent Molyneux Staggering Back Against the Wall."

Bender had a friend, a man of his own ilk, with whom he had hit camp and log-drive for these last ten years. At birth, it is supposable that the friend inherited a name, but in the camps he was known only as the "Cougar." A silent man, broad, deep-lunged, fierce-eyed, nature had laid his lines for great height, then bent him in a perpetual crouch. He always seemed gathering force for a spring which, combined with tigerish courage, had gained him his name. Inseparable, if Bender appeared on the Mattawa for the Spring drive, it was known that the Cougar might be shortly expected. If the Cougar stole into a Rocky Mountain camp, a bunk was immediately reserved for his big affinity. Only a bottle of whiskey and two days' delay on the Cougar's part had prevented them from setting up the same section. However, though five miles lay between their respective homesteads, never a Sunday passed without one man riding over to see the other, and it was returning from such a visit that Bender next fell in with Jenny Hines.

It was night and late, but as Bender rode by the forks where Hines' private road joined on to the Lone Tree trail, a new moon gave sufficient light for him to see a whitish object lying in the grass. He judged it a grain sack till a convulsion shook it and a sob rose to his ears.

"Good land, girl!" he ejaculated when, a moment later, Jenny's pale face turned up to his, "what are you doing here?"

"He's turned me out."

"Who?"

"Jed." The absence of the parental title spoke volumes—of love killed by slow starvation, cold sternness; of youth enslaved to authority without mitigation of fatherly tenderness.

Without understanding, Bender felt. "What for?"

Crowding against his stirrup, she remained silent, and the touch of her body against his leg, the mute appeal of the contact, sent a flame of righteous passion through Bender's big body. Indecision had never been among his faults. Stooping, he raised her to the saddle before him, and as she settled in against his broad breast a wave of tenderness flowed after the flame.

"No, no!" she begged when he turned in on Jed's trail. "I wont go back!" And

he felt her, violently trembling, as he soothed and coaxed. She tried to slip from his arms as they approached the cabin, and her terror filled him with such anger that his kick almost stove in the door.

"It's me!" he roared, answering Hines' challenge. "Bender! I came on your gal, lying out on the prairies. Open an' take her in!"

In response, the window raised an inch; the moonlight glinted on a rifle barrel. "Kick the door agin!" Jed's voice snarled, "an' I'll bore you. Git! the pair of ye!"

"Come, come, Jed." For her sake Bender mastered his anger. "Come, this aint right. Let her in an' we'll call it by-gones."

"No, no!" the girl protested.

Though she had whispered, Jed heard and her protest touched off his furious wolfish passion. "Git! Wont you git!" he screeched, following the command with a stream of screamed imprecations, vile abuse.

If alone, Bender would have beaten in the door, but there was no mistaking Hines' deadly intent. Warned by the click of a cocking hammer, he swung Jenny in front again, galloped out of range; then, uncertain what to do, he gave his beast its head, and half an hour later brought up at his own door.

"There, Sis," he said, as he lit his lamp, "make yourself happy while I stable Billy. Then I'll cook up some grub an' while we're eating we can talk over things."

She smiled, wanly, yet gratefully. But when he returned she was rocking back and forth and moaning.

"Dont take on so," he comforted. "Tonight I'll sleep in the stable; at daybreak we'll hit south for Mother Flynn's." But the moans followed in quick succession, beaded sweat started on her brow, and as she swung forward he saw that which, two hours before, had turned Jed Hines into a foaming beast.

"Oh, my God!" the exclamation burst from him. "You pore little thing! you pore little child! Only a baby yourself!"

Stooping, he lifted her into his bed, tucked her in, then stood, doubtful, troubled, looking down upon her. Two-thirds of the settlers in Silver Creek were of Scotch descent; were deeply dyed with the granite hardness, harsh malignancy, fervid bigotry which have caused the history of their race to be written

in characters of blood. Fiercely moral, dogmatically religious, she could expect no mercy at their hands. Hard-featured women, whose angular unloveliness had efficiently safe-guarded their own virtue, would hate her the more because her fault had been beyond their compass. Looking forward, Bender saw the poor little body a passive center for a whorl of spite, jealousy, virulent spleen, and the rough heart of him was mightily troubled. In all Silver Creek, Mrs. Flynn was the only woman to whom he felt he might safely turn. But Flynn's farm lay eighteen miles to the south—too far, the child was in imminent labor. What should he do?

"Jenny," he said, "any women folk been to your house lately?"

When she answered that they had been without a visitor for three months, Bender nodded his satisfaction. "Lie still, child," he said, "I'll be back, right smart."

He was not gone long—just long enough to drive over to and back from Carter's. "I'm not trusting any of the women hereabouts," he told Carter. "Though it aint generally known, the Cougar was married once. The same Indians that did up Custer cleaned up his wife and family. An' as he always lived a thousand miles from a doctor, he knows all about sech things. So if you'll drive like all h— for him, I'll tend to the little gal."

And Carter drove. In one hour he brought the Cougar, but even in that short time a wonderful transformation was wrought in that rough cabin under Bender's sympathetic eyes. From the travail of the suffering girl was born a woman—but not a mother. For of the essence of life Jenny had not sufficient to endow the child of her labor. The spark flickered down in herself, sank, till the Cougar, roughest yet gentlest of nurses, sweated with apprehension.

"It's death or a doctor," he told Carter, hiding his emotion under a surly growl. "Now show what them ponies are good for."

And that night those small fiends did "show what they were good for"; made a record that stood for many a year. Roused from his beauty sleep, Flynn caught the whirr of hot wheels and wondered who was sick. It was yet black night when Carter called Father Francis, the silent Mission priest, from his bed. By lantern light they

two, layman and priest, spelled each other with pick and shovel in the Mission acre, and when the last spadeful dropped on the small grave, Carter flew on. At cock-crow, he pulled into Lone Tree, sixty miles in six hours, without counting the stop at the Mission.

"I doubt I've killed you," he murmured, as the ponies stood before the doctor's door. "but it just had to be done."

The doctor himself answered the knock. A heavy man, grizzled, grey-eyed, sun and wind had burned his face to leather, for his days and nights were spent on trail, pursuing a practice that was only limited by the endurance of horse flesh. From the ranges incurably vicious broncos were sent to his stables, devils in brute form. He used seven teams; yet the toughest were out in a year. Day or night, Winter or Summer, a hundred in the shade or sixty below, he might be seen them pounding along the trails. Even now he had just come in from the Pipe Stone, sixty miles southwest, but he instantly routed out his man.

"Hitch the buckskins, Bill," he said, "and let him run yours round to the stables, Carter. He'll turn 'em out prancing by the time we're back."

It took Bill, the doctor and Carter to get the buckskins clear of town, but once out, the doctor handed the lines to Carter. "Now let 'em run." Then he fell asleep.

He woke as they passed the Mission, exchanged words with the priest, and dozed again till Carter reined in at Bender's door. Then, shedding sleep as a dog shakes off water, he entered, clear-eyed, into the battle with death.

It was night when he came out to Bender and Carter, sprawled on the hay in the stable.

"She'll live," he answered the lumberman's look, "but she must have woman's nursing. Who's to be? Mrs. Flynn?" He shook his head. "A good woman, but—she has her sex's weakness, damned long-tongued."

Bender looked troubled. "There aint a soul knows it—yet."

The doctor nodded. "Yes, yes, but I doubt whether you can keep it, boys."

"I think," Carter said, slowly, "that if it was rightly put, Miss Morrill might—"

"That sweet-faced girl?" The doctor's

grey eyes lit with approval, and the cloud swept back from Bender's rugged face.

"If she only would!" the giant stammered; "I'd—" He cast about for a fitting recompense, and finding none worth, finished, "—there aint a damn thing I would n't do for her."

The doctor took doubt by the ears. "Well, hitch and let 's see."

Realizing that the girl would probably have her fair share of prejudice, he opened his case very gently an hour later. But he might have saved his diplomacy.

"Of course!" she exclaimed as soon as she grasped the fact. "Poor little thing! I'll go right over with Mr. Bender.

"And remember," the doctor said, finishing his instructions, "she needs mothering more than medicine."

So, satisfied, he and Carter hit the back trail, but not till he had examined Morrill with stethoscope and tapping finger. "Must have some excuse for my trip," he said. "and you'll have to serve. So dont be seared if you happen to hear that you have had another hemorrhage. Good! Good!" he exclaimed at every tap, but once on trail, he shook his head. "May go in a month, can't last six. Be prepared."

A fiery sunset was staining the western sky when, on his way back from Lone Tree, Carter stopped at Bender's door. The glowing tinged the furious cloud that rose from the Cougar's pipe.

"Doing well," he laconically answered. "Never saw a gal pull round better from a fainting spell."

Nodding comprehension, Carter mentioned a doubt that had nettled him on the trail. "Jed? Do you think he'll—"

Sudden ferocity flamed up in the Cougar's face. "I tended to him this morning," he said, slowly, ominously. "He's persuaded as he mistook the gal's symptoms. Anyway, he aint a-going to foul his own nest so long as no one knows."

"Wants her back, I suppose?"

The Cougar nodded. "She's worth more to him than his best ox-team. But he aint a-going to get her. Dont go! Miss Morrill's inside an' wants to run over home for some things. Fine gal that." The Cougar's set fierceness of face almost thawed as he delivered his opinion.

Driving homeward, Helen opened the sub-

ject just where the Cougar had left it. "She wont go back to her father," she said, "and I dont blame her. But she can't stay here."

However, Jenny's future was already provided. "You need n't to worry," Carter said. "The doctor's fixed things. He and his wife have neither child nor child of their own; they'll take her in."

The girl exclaimed her surprised gladness. To her, indeed, the entire incident was a revelation. Here three rough frontiersmen had banded successfully together to protect a wronged child and keep her within their rough social pale. Through all they had exhibited a tact and delicacy not always found in finer social stratas, and the lesson went far in modifying certain caste ideas; would have gone farther could she have known the fullness of their delicacy.

Only once was the cause of Jenny's illness ever hinted at among the three; that when Carter and Bender lay waiting for the doctor in the stable.

"You dont happen to have made a guess at the man?" Carter had asked.

"She haint mentioned him," the giant answered, a little stiffly.

But he thawed when Carter answered. "You'll pardon me. I was just wondering if a rope might help her ease."

Bender had shaken his head. "Las' year, you'll remember, one of Molyneux's remittance men uster drive her out while Jed had her hired out to Leslie's. But he's gone back to England."

Also Helen had learned to look beneath Bender's scarred surface. Every day, while Jenny lay in his shanty, he would slip in between loads of hay, to see her. At first presence of so much femininity embarrassed him. One petticoat on the wall and another floating over the floor was enough to upset any bachelor. Only when sitting with Jenny did he find his tongue: then, giant of the camps, he prattled like a schoolboy, freeing thoughts and feelings that had been imprisoned through all his savage years. It was singularly strange, too, to see how Jenny reciprocated his feeling. She liked Helen, but all of her petting could not bring the smile that came for Bender, in whom she sensed a kindred shy simplicity.

Helen was to get yet one other light from these unpromising surfaces, a light bright as those of Scripture which are said to shine



as lamps to the feet. A few days after Jenny's departure, Bender rode up to the door where Carter sat talking with Morrill.

"Got any stock to sell?" he inquired.

"Cows in calf?"

"Going in for butter-making?" Carter inquired, grinning.

"Nope!" The giant laughed. "'Taint for myself I'm asking. I'm a lumberman born an' bred, the camps draw me like salt licks pull the deer. I'd never have time to look after them. Farming's play with me. On'y I was thinking as it would n't be so bad if that little gal had a head or two of her own growing inter money. You kin let 'em run with your band Summers, an' I'll put up Winter hay for them an' the increase. How are you, Miss?" He nodded as Helen came to the door.

It was her first experience in such free giving and she was astonished to see how devoid his manner was of philanthropic consciousness. Plainly he regarded the whole affair as very ordinary business. Carter's answer accentuated the novel impression. "What's the matter with me contributing them heifers?"

"Da—beg pardon, Miss." Bender blushed. "No, you dont. This is my funeral. But I'm no hawg. Now if you wanter throw in a couple of calves—"

Thus, without deed, oath or mortgage, but with a certainty that none of these forms could afford, did little Jenny Hines become a young lady of property. The matter disposed of, Bender called Carter off to the stable, where, after many mysterious fumbings, he produced from a small package a gorgeous silk 'kerchief of rainbow hues.

"You 'll give Miss Morrill this?"

But Carter balked, grinning. "Lordy, man, do your own courting."

"Say!" the giant ejaenlated, shocked. "You dont reckon he'd take it that way?"

Carter judicially considered the question and after mature deliberation replied, "I've seen breach of promise suits swing on less. But I reckon you're safe enough—if you explain your motive."

The giant sighed his relief. "Did you ever give a gal anything, Carter?"

"Did I? Enough to stock a farm if 't was collected."

"How'd you go about it?"

"Why jes' give it to her. You're bigger 'n she is; kain't hurt you."

"Oh, Lordy, I dont know." Bender sighed again. "It's surprising what them small things kin do to you. Say, there's a good feller. You take it in?"

But Carter sternly refused and, five minutes later, Bender might have been seen, stern and rigid from the desperate nature of his enterprise, sitting on one of Helen's soap boxes. In the hour he talked with Morrill, he never once relaxed a deathgrip on his hat. His eye never once strayed toward Helen, and it was late that evening when she found the 'kerchief under his box.

It speaks well for her that she did not laugh at its gorgeous colors; and her smile as she scribbled a little note of thanks—that was delivered by Carter—was far too tender for ridicule. Truly she was learning.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### *The Shadow.*

**D**OWN a half-mile furrow that gleamed wetly black against the dull-brown of "broken" prairie, Carter followed his oxen. He was "back-setting," deep-plowing the sod that had lain rotting through the Summer. For October, it was hot; an acrid odor, ammoniacal, from his sweating beasts mingled with the tang of the soil and the strong hay scent of scorching prairies. Summer was making a desperate spurt from Winter's chill advance, and as though realizing it, bird, beast, insects, as well as men, went busily about their business. The warm air was freighted with the boom of bees, vibrated to the whirr of darting prairie chicken, the yells of distant plowmen; for, stimulated by an answer from the railroad gods, the settlers were striving to add to their wheat acreage.

"In certain contingencies," the general manager answered the petition, "we will build through Silver Creek next Summer."

Judging by a remark dropped to his third assistant, "uncertain" would have expressed his meaning more correctly. "A little hope wont hurt them, and ought to go a long way in settling up the country. By the way, who signed those statistics? Cummings? That

was n't the tall Yankee who spoke so well. He never would have sent in such a jumble."

Blissfully ignorant, however, of railroad methods, the settlers interpreted the guarded answer as an iron promise. Forgetting Carter's part in getting them a hearing, Cummings and his fellows plumed themselves upon their diplomacy, took to themselves the credit; in which they evidenced the secret malevolence that a rural community holds against the man who rises above its intellectual level. Human imperfection is invariable through the ages. Plebeian Athens ostracised the just Aristides. Similarly, Silver Creek evidenced its petty jealousy against its best brains. "Oh, he's too d—smart!" it exclaimed whenever Carter was mentioned for the council, school trustee, or other public office, nor paused to consider its logic.

Slowly, with heavy gaspings, the oxen stopped at the end of the furrow, and as he sat down on the plow as they rested, Carter blessed the happy chance that had caused him to "break" clear down to Morrill's boundary. Helen sat in the shade of her cabin, thus affording him delicious glimpses of a scarlet mouth, slightly pursed over her sewing, a loose curl that glowed like a golden bar amid the creamy shadows of her neck, the palpitant life of the feminine figure. Small wonder that he lingered on that turn.

"It's that warm," he hypocritically remarked, fanning himself, "those poor critters' tongues are hanging to their knees."

The girl bowed to hide her smile. "They always seem to tire at this end of the field."

"Discerning brutes," he answered, nowise nonplussed.

She broke a silence. "It is considered bad manners to stare."

"Yes?" he cheerfully inquired. "I'll make a note of that."

A few moments later she remarked: "You have a poor memory."

"Thank you, for telling. In what way?"

"You were staring."

"N—o."

"You were."

"Beg your pardon. It takes two to make a stare. If I keep on looking you in the eye—that's staring. If I'm looking when you aint supposed to know it that's— that's—"

"Well?" she prompted.

"—mighty pleasant," he finished, rising.

As he moved off, she looked curiously after. While he was talking, some fleeting expression, trick of speech, had recalled him as she first saw him at Lone Tree—a young man, tall, sunburned, soft of speech, ungrammatical; and the picture had awakened her to a change in herself. In this, her fourth month in the settlement, she felt she had lost the keen freshness of the stranger's point of view. She now scarcely noticed his idiom, accent, grammatical lapses. Oddities of speech and manner that at first would have provoked surprise or laughter, no longer challenged her attention. If the land's vast rawness still impressed, she was losing the clarity of first perceptions.

She was being absorbed; her individuality was slowly undergoing the inevitable process of addition and cancelation. How dim, indefinite, the past already seemed! Some other girl might have lived it, gone through the round of parties, balls; associated with the well-groomed men, refined girls of her acquaintance. How vivid, concrete, was the present! She contemplated her hand, roughened by dish-washing. Did it foretell her future? Would this equilibration with environment end by leaving her peer of the gaunt labor-stricken women of the settlements? She shuddered. The thought stamped her mood so that, returning on the other round, Carter passed on, thinking her offended.

"Why so grave, Sis?" Her brother smiled down upon her from the doorway. Since her arrival he had had many ups and downs, alternating between bed-fast and apparent convalescence. Today the fires of life would flare high; to flicker down tomorrow like a guttering candle that wastes the quicker to its end. Not for the world would she increase his anxiety with her foreboding. Hiding the dejection with a quick smile, she turned his question with another.

"Bert, why does Mr. Carter dislike Captain Molyneux, the Leslies, and—"

"—the English crowd in general?" he inquired for her. "Does he? I never heard him say much against them."

"No, he's one of your silent men. But actions count more than words. When he drives me to or from Leslies' he invariably refuses the invitation to come in, pleading hurry."

"Well, he has been pretty busy."

Morrill stated a fact. Carter had spent the haying months in the forest sloughs, where they cut the bulk of their fodder. There, with the deep woods smothering every errant breeze, mercury at a hundred, the fat marsh sweating underfoot, he had mowed, raked, or pitched while sand flies took toll of his flesh by day and mosquitoes converted his homeward journey into a feast of blood. Eighty head of cattle, his and Morrill's, had to be provided for and he, alone, to do it. And it was from these heavy labors that he had stolen time to drive Helen back and forth.

"But he repels their every attempt at friendliness!" she protested. "Positively snubbed Captain Molyneux the other day."

Morrill laughed. "Why do they persist in their overtures? Carter is flesh and blood of the frontier, which makes no bones over its likes and dislikes. With him a friend is a friend. He has no use for civilization which calls upon its votaries to spread their friendship in a thin veneer over a vast acquaintance. Having, courteously enough, intimated that he does not desire closer acquaintance, he expects them to heed the hint. Failing, they may expect to have it stated in stronger terms. Molyneux has lived long enough in the North to know that." His answer, however, simply completed the circle and brought them back to the starting point. She restated the issue. "But why does not he like them?"

Morrill answered her question with another. "Why do you like them?"

"They are nice."

"Mrs. Leslie?" he catechised.

"A trifle frivolous, perhaps, but—I like her."

"Leslie, Danvers, Poole, and the rest of them?"

"Impractical," she admitted, "thoroughly impractical, all but Captain Molyneux. His farm is a model. Yet—I like them."

She spoke musingly, as though examining her feelings for cause; analysis of which would have shown that the wide differences between herself and her new acquaintances had added to the glamor and sparkle which are given off by fresh personalities. She liked their refinement, courtesy, subtleties and grace of conduct which shone the brighter in that rough setting. To her their very speech

was charming, with its broad vowels, leisurely drawled, so much softer than the clipped American idiom.

They were, indeed, over-refined. Five centuries ago the welding of Celt, Saxon, Roman, Norman, into one homogeneous whole was full and complete; since then that potent mixture of blood had undergone slow stagnation. Noble privilege and laws of entail had checked in the motherland those selective processes which sweep the foolish, wicked and vicious from the face of the earth. Protected by the aristocratic system the fool, the idler, the roué, had handed their undesirableness down the generations, a heavy mortgage on posterity. Ripe fruit of a vicious system, decay had touched them at the core; last links of a chain once strong, they had lacked the hot hammering from grim circumstance that alone could make them fit to hold and bind.

Morrill laid his thin finger on the spot. "All right, Nell, they are harmless." He laughed as he used the scornful term which the Canadian settlers applied to their English neighbors. "You must have some company. I don't dislike them, myself, and would probably like them better if it was not for their insufferable national conceit and blind taste feeling. They look with huge contempt on all persons and things which cannot claim origin in the narrow bit of English society from which they sprang. I'm not denying their country's greatness. But, like the Buddhist, lost in contemplation of his own navel, they have turned their eyes inward till they're blind to all else. On we Americans, they are particularly hard, regarding us with the easy tolerance that one may extend to the imperfections of an anthropoid ape. Now don't fire up! They have always been nice to me. Still I can feel the superiority beneath the surface. With Carter, it is different. Him they classify with the Canadian settlers, and you may fancy the effect on a man who, in skill of hands and brain, character, all the things that count in life, stands waist high above them. He sees them cheated, cozened, by every shyster. Men in years, they are children in experience, and if help from home were withdrawn not one could stand on his own legs. They are the trimmings of their generation; encumbrances on the family estate or fortune; useless timber lopped off from the genealogi-

cal tree. Do you wonder that he despises them?"

"I think," she said, after a thoughtful pause, "that he is too stern in his judgments. Impracticability is n't a crime, Bert, and people ought not to be blamed for the conditions that made them."

"True, little wisehead."

"He ought," she went on, "to be more friendly. I'm sure Mrs. Leslie likes him."

Morrill smothered a laugh. "Carter's a mighty handsome man, young lady, and Mrs. Leslie is—a shade impressionable. But in social affairs women decide on women, men on men."

She nodded, puckering her brow. "Yes, but he behaved dreadfully to Captain Molyneux."

Her genuine distress prevented the laugh from escaping. "Tell me about it," he sympathized.

"It was the other evening when he came to drive me home. Despite his reserve, the younger boys all like him, and when Captain Molyneux brought me out he was telling Mr. Poole and Mr. Rhodes about a horse that Danvers had bought from Cummings. 'The critter,' he said, 'is blind, spavined, sweened, and old enough to homestead.'

"Well, the captain added, 'Danvers has always needed a guardian, Mr. Carter.'"

"In his patronizing way?" Morrill commented.

"A little, perhaps—" she admitted. "Then, looking straight at us, he answered: 'He could have picked a worse.' What did he mean, Bert? The captain reddened and the boys looked silly."

Morrill grinned. "Well—you see, Nell, Molyneux's income is mostly derived from the farming of pupils who are apprenticed to him by a firm of London lawyers while under the impression that colonial farming is a complex business that requires years of study. Having whacked up from five hundred to five thousand dollars premium, they find, on arrival, that they have simply paid for the privilege of doing ordinary farm work. You said Molyneux's place was a model. No wonder, when he draws pay where other men have to hire. No, the business is n't exactly dishonorable!" He anticipated her question. "He does teach them some thing and prevents them from falling into the hands of Canuck shysters who would

bleed them for hundreds when he takes fifties. But—well, it is n't a business I'd care to be in. But there! I've talked myself tired and Molyneux is coming at three to drive you up to Leslie's. You have just half an hour to dress."

"But I wont go," she protested, "if you're not feeling well."

"Bosh!" he laughed. "I'm dying to be rid of you. Expect to get a quiet sleep this afternoon."

But as, half an hour later, he watched her drive away, his face darkened, and he muttered: "This will never do. She can't settle down to this life. Just as soon—" A fit of coughing left him gasping; but, under the merciful hallucination that attends consumption, he finished, "I'll sell out as soon as I'm rid of this cough and go back to the law."

Carter, also, watched her go. As, dank with sweat, grimed with dust and labor, he "geed" his oxen around the "land," she went by, a flutter of billowy white, deliciously dainty, cool and clean. The contrast emphasized the differences between them so strongly that a sudden feeling of bitter hopelessness caused him to return only a stern nod to her bow and smile. Surprised, she looked back, and gleaning, perhaps, an intuition of his feeling from the dogged set of his face and figure, she was swept with sudden pity.

For a mile she was quiet; but while the sun shines youth may not hobnob with care, and that was a perfect day. Autumn's crimson mottled the tawny prairies; waves of sunshine chased each other over the brown grasses to the distant forest line; and as, with cheerful clatter of pole and harness, the buggy dipped, swallow-like, over the long earth rolls, her spirits rose. She laughed, chatted, within five miles was involved in a mild flirtation. That was wicked! Of course! Afterward, in private, she mortified the strain of coquetry that made such shame possible. Yet it was very natural. Given a handsome man, a pretty maid and isolation, what else should follow? Molyneux had traveled in far countries and talked well of them and their savage peoples. He knew London, the Mecca of woman-kind, like a book; abounded in anecdotes of people and places that had been awesome names to her. Also he was skilled in subtle flattery, never exceeding by a hairsbreadth the amount which her vanity—of which she had a pretty

woman's rightful share—could easily assimilate. Small wonder if she forgot the grim figure at the plowtail.

Forgetfulness was not for Carter. As he followed the steady rhythm of his furrows in heat and dust, heavy thought now loosened, now tightened, the corners of his mouth. Bitterness did not hold him long.

"Baby! You are going to get her. But that aint the way to play the game," he said, as the buggy disappeared. And she saw only friendliness in his smile on her return that evening and the score of other occasions on which he watched her goings and comings.

He "played his game" like a man, and with a masterly hand. Never obtrusive, he was always kind, cheerful, hopefully sympathetic during Morrill's bad spells. At other times his dry humor kept her laughing. He was always helpful. When the snows blanketed the prairies, he instructed her in the shifts of Winter housekeeping; how to keep the cabin snug when the blizzard walled it in fleecy cloud; how to keep the frost out of the cellar and from the small stock of fruits in the pantry. Together they "froze down" a supply of milk against the time when it would be cruel to keep cows milking. A night's frost transmuted her pans of milk into oval cakes, which he piled outdoors like cordwood. A milk pile! The snows soon covered it, and how she laughed when, drawing home wood from the forest, he mistook the pile for a drift and so upset his load.

Indeed, he wrought well! Kindliness, good temper, consideration, these are splendid bases for love. Not that he ever hinted his hope. He was far too shrewdly circumspect. It speaks for the quality of his wit that he recognized that, given differences in rank and station, love must steal upon her from ambush. Startled, she would fly behind ramparts that would be proof against the small god's sharpest arrows. So he was very careful, masking his feeling under a gentle imperturbability; sure that, if not alarmed, she must turn to him in the coming time of trouble.

For Morrill had steadily failed since Winter set in. During the Christmas week he rallied, recovered voice and color, improved so much that Helen yielded to his wish for her to attend a New Year's party at Mrs.

Leslie's, and, as she kissed him good-bye, there was nothing to indicate that this was but the last flash, the leaping flame which precedes the darkness.

A genuine frontier party, it was to be an all-day affair, and Carter drove her up in the morning. New Year had broken beautifully; clear, bright, almost warm, for the first time in a month, the mercury had thawed long enough to register twenty-eight below. There had been no wind or drift for a week, so the trail was packed hard, and as the ponies swept its curves, balancing the cutter on one or the other runner, rapid motion joined with pleasurable anticipation to raise the girl's spirits to the point of repentance.

"Here I'm laughing and chatting," she said, soberly, "when I ought to be home with Bert."

"Nonsense!" Carter glanced approvingly upon the glow which the keen air had brought to her cheeks. "You have n't been out for a month, and you were getting that pale and peaked. I shall be with him. Now you just go in for a good time."

His generous solicitude for her happiness—was she not going among people he did not like—touched her. "I wish you were coming," she said. Then she added: "Wont you come in—just for a little while—if Mrs. Leslie asks you?"

He returned her coaxing smile. "I'll see." And as the men were all away, clearing a slough for skating, he stayed long enough to drink a toast with Mrs. Leslie.

That lady's eyes shone with soft approval as, standing by the table that was already spread with glass, silver and white napery, he bowed. "To your continued health and beauty."

"Now was n't that pretty?" she exclaimed, after he was gone. "Do you know, standing there in his furs, so tall and strong, he reminded me of one of those old Norsemen who sometimes strayed into degenerate Southern courts. You are happy in your cavalier, my dear. If he asked me, I believe I'd run away with him." And there was a sigh in her laugh. For though a good fellow Leslie was prodigiously chuckle-headed, and she had moods when his simple foolishness was as unbearable as her own frivolity; dangerous moods, for a woman of her light timber.

"I wish," she added, a little later, "that we could have persuaded him to stay."

He knew better. Striding, a conqueror, into Southern halls, the Norseman cut a mighty figure where he would have made but a poor appearance as an invited guest. A thought that was expressed in Carter's meditation on the homeward drive.

"She meant it, shorely! But bless her! you aint to be drawn into such a brace game. You'd look nice among those dudes."

He had left no fire in his cabin, but he was not surprised when, afar off, he saw his stove pipe flinging a banner of smoke to the crystal air. As yet the Northland had not achieved refinements in the shape of locks and bolts, and, coming in from a forty-mile drive from a Cree village, Father Francis, the priest of the Asinaboine Mission, had put in and brewed a jug of tea.

Easy, courteous in bearing, upright despite his silvered years, the priest came to the door and welcomed Carter home. "Not much travel beyond the settlements," he said. "It was pretty heavy going and my ponies are tired. So I'll just accept the old invitation, son, and stay the night—that is—" his mellow laugh rang out—"if my presence wont make you *anathema maranatha* unto your neighbors."

Carter knew them, their rigid dogmatism, the bigotry which made them look askance at this man who, for thirty years, had fought the devil over the face of a parish as big as an Eastern state.

"I dont allow that they'll more than excommunicate me," he grinned, "and if they do, I reckon that you'd drop the bars of your fold."

"Gladly!" the priest laughed. "They are always down, son." So, seated by the humming stove with the jug steaming between them, the two settled down to exchange the news of the neighborhood—an elastic term that stretched over territory enough to set an old-world kingdom up in business.

It was strange gossip. To the north of them—and not very far at that; old Fort Pelly lay within twenty miles—the Hudson Bay Company, the oldest of chartered traders, still lorded it over the tribes. In dark woods, on open prairies, stood the forts with their storehouses, fur lofts, waiting groups of Indians. There Factor, Clerk, the *Bois Brûlais* still lived and loved in the

primitive fashion, careless of the settlement, first wave of civilization that was lipping around their borders. So the talk ran on fur packs, mishaps by trail or river; sinister doings in the Far North, where the aftermath of the Metis rebellion was still simmering. A wild budget! What between it and Carter's choring, dark was settling as he and the priest entered Morrill's cabin.

Both started at what they saw. Despite Carter's optimism in Helen's presence, he had been fully alive to Morrill's condition, yet—he now stood, shocked, grieved in the presence of the expected.

The sick man was nigh spent, yet the stroke of death brought only a spark from his iron courage. "Another hemorrhage!" he whispered. "Shortly after you left. No, dont go for Helen. She gets so little pleasure. It is all over—I'll be all right tomorrow."

But it was *not* all over—though it would be "right" on the morrow. The rising moon saw Carter's ponies scouring over the ghostly snows.

It had been a jolly party, skating in the afternoon, music and dancing in the evening, then, as reserve thawed under the prolonged association, they had fallen to playing Christmas games. Forfeits were being "declared" as Carter reined in at the door, and Mrs. Leslie's merry tones fell like blasphemy upon his ear.

"Fine or superfine?"

"Superfine? Then that must be Helen! Captain Molyneux will—" the penalty was drowned in uproar which also smothered his knock. Followed loud laughter and the door quivered under the impact of struggling bodies.

"Dont—please!"

Now under Christmas license no girl is particularly averse to being kissed, and had Molyneux gone a little more gently about it, Helen had probably offered no more than the conventional resistance. But when he forced her head back so that her lips would come up to his with all the abandon of lovers', she broke his grip and when pinned again against the door, struggled madly.

"Dont!"

There was no mistaking her accent. A flame of anger, leaping, confusing, blinded Carter. His every muscle contorted. From his unconscious pressure, hasp and handle

flew from the door; as Mrs. Leslie shrieked her surprise, his hand dropped on Helen's shoulder and from that small leverage his elbow sent Molyneux staggering back to the wall.

The action cleared his brain, calmed the great muscles that quivered under his furs with primordial impulse to break and tear. The flush faded from his tan, the flash from his eye. The hasp lay on the floor with the handle he had forgotten to turn. He saw neither them nor the guests in their postures of uneasy astonishment. Before his mental vision rose the scene he had just left, the priest kneeling in prayer beside a dying man.

The reaction of his shove had thrown Helen in against him, and her touch recalled his mission. "Your brother—" he began, then paused. He had meant to break it gently, but the confusion of conflicting emotions left him nothing but the fact; "*—is—*" he went on, then appalled by a sudden sense of the ruthlessness of it, he stopped. But, reading the truth in his eyes, she collapsed on his arm.

To Carter, waiting outside in the moonlight for Helen, came Molyneux, and the door closing behind him, shut in the hum of wonder and the sobbing that came from the bedroom where the women were putting on their wraps.

Molyneux was smoking, though, to give him his due, he did not require that invaluable aid to a cool bearing. Regarding the spirals, curling sharply blue in the moonlight, he remarked, "I dont quite understand your methods, my friend." The insolence of the "my friend" is indescribable. "It may be fashionable in stump-town to announce bad news by breaking down a gentleman's door, but with us—it savors of roughness."

"*Roughness?*" Carter scrutinized the dim horizon. "It was n't all on one side of the door—*my friend.*" His mimicry was perfect.

The captain hummed, cleared his throat. "A little Christmas foolery—perfectly allowable."

Carter's gaze shifted to the nimbus about the moon, a clear storm warning. "Foolery becomes roughness when it aint agreeable to both parties."

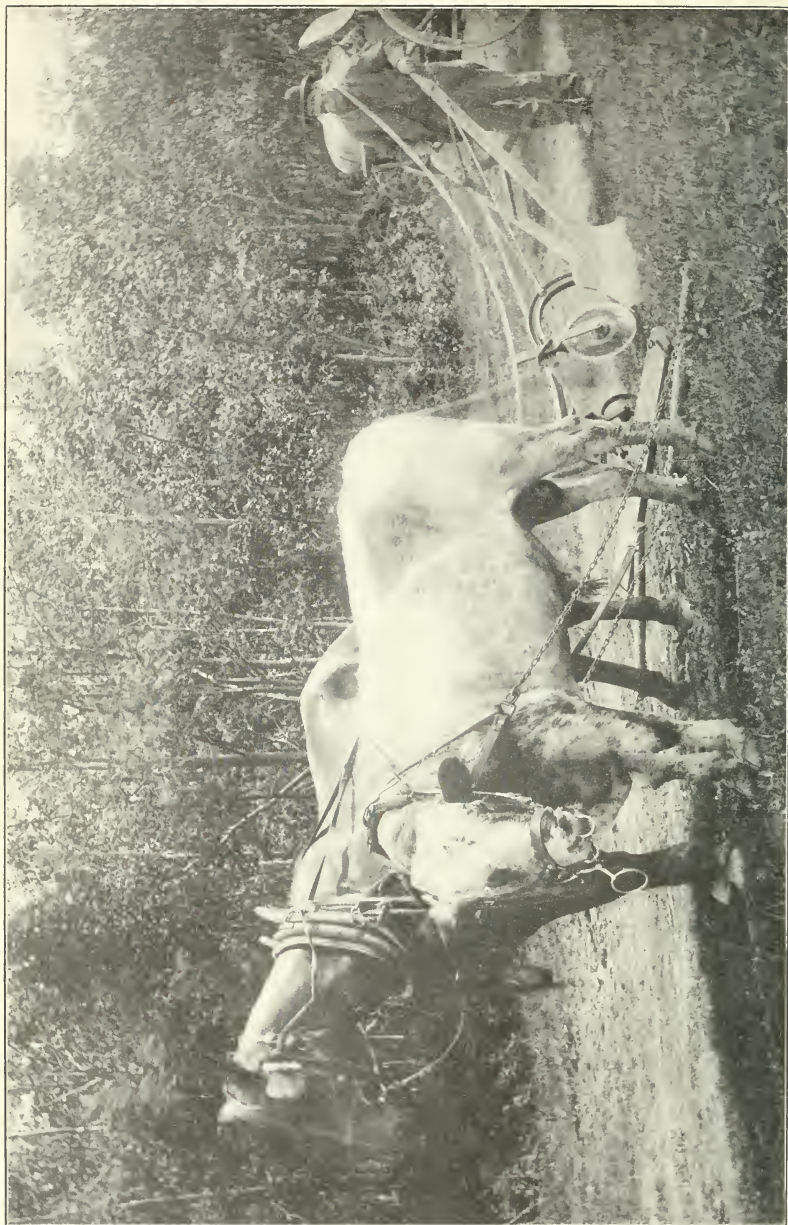
"Who told you it was n't?"

"My ear. If yours did n't—it needs training."

Molyneux smoked out a pause that, perhaps, covered a slight confusion. "Well, I dont care to accept you for a music master. Under the distressing circumstances I shall have to let it pass—for the present. But I shall not forget."

Carter smiled at the moon. "Looks like storm?"

(*To Be Continued.*)



Edmonton,—Necessity on the Northern Frontier Regards Not the Law, "Thou Shalt Not Harness the Ox With the Ass." Photograph by Ernest Brown.





*Husky-Dog Team on the Run.*

# Edmonton, the World's Greatest Fur-Mart

By Agnes Deans Cameron

"If heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms." —Cowley.



ISN'T it Théophile Gautier who says that the only differences between country and country lie in the slang and the uniform of the police? This dictum would scarcely hold regarding Edmonton in the Canadian Northland, the world's greatest fur-mart. Away up on the map it lies, three hundred and twenty-five miles north of the international boundary, on the silver Saskatchewan, a wonder-town of past glamour, present intenses and imminent realization. It *was* a Hudson Bay post; it *is* a railway metropolis on the edge of a wheat-field nine hundred miles long and four hundred miles wide.

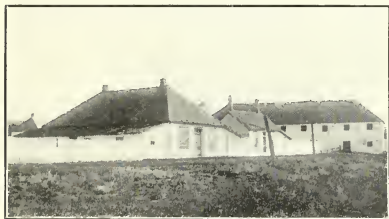
On September 1, 1905, a new Province entered the Canadian Confederacy, the Prov-

ince of Alberta, and Edmonton is its capital. Alberta is two and one-half times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, and is bigger than all the New England States combined; it has more wheat lands than Minnesota and the Dakotas, more oats and flax lands than Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska. Five years ago Edmonton rubbed her eyes and realized her destiny. Nature, Fate and the faith of man decreed that she should become a great city, a big, populous, prosperous, solid city, and her municipal foundations were laid accordingly. There will have to be no surprised stretching of swaddling-bands here, no frenzied widening of streets, no buying-in of public utilities. Young men own the town and control its destinies, men who have brought here municipal experiences from every big city on the continent, experiences invaluable.

The city owns its electric-light, with the result that the domestic flat-rate runs as low

as fifty cents a light for ten lights. It owns, too, its waterworks and telephone services. In addition to the elected aldermanic body the work of the city is done by two appointed and well-paid City Commissioners, one of Public Works and one of Finance. The Mayor is the channel of communication between Council and Commissioners and directs the work of the latter. This duplex organization is self-evolved and seems to answer admirably. In the body corporate the single-tax idea is the basic principle of assessment, the land only and not the improvements it carries being taken as value for taxes.

This as it is. Standing on the wide asphalted streets and looking at magnificent bank buildings that would do credit to Montreal or Chicago, of quaint interest is an old book written by one Paul Kane, a wandering artist away back in 1847. Kane was am-



*The Old Hudson Bay Company's Headquarters for Athabasca District.*

bitious to produce a series of type pictures of Canadian Indian chiefs and found his way into the Old Hudson's Bay post of Edmonton at Christmas-time just fifty-nine years ago. He says:

Outside, the buffaloes range in thousands close to the fort, which is visited at least twice in the year by the Crees, Assiniboines, Blackfeet, Surcees and Blood Indians, who come to sell the dried buffalo-meat and fat for making pemmican. The big ice-pit for the Summer meat will hold seven or eight hundred buffalo carcasses. On Christmas Day the flag was hoisted, and the thermometer showed 40 or 50 degrees below. At the head of our table was a large dish of boiled buffalo-hump; at the foot smoked a boiled buffalo-calf. Start not, gentle reader, the calf is very small, and is taken from the cow by the Caesarean operation long before it obtains its full growth; this, boiled whole, is one of the most esteemed dishes amongst the epicures of the interior. My pleasing duty was to help a dish of dried moose nose; the gentleman on my left distrib-

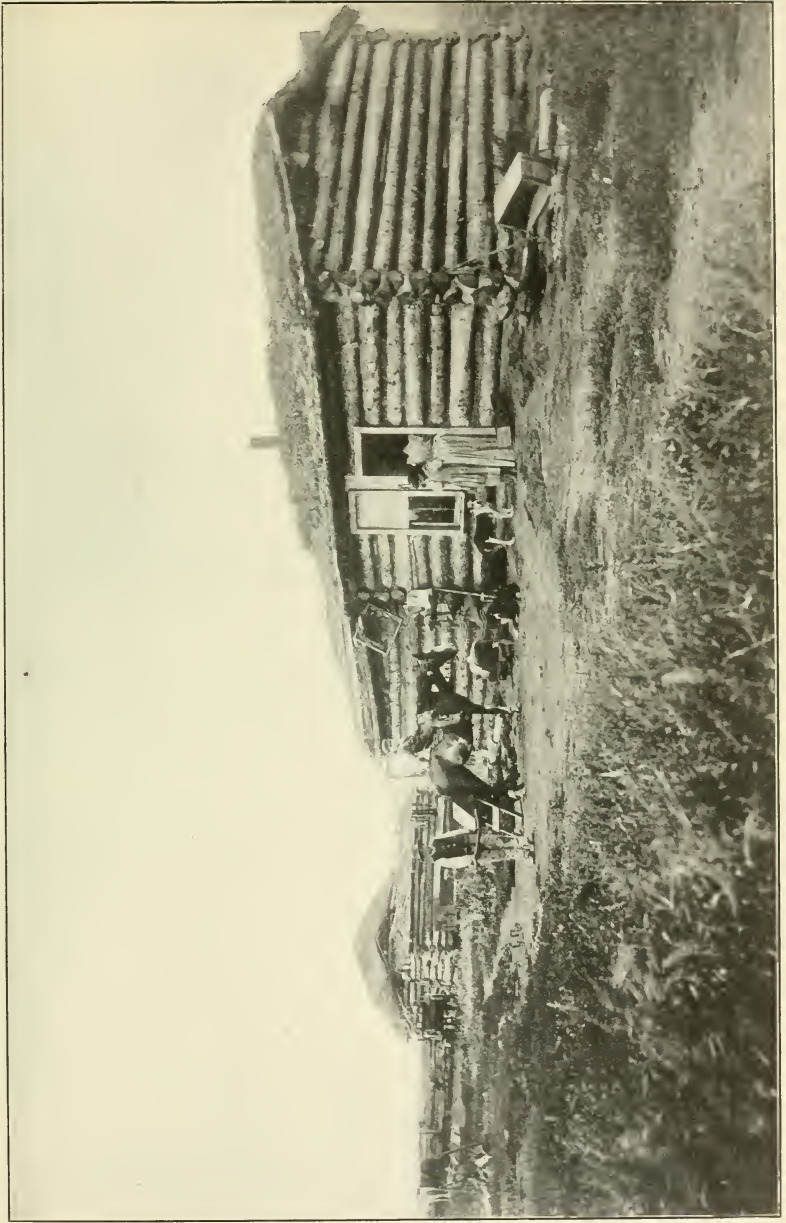
uted the white fish, delicately browned in buffalo marrow; the worthy priest helped the buffalo tongue, whilst Mr. Rundell cut up the beavers' tails. Such was Edmonton's jolly Christmas dinner. In the evening the hall was cleared for a dance, in which joined painted Indian, gay-sashed voyageur, glittering half-breed and canny Scot. The next day I joined in a buffalo-hunt.

So, although the buffalo has given place to the Shorthorn and the Hereford, Edmonton still has its past of romance and hardihood and the shrewd old employees of the Hudson's Bay Company builded wiser than they knew. The exchanging of the creaking Red River cart and the York boat for palace car and steamer, the laying aside of trap and flint-loek for modern steam plows and self-binders, and the transition from Mary Ann shack to Queen Anne front—all this has not discredited the far-seeing judgment of the shrewd traders of the Ancient and Honorable Company.

Edmonton is today the world's greatest fur-mart. As far back as 1660, in the reign of the second Charles, England granted governing powers and a monopoly of the fur-trade to the Hudson Bay Company and that great colonizing agency engaged in the exclusive sale of peltries for two centuries, in that time handling millions of skins. A generation ago the Canadian Government bought back the political and governing rights from the Hudson Bay Company for \$1,500,000 and 150,000,000 acres, *i. e.*, one twentieth of the wheat-belt, leaving them their trade in furs. But the big pioneer company is now not without rivals; the concern that pushes it hardest is that of Revillon Frères, the great Parisian furriers with an experience of 175 years back of them and a capital of fourteen millions.

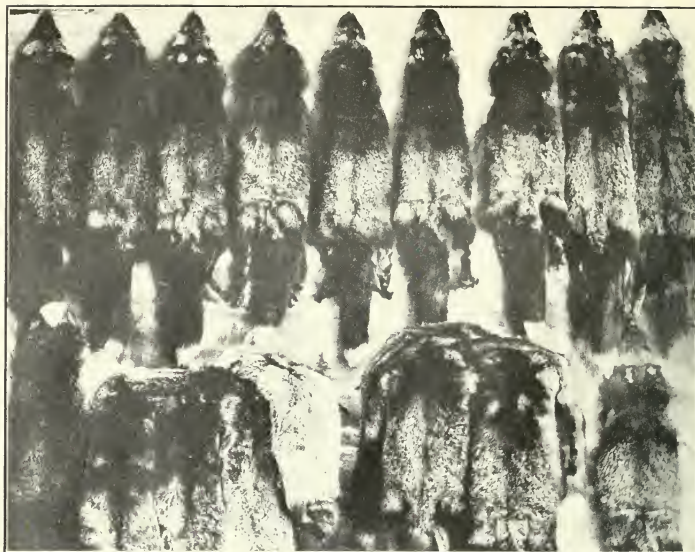
What are the staple furs today? Much what they were 200 years ago,—the fox, muskrat, otter, mink and beaver. The world's furs come from the North Temperate Zone, the greatest part of the supply and the best from Northern Canada, and London is the distributing centre.

On the backs of men from port to port the furs are carried before they reach Edmonton, dragged by husky dogs over snowy wastes and ice, paddled by Indians in canoes down stream. The Hudson Bay Company sends ships once a year down the Mackenzie to its mouth gathering furs, and from Eng-



A Shack in the Edmonton District; Middle Stage in the Evolution of the Modern Farmhouse  
From the Original Tent, or Open Camp.

Photograph by Ernest Brown.



Photograph by Ernest Brown.

*Silver Fox Skins at Edmonton: This Exhibit Represents \$40,000.*

land across the Atlantic boats come once a year to the frozen *Ultima Thule*, the posts on Hudson Bay. Modern innovations crowd out romance even here. This season a gasoline launch will carry peltries on far Athabasca. The hand on the throttle-valve is the hand of Colin Fraser, a bronzed and grizzled Highlander who went half a century ago into the silent north to trade with Cree and Blackfoot, and whose seamed and silent face may well stand type for the Spirit of that White North. We are apt to think of Edmonton as the Last North, but Colin Fraser's port is at Fort Chippewayan on the east end of Lake Athabasca; a full three weeks' journey up, up, up toward the top of the map, 400 clear miles north of Edmonton. Few of us have seen Fort Chippewayan, but it was from this historic post on this lonely Athabasca Lake that the dour and daring Scot, Alexander Mackenzie, in 1789, sailed in birch-bark canoe down the river that bears his name, to where Herschel Island guards the entrance to the frozen Arctic.

Colin Fraser's this year's pack contained 741 beaver, 181 skunk, 126 weasel, 360 red fox, 163 cross fox, 31 silver fox, 674 mink,

616 marten, 57 bears, 120 otter, 39 pounds beaver castors, 3,089 muskrats, and 558 lynx, and he sold it in Edmonton for \$27,750. We try to guess the thoughts of the grim old Highlander puff-puffing down the Athabasca, cogitating on the days and the years of the gone decades when he heard the North a-calling, and steam and he were young.

The proudest animal in the world should be the silver fox. (In reality, often it is the fat policeman on parade; in Dickens's day it was the beadle.) The silver fox is a freak in nature, only in a blue moon is one born into this vale, but when he does appear he wraps the drapery of his couch about him to the tune of \$1500. This is the skin that the Russians so dearly prize. The motto of the Hudson Bay Company, as is fitting, refers to the trade in peltries. It is "*pro pelle cutem*," skin for skin, *quid pro quo*, value for value. It sounds fair, but the way the old Fort traders worked it out shows more of sophistry than of ethics. The long flint-lock musket that the Indian coveted was stood on the floor of the Fort and the hunter was invited to pile his furs in a neat pile till they measured up to the height of the gun, then

the even trade was made. Poor Moon-Face-of-the-Mottled-Squaws got his rifle and his experience and the Ancient and Honorable got \$1,000 worth of furs, and the consciousness of what Roosevelt calls "the motto of the square deal." A skin-game, surely!

The Cree still barter his furs with the Christian, but much fleecing has left him sensitive and most suspicious. He is also a great glutton—the Cree can abstain from food a longer time than any other man. He is like a snake. The exigencies of his life make it possible for him to accept and sub-

guessed that one of these furry favors made possible the other? The fur-bearing animals in some of these northern sections feed almost entirely upon rabbits. At intervals of every five or six years, a foot-and-mouth disease breaks out which kills the rabbits off by thousands, and following such seasons come the lean fur-years. So milady's chances for a fur sacque depend upon the number of humble Molly Cottontails born the previous year into the starry stillness of the Canadian north-land.

Edmonton is the objective point of three



*The Last Vedettes: Shorthorn and Hereford Now Graze in the Old Wallows of the Buffalo.*

scribe to Charles Lamb's restrictions regarding "Grace Before Meat." In many odd ways the Edmonton Cree takes up the White Man's Burden. Recently one mighty hunter sent to Montreal for a \$1,000 piano, and immediately did the boy-and-the-drum act, seeking the bottled harmony.

Walking along Michigan Avenue, Chicago, in the teeth of the east wind and cogitating the pros and cons of a Winter great coat, an elegantly attired lady whizzed by me in her automobile. From her fob, outside a magnificent set of martens, dangled a lucky rabbit's foot. I wonder if the pleasant-faced wearer

big trancontinental railroad systems, the Canadian Northern, the Canadian Pacific, and the Grand Trunk. And the Great Northern is already casting longing eyes over the promising field of Alberta.

When we spill ourselves loose on the all-outdoors of this big new empire in the making, we have to reconstruct all our half-formed ideas of the relative size of things. For instance, the wonderful Peace River country is perhaps the world's greatest game-preserve. The Peace, which rises in British Columbia and flows into the Slave River, rivals the Mississippi in size. This great un-

known land is about to be tapped. The Grand Trunk Pacific, west from Edmonton, will strike across the southern portion of the Peace River district. It is a wonder-country. The Japan Current, and the resultant warm Chinook wind which filters through the Rocky Mountain passes, make of this a milder country than that which immediately surrounds Edmonton. Here the tall grass waves like serried wheat, and the wild flower blooms in the coulees. Fat cattle browse belly-deep in the lush meadow, and across the surface

fore-elders, nor caution of the conservative will keep back the "feet of the young men."

Edmonton is the distributing centre of hundreds of thousands of square miles of the most fertile land to be found anywhere in the world. That is a strong statement to make, but it is true. Nowhere in any part of the world in which cereal grains grow is there any such area of uniformly rich land as surrounds this northern capital. It is a deep, rich, black loam usually over a clay sub-soil, soil which has repeatedly produced



*Indian Camp in the Country of the Cree and the Silver Fox.*

of a lost lake comes the weird cry of a lone loon. In the lonely vastness one stops and listens for the tramp, tramp of the millions who, urged by a world-old instinct, are even now beginning to come out from easy conditions to conquer and occupy the Last Frontier. It is the lure of the West, the lure that Columbus heard and which will make uneasy the pillows of softness from his day to the last curtain-fall. The cry of the West is irresistible, and while there is a West to conquer, nor boundary line, nor sage advice of

crops of over forty bushels of Number 1 hard wheat to the acre; over 100 bushels of oats to the acre (every measured bushel from nine to ten pounds over standard weight), and forty bushels of prime barley to the acre, and this can be done, and has been done for twenty consecutive years without manuring. The report of the Provincial Department of Agriculture on last year's crop gives the average yield of Spring wheat throughout the Edmonton district as 24.75 bushels to the acre, and of Winter wheat, 25.89 bushels.



Photograph by Revillon Bros.  
*Black and Silver Fox.*

The first foot of soil in the three Western Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, is its greatest natural heritage. It is worth more than all the pine forests from the forty-ninth parallel to the ice-bound Arctic, and more than the combined mineral wealth held in the rock embrace of the continental backbone from Mexico to Alaska. And next in worth to this heritage is the three feet of subsoil which underlies the first. The value of a soil cannot be estimated by surface-measure; its unit of value is the amount of nitrogen and potash that it contains, in other words, its productive power. An acre in Alberta is worth more than twenty acres on the Atlantic Coast.

"But the Winters," I hear some one say; "they must be the limit." There is much misapprehension regarding the climate of Canada. During the fifteen years that the Calgary and Edmonton Railroad has been in operation, the train service has never been stopped nor even delayed on account of snow, and there never has been a snow-plow over the road. Edmonton is so far north that the sun shines for more than eighteen hours a day at mid-Summer. The nights are cool, but it is just this alternation of warm Summer days and cool nights that makes Canadian Number 1 hard wheat worth more

than any wheat that any other country can grow. Is it fanciful to suggest that these same climatic conditions harden the fibre both physical and moral of the clean-limbed people who occupy these fruitful North Lands? Edmonton is in the same latitude as Liverpool.

In leaving this subject of climate it is worth while to remind the reader that Western Canada is in the same latitude as the great wheat districts of Russia. St. Petersburg is much farther north than any city in Canada. Winnipeg is south of London, and almost in the latitude of Paris. All of the British Isles, all of Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, part of France, most of Germany, a large part of Austria and by far the larger part of Russia lie north of the forty-ninth parallel, the boundary between the United States and Canada. The bulk of Europe's population is to be found north of that parallel. There is no reason why Western Canada should not be as densely populated as Germany and Russia. That being the case, think for a moment of the immense development that is impending in the great Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta,



*Moosboss, Head of the Sucker Creek Reserve (Cree), an Indian Type of the Present Day.*



*On the Sturgeon River Near Waters That Would Have Rejoiced Isaac Walton.*

Photograph by Ernest Brown.



where as yet there is not one person in a square mile.

In Edmonton, at mid-Summer, one can readily read in the open air at 10 P. M., and while the world is still asleep the sun is up again. "The huntsmen are up in America," wrote old Sir Thomas Browne, over a hundred years ago, when he wanted to persuade himself that it was time to go to sleep in England. The huntsman would have to be up betimes to beat the sun in Edmonton. The sun woos the wheat with so fierce a warmth that measured shoots of the green plants have shown a two-inch increase in the twenty-four hours by actual and impartial

You can't raise corn up here because it's too cold nights, but I have looked up the record of the land and find that the land does not play out here around Edmonton. I have records going back twenty or thirty years, and the yield today is just as great as ever." And we saw that man with the two millions driving a span, hunting investment facts, within fifteen minutes of the time we struck Edmonton. The rest of the earload was eating lunch; like the Cree Indian and the Apostle of old, Mr. Walsh could "keep his body under." He was chasing golden opportunity; dinner could wait.

Mr. F. T. Fisher, of the Board of Trade,



Photograph by C. W. Mathers.

*The Old Red River Cart, Forerunner of the Palace Car.*

measurement. The glory of a prairie sunset is something to feel rather than to talk about; it is a daily repeated miracle that grips the heart of a man, he watches it till sky and prairie melt together and the horizon line is lost when the great sun sinks, a veritable apple of gold in a picture of silver.

Our car was pulling into Edmonton, "I represent two millions," said Mr. A. Walsh, of Walsh Brothers, Clinton, Iowa. "I am going to see what it's best for us to put it into. I am surely going to buy more wheat land up here. It's exactly like Iowa used to be. We used to get big crops, but the land played out, and now all we can raise is corn.

was interrogated about coal and natural gas.

"From fifty miles west to twenty miles east, we know coal underlies all the ground. It's under the city itself. It's so near the surface we don't tunnel any deeper for it than a hundred and fifty feet in any case, but usually only fifty or seventy-five. It's only worth \$1.25 to \$1.75 a ton in the bunkers, with our present mining system, but with up-to-date plants it would be even cheaper."

"Lignite coal?"

"Yes."

"What is it good for?"

"For almost everything except locomotives. It's used for them, too, but it is not

really very good. It is splendid coal for steam-making and all domestic uses. There's an enormous market for it. There is no coal between here and Winnipeg or at Winnipeg. For a hundred miles east of that city, people will be dependent on coal for fuel. They will not be able to use wood, for it's too scarce. And this coal will make Edmonton a great manufacturing centre." It is the voice of the optimist. We have heard about natural gas and wonder.

Mr. Fisher reassures us:

"A boring is made for natural gas in the very heart of the city, and already we have struck gas that comes up odorless and colorless, and burns as white as electricity—it is

November of 1906, the people of Italy, Austria and Southern France are being made Canada-wise at the great Milan Exposition, the *Esposizione Internazionale del Sempioine*. Daily from 5,000 to 25,000 amazed sight-seers pass through the Canada exhibit, and when the doors close, at least one million of the people of Europe will have seen with their own eyes what the Canadian North and West can produce.

The word "Canada," the sign of the beaver and the maple, mean nothing to the European sightseer, nor do the legends "*Padiglione Canadese*" or "*Mostra del Canada.*" But when he enters the portals and sees the sheaves of wheat and barley, of grains and



Chief Poundmaster's Last Great Corral.

never yellow, even in the day time,—while as fuel, it can be run right under the boiler or into the cylinder and used for direct power." Surely, this frontier town, on the edge of things. England's last vedette, is favored.

Canada was once a shy and modest maiden, as Mulvaney has it, "One of thim lamb-like, bleatin', pick-me-up-and-carry-me-or-I'll-die girls." But that is all over and done with. Daughter is she in her mother's house, but mistress in her own. The saucy Canuck is now paddling her own canoe and calling her wares in the market-place. At Liège, last year, the attractions of Canada were placed directly before the people of Belgium, Holland and Germany, and from June until

grasses, his quick imagination conjures up the big agricultural country from which they came. A vivid object lesson awaits him in a spectacular exhibit of stuffed buffalo, moose, elk, antelopes, bears and beaver standing out as background to a gigantic picture of the prairies with the modern binders and reapers laying low a field of grain. It takes no printed brochure to fix upon his mind the fact that the whizz of the bullet has given place to the whirr of the binder and that "Canada," that strange new word, is a land of peace, plenty and promise. In creating an *entente cordiale* with Italy, Canada builded wiser than she knew. Canada is Britain's Bread-Basket. But her rolling prairies with-

in a decade will provide bread for the nations both East and West. Italy imports yearly thirty million bushels of wheat, none of which comes now from Canada. Home-grown Italian wheat is a very soft grain and requires an admixture of at least forty per cent of foreign flour before it will make good bread. In the year 1904 Italy paid out \$27,000,000 for wheat. Of this, \$23,500,000 went to Russia, and \$1,500,000 to Argentine. A quarter of a million dollars' worth of wheat, mostly of the macaroni variety, was brought in from the United States. Agrarian troubles in Russia make the Odessa output uncertain and unreliable, and this is Canada's opportunity. During the present month (October) Mr. Paolo Lorenzetto, representing the biggest grain commission concern in all Italy, is making a tour of this unknown Canada to see the growing source of this Number 1 hard, "the best wheat that ever came into Italy." If there was not the enormous import duty of forty cents on every bushel of foreign wheat that enters Italy today, the national peasant might enjoy a much bigger daily dish of macaroni under his paternal vine and fig-tree. The average price of Italian wheat for the past six months has been 25.75 francs per hundred kilos, about \$1.40 per bushel; while imported wheat, during the same period, brought 26.50 francs per 100 kilos, or nearly \$1.45 per bushel.

Canadian wheat that can be taken to Genoa and sold at a seaboard price of a dollar a bushel, will find purchasers in Italy. Not only can Edmonton hand to the swarthy Italian seductive macaroni sticks; she also offers to clothe him. Flax growing in and around Edmonton is an infant industry, with a lusty childhood and a mature mid-age before it.

To this great wheat country tramp comers of North, East, South and West, and the other eight and twenty points of the compass—they go back to the hinterland and farm, or they pitch their Ebenezer in the new raw towns by the side of the railway, the towns "that smell of sawdust—naked stand of paint." Come into one of those little red school-houses, which is church and undertaker's shop and postoffice incidentally, and let us look at the school register. There are thirty names on the roll, the teacher considerably has jotted down the nationality of each member of her little flock. We read the

words, Ontario, England, Scotland, Iceland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, France, Bohemia, Galicia, United States, Roumania, Austria-Hungary, Cape Colony. Truly, we have found the melting-pot of the nations, and here comes the teacher, surrounded by her uneasy disciples, the boys bare-footed, and blue-clad of denims, the girls with pantalons of nankeen and surreptitious gum. Dont smile that superior smile. These, and not the grain-fields, with their forty bushels to the acre, are the hope of Western Canada, and it is round-faced Mary Murphy, fresh from her Normal School, "baek East," now gathering in her heterogeneous flock, and not the big bank manager with his monthly clearings turning yellow grain into yellow double-eagles, that is to make the new Big West a great nation.

Life in a half-continent peopled from the ends of the earth cannot but be complex. In its complexity is the charm and the hope of Canadian life. Not a replica of any of the old-world nations, but a composite out of which a new type of national character may emerge, the Canadian type is the opportunity and the ambition of this latest born among the nations.

The elements in our national life, the factors that make for material wealth, or for social betterment, or for moral culture, must all be drawn upon, each to contribute its quota for the nation that is to be. The railways and the steamship lines, the great manufacturing industries and the institutions of commerce and trade, the farmer and the miner and the lumberman, the inventor and the artisan, the philosopher, the poet and the artist, the scientist and the preacher and the statesman, all who in any way add to the wealth or increase the worth of Canadian citizenship—to them the call comes to build up a clean, sane commonwealth, a nation that shall be "four-square."

And if this Canadian type is to survive it must stand for more than mere wealth, more than bigness. Greater Canada must have a soul as well as a body. For in the last analysis the destiny of a country depends not upon its material resources, but upon the character of its people, and as the big self-binders whirr among the wheat, into the hands of Mary Murphy piling up a record of "work done squarely and unwasted days," is this great trust put.

# My Life is Led on Level Lands

By Ernest Bross

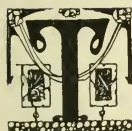
My life is led on level lands,  
My heart is by the Western sea;  
In thought I pace its yellow sands  
And breathe its airs so wild and free;  
Each morn the wind of memory stirs  
The music of Willamette's flow;  
Each noon the scent of forest fires,  
Each evening Hood's effulgent glow.

My lot is cast on level plains;—  
Its scorching suns, its Winters keen;  
My heart is where the gentle rain  
Bedews a landscape ever green  
Whose mountains lift the soul on high,  
Whose roses perfume all the air,  
Whose every breeze that wanders by  
Redeems the heart from pain and care.

My lot is on the prairies east,  
My heart is in the hills and pines;  
And when for me life's storms are past,  
And when for me life's day declines  
May my enraptured vision fall  
On yellow sands and ocean's swell.  
On mountains watching over all,  
On rivers I have loved so well!

# Literature: Some Aspects in the West

By Porter Garnett



THE aesthetic growth of the West, particularly in literature, is matter of interest. It is as vital to our humanities and our civilization as our financial and commercial sanity. Its growth represents our intellectual status. But what are the *facts* of this growth? Divesting the subject of parochial prejudice, what conclusions are to be drawn from the output? What is its weight, its importance? How much of value do the recent performances of Western writers hold? How much of their work is ephemeral, and how much has promise of permanence? A discussion of the subject may be fruitful of facts upon which to base a verdict.

The names that immediately occur to us are those of Joaquin Miller, George Sterling, Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, James Hopper, Mary Austin, Gertrude Atherton. Some of these have produced work recently which will aid the discussion to be continued from month to month in this department. Others of secondary and tertiary importance will be touched upon as their art, their interest, or their significance in the interpretation of Western life, may suggest and a fairly complete survey of contemporary Western literature be attained. The term "Western literature" is, however, misleading if not altogether foolish. It implies a separateness, a category which has, or should have, nothing to do with art or its appraisal. Art is universal. In history it is divisible into periods, but, even in the perspective of years, its divisions are marked by nations and languages rather than by localities. Exceptions may be pointed out in the Attic and Laconic literatures and in Etruscan sculpture and Byzantine architecture, but such distinctions are matters of school rather than of geography. In treat-

ing Western expression in letters we are dealing not with a local aspect of art, nor with a part of a national literature, but with a part of the literature of a language. Let us speak then not of Western literature, but of literature in the West, and let us see what the West is contributing to the literature of the English tongue.

It may be safely said that English literature today, taken by and large, is made up of a vast amount of very admirable second-class work and a vast amount of work which drops off in diminishing degrees of unimportance. This great volume of second-class production may be again divided into an upper second class and a sub second class, or, to use the social terminology, an upper and a lower middle class. In the latter of these classes fully ninety-five per cent of the best that is being written belongs, and the greatest compliment that can be paid a writer is to say that he belongs to the upper middle class of literature. It remains for future generations to determine whether or not some of these are not of the first order of excellence—the universal and eternal.

In France the ratio more closely approximates a parity of the two classes. In the upper middle class, headed by Anatole France, and numbering in its order such men as Rictus, Octave Mirbeau, and Rostand, we see the race of giants continued and standards set by those great moderns, Flaubert, Zola, Maupassant, Verlaine, in a fair way of being upheld after their passing. In English letters the race of giants is well-nigh extinct. Kipling and Conrad (a foreigner) loom large, but where shall we find a mate for these in stature? Henry James, say you? or Stephen Phillips? or Alfred Noyes? If we extend our quest to America are we arrested by the artistic proportions of W. D. Howells or Edith Wharton? Pursuing our search still farther West we can

apply our tape measure to Miller and to Bierce, who, it is likely, have reached the height of their powers, and to Sterling and the others that have already been mentioned and who are still growing. On this figurative journey through the Land of Literature there are to be observed on all sides a horde of industrious pigmies, many of them extremely clever. Some of them have rolled logs down from the Great Commercial Mountains out of which they have made stilts on which they strut about, affecting the appearance and the manner of real giants. The deception is very often successful.

But, who knows, there may be giants as yet unfound in the demesne of English letters, and even in the West; giants who dwell in hidden places, but whose heads are in the clouds. Then, too, some of those we have cited—Sterling, London, Hopper, Austin, Atherton—may grow into gianthood. Let us watch them.

It is within the bounds of possibility that when critics, in years as yet remote, shall write of the literature of our time, they may bear out contemporary opinion, that, here in the West, at the beginning of the twentieth century, there were evidences of a literary vitality from which grew a group of writers of world-importance. Do the facts, observed at close range, support the belief? Literature in the West, up to the present time, has been sporadic, and, viewed largely, it has been negligible. Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller have left their impress on their time, but, aside from these, there is no one of whom the world has taken cognizance. But the West is spoken of and thought of as a cradle of art. Here the conditions of climate, the beauty of the earth, the freedom and vigor of living, unworn traditions, and the stimulus of a growing civilization are all hospitable to creative work and to the nourishment of the imagination. So, in truth, it may be that, here, in this far-off corner of the world, there may be some upon whose brows Fame shall yet press down the crown of immortality.

This is the optimistic view quite in the spirit of our *naive* Western hopefulness. But the critic has to deal, not with dreams, but with facts as he finds them and as he sees them. We may have potentialities even though we have not performances. It is well to be a little modest about such things.

America has produced one author of the first class and only one (it is perhaps superfluous to say that this one is Poe). It has produced and is producing a goodly number of the second class, but the Pacific Coast will be doing very well if it adds, in the present generation, one more name in the upper middle class of literature to those of Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller. The likeliest candidate is George Sterling, whose noble poem, "The Testimony of the Suns," is a prop to the tottering edifice of English song.

\* \* \*

There is a tendency gaining strength among Western writers to draw their material from historical sources and for this purpose the archives, in which the Pacific Coast is peculiarly rich, are being studied with considerable diligence. The result will doubtless be that a body of fiction will be produced which will reflect something of the unique and interesting development of Western civilization. Gertrude Atherton, among recent writers, has taken the lead in this line of endeavor, while Frank Norris and some others have given us more or less literal pictures of Western life during our own time and of the period immediately antedating the present.

Among writers who are transmuting our history and traditions into literature, Mary Austin is the most notable artistically. Her latest book, *The Flock* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), should be greeted with delight by such as prize the best traditions of English prose-writing. It is welcome for the very reason that so little that is being written today has grace of form and style. Form, which is so much an essential of French literature—the birthright of every French *homme de lettres* great and small—is elusive and rare in our less plastic language. The stylist in English is scarce because his medium is refractory. When we find, as we do once in a while, a writer who has not only the sensitiveness and taste to discern the refinements of literary art, but the alchemy to express them in the written word, we should, indeed, be grateful. Such an one is Mary Austin.

*The Flock* is not fiction. It is a series of descriptive discourses on the history, traditions, manners and customs of the shepherds on the California ranges. It is an exposition comprehensive, detailed and thorough, under-

taken by a literary woman whose life has been intimate of her theme. From the shepherds themselves she has drawn information and anecdote which she has molded with a fine skill and charming rhetoric into a work of artistic importance, taking over in the process no little of the atmosphere of this dispersed community. Such a subject would be unutterably dull, as dull, for example, as an article on the wool industry in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, if it were not for the art with which it is rendered. And yet some reservations are necessary. Mrs. Austin does not escape dullness wholly. Her narration of the habits of that most stupid of animals and the economics of the shepherd's trade are, at times, tedious because they are, at times, presented in a manner, if not exactly bald, at least a manner that is innocent of individuality and atmosphere. But such declensions are few and, taken all in all, the book is an admirably sustained artistic performance. It is remarkable that with a subject in many ways so ungracious, the literary woman has succeeded so well with her undertaking. It is an achievement.

Mrs. Austin has undoubtedly sought to impregnate her work with the spirit of the life of which she treats and which she knows so well, but, in this, she has not been altogether successful. The spell and atmosphere of her book is the spell and atmosphere of literary art rather than of the range and mesa. Her achievement is literary rather than human, aesthetic rather than interpretative. She has, however, at times caught the romance of the herder's life and made it convincing. She is sensible to the fact that the romance of his existence lies not so much in his work-a-day life, his labors, his trials, his joys and his adventures as in the kinship of these things and of himself with things of the past. Romance must have a background of something beyond our ken. Without it the incidents of the herder's life—his trespassings on reserves, his feuds with cattlemen, his killing by a ranger—are matter of no literary interest whatsoever; they belong rather to the domain of journalism. But dowered with the heritage of old civilizations, the sordid and uncouth tender of flocks, the heir to a line of sheepmen which reaches back to the infancy of the world, becomes a figure in whom the very spirit of romance is implicit.

The following quotations will serve at once to show how Mary Austin has savored the romance of her theme, and, at the same time, illustrate the charm of her style:

All the lost weathers of romance collect between the ranges of the San Joaquin, like old galleons adrift in purple, open spaces of Sargasso. Shearing weather is a derelict from the time of Admetus; gladness comes out of the earth and exhales light. It has its note, too, in the pipings of the Dauphinoises, seated on the ground with giliis coming up between their knees while the flutes remember France. Under the low, false firmament of cloud, pools of luminosity collect in interlacing shallows of the hills. Here is one of those gentle swales where sheep were always meant to be, a ewe covers her belated lamb, or has stolen out from the wardship of the dogs to linger until the decaying clot of bones and hide, which was once her young, dissolves into its essences. The flock from which she strayed feeds toward the flutter of a white rag on the hilltop that signals a shearing going on in the clear space of the canon below. Plain on the skyline with his sharp-eared dogs the herder leans upon his staff.

An interest in elemental things and the appeal that they make to the literary mind are the impulses behind such a book as *The Flock*. How genuine is the appeal and how sincere the response are things that no one can know—perhaps not even the author herself. Ardor for the elemental is one of the most interesting phenomena of modern literary activity. Unfortunately, it often leads authors into the evil ways of affectation, and from this charge Mrs. Austin is not immune. Before one reads very far in *The Flock* one is struck by what appears to be, at first blush, a simple and unaffected frankness. Perhaps it would be better to call it boldness or independence. But frankness, boldness, and independence are things to be regarded with suspicion; and, in the present instance, the insincerity of it becomes apparent when the frankness, or boldness, or independence becomes forced and gratuitous. It is better art to fail on the side of reticence.

In this book, devoted as it is to the glorification of the flock and its tenders, it is curious to note that the very best chapter does not deal with the sheep directly nor with the herder, but with the "go-between," as she calls the shepherd's dog. Mrs. Austin

has in this chapter written as interestingly of animals as any writer who has made a specialty of such subjects, and, in point of literary charm, she has surpassed them by much.

The testimony of one so versed in the subject is of some peculiar value and interest on one point in particular. Mrs. Austin deprecates the "unfounded assumption" that insanity is prevalent among sheep-herders. She says: "With all my seeking into desert places there are three things that of my own knowledge I have not seen—a man who has rediscovered a lost mine, the heirs of one who died of the bite of a sidewinder and a shepherd who is insane." Turning to a recent book by Bishop Talbot, *My People of the Plains* (Harper & Brothers), the worthy prelate-author puts the weight of his authority on the other side of the question. Says he: "It is not to be wondered at that such a life (the sheep-herder's) often ends in insanity. It is said that the asylums are repleted year by year by a large contingent of these unfortunates. Indeed, their lot is a most pathetic one, and they sometimes even lose the power of speech and forget their names."

Bishop Talbot's book is of the West, but not from the West, the author being now Bishop of Central Pennsylvania. For many years, however, he was the pioneer bishop in Wyoming and Idaho, and it is of his life among the mining camps of these states and others that his book treats. *My People of the Plains* has no claim to literary quality. It is written in an easy forthright manner and consists very largely of amusing anecdotes which this most human ecclesiast tells with unction and humor. It cannot be said to be affined in any manner with the literature of the West as literature, but for what it is, an anecdotal account of the establishment of the Episcopal Church in the Northwest, it will be found interesting and sprightly by churchman and layman alike.

The following quotation is from a novel of the West by a Western author:

Even the young lady was seen to consume the viands set before her with more gusto than a restraining sense of romantic fitness would have dictated. Once or twice, as she bit a semi-circle out of a round of buttered bread, her eye, questing sidewise full of sly humor, caught McVeigh's and a sputter of

laughter left her with humped-up shoulders, her lips lightly compressed on the mouthful.

Had this appeared in Bret Harte's *Condensed Novels* or in Barry Pain's *Playthings and Parodies*, or in Ambrose Bierce's *Prattle* it would probably earn a hearty guffaw. It is to be found on page 9 of Miss Geraldine Bonner's latest novel, *Rich Men's Children* (The Bobbs-Merrill Co.). In this story Miss Bonner snuggles close to the popular taste for unliterature. *Rich Men's Children* deals with the parvenues of San Francisco society, men and women whose grandfathers were miners in early days and whose grandmothers took in washing. Her characters are, it would seem, patterned after types rather than individuals and she has drawn them with considerable skill. Skill and a certain kind of taste, rather than art, are the characteristics in her work, characteristics that almost redeem it from the category of commonplaceness. But the story is of a commonplace type; the type of melodramatic narrative with a coating of superficial psychology. To its credit, be it said, the story is interesting, a quality that fulfills every requirement of the publishers and most requirements of the reading public. Certain parts of it are in a dramatic way rather strong, and it shows throughout a rather subtle observation; but these manifestations are matters of skill and ingenuity rather than art. The touch of the literary artist is not upon it. Despite copious and finicky descriptions of San Francisco, the flavor and atmosphere of the old city is suggested but never attained. The picture is one in which those who know the town can see its image, but to alien eyes it will be nebulous and imperfect. So, too, with the people in the book; they are drawn—particularly in the case of the central figure, the Bonanza King—with detail, circumstance, and precision, but even he leaves the impression of a skillfully made puppet and not of a man. He does not live. As a writer of such letters as, for years, have appeared from her pen in the *Argonaut*, Miss Bonner is perhaps the best woman journalist we have in America. Her style is distinctly journalistic, though above ordinary journalism. A little less vocabulary and embellished rhetoric and more feeling for the dignity of language are what Miss Bonner should cultivate in her writing of novels. As



it is, *Rich Men's Children* is rather remote from *Marius the Epicurean*, for example.

It would be well if she would eliminate such a footless locution as "every now and then," an error of which Mrs. Austin is also guilty. It would be better, also, if she would not say *restive* when she means *restless*, nor speak of a "red glow" that "painted her serious, down-bent face with a *hectic* color," nor of a "*hectic* prospect" that "looked gray" nor of a *hectic* sunset. Miss Bonner evidently has a *hectic* tendency to use the word *hectic* improperly. And what are we to say of "The steady sweep (of the wind) would not be *inaugurated* till early in the afternoon"?

While dealing in molecular criticism it might not be out of place to point out some blunders, a pastime in which Ambrose Bierce has himself often indulged, in that supremely clever author's last work, *The Cynic's Word Book* (Doubleday, Page & Company). A fiddle, he says, is "an instrument to tickle human ears by friction of a horse's tail on the entrails of a cat." As a matter of fact fiddle-strings are not made of the entrails of a cat. In the invention of such a name as Sir Sycophas Aureolater, Bierce displays a better knowledge of Latin than of Greek. But Bierce's classical scholarship is most grievously at fault in his corrupt and unauthorized spelling of *orang-utan*, which he writes (in common with many others, be it said) "*orang-outang*." In the Malayan *orang-utan*, or more properly *orang-hutan*, is derived from *orang*, man, and *hutan*, the woods, of the woods, hence wild. The proper use of these two words will be found in the following sentence: *Orang mengarang kitab pulang de-pergi nia ka-hutan*—"the author went back to the woods."

In spite of these distressing blemishes *The Cynic's Word Book* is prodigiously illuminating and adroit. Bierce as a writer of short stories and as a master of literary expression in its best sense is unquestionably in the forefront of present-day writers, and the prophesy, often made by his admirers, that his work will live, is not perhaps so foolish as such prophesies commonly are. As a satirist he stands alone among moderns and we must go back to Juvenal and Martial to find his mate. This of Bierce as a satirist in epigram; in philosophy he is surpassed by Rochefoucauld and in wit by Oskar Wilde. The "*Word Book*" is pregnant with cynical wisdom and admirably contrived anecdotes. Here is one for example:

Connoisseur, n. A specialist who knows everything about something and nothing about anything else.

"An old wine-bibber having been smashed in a railway collision, some wine was poured upon his lips to revive him. 'Pauillac, 1873,' he murmured, and died."

It is with pain that we find Bierce indulging in puns and note such a false touch as his derivation of pterodaetyl from an Irish name Terry Daetyl or Peter O'Daetyl. This article cannot be better closed than by another excerpt. It is:

Critic, n. A person who boasts himself hard to please because nobody has ever tried to please him.

"There is a land of pure delight  
Beyond the Jordan's flood,  
Where saints, apparelled all in white,  
Fling back the critic's mud.

And as he legs it through the skies,  
His pelt a sable hue,  
He sorrows sore to recognize  
The missiles that he threw."



## A Group of New Plays

Novelties of the New York Stage

By William Winter



AMONG recent new plays performed in New York that bid fair to be conveyed through the country and shown in various cities, the most conspicuous are "The New York Idea," by Mr. Langdon Mitchell; "The Rose of the Rancho," by Mr. R. W. Tully and Mr. David Belasco, and "The Man of the Hour," by Mr. George Broadhurst. The first of these, produced by Mrs. Fiske, relates to marriage and divorce; the second, produced by Mr. Belasco, illustrates the iniquitous sequestration of land in California, after the Mexican War; the third portrays and rebukes the wickedness of "graft" in American civic politics. Another, but somewhat less interesting and less effective play, is "The Daughters of Men," written by Mr. Charles Klein and produced by Mr. Daniel Frohman; this involves the stormy theme of labor and capital. Each drama contains a more or less trivial love story. The old and right fashion in play-making was to tell a story in action, necessarily implicating characters, and to allow the spectator to deduce the moral for himself. The present drift is towards discussion of popular topics and insistence on practical "lessons."

Mr. Mitchell's play is a farcical exposition of some of the remotely possible consequences of loose views, and still more

loose practice, as to the marriage relation. Cynthia Karlake, brilliantly impersonated by Mrs. Fiske, has obtained a divorce from her husband, on the frivolous ground of incompatibility of mind and temper; and she has become betrothed to Judge Philip Filimore, who has also obtained a divorce, on the same ground. John Karlake, the divorced husband of Cynthia, and Vida Filimore, the divorced wife of the Judge, are attracted towards each other, or seem to be so, and Cynthia, who all the time really loves John Karlake, becomes resentfully jealous, and, at a critical moment, when the clergyman has actually opened his book to read the marriage service, frustrates her own intended wedding, in order to prevent the supposititious one of her former husband; and, later, in a neat scene of equivocal and sentiment, they are reconciled and reunited—discovery having been made that the divorce granted to Cynthia was illegal. Situations of a merrily ridiculous order are contrived by bringing those divorced persons together, in a semi-social way, and by complicating their affairs with the precipitate amatory proceeding of a volatile, sentimental, impossible Englishman, Sir Wilfred Cates-Darby—acted so as to be made almost credible by Mr. George Arliss—who offers marriage to each of the ladies in turn, and eventually weds Mrs. Filimore. The play has been discussed as

if it were another "School for Scandal," whereas, in fact, it is not a consistent comedy, but one of the numerous farcical fabrics, pretending to be comedy, that have followed, at a distance, in the wake of such plays as Arthur Murphy's "All In the Wrong" (on which Lester Wallack based his "Central Park"), and John Brougham's "Playing With Fire." Some of its incidents are comical and some of its language is piquant with a glib and flippant tang of mild cynicism. The best of its attributes is the characterization; for, out of the fifteen persons who participate in the business of its four acts, at least six are drawn in such lines and colors of life—allowing for caricature—that the actors can make living parts of them, distinct, typical and various. The piece is interesting, amusing and significant. The subject is of importance to every community—for every community rests on the sanctity of marriage, and feels the necessity of a uniform divorce law throughout the United States. A drift toward rebuke as well as ridicule of the anomalies of existing legislation concerning marriage and divorce is perceptible beneath the tissues of comic absurdity that constitute this farce, but the substance of it is the broad humor of preposterous situation. The character of a fashionable clergyman is drawn with such exaggeration that it becomes a libel on the clergy as well as a caricature of human nature, while the coarse use of the marriage service gives offense to sensibility and good taste. Mr. John Mason, a comedian of rare talent, whose method involves imperturbable demeanor and crisp execution, has especially distinguished himself by his performance of John Karslake, essentially a fashionable man of the present day, who lives, mostly, for pleasure, whose manners are careless, whose mind is frivolous, but whose character is sound, healthful, genial, and virtuous.

In "The Rose of the Rancho" a simple story is almost smothered with pictorial embellishment. Only three scenes are set, but each, in its way, is perfect. The first shows the garden of a Mission-house; the second the interior of a ranch-house; the third the roof of the latter dwelling, where the action of the drama culminates. The place is San Juan, California; the period

about 1850. The action is supposed to begin late on a Summer afternoon and terminate at dawn of the next day. More than thirty persons, exclusive of supers, participate in the representation. Readers of the novel of *Ramona*, so popular in Southern California, will remember that, incidentally, it depicts a flagrant case of the unjust, oppressive, and cruel seizure of land in that country, by predatory ruffians, favored by a legal technicality. The suggestion of this play appears to have been derived from that novel. Members of the Spanish family of Castro, old occupants of a ranch at San Juan, are dwelling in peaceful possession of their estate; but, as they have neglected a certain formality of registration required by United States law, their estate is likely to be confiscated, and a brutal blackguard named Kincaid, of Beaver, denoted as "a land jumper," arrives to seize it. That rascal is confronted and warily opposed by an officer named Kearney, of Washington, who is on the ground as an agent of the United States Government, and who has fallen in love with the heiress of the Castro property. This girl, Juanita—the Rose of the Rancho—the child of an American father, who is dead, and a Spanish mother, who is living, exhibits a medley of characteristics of both races, being at once reserved and impetuous, coy and bold, coquettish and sincere, fiery and gentle, haughty and meek, daring and demure—a charming creature of contradictions. Juanita, inclining to reciprocate the love of Kearney, is induced to entrust him with the deeds of the Castro estate, and he sends those papers to Monterey, to be registered. Juanita's mother endeavors to force her daughter's betrothal to a rich young Spaniard, Don Luis de la Torre. Kincaid and his bullies surround the ranch-house, and break into it, during ceremonies, elaborate and picturesque, incidental to the betrothal—which Juanita, meanwhile, has repudiated. Kearney, in order to prevent precipitate action by Kincaid, has been compelled to simulate a friendly alliance with him, and Juanita, deceived by this movement, repels him as a traitor—this exigency giving rise to the most effective situation in the play. Kincaid is, with difficulty, induced to delay the seizure of the place till dawn. Kearney has sent for

troops. The house is besieged. The ladies, defended by Kearney and the servants, take refuge on the roof. There is an awful hour of suspense, during which the fugitives hear the howling of a drunken and infuriated mob; but just as the day is breaking the United States troops arrive, the miscreants are dispersed, the siege is raised, and happiness crowns the mutual love of the gallant Kearney and the Rose of the Rancho.

A significant thought as to expedition and indolence in the fibre of contrasted races is conveyed in two casual remarks. "Civilization," says the "land-jumper," with blatant vulgarity of manner, when announcing his purpose of legalized robbery, "must progress"; and when it is found that certain muskets that have been collected for use in defending the ranch are useless from lack of powder, the Spanish cavalier is heard to murmur: "I meant to have got that powder *tomorrow*." The presentment of "The Rose" has served to give prominence to Miss Frances Starr, a young actress who manifests impetuosity of temperament combined with girlish charm, and who seems likely to make a signal mark in her profession, when she has surpassed self-consciousness, discarded artifice, and learned to control feeling and impersonate character. Her arch behavior as a coquette, together with the vigor and sparkle of her demeanor as a resentful and angry young woman, have gained general admiration. Mr. Charles Richman, as the intrepid Kearney, and Mr. John W. Cope, as the sinister Kincaid, have given performances of sterling merit, because true to life and symmetrical and fluent in artistic expression.

Mr. David Belasco will have a new theater under his management in New York next season, while retaining the old one. Its site is in Forty-fourth Street, near Broadway. It will be called the Stuyvesant. The corner-stone of it was placed, with appropriate ceremonies—Mr. Belasco, Mr. Bronson Howard, Miss Blanche Bates and Mr. David Warfield participating therein—on December 5, 1906. Miss Bates laid the corner-stone.

Turning to "The Man of the Hour," the observer comes upon a vital photographic picture of actual political life in a great city. The purpose of the dramatist—which

has been well accomplished—was to illustrate the position, environment, trials and perplexities, and, above all, the triumphant rectitude of an honest man, holding public office, tempted or assailed by corrupt political "bosses," but staunch to the last, in the fulfillment of his duty. In pursuit of that design an interesting story has been ingeniously devised and cleverly told. The chief person is the Mayor of a great city, whom a party leader undertakes to coerce, wishing him to sign an iniquitous bill that gives a perpetual franchise to a certain street railway magnate, and placing him in such a dilemma that, refusing to sign it, he will cause the financial ruin of the woman whom he loves and whom he has asked to marry him. Many persons participate in the action, and many incidents are swept into the flood of circumstance, rising to the climax of his sturdy and splendid refusal to do anything but right. Actual persons are, manifestly, suggested by the prominent individuals in this play; the veil of disguise is very thin; but the plot in which they figure is, of course, fanciful. The drama has a positive and valuable meaning for all civic communities, and, coming at a time when much corrupt conduct in political life has been unveiled, it appeals to the people with uncommon force. It is a well-constructed play, exceedingly well acted, and its crowning excellence is that it presents for simulation a refreshing example of noble manhood and simple integrity, without hysterics and without either amatory or sentimental nonsense.

Another effort has been made to place upon the stage a dramatic version of Victor Hugo's humanitarian novel, *Les Misérables*, this time by Mr. Wilton Lackaye, who assumes the character of Jean Valjean. The power of the novel has long been recognized, and the purpose of its author, to inculcate charity toward the wretched, has been appreciated and honored; but, whether because the theme is oppressively mournful, or because no stage presentment has done justice to the extremely varied contents of the book, or because no actor has thoroughly succeeded in creating essential illusion with the character of Jean Valjean, Victor Hugo's graphic and pathetic fiction has not prospered in the theater. There is a play on the story, called "The Yellow Passport,"

that once had a considerable vogue in England. The eminent Italian actor Salvini sometimes played a part kindred with Valjean—that of Conrad in “*La Morte Civile*” (“*Civil Death*”), by P. Giacometti; in which he gave a forcible and touching embodiment of paternal affection, fortitude, and self-sacrifice; but not even that potent actor’s exceptional command of the springs of feeling and the physical means of artistic illusion could long sustain in public favor a subject so completely saturated with gloom.

Mr. Robert Mantell has, this season, taken a conspicuous and splendid position as a tragedian, and especially as an actor of the great tragic parts in Shakespeare. During four weeks (November 5 to December 1, 1906), he acted at the New York Academy of Music, attracting and deeply impressing crowds of people, in Richard III, Othello, Iago, Macbeth, King Lear, Shylock, Hamlet and Brutus. His impersonations of Brutus and King Lear,—characters of the highest order and in striking contrast,—are worthy of record as, notwithstanding some defects, among the best that have been seen since the time of E. L. Davenport. Veteran play-goers, who remember the remarkable group of tragic actors in which Davenport

figured,—a group including Forrest, Edwin Booth, G. V. Brooke, James E. Murdoch, Charles Eaton, Charles W. Couldock, William Creswick, Joseph Proctor, J. W. Wallack, Jr.; Wyzeman Marshall, Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough,—will be gratified to find that Mr. Mantell is emulating the example of those fine actors, and preserving the noble tradition that was inherited and transmitted by them. He possesses the mind, the feeling, the stature, the expressive countenance, the personal distinction, the authority, the copious, resonant voice, and the romantic devotion to dramatic art that are essential to the impersonation of great tragic parts; and at this moment he stands fair to lead in again the Golden Days of Tragic Acting, and once more to establish the Legitimate Drama, long languishing here and almost extinct. Mr. Mantell is a native of Scotland, born in Ayrshire, in 1854. He has been on the stage since his youth; he has worked hard and in a conscientious spirit; he has had much and valuable experience; and the auspicious success that now attends his acting is the merited reward of patient, perseverant endeavor, and fine ability well used.

## A Desert Dream

By Charles Elmer Jenney

The round-domed mosques and minarets  
 Stand clear and white across the plain,  
 Against the purple epaulet  
 Of the haze-hidden mountain chain.  
 The pool! The palms! The thirst forgot.  
 Across the dazzling white sand lies  
 The lost one’s green oasis spot,—  
 The weary traveler’s paradise.

I chant the prayer the Moslem prays,  
 And list for the muezzin’s cry.  
 I feel no more the sun’s hot rays;  
 My tongue no more is parched and dry.  
 My heart again is strong and bold;  
 I turn to where my camel stands;  
 Then rub my eyes, for I behold  
 Mirage on the Mojave sands.



## Why Arizona?

By Elmer White

**H**OME-MAKING is the quest of migrating American citizens. The story of new locations is writ upon the pages of interstate history; and the expansion of the nation from the original

Atlantic-belted colonies to the empires of trade and prosperity upon the Western Coast is the story of how the dependent boy upon the home farm becomes the head of another home, further west. The cycles of generations widen and broaden over prairie and plain, up mountain steep, down to mesa slope, on, into fertile valley—the evolution of life, ambition, aspiration, toil, effort, prudence, skill, economy—all centering around the fireside of "Home, Sweet Home." The frontiersman of yesterday is resting a thousand miles eastward. The pioneer of today is ranching, and fruit-growing, and mining in the Far West, yet so near by railway to market centers of the East that his cattle, his wheat, and his fruit may feed the Eastern metropolis within a fortnight of husbanding.

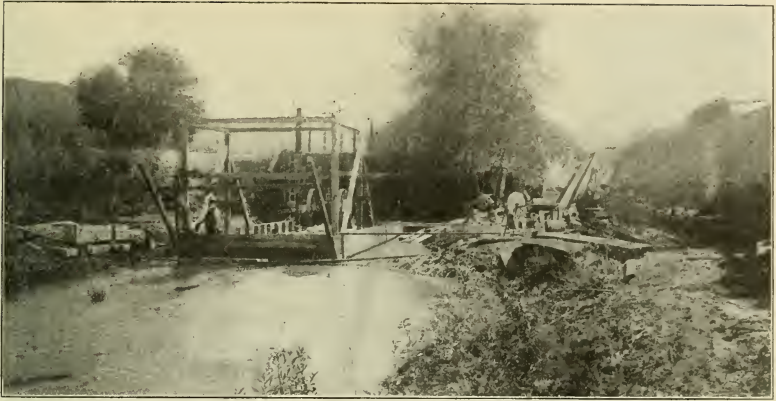
It is a matter of less concern to the farmer of today where he is geographically located, than it is how he is located. He must be where nature provides three

essentials—climate, soil and water. Markets are sure to find him. But if he makes wise choice and combines railway advantages with the principal requisites, his future is absolutely assured. He can't starve if he tries, and if he be industrious and prudent, his savings will green out his old age into happy contentment.

Take down your map and look up Central Arizona. See how those two trancontinental railways, the Santa Fé and the Southern Pacific, stretch from everywhere to everywhere, gathering and distributing, leaving profits by the wayside to the producer on ranches and in mines.

There are so many fertile spots in Arizona that the word "desert" has become a misnomer to thousands of thrifty ranchers. The largest valleys are in Maricopa and Pinal Counties. These adjoin and are in the central part of the Territory. One is called Salt River Valley and the other Casa Grande Valley. "Things are doing" in this locality, and "doing" fast; and the prices of real estate are increasing in stimulating ratio.

The construction of the Tonto dam and reservoir, seventy miles from Phoenix, and the rehabilitation of Casa Grande Valley Canal, in Pinal County, are the active agents in causing people East and West to take notice of the prospects, present and



*Sixty-Horsepower Suction Dredger on Casa Grande Valley Canal.*

future, and of the advantages, every season, of living and ranching in Arizona.

The man who raises cattle wants to know where his markets will be, and how fixed they are. The man who raises alfalfa wants to know more than the tonnage he can count upon; he must know the certainty and stability of his markets. The fruit-grower must not only be satisfied with his yield, but he must be satisfied with the market demand for his fruit. So with melons, nuts, olives, grain, vegetables and poultry.

The mining camps contiguous to these two great valleys give stability to alfalfa and grain prices. The home demand is greater than the supply, without drawing upon the outside markets, which, by reason of geographical location, are both East and West.

Arizona cattle supply the mining camps,

and are heavily drawn upon by the markets of Los Angeles and Kansas City. It does n't require an expert to declare that such conditions make for good prices and large profits.

The climate of Central Arizona ripens fruit earlier than on the Coast, and whatever possesses sweets, be it melon, peach, grape, apricot, orange, or sugar beet, is sweeter in Arizona. The earlier ripening and the sweeter properties is the reason why Arizona oranges command twice the price of the Florida and California crop in the Eastern markets.

The immediate future of Casa Grande Valley will probably show greater proportional development than any other locality in Arizona. Why? Because it not only has soil, water, climate and markets, but because it has energy, ability and capital



*Bank of Great Reservoir, Showing Intake for Lower Canal.*



*Headgate of Casa Grande Valley Canal—Gila River at the Right.*

behind it to put it to the front, sun-high above other localities.

A canal heading in the Gila River, near Florence, the county seat of Pinal County, runs a course of forty-seven miles through the valley. The sectional map accompanying this article shows the location of canal, towns and railways. Midway of the canal there is a reservoir covering 1,940 acres. The Santa Fé and Southern Pacific railways are both in this valley, twenty-five miles apart.

Under the canal, large enough to irrigate an immense area, 25,000 acres of fertile, level valley land are now offered for sale for \$25 an acre, up, according to improvements already made. Ownership in the canal goes with every acre sold under the canal.

The Gila River is the largest tributary of the Colorado River. Its water-shed comprises an area of 17,834 square miles. It heads in New Mexico and runs across the full width of Arizona. One of the principal branches of the Gila is the San Pedro River, which heads in Old Mexico. The water of the Gila is abundant for irrigating an immense area, and Casa Grande Valley is so located as to take the water at the most favorable point on the river.

The Government report on Water Supply mentions Casa Grande Valley as follows: "The climate is adapted to the raising of

diversified crops; the grade of the country is uniform, and suitable for the application of water, and the soil is exceedingly fertile. The river (Gila), which carries a large amount of sediment, containing many fertilizing materials, will keep this land in a state of continuous productiveness."

Casa Grande Valley produces immense crops of alfalfa and grain. In this section wheat averages from 1,800 to 2,200 pounds to the acre, and barley from 1,800 to 2,500 pounds. In Arizona, sixty pounds of wheat make a bushel, and fifty-six pounds of barley equal a bushel. Alfalfa yields from six to ten tons to the acre each season. The price of alfalfa loose or baled in the Spring of 1906 was \$9 a ton.

If a farmer prefers to turn his attention to horticulture he may grow peaches as fine as the famous Eastern Delaware and Great Lakes' peaches. Grapes are even sweeter than in the most favored localities of California. Apricots are the best in the United States, and figs and dates are great bearers. The lemon, orange and grape fruit have a natural citrus home in the valley. The olive tree flourishes here under all conditions. Almonds, walnuts and pecans are productive and profitable. The extra high quality and the high price of Arizona oranges have been mentioned elsewhere in this article.

Bee-raising, and poultry industry are





*A Vista of Casa Grande Valley Canal.*

greatly lucrative. At least one-third of the poultry supply for the Coast trade during the holiday seasons comes from Eastern markets. Here is an opportunity for Central Arizona to go to the front, and it appeals to persons who purpose locating in Casa Grande Valley.

As elsewhere in Arizona the school system of Pinal County is upon an advanced educa-

tional standard, as good as may be found in the Eastern States. Florence has a graded school, with five teachers. Graduates from the eighth grade may enter the Territorial University, or either of the Territorial Normal Schools, without further preparatory work. There are thirteen school districts in Pinal County. The attendance averages nearly one thousand scholars.



*A Corner of the 1,940-Acre Reservoir, Midway of Casa Grande Valley Canal.*



*Gila River, Near Head of Casa Grande Valley Canal.*

Teachers' salaries are from \$65 to \$100 a month.

The population of Arizona is fully ninety per cent American-born. The Territory is largely peopled from the Middle West and South. The altitude of Casa Grande Valley is fifteen hundred feet.

Mining in Pinal County is very active. Gold, silver and copper abound in rich deposits.

Few other places have such fascinating and historic surroundings as Casa Grande Valley. Here is mine wealth and valley richness. Here is mountain stream and game galore. Here is evidence of farming by irrigation more than ten centuries old. The Casa Grande Ruins, in this valley (now protected by the United States Government), was a fortress of the Toltecs a thou-

sand years ago. There are several so-called "dry-lakes" which were evidently storage reservoirs for the prehistoric races.

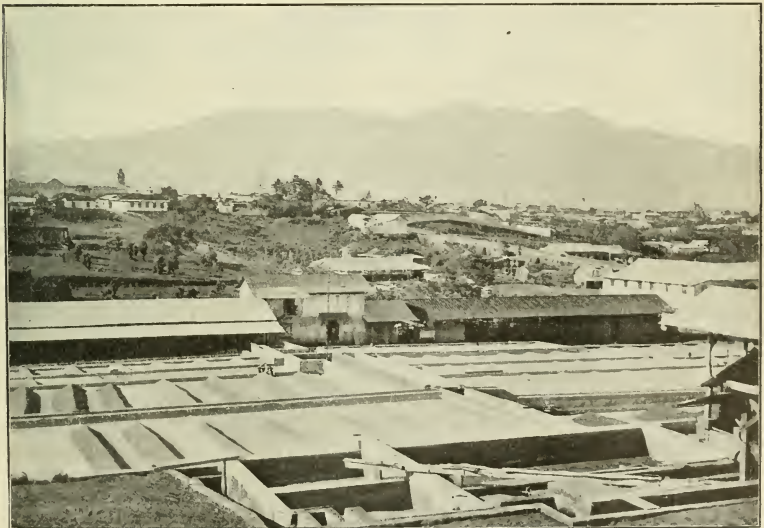
Good living, remunerative farming, healthful climate, and splendid investment await the home-seekers who locate in the Casa Grande Valley. Prices are low, and terms are so favorable that all who are looking for the *best* can not afford to overlook this valley.

This great irrigating system, and the large acreage along the Casa Grande Valley Canal, are under the control and direction of Mr. J. Ernest Walker. He has been an upbuilder of Central Arizona for twelve years. He has assisted in the development of other irrigating plans and propositions, and has "made good" for the farmers.



*Port Limon, the Principal Seaport of Costa Rica. From This Port 5,000,000 Bunches of Bananas Are Shipped Across the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans Every Year.*

## A PROSPEROUS REPUBLIC

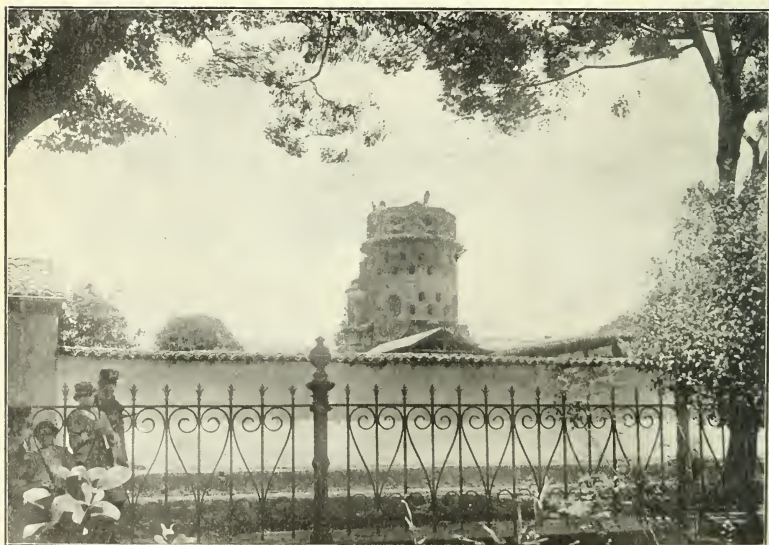


*San Jose, the Capital and Principal City of Costa Rica; a Place of 20,000 Population, Located Midway Between the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. At the Coffee Beneficio in the Fore-ground, 2,000,000 Pounds of Coffee Are Annually Cured and Sacked.*



*United States Consulate, San Jose, Costa Rica.*

## A PROSPEROUS REPUBLIC



*Old Fort, Around Which Many Stirring Events in the Political History of the Republic of Costa Rica Have Taken Place.*



*Cathedral at Heredia, One of the Oldest Towns in Costa Rica.*

## A PROSPEROUS REPUBLIC



*Another Old Church at Heredia.*



*Hacienda, or Planter's Home, in the Tierra Caliente, or Low Lands, Costa Rica.*

## A PROSPEROUS REPUBLIC



*Banana Planter's Home, on the Low Lands of Costa Rica. Bananas Grow Only near Sea Level.*

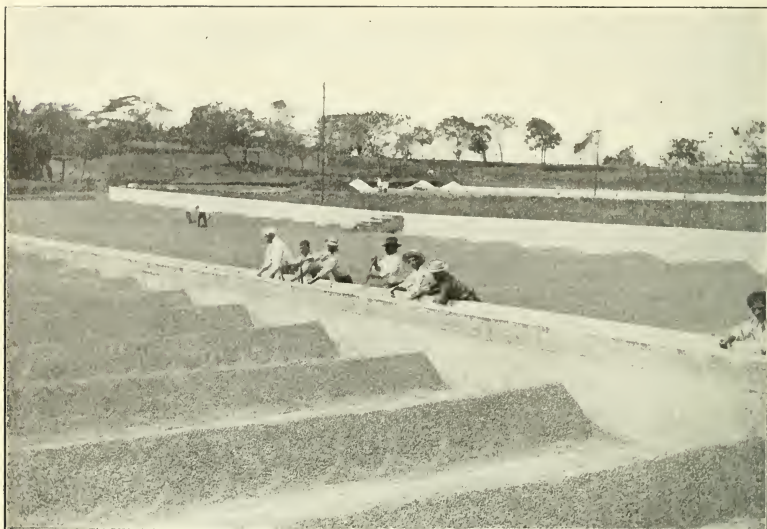


*Coffee Planter's Home, on the High Lands of Costa Rica. Coffee Grows Best at an Altitude of From 2,000 to 5,000 Feet.*

## A PROSPEROUS REPUBLIC



*Coffee Pickers Ready to Begin Work Near San Jose, Costa Rica. Coffee Trees Require Shade, and for This Purpose the Fast-Growing Banana Is Used.*



*Washing and Drying Coffee at the Beneficio, at San Jose, Costa Rica.*

## A PROSPEROUS REPUBLIC



*An American Buyer Inspecting Coffee in the Store-House, With a View to Its Purchase.*



# The Seattle Spirit

What It Is and What It Has Accomplished for the City  
Which Gave It Birth

By C. B. Yandell

Secretary Seattle Chamber of Commerce



THE Seattle Spirit is really about twenty-five years old. It had its birth back in the pioneer days with the first dreams of a great city on Elliott Bay. They did n't call it the Seattle Spirit then. It was only pure grit and hustling endeavor on the part of a peculiarly energetic and public-spirited set of men who have ever since remained at the front of the endeavors of the people to better themselves and their neighbors. The name, Seattle Spirit, came later. It was a chance phrase used in some now-forgotten speech and picked up and retained because it crystalized that indomitable will power and energy which was growing stronger and surer as it rose upon accomplished tasks. It was nothing new; it was just old enough and sturdy enough to be christened.

One does n't often hear of it in Seattle when speaking to Seattle people. They accept it as a matter of course. But every visitor notices it and talks about it. To him, it is the most wonderful thing about the wonderful city. He frankly says it surprises him and he is particularly struck with the absence of jealousy among the men who are its representatives in the great undertakings which this spirit sets as their tasks.

The Seattle Spirit has become such a feature and a factor in the life of the city that many attempts have been made to give it a definition. Perhaps the best is that given by I. A. Nadeau, director-general of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, to be held in Seattle in 1909, to a newspaperman who asked him to define it. He said:

"The Seattle Spirit is the combined energy of all the people set in motion at the right time to achieve that which is for the common good."

It is just that. Without it Seattle could not have risen in a quarter of a century from a little trading post for itinerant loggers and steamboat men, set on a little mud bank at the foot of the wooded hills which scarcely afforded room for the cabins of the handful of settlers, to a great city, with broad paved streets and a spreading, level business district.

The Seattle Spirit is a veteran, battle-scarred fighter. It has been a fight for twenty-five years to make the Seattle of today. Nothing came unconquered. The very hills had to be annihilated. The railroads had to be fought. The battle for the great commerce of the North is an unending battle. Yet it has seemed through all these years all that was necessary, when the need was realized and the time at hand, was to sound the alarm. Then, just as in the days of the old fights with the Indians, the people of Seattle have come running to the block-house, or, rather, the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, and the thing was done.

It has never yet failed and the people of Seattle have come to believe the Spirit irresistible. In the past, it has upset the calculations of great railroad presidents. constructed a great battleship, set at naught the mandates of Cabinet officials, swept away the topographical barriers which for a time cut the city off from communication with the great land to the East and launched an international exposition.

Perhaps this last accomplishment is its greatest and at the same time a most vivid example of the way it has permeated the whole population and spread to the thousands of newcomers, who have flocked to Seattle in the past two or three years. It was announced by the management of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition that on a

certain day the subscription books would be thrown open to the public for the purpose of raising a half million dollars with which to launch the exposition. Some one suggested that one day ought to be enough for Seattle to do that. The call went out. "Everybody Helps" was adopted as a motto. The Seattle Spirit did the rest. In less than sixteen hours \$600,090 had been guaranteed and the success of the exposition assured.

Seattle is proud of that achievement, but it is not claimed even by the most enthusiastic among her citizens that it was accomplished without a struggle. The Seattle Spirit is a hard task-master. At the eleventh hour of that busy, exciting day, some of the more conservative men at the head of the work became alarmed. They feared that there would be a balance to raise on the morrow. That would be unbearable. The alarm was again sounded.

"Seattle must not admit to the world that she has failed," it said. And the word flew from mouth to mouth, by telephone and in automobiles bearing banners with the slogan, "Everybody Helps." It was probably unnecessary, but it was the Seattle Spirit striking quickly and surely in an emergency.

Among the crowd which surged into the Chamber of Commerce and Alaska Club with checks and gold in their hands in response to this appeal was a white-haired old man. He is 80 years of age. Once he was a well-to-do professional man of Seattle—a pioneer—but in recent years he has been dependent upon a modest salary in a minor capacity with the Government. He subscribed \$200 which, it was later ascertained, was one-tenth of his yearly income.

"I haven't much of this world's goods," he said to the clerk to whom he gave his subscription, "but the city which gave me all I have is entitled to her share. I only wish it could be more."

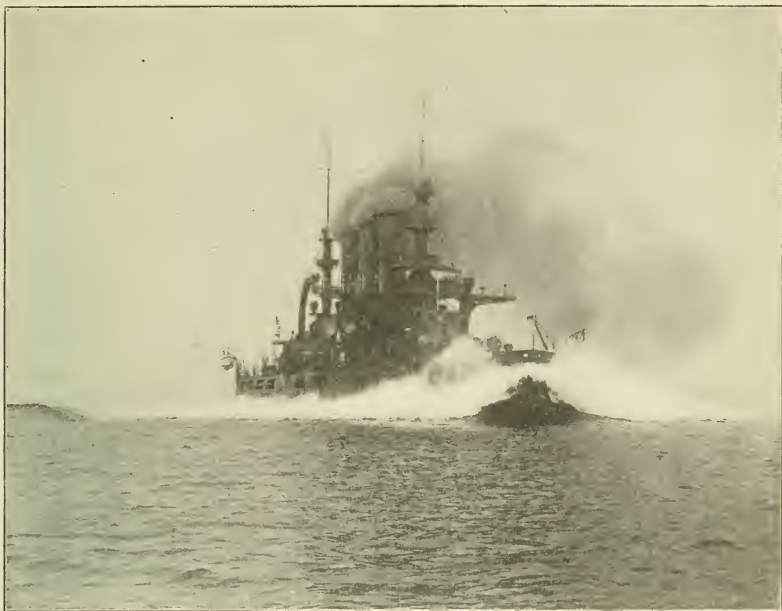
That is an individual instance of the Seattle Spirit.

The first noteworthy appearance of this manner of doing things manifested itself something more than twenty-five years ago, when it was realized that if the plans and apparent determinations of the railroad interests were to be allowed to have their way unopposed, the little hamlet on Elliott Bay

would always remain a mere loggers' rendezvous. It was practically shut off from the rest of the continent by land and the magnificent waterways to Alaska, California and the Orient were useless without it. In order to gain the connection with the rest of the continent upon which the very existence of the town depended it was necessary to build a line of railway into the coal mining districts in the eastern portion of the county and thence across the Cascades into Eastern Washington, so that an interchange of products could be established and Seattle obtain a commerce outside of mere local trading.

The first alarm was sounded and a mass meeting called. The people decided that they would build the railroad themselves. This was characteristic of many similar events in the years that have followed. Seattle seems to have a faculty for determining to do first, and providing the ways and means as they are needed. Instead of waiting to sell bonds or finance the undertaking by usual methods, these men who were leaders in the growth of the Seattle Spirit simply took off their coats and with pick and axe and shovel went to work themselves to build that railroad by the sweat of their brows. They were men whose names now appear on the directorates of banks and great corporations, and how well they planned was recently shown when the very right of way which they literally hacked out of the forest was chosen by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad as the best route by which to cross the Cascades and enter Seattle from Eastern Washington.

Another striking example of this patriotic energy was in 1901, when the Government called for bids for the construction of the battleship *Nebraska*. The differential allowed Pacific Coast bidders was not sufficient to cover the increased cost in labor and material over that of the Atlantic Coast. It was estimated that it would make a difference of \$100,000 in the cost of the work over and above the allowances the Government was willing to make. But a few days remained in which bids could be filed. The award of such a contract to a Seattle firm meant a great demonstration of Seattle's resources. Incidentally the work would give employment to a small



*Battleship Nebraska—A Product of the Seattle Spirit.*

army of skilled laborers for several years.

"Does Seattle want the battleship contract?" was the question asked by the newspapers the day after these facts had become established.

Seattle certainly did and before the ink on the papers was dry a subscription list had been started and within forty-eight hours pledges for the full sum of \$100,000 had been secured. The contract was awarded to a Seattle firm and \$4,000,000 in wages and material was transformed into the battleship *Nebraska*, which in June last on her trial run exceeded the Government requirements in all respects.

For nearly twenty years it has been the dream of Puget Sound shipping interests to obtain from the Federal Government an appropriation for a great ship canal to connect Puget Sound with the great expanse of fresh water in Lake Washington, adjoining the city on the eastern side, thereby creating one of the finest fresh-water harbors in the world. Though des-

ultory recognition of the merits of this plan was given by Congress from time to time, hostile department heads and bureau chiefs blocked the work until it became evident that if the canal was ever to be built Seattle must build it herself.

So, in the Spring of 1906, a Seattle capitalist came to the front with an offer to undertake the work himself if the city and county would provide \$500,000 toward the cost of the undertaking. By a practically unanimous vote, this was agreed to and it is now proposed to complete the canal within the next two years. According to the Government estimates this work would cost them \$6,000,000 and require six years to complete.

The Seattle Chamber of Commerce, through influences exerted upon Congress, has obtained from the Government a relinquishment of its equity in the canal right of way, donated by King County several years ago, and express authority to dig the canal by private enterprise. Upon its completion it is to be turned over to the

Government of the United States to control and maintain as an invaluable adjunct to the commerce of the Pacific.

But it is in little things that the Seattle Spirit is most effective, and the wonderful advertising which the once unknown city has received throughout the East in the last two or three years is the work of individual citizens, working without direction or incentive other than the general welfare of the city. There are no brass bands or advertising cars. Every citizen who travels outside of the state just talks Seattle to the ready listeners in the hotel lobbies,

at the clubs and on the railroad trains. He has the Seattle Spirit, that's all, and the flock of constantly arriving additions to the population is ample reward for him, even if he does n't own property for which these arrivals mean increased values.

This spirit has made the city harmonious. There is but little bitterness, even in politics, and what there is is short-lived. It is a case of all pulling together and all pulling hard at the right time. It is perhaps this, more than anything else, which marks the spirit of Seattle as different from that of many other cities.

## The West

By Margaret Ashmun

A while, inert she lay, with harsh unrest  
 Chafing her soul; bewildered, unaware,  
 She felt a strange, new power to hope and dare—  
 A latent force that yearned to be expressed.  
 More potent still, there grew within her breast  
 That proud self-knowledge; marvellously fair,  
 She glimpsed her golden future; calmly there  
 She rose, superb—the wondrous, pulsing West!  
 With tireless heart and footstep strong and sure,  
 She moves toward something beautiful and fine;  
 Her vision clear, and purpose high and pure  
 Seem centered in some distant heavenly sign,  
 That symbols, growing ever less obscure,  
 Her late-discovered destiny divine.



*One of the Wells of the California Farmland Company.*

## The Farming of Tulare County, California



HE agricultural heart of California is beating with unfailing energy and the pulsations are felt in every extremity of the fertile state.

Tulare County is justly termed the "heart of California," midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, equally distant from the eastern and western boundaries and centrally located in the great San Joaquin Valley.

The "farmer's paradise" would be a better term to apply were it not for the presence in Eastern Tulare County of lofty mountain ranges that for all-time will defy

agricultural attacks upon their rock-ribbed sentinels. Yet, these same mountains are directly the cause of the intense farming through the length and breadth of the flat, rich lands in the bottom of this basin.

On a moonlight night, one may look from the plains about Tulare Lake, a distance of from 60 to 80 miles, to the crest of the lofty Sierra Nevada Mountains and clearly discern the snow line that is a visible guarantee of plentiful water for future crops.

Without the mountains, Tulare County would be like any other section—just dirt. Away off in the distance, about where the snow line manifests itself to the eye at 10 o'clock P. M., stand the gigantic trees



*One Cutting From One Hundred Acres of Delta Land.*

that typify the works of both nature and man in the state of golden opportunities. "Giant Forest" contains the largest trees in the world; trees that have been growing since the soil of the delta lands was solid rock about their feet. The constant wash, wash of the water for centuries has carried rich deposits of silt from the mountain peaks to the fertile plains and formed a soil that for richness is unsurpassed and unduplicated.

Several rivers and their tributaries find source in the cañons that add beauty to the mountain ranges, from whence they wind and percolate their devious courses to the plains that lie baked and brown beneath the California sun.

Great power plants are in operation along the water courses. Miles upon miles of irrigating ditches are carrying water to remote sections. Immense packing houses, sugar factories, raisin-seeding plants, wineries and warehouses are scattered along the railroads that traverse the heart of California like

great arteries of commerce. Thousands of heads of cattle, horses and hogs grow fat on the abundant alfalfa pastures. Turkeys and chickens roam the harvested wheat fields in a vain endeavor to "walk off their fat." Bees hum in the alfalfa blossoms a merry thanksgiving for "life in clover." Sugar beets attain a higher perfection than is expected in other sections and grow with apparent abandon of all restraint.

There is money in sugar-beet raising—the average price paid the farmer is \$5.00 a ton and the average yield is eighteen tons to the acre. The total cost of production, including all labor, does not exceed \$30.00 per acre. To illustrate how farming is fostered and industries developed, the action of the California Farmland Company and Pacific Sugar Company is a fair example. A contract was entered into by which the Sugar Company furnishes seed at cost, and pays \$5.00 per ton for the beets raised, less the cost of seed. This agreement applies to all who secure land from the company for the



*Stock Being "Conditioned" on Alfalfa Near Tulare.*

purpose of beet-raising and assists in building up both farmer and factory.

Oranges are also a successful product of this fertile county and are shipped early in the season. They are, however, not a product of the farming lands, known as delta lands, and have no place in this article.

Dairy farming is very profitable on lands growing alfalfa. Seventy dollars per cow per year is a common average in the delta country near Tulare.

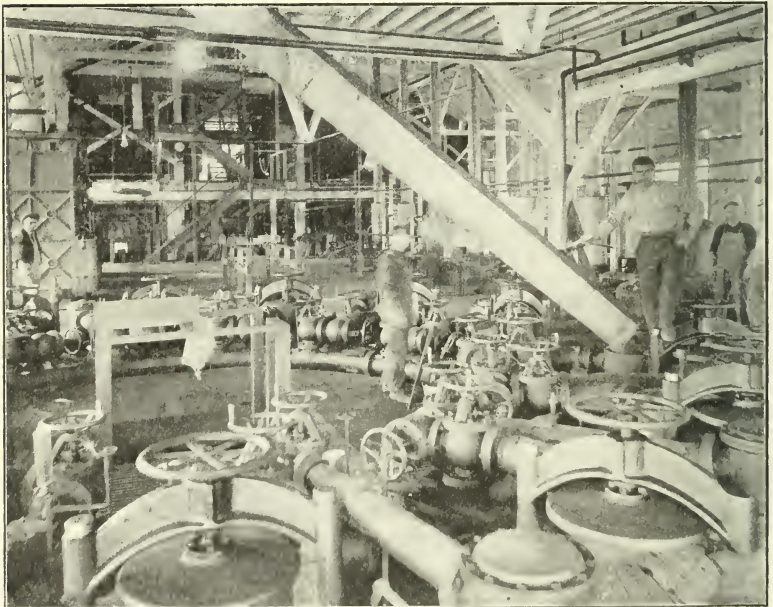
Alfalfa, the king of forage plants, grows luxuriantly throughout Tulare County. It is usually one of the first crops raised by the newcomer. Sowing the seed begins the latter part of January, and the first year's crop amounts to two or three full cuttings. After the first year the average yield is from four to six crops a year; each crop amounts to one and one-half to five tons per acre. Good alfalfa farms are most valuable and it is difficult to obtain one at a reasonable price. In this county there is a twelve-thousand-acre alfalfa ranch which is now devoted ex-

clusively to stockraising. With a good alfalfa pasture, dairying and stockraising is most profitable. Stockraising leads as a money-making industry and some of the great ranches are devoted entirely to this industry. It is not necessary, however, to have a vast domain for this purpose. One acre will properly nourish two cows or raise two steers. At least fifty thousand head of imported cattle are fattened on the alfalfa fields each year. This is in excess of the native stock. Sheep and hogs luxuriate in the rich alfalfa patches and contribute greatly to the farmer's income.

Wheat, corn, sorghum and potatoes do well in the delta lands throughout the county and especially in the regions bounding the City of Tulare. Wheat or barley can be sown in the Fall or Winter and cut during May, when the same land can be irrigated, plowed and planted with potatoes, corn or sorghum. These crops will fully mature before it is time to replant the land with wheat. One irrigation a year is sufficient for the



*Hauling Sugar Beets From the California Farmland Company's Property to Tulare.*



*Interior View of Beet-Sugar Factory at Tulare.—A Growing Industry.*





*Largest Live-Oak Tree in the World—Ten Feet Through at the Base; on the California Farmland Company's Property Near Tulare.*

season's products and when heavy rains are experienced during the Winter no artificial irrigation is necessary. At one time, Tulare County was noted for its ten or twenty-thousand-acre wheat fields; immense wheat ranches are still in existence, but the demand for smaller farms has been such that many of the large wheat fields are now producing fruit and grapes. These latter products perfect themselves early and are a high standard of quality. The fruit-growing industry of Tulare County is most imposing. Grapes for raisins and wines cover thousands of acres. They are very profitable. While the price per ton is comparatively low, the tonnage per acre is very large, and in many instances the net income averages \$150 per acre. There are records which exceed this amount, but it is a fair average. All grapes can be marketed within the confines of the county, either to wineries or raisin-packing houses.

The influx of population has exhausted all available well-watered lands, and has brought

to life irrigation enterprises galore. Good land that can be watered at small cost is becoming more scarce every year, and the large developed ranches are being cut up into ten and twenty-acre farms to satisfy the demand from all over the United States.

The great Page-Mitchell ranch near Tulare was recently sold to the California Farmland Company for such sub-division. The illustrations in this article were obtained at the company's offices in Los Angeles and show to some extent the developments of the Tulare section of Tulare County. The power that pulls the plow and milks the cow is really the desire for comfortable existence—for money to buy necessities and luxuries.

The great majority do not understand Tulare County as it really is, but a general awakening to the possibilities that lie dormant in the rich alluvial soil has already begun, and delta lands will soon find their level in price as compared with the best lands in the more thickly populated sections.



*View Looking East Along the Right of Way of the Chicago-New York Air Line.*

## The New Electric Railroad That Will Join New York and Chicago

How a Great Industrial Highway is Being Built by the People of the United States



THE time has come when the steam engine is unequal to the demands of a prosperous country for transportation. Electricity, which means speed, economy and efficiency, is the motive power of the present. From the Atlantic to the Pacific electric railways are being built from every industrial center out into the country and tributary towns. A hundred American cities are now dependent upon the trolley lines for the maintenance of their remarkable growth and their future increase.

On the Pacific Slope such enterprises have

found ready support and have proved successful beyond the dreams of the men who backed them. San Francisco is bringing all the cities of her vicinity, with their citizens and workmen and products, into direct connection by electric arteries; Portland has driven its street railway lines out into the plains, the valleys and along the rivers so that the rancher of the foothills is as close to his market as the banker is to his business office; Spokane is the starting point of a great electric system that is to pour the products of 10,000 square miles into her warehouses, and from Seattle, Los Angeles and Tacoma these swift carriers dart back

and forth day and night, making the miles into minutes and uniting widely-separated districts in a common prosperity.

It is natural, in view of this tremendous demand for transportation—mileage and tonnage—that between the greatest industrial centers of America the greatest of electric railroads should be built.

For years the steam roads of the United States have striven to keep pace with the demands of commerce between Chicago and New York. Every year has seen improved road-beds, larger trains drawn by more powerful engines at higher speeds. But the attempt to keep up with the requirements of the country has been unsuccessful. Each year has seen the rate of growth of the communities these roads have served outstrip the utmost increase achieved by the railroads. At last this disproportion has become so great that James J. Hill last year made the statement that "in ten years the railroads of the country expanded twenty per cent for the handling of a business that increased 110 per cent," and asserted that "it is estimated that from 115,000 to 120,000 miles of track must be built at once to take care of this immense business."

It was after consideration of these conditions that a number of men actively engaged in railroading decided that electricity was the only power that offered an immediate solution of the problem the steam roads had failed to solve. They knew that 8,600,000 people lived between Chicago and New York and required relief from the limitations put upon them by steam. They figured and surveyed and planned for four years. Then they were ready to prove that an air line from Chicago to New York City could be built to save 160 miles over the shortest steam line, that it could avoid sharp curves and heavy grades, and that their electric trains could make the distance of 750 miles in ten hours.

The Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad is now being built—not only physically but financially the most remarkable railroad in America.

The projectors of the road decided that the money to construct it should not be got from the banking interests, that it should not be paid for from the sale of bonds, but that for every hundred dollars spent a hundred dollars' worth of stock should be

issued and sold to any one who wished to have a share in an enterprise that must, by all the rules of experienced finance, prove profitable and valuable to all investors.

They then put their plans before the public and these are the general specifications of the work they asked their stockholders to pay for:

A road built of the best and most durable materials by the best engineers according to the most improved methods.

A road of the highest efficiency, reached by every device for the safety and comfort of patrons and the security of goods entrusted to it for carriage.

A road so economical in operation that the highest speeds could be profitably maintained under all circumstances—economy gained by the reduction of curves and grades to a minimum, the elimination of grade-crossings and the avoiding of cities en route.

That the railroad built to fill these specifications would be a source of profit to its builders they proved by the maxims that the line constructed without extravagance, equipped in the most perfect style, operated with the utmost efficiency, will most fully meet the demands of all business tributary to it, will build up the most loyal clientele and avoid most easily the manipulation of adverse interests.

Having convinced the investing public of these facts the planners of the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad proceeded to carry out their project in exact detail as they, as life-time railroad operatives, could effectively do. A straight line to the Pennsylvania mountains was surveyed and construction begun on the first division by the organization of The Goshen, South Bend & Chicago Railroad Company, the stock being owned by the parent concern. The population served by this road is 190,000 and includes the towns of Whiting, Tolleston, Hobart, Chesterton, Rolling Prairie, New Carlisle, La Porte, South Bend, Mishawaka, Elkhart, Goshen, Niles, Michigan City, St. Joseph, Benton Harbor and Buchanan. This section, when in operation, will prove profitable in itself.

The new electric road does not, as do the railroads operated by steam, have to depend on freight traffic for its support. Its first intention is to fasten upon the passenger

traffic between all cities lying between Chicago and New York City by offering speed, comfort and luxury impossible on any train drawn by a locomotive. Owing to economy of operation it can always give its unexcelled service at a lower cost to the traveler than is possible for the rival steam road.

But it can easily be seen that with no curves, low grades and economy of power the electric road can at any time bid for freight business against any rival, and the time will soon come when merchandise may be shipped from New York and be delivered in Chicago within twenty-four hours by the huge electromotives that will draw the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line's heavy freight trains at an average speed of from 50 to 75 miles an hour.

As the United States is always anxious to improve its mail service, the new road reasonably expects to have the bulk of the mail-carrying, for no government can fail to utilize a system that shortens the time between the two greatest cities of a continent by ten hours—twenty-four hours to the merchant.

Wholly apart from its value as an artery between the great industrial centers, this longest of electric roads will draw together for mutual benefit the scores of local lines scattered throughout its territory. It goes without saying that no trolley road within ten miles of it can afford not to build to a junction, and all experience shows that within a few years of its completion the Chicago-New York Electric will have fifty times its own mileage directly tributary to it.

Of the innumerable details of this, the greatest electrical system proposed, many in the working out have a remarkable interest as showing the different conditions of operation of the steam road and the electric road. For example, the great aim of the steam railroad is to run through towns and cities, thus making them feed it. The Chicago-New York Electric Air Line, on the contrary, avoids towns and cities because franchises cost heavily and are taxed heavily, whereas the electric road does not need to run into a town, owing to the multiplicity of local lines that will connect it with every center of any size. Further, avoidance of cities and towns means no need for grade-crossings or expensive maintenance of big terminals and yards within city limits.

But to the investor the vast difference between this new electric road and all the steam roads that have gone before it is the fact that the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line has no debts, no bonds, no preferred stock, no watered stock, no assessments and no personal liability. It is owned, every foot of it, every pound of it, by the stockholders who are building it. In some ways this is not so strange as it seems, for the banking interests of the country through which it passes are much concerned with the prosperity of the steam roads. Naturally, they do not look with favor nor lend encouragement to an enterprise avowedly to meet the demands that they themselves have failed to meet.

The result of this way of financing the project illustrates the ease with which rate regulation may be obtained, if the ownership of a big corporation is divided among many who can not be frozen out nor forced out by reorganization. For the owners of the stock of the Chicago-New York Electric are the owners of the road and have first claim upon it. Their interests are the interests of the country through which the road passes, and thus the directorate are not only guided but checked in their every deliberation by the wishes of the investors who are also its patrons and customers.

Further to safeguard investors the builders of this road have devised two plans: Stockholders experienced in railroading will have first call on positions on the road and all employes will be encouraged to become stockholders; every certificate of stock, also, has been made redeemable at its par value in transportation at current rates over any portion of the line in operation.

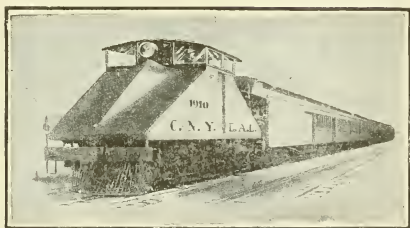
It is by such provisions for assuring the stockholder that his money is always his at his call that the money for the construction of the road is being paid in at a rate that already insures the speedy completion of this immense project. But in addition to all these inducements it has been arranged that purchasers of stock may pay up in instalments, making the entire subscription method popular in every detail.

It will be interesting to watch the progress of this great electric trunk line, built by its stockholders, owing nothing except to them, eliminating distances and reducing transportation costs. But deeper than interest in

its financial success will be that of the thoughtful man, viewing for the first time in history a railroad with stockholders along every mile of its lines and therefore having friends in every vicinity of its territory. What may not such a road do toward popular ownership of common carriers, yet always following the rules and maxims of successful business?

The prosperity of a country depends directly upon the willingness of its people to invest in new enterprises. What no one

man or group of men can do the savings of thousands accomplish with ease. The past year has shaken the faith of the American public in many forms of investment, where a few garnered the profits earned by the money of a million. The Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad Company recognizes the new demands that investors make before they will put their money into the safest of enterprises. Its success will thus illustrate advances not alone in engineering and electrical science, but also in the science of finance.



*A Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Electro-Motive.*

# Impressions

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

There is a great cry for more cars, and a lamentation among the people that their servants, the railways, have the air of a master. It is the people's own fault. In the clash between the advocates of public ownership of railways on the one side, and railway ownership of the public on the other, the true reconciliation of ideas

## *The Railway Situation*

seems to be lost sight of, viz., the actual management should be left to private hands, but only as admitted trustees for the people. I have made this suggestion a great many times, but as the Legislature for Oregon is about to convene, I cannot refrain from again calling attention to the fact that the true distinction seems to me to be this: That the people are the ultimate owners of railway service,—the beneficial owners; the holders of the equitable estate, or whatever you please to term the people's natural and inherent right to control the use of the public highways; and to the private individual belongs the duty of management. If to private enterprise be left the actual management of railroad properties, but only so long as they are managed as well as anybody else can and will, then private enterprise is not robbed of any legitimate profits, nor is personal incentive destroyed. Moreover, this plan will keep the active management of railways out of politics. And it seems to me to be founded on the true philosophical distinction that active management is done best by the individual, but that the true essence of control, the selection of managers and the terms of management, must rest with the people. The railways are the common highways of modern society, and are supported by the social aggregation of men, and it is certain that in some way they must be compelled to serve the people as servants. If the private managers could by law be ousted from control whenever any other people offered and showed themselves able to give a better service or a lower rate, this would be the same thing as competition over the same track or right of way. A private management would not dare to be discriminating, tyrannical or grasping, for fear that it would be met with a competitive bid to take the property out of its hands.

The whole thing, except in point of magnitude, seems to involve no greater problem than ousting the trustee of a private property for his neglects or malfeasance, and the ap-

pointment of a new trustee in his place by the court on the petition of the one entitled to the benefits from the property.

President Roosevelt is to be criticised in the Senate for his discharge by executive order of three companies of colored infantry because they refused to disclose which of their comrades "shot up" the town of

Brownsville, Texas, and killed a white man. It is said the President punished the innocent with the guilty and pun-

## *The Higher Loyalty*

ished without a trial.

It is said, and with undoubted truth, that had any of these men betrayed their comrades they would have been disgraced and ostracized for life. The soldiers were between the devil and the deep sea. Either tell and be damned by the army and every one else, or refuse to tell and be dismissed.

Like many another evil, this one has its root in a false idol of the people. Loyalty to comrades is fine. But loyalty to criminals is treason to society. Loyalty to company mates who have set discipline at defiance and disgraced their profession is disloyalty to that higher duty to maintain the honor of the army and make it a protection, not a menace. When these men, knowing the guilty ones, refused to give them up, they themselves became guilty of a new offense, viz., breach of discipline and of their sworn duty, and disloyalty to the army and to their country.

There is such a thing as honor among thieves. There is a true disgrace to him who, being a partner in crime, becomes informer to save himself; but there is also a disgrace to those who, not being partners in the crime and knowing the criminals, refuse to do their duty to society and the army in bringing the offenders to light. I have known an Indian tribe to deliver up a murderer rather than have the tribe and the man's kith and kin endure the disgrace of harboring a malefactor.

That is a higher loyalty than to the man himself. It is loyalty to the tribe and to an ideal.

Of course, I assume in these remarks that the members of the disbanded companies knew which men were responsible for the outrage. But has it been clearly shown that they did know?

Heresy is a fine thing. All the great thoughts of the world were once heretical. All of the progress was heresy. Heresy is revolt. And by rebellion only has the world progressed. Theology is not morality—not

*Heresy  
A Fine Thing*

religion. Theology is superstition. Dr. Crapsey has been expelled from the Episcopal Church because he did not believe Christ had no human father and did not believe he ascended into heaven in very flesh and blood, carrying with him human and perishable organs as a means to immortal life. The laity are free to disbelieve, but the clergy not. For the credit of the brains of the church, it is to be hoped that the bulk of its clergy ought to be expelled, but as its governors seem to think the literal belief in the Holy Ghost as a father, and the resurrection and ascension in very flesh and blood, are part of the rules of the game, of course Dr. Crapsey must play according to rule or quit.

But what has all this to do with real morality? With right living and right teaching? What difference does it make in the precepts and the example of Christ who his father was? Or whether he ascended into the clouds in flesh, which is heir to worms?

Speaking for myself, I feel a distinct gain in believing that Christ was very man. He is nearer. His example is more hopeful and helpful. Men cannot hope to emulate a god, but what a man has done a man may hope to do.

As a poor young man of mortal parents, he is my brother, and more inspiring than the god who by his godhead is set apart from me, and by his godhead deprived of any credit for his meek, long-suffering holiness. As a god and a son of God, his life was predestined and inevitable. As a brother of the dust, his life shines as an example for all

time, glorious to himself and encouraging to me.

I hope the churches will expel all the Crapseys until at last the residuum of superstition and foolish theology which remains can be herded together and driven down a steep place into the sea.

We are told that the next giant our worthy President intends to slay, aided by his champion, Secretary Root, is States Rights. It is strange how much each generation has to learn for itself. History has demonstrated

*The Question of  
States Rights*

the truth that the germ of happiness and contentment is local self-government—not as a phrase of democratic campaign oratory, but as a crystallized fact. It is so true that every remove whatever of power to a distant center means misunderstanding and oppression of the distant communities, that one would think it would be one of the world's accepted truths, no longer to be discussed. Yet in this republic, as in every other republic, the growth is steadily toward the center. There is a growing inclination to lean on the general government and to create more and more bureaus in Washington, with more and more power. That power will in time be abused as all power has been, in the interests of a shrewd few, and our descendants will turn from the corruption of bureaucracy to the benevolent despot, as Rome turned from the corruption of her plutocratic oligarchy to the strong hand of Caesar, forgetting that the power given to a Caesar may be used by a Nero. Of course, we shall use different terms and preserve modern forms of free government. Possibly the form will be state socialism; but whatever the form, if centralization be its essence, we shall again demonstrate the truth that where power is given there will be tyranny and corruption.

# The Lighter Side

Written by Hugh Herdman unless otherwise designated

## A Happy Thought.

"Larry, dear," murmured the sweet, young wife, will you do something for me?"

"Why, of course I will, sweetheart," he replied, looking at her sidewise.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed, nestling closer to him. "I knew you would."

"Well, what is it?" he asked, with some degree of anxiety.

"This is 1907, you know, dear, and I want you to promise me that you will swear off swearing."

"But sometimes I can't help it, you know."

"Yes, you can."

"No, I can't. You dont know how it is. When I get real hot, something seems to expand inside of me, and I feel as if I should blow up; but when I swear, why, then I am all right. I am just like a boiler, you know, and swearing is the safety valve."

"But, please, Larry, for my sake. It hurts me terribly to have you swear."

"But I can't."

"Yes, you can. Please! You said you would."

"Well, then, just to please you, I will swear off swearing—(sotto voce) off."

## Misspent.

Bridget—Where 's the week's wages yez promised to bring home?

Pat—Hic! Well, Bridget, darlint, I spint thim.

Bridget—Spint thim, did yez? And me here to home with niver a bite to ate!

Pat—Now—hic—Bridget, darlint, dont get excited. I spint thim a-drinkin' ye'er health.

Bridget—Drinkin' me health, was it? Well, be heavins, yez had better been drinkin' ye'er own, because whin I git through wid yez, yez 'll be the sickest mon in the eighth ward. Where 's me mop?

## Why So-Called, Then?

Boy Patient—Can you walk on your hands?

Nurse—No, dear, I can't do anything like that.

Boy Patient—I thought you said you were a trained nurse.

## His Notion.

Willie—Pop, what 's a pessimist?

Father (whispering)—A pessimist, my son, is a person who is always saying, "I told you so."

## Cheaper.

Smith—I hear that your safe was blown open last night and rifled. Did the burglars get anything of value?

Smythe—Yes, they found a hundred dollars, but they overlooked a thousand in gold in one of the compartments.

Smith—Did you catch them?

Smythe—No.

Smith—Notify the police?

Smythe—No, we thought we would rather keep the thousand.

\* \* \*

## Mistook His Calling.

First Senator—Roosevelt would have made a great composer, would n't he?

Second Senator—Because he composes so many messages? Yes. But think what a great conductor he would have made!

First Senator—How is that?

Second Senator—Why, who would have dared to miss a note when he wielded that big stick?

\* \* \*

## Could Afford It.

Mistress—Why, Dinah, you are n't really going to marry that Silas Johnson, are you?

Dinah—Yas, missus, Ah is.

Mistress—But he is a worthless, trifling, lazy, no-count nigger. A woman like you can't afford to marry a man like that.

Dinah—Yas, Ah kin, missus. Ah 's got fo' washin's er week now, an' Ah reckon Ah kin affo'd some lux'ries.

\* \* \*

## One of Many.

Sylvia (who just dotes on literature)—How do you like David Harum?

Sophia (who just dotes on men)—David Harum? That name is familiar. Oh, yes, I remember him now. He was at the seashore last Summer, and I was engaged to him. But really, he was quite impossible, dont you know.

\* \* \*

## An Unbeliever in Proverbs.

Barnes (unctiously)—A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Cornell—Well, maybe; but I prefer a friend who does n't need to borrow.

\* \* \*

## It Held Him.

Shoe Salesman—What a small foot you have!

Lady Customer—Yes, in trading for shoes I offer little to boot.



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SWISS MILK  
Chocolate

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in Quality"*



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(for eating) has furnished a delicacy and a food in one luscious combination a distinct from ordinary eating chocolate as the Alps are from foot-hills. There's no describing the taste, yet the tongue can tell it. It has the smooth, rich, full-cream flavor which Swiss milk gives when combined with pure chocolate as only D. Peter of Vevey, Switzerland, blends it. The proof is in the eating.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Importers, 78 Hudson Street, NEW YORK.

DAN CUPID SHY BUT MIGHTY SPRY.

A winding road; a moonlit night;  
 A horse and buggy trig;  
 A maiden fair and youthful wight  
 Out driving in the rig.  
 His heart beat fast; his earnest gaze  
 The old, o'd story told.  
 But love is shy; Dan Cupid's ways  
 Are never overbold.

Up hill, down dale the couple drove  
 By many a dreamy lea;  
 And still the youth told not his love,  
 Lest he should jilted be.  
 But by and by he bolder grew,  
 And this is what he sighed:  
 "Dear Mae, if I'd propose to you,  
 Oh, would you be my bride?"

And then the maiden slyly said,  
 "Your steed would run away!  
 How could you now propose to wed,  
 And seal the bargain, pray?  
 Your arms and both your hands you need  
 Those vexing lines to hold!  
 You must engage a quiet steed,  
 To be a lover bold!"

Ah, ha! ah, ha! he took the cue,  
 And softly spoke her name.  
 "I thought of that," he told her true,  
 "And got a steed that 's tame.  
 Without a line the road he 'll trace,  
 And keep a steady gait!"  
 The maid replied, with a rosy face:  
 "Well, then, why do you wait?"  
 —Leander S. Keyser.

\* \* \*

Single Tax.

"I tell you," shouted the wildly gesticulating orator, "we ought to have a single tax in this country. It is the only sensible, the only truly economic method of taxation. It puts the burden of taxation exactly where it belongs."

"That 's right!" exclaimed some one in the rear of the hall. "Tax 'em both, old maids as well as bachelors."

\* \* \*

The Optimist's Calendar.

Sunday—Cheer up.  
 Monday—Chirrup.  
 Tuesday—Smile.  
 Wednesday—Grin.  
 Thursday—Chuckle.  
 Friday—Titter.  
 Saturday—Laugh.

\* \* \*

Song of the Sold.

My Boni lied when he came over,  
 My Boni lied yonder in France,  
 My Boni lied like a deceiver,  
 And led me a merry old dance.



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MAPLEINE

Enables the housewife to make her own TABLE SYRUP at home without cooking or trouble. (The Maple flavor produced with Mapleine is so near the genuine that it fools the old timers. It is an extract made of roots and herbs

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

### Caught.

Wife (reading)—George, listen here: "My own, sweet, little darling, I can't bear this separation from you even for a few hours. I want to be with you always. I want to hold you close to me, and look into your pretty eyes, and see there the message I always see, the three little words, 'I love you.' I want to pick the sweet kisses which I know are ripe for me upon your lips. Best of all, I know they are all mine, aren't they, my dearest little love? I want to hold your pretty little hand, the hand that is soon to be all my own, and feel the pressure that tells me you trust me, and are willing to be mine. Oh, my darling, I can hardly wait for the train that is to take me back to you! And when I shall be on my way to you, I shall hear the wheels singing on the rails, 'I love you, I love you, I love you,' always the same sweet song. My dear little sugar plum, I—"

Husband—For heaven's sake, stop! Who under the sun wrote all that rot?

Wife—It is addressed to Mary.

Husband—What! Is that young Carter such a simpleton as all that. I'll tell him a few things. I will not have him writing such silly gush to my daughter, even if he is engaged to her.

Wife—Yes, it is signed, "George."

Husband—The crazy idiot!

Wife—But, George, you used to write letters to me that—

Husband—Never, never, did I write any such nonsense as that, never.

Wife—But, George—

Husband—My dear, I am positive. I had some sense even if I was in love.

Wife—Well, George, this letter was dated twenty five years ago and addressed to me, Mary Lewis, and the signature looks wonderfully like yours.

Husband—Well, anyway, I never wrote it.

Wife—I wonder who did write that whole trunkful that I have upstairs. I must have married the wrong man. George—

Husband—For goodness' sake, can't you let me read the paper in peace!

\* \* \*

### His Fate.

"I hesitate to tell you what I see here," said the palmist.

"Go ahead," replied the man, stiffening himself, "I am prepared to know the worst."

"Well, you will be married soon, and go to housekeeping. Shortly afterwards an unscrupulous, dark man will cross your path and cause you much anxiety."

"Say no more," he hissed between clenched teeth. "It is the coal man."

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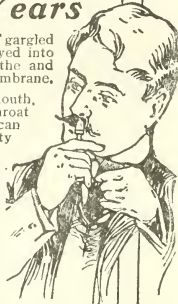
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**FROM MINNEKASOTA.**

Ya ban live in Minnekasota  
Two, free year I tank,  
I be vorke de voods and de railroads,  
But I got no pangel (money) bank;  
So I skall kum out vest den,  
To see va ya kan found;  
Some feller tell me I git yob  
To da coast on Pugit Sound.

Ya go from Minaplis  
On da road he belong to Hill;  
I git yob first day ya kum,  
Ya vork for big sawmill;  
Ya vork one week, da mill he stop,  
Ya tank da break some cog.  
Two, free week I git no yob,  
Da mill he got no log.

Ya sat round, ya got no vork,  
Ya got no money, too;  
Den, you see, I haf to look  
An see va ya skall do.  
Ya got no money, ya got no friend,  
Yes, too, I got no trade,  
So I take yob from Erickson,  
Ya vork on N. P. grade.

Ya vork one week, ya vet all time,  
Ya git cold all round;  
Ya no like dis kontry, da be no good  
By da coast vie Pugit Sound,  
Seattle, I say good-bye to you,  
I got my goback ticket yet;  
Ya go back to Minnekasota  
Vere I don't get plenty vet.

D. Barker.

\* \* \*  
**Spurious.**

Willie Cityboy—I say, why do those cowboys wear all those leather things on their legs, and those big hats, and such cruel-looking spurs?

Sagebrush Sam—Cowboys! Well, you are tender in the hoofs, aint you? Them aint cowboys; they 're dudes in trainin' for one of them plays about the West.

\* \* \*

**To Tell the Truth.**

Jones—Do you keep a girl at your suburban home?

Barnes—Well, "keep" is hardly the word to use. We sometimes have one.

\* \* \*

**Almost Always.**

Sporticus—Which game do you prefer, billiards or golf?

Gayboy—Golf, because when you make a bum play, you can say it louder.

\* \* \*

**By the Man.**

Harry—Did you ever bestow an unexpected kiss?

Fred—Yes, unexpected by me



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**The Main Thing.**

First Automobilst—I hear that West had an accident with his automobile.

Second Automobilst—Yes, it might have been a bad smash-up, but fortunately not a thing was broken about the machine.

First Automobilst—But West is in the hospital.

Second Automobilst—Ah, yes, he smashed three ribs, fractured his skull and dislocated a shoulder; but the machine was n't injured.

\* \* \*

**Those Girls.**

Madge—How well you look this morning, dear. Last night at the ball you looked—you wont mind my saying it, will you?—you looked like a fright, so pale and drawn. What braced you up?

Maud—Why—er—Harry proposed to me after the ball, and I accepted him.

Madge—Well, I'll never work on a man's sympathies if I never get married. But I am so glad, dear!

\* \* \*

**A Source of Hilarity.**

First Rider (whose horse has ditched him)—What are you laughing at? There's nothing to laugh at. Might have broken my neck or something.

Second Rider—Oh, I can't help it.

First Rider—Get down off that horse and I'll punch your face for you.

Second Rider—Dont get hot, old man. I was n't laughing at you. I was laughing because it was n't me.

\* \* \*

**Logical Inference.**

Jones—Did you see that the quantity of beer consumed last year in the United States was much larger than that of any previous year?

Fones—No, but I had reached the conclusion that the quantity of tea used was much less.

Jones—How?

Fones—From the fact that Sir Thomas Lipton intends to send another challenger next year after that cup.

\* \* \*

**Have n't You?**

Wife—Henry, have you paid the grocer's, the butcher's, the gas and the water bill for this month?

Husband—My dear, I paid them all last night. I paid them in the order that you named them, and then I woke up.

\* \* \*

**A Pleasant Disposition.**

New Yorker—Gracious! Twins! I should think they would drive you wild with their noise.

Brooklynite—Not at all. When one of them is quiet, I am so tickled that I dont notice the racket the other one is making.

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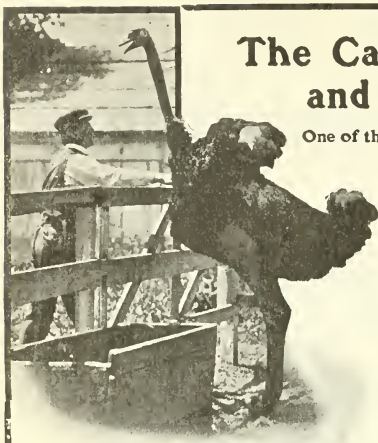
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**After This.**

Jerry was a full-blooded little chap, and of course liked to play, especially on the way home from school. His mother seemed unable to get him to come home promptly; so she appealed to the principal. He called Jerry into the office and said to him: "Jerry, if you don't go straight home from school after this, I'll have to whip you."

Jerry promised, but that very afternoon he did not arrive home until nearly dark. His mother would listen to no explanations, but insisted that Jerry must settle it with the principal.

Accordingly the next morning Jerry was again called into the office and questioned on the subject.

"Well," he said in reply, "you made me promise to go straight home after yesterday."

"Why, I didn't say anything about yesterday."

"Yes, you did. You said 'after this.'"

\* \* \*

**The True Explanation.**

Hick—That was a great scheme Demosthenes had, was n't it?

Scorner—Dont know. What was it, and who was he?

Hick—Well, he was a Greek, and, like all Greeks, he had a desire to make a name for himself. After casting around for a while

to see what niches were unoccupied, he decided that he could become most famous as an orator. So he started to orate. He used to go down to the seashore and, after filling his mouth with pebbles, address the multitudinous seas. One day, a fellow Athenian happened to run across him when he was in the middle of a great speech.

"Hello, Dem!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing? Digging clams?"

"No," said Demosthenes. "I'm orating."

"Orating? What is that you have in your month? Chewing tobacco?"

"No; rocks."

"Rocks? What in Sam Hill have you got rocks in your month for?"

"Why, to polish my voice."

"Aw, come off! That's no way to learn to be an orator. Why dont you go home and practice. When you and your wife are alone, you get up on your feet and make speeches to her."

"Say," replied Demosthenes, "I guess you dont know my wife, do you?"

\* \* \*

**Malice Aforethought.**

Simms—I'd like to buy that dog of yours, Timms. He keeps me awake nights.

Timms—What good would that do? He would still bark, would n't he?

Simms—Not longer than a minute and a half.



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THE satisfaction to be found in the possession of a home library may be largely augmented by the position and arrangement of the book-case, provided this can be accomplished without the sacrifice of too much space. For example, it should fit where the light is most agreeable

day and night, and where the books are readily accessible at all times. The sections should be graded in heights to fit the various books, and in lengths to fit the room. You can only comply with such conditions *successfully* by procuring **Globe-Wernicke** "Elastic" Book-cases, which are made to match most any finish as well as to fit most any space.

Carried in stock by over 1200 agents. Where not represented we ship on approval, freight paid. Prices uniform everywhere. Write for Catalogue R-106, containing diagram in colors of various finishes.

## The Globe-Wernicke Co. Cincinnati

BRANCH STORES: NEW YORK, 380-382 Broadway.

CHICAGO, 224-228 Wabash Ave.

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## "STEEL-POLISHED PERFECTION"

THAT'S the name of a brand of hardwood flooring that never shrinks—never opens up to show ugly and unsanitary cracks.

At first glance it looks much like other brands. The general shape is about the same.

But that's as far as the resemblance goes.

The surface is richly-polished, showing to best advantage the beautiful grain of the wood.

And the matching—always accurate. No humps and hollows after a "Steel-Polished Perfection" floor is laid. No back-breaking exercise for the carpenter in order to remedy the faults of the factory. It isn't needed—for "Steel-Polished Perfection" is always accurately tongued and grooved.

That's why "Steel-Polished Perfection" never disappoints—because it is perfect in manufacture and perfectly cured by the Exclusive Schroeder Double-drying Process.

Of course there are many good reasons for the unusual excellence of "Steel-Polished Perfection." In the first place, we are lumber manufacturers, owning every detail of the work from the forests to the finest flooring factory in the world. Then, too, we know how.

The scientific methods employed in the manufacture of "Steel-Polished Perfection" are told in a booklet that you will find interesting and instructive.

Drop us a postal today and we will send the booklet together with samples of "Steel-Polished Perfection" in Beech, Birch, Maple or Oak.

**John Schroeder Lumber Co.** No 6 WALNUT STREET  
MILWAUKEE, W I S.

If you are planning to build, mention your architect's name when you write.



We make a thin flooring which can be readily laid over old floors. Samples on request.

## An Opportunity to Invest Small Amounts

Property in Seattle pays better returns and is advancing more in value than in any other city in this country.

Would you like to share in some of the profits? If so, you can invest from \$10 up and receive safer and better returns than if you were in a position to invest thousands directly for yourself. The Seneca Land Company, with a capital of \$100,000, offers a part of its stock for sale at par, \$10 per share. The Company is under the management of the following careful Seattle men who are themselves all large stockholders in the Company:

President, Fred J. Eitel, retired contractor and large property owner;  
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 Secretary, A. Hamilton, machinery, Caldwell Bros. & Co.;  
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 Depository, Scandinavian-American Bank of Seattle.

For further particulars address

**M. B. CRANE & COMPANY**

710-713 Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Washington.

### No Cause for Alarm.

Wife (nudging her husband)—Frank!

Frank! Wake up.

Husband—Huh!

Wife (whispering)—Keep still. I hear burglars.

Husband—Huh?

Wife—Sssh! Dont make a noise. I hear burglars outside trying to get in.

Husband—Well, what do you want me to do? Get up and let 'em in? Go to sleep.

\* \* \*

### Up to Him.

Rounder—Where have you been lately, old chap? I have n't seen you around with the boys.

Bounder—No, I've been staying pretty close at home.

Rounder—Turned over a new leaf, eh?

Bounder—Not exactly. But, you see, my wife rather got the idea into her head that I am bad; so it was up to me to make good.

\* \* \*

### Synonymous.

Jack—Hello, Jim! How are you making it?

Jim—Fine.

Jack—What are you doing?

Jim—Nothing.

Jack—What! Didn't you get that political job you were after?

Jim—Yes; sure!

\* \* \*

### A Kick Coming.

Hobbs—I wish I had the nerve that some people have. I'd be wealthy if I had.

Hobson—What's wrong now?

Hobbs—Nothing, only the laundry destroyed two of my best shirts and charged me double price for laundering them because they were pleated.

\* \* \*

### A Clear Title.

Grubbs—There goes a great man.

Stubbs—Who? Simmons? Why, I never thought him above the ordinary. What has he done?

Grubbs—Did me a favor once, and has never reminded me of it.

\* \* \*

### A Preventive.

Smith—There goes that contemptible rascal, Sneakem. I've got it in for him good and plenty.

Smythe—Well, why dont you do him up and get even?

Smith—I must n't. He owes me money.

\* \* \*

### Going Some.

Dick—They say old Tightly is the stingiest man in town.

Harry—He is. Why, when his wife died, he even had the gold taken out of her teeth; said she could n't use it any more.



### CHEWING GUM BY MAIL

On receipt of 65c we will send to any address in the United States a box containing twenty 5-cent packages of Gardner's Gum—a western chewing gum that is becoming world famous because of its goodness. You'll like it.

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Advantages in the cost of producing power in Portland, in comparison with other cities of the country, enable us to make lowest rates and give the best service in the supplying of LIGHT, HEAT or POWER.

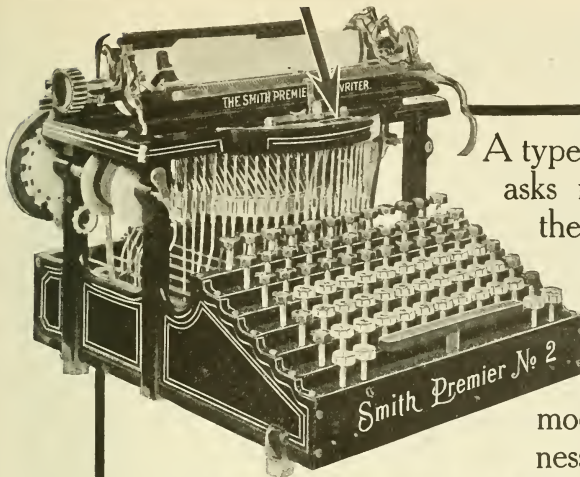
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turns out such good work that the need for correction and supervision is reduced to a minimum. Its complete keyboard, perfect alignment, natural touch and durable construction all tend to neat, errorless work. Its

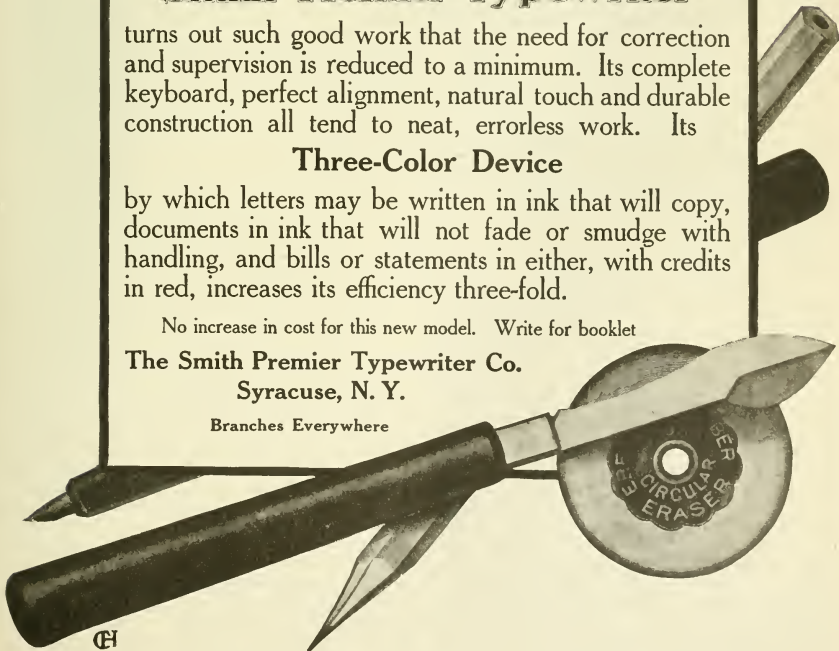
### Three-Color Device

by which letters may be written in ink that will copy, documents in ink that will not fade or smudge with handling, and bills or statements in either, with credits in red, increases its efficiency three-fold.

No increase in cost for this new model. Write for booklet

**The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.**  
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# President Suspenders

THEY MOVE... NONE SO EASY



Reach high, and the back slides.

Straighten, and the back readjusts—your trousers always stay smooth.

Presidents are the most comfortable, strong suspenders. No pulling—no shoulder pressure. Put on a pair & note the absence of strain.

Light, Medium & Heavy Weight, also Extra Long for big men & sizes for Youths and Boys. If you can't get the kind wanted, buy of us by mail.

**50 CENTS A PAIR.**

If you don't like them we will return your money. Try your home stores first

## 1907 ART CALENDAR

The President Calendar shows much artistic and delicate treatment, the subjects being four distinct types of American Womanhood, accompanied by quotations from Longfellow and Hilary. Done in 10 colors, on five 8x12-inch enameled cards, with no advertising. The pictures are suitable for framing or may be hung as they are, and are worthy a place in any collection. For 25c we will send post paid the four beautiful pictures and 1907 Art Calendar.

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The Navajo Indian's prehistoric symbol of good luck and health. Exquisitely wrought in heavy Sterling Silver. Bright polished finish with finest hard enamel. Actual length 5 inches. Suitable for lady or gentleman. The most representative Souvenir of the Southwest.

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## BROCK & FEAGANS

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4th & Broadway, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

### The True Cause.

The instructor in English in a certain Eastern women's college was young and handsome. He knew it, and he was aware that others, especially the young women under his tutelage, knew it. In fact, to his mind, his appearance was so striking that scarcely anyone could remain long in his presence without being impressed. Not that he was not interested in his work, nor that he did not try to instill into the impressionable young hearts of the fair members of his classes a love of literature. He believed implicitly in the influence of the true and beautiful upon life, especially the beautiful, and accordingly in his lectures upon literature and its prototype, life, he dwelt much upon this subject.

It was nearly a month after the opening of the Fall term. His work had begun as it usually had, under favorable auspices, and had progressed without interruption. One day, however, it dawned upon him that there was more than usual interest shown by the members of the senior class in the work. Reflection on the progress of the work since the beginning of the term brought him to the conclusion that his efforts in this, his favorite, course were at last being appreciated. He had always taken pride in doing his best for the students who were soon to leave his instruction and go out into the world, where there was so much that is sordid and unbeau-

tiful, and where appreciation of the things that are really uplifting and ennobling is too often altogether wanting. Hence his heart quickened with joy and satisfaction. Here at last was a class that was in complete accord with him.

The moment he entered the room, he noticed that the eyes of all were intently fixed upon his face. Considerate as he was, in order not to disturb their gaze or distract their attention, he kept his eyes lowered and paid close heed to his notes or manuscript. The hour passed all too rapidly for him, and when he was startled by the ringing of the bell and looked up, he glowed with enthusiasm over the smiles and looks of pleasure which he saw upon their faces. Here was a satisfaction which not all the wealth in the world could buy. To know that he could lay hold on the sensitive chords of their natures and atune them to the higher life was indeed worth living for. How fortunate it was, too, that he was in all ways, in nature, in education, and in appearance, fitted to perform this great service.

This condition continued a week or two after he first became aware of the great influence he was exerting. Then one day, after the class had left the room, and he had congratulated himself on having made even a better impression than usual, he noticed a page of paper left lying on a desk. Ah, he

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

thought, the notes which a member of the class had taken down, the salient points of the lecture. Here was an opportunity to see the result of his work, the thoughts that appealed to her. There could be nothing wrong in that, surely.

He descended from the platform and picked up the paper. He began to peruse it eagerly. The look of anticipatory pleasure faded quickly, his face became ashen, and drooping lines of disappointment appeared. He let the paper flutter to the floor and mechanically put his hand up to his collar.

The paper contained a record of the neckties which he had worn since the beginning of the year, kept in calendar form. At the bottom was this note:

"A month gone and I owe candy to every girl in the class. If my luck does n't change soon, that man will bankrupt me."

\* \* \*  
**The Idiot.**

Wife—What's the matter, dear?

Husband—Ah, nothing.

Wife—You seem cross. Haven't things gone right today at the office?

Husband—Yes.

Wife—Well, what is the matter, then? Just tired?

Husband—Aw, it's all on account of that blamed fool Wilkins. I met him on the car going down town this morning, and again coming home this evening. They've got a new baby over at their house, you know, and I'll be blamed if he didn't talk me deaf, dumb and blind about that kid of his. I tried several times to tell him about what cute things our little Fred says, but I couldn't get a word in edgewise. Blamed chump!

\* \* \*  
**Do You Remember**

The first time you wore trousers?

The first time you tried to smoke?

The first girl you were in love with?

The first time you kissed her?

The first fight you had?

The first pair of long pants you wore?

The first dress suit you had on?

The first stiff hat you donned?

The first time you proposed to a girl?

And

The last time your daddy tanned your hide?

If you dont, you never were a real boy.

You were brought up in a hothouse.

And you have nothing but water in your veins.

\* \* \*  
**Always Her Way.**

Mrs. Sharply—My husband and I get along beautifully. I always do as I please and so does he.

Mrs. Clingly—What an obliging man, always to do as his wife pleases.



# JELL-O

The Dainty Dessert

I Am Coming with the Dessert.  
**It's JELL-O.**

**Pure, Wholesome, Appetizing,  
Delicate, Delightful, Dainty.**

Do not accept any similar preparation when you ask for Jell-O. Don't run the risk of having your system filled with coal tar dyes, borax and corroding chemicals. Don't take any chances where your health is concerned.

**Jell-O is Absolutely Pure.**

**Every Package Approved by Pure Food Commissioners and so stamped.**

Stands the test of the National Pure Food Law and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Easily prepared. Simply add boiling water and set to cool.

Received Highest Award at

ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION - - - 1904.

PORTLAND - - - 1905.

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7 flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Strawberry, Chocolate, Cherry and Peach. At Grocers everywhere.

10 cents per package.

Leaflet in each package, telling how to get fancy Aluminum Jelly Molds at cost of postage and packing.

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**T**HE wonderful thing about the Edison Phonograph as an entertainer is that it gives you your kind of amusement—your kind of music. That's because it gives any kind. The man who likes old-fashioned ballads is apt to think, because he has never heard the Edison sing a ballad, that it is a rag-time instrument.

You must hear the Edison Phonograph sing or play the kind of music you like. Then you will know. It is very easy to hear the Edison. There is at least one store in every town where you can hear it free, or where they will gladly show it to you. If you cannot find that store in this town, write to us and let us tell you.

**National Phonograph Company**

**74 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.**

# Grand Opera for the Edison Phonograph



"Wilt thou recall  
that day"  
from  
"The Flying Dutchman"

**T**HIS is the month of grand opera in New York. A new interest in the great singers of the world has been given by the opening of Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, and now New York City is the only city in the world where grand opera is given on a grand scale in two opera houses at the same time. This unusual interest in grand opera gives a special point to our announcement of five new grand opera records.

- B 41—"Nobil Dama" ("Noble Lady"), "Gli Ugonotti" ("The Huguenots")—Meyerbeer. By Mario Ancona, Baritone. Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.
- B 42—"Guardate pazzo son' io" ("Behold Me, I am Mad"), "Manon Lescaut"—Puccini. By Florencio Constantino, Tenor. Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.
- B 43—"Gebet (Prayer)," "Allmaecht'ge Jungfrau" ("All-powerful Virgin"), "Tannhauser"—Wagner. By Mme. Rappold, Soprano. Sung in German. Orchestra accompaniment.
- B 44—"Bella siccome un angelo" ("Beautiful as an Angel"), "Don Pasquale"—Donizetti. By Antonio Scotti, Baritone. Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.
- B 45—"Wilst jenes Tags" ("Wilt thou recall that day"), "Der Fliegende Hollaender" ("The Flying Dutchman")—Wagner. By Alois Burgstaller, Tenor. Sung in German. Orchestra accompaniment.

Comment on this list is almost unnecessary. Wherever music is known and loved these songs are great. Rappold, Scotti and Burgstaller have sung in grand opera all over this country. Ancona is Hammerstein's new baritone. Constantino is now singing in the South with the San Carlos Opera Company. Two selections are from Wagner, including the always popular "Flying Dutchman." Puccini is of special interest not only on account of his "Madame Butterfly" playing here, but also on account of the fact that he is now visiting in this country and conducting his own operas in New York.

If you love good music, go to the nearest Edison store and hear these grand opera records. These five make forty-five Edison Grand Opera Records. The complete list will be sent to any one on request. If you like grand opera music, write for it to-day. Ask for Grand Opera Selections, Supplement No. 5. Anyway, if you care for music, let us send you the following Edison Musical Library. Ask for it to-day, but it will not be mailed until January 28th :

Phonogram for February — Supplemental Catalogue — Complete Catalogue

74 Lakeside Avenue

**National Phonograph Company**

ORANGE, N. J.

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Beverly Hills comprises the most magnificent foothill subdivision in Southern California, and offers those who seek the ideal in suburban homes a chance to find one of the most select and refined neighborhoods.

Every material advantage of soil and climate is here, being practically frostless.

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Millions will be spent to make Beverly Hills the show place of California. Large Lots, \$800 and up. **Easy terms.** As a home site it is ideal. As an investment it is absolutely safe and sure.

The Stockholders and Directors form the strongest syndicate on the Pacific Coast and are as follows:

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Ask us for our booklet of information and we will explain all the advantages and tell you of this beautiful country.

**PERCY H. CLARK CO., Managers** 311 and 312 H. W. Hellman Bldg.  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

**Said**

Jonah, as the whale swallowed him—I'm all in.

Santos Dumont—I'm up in the air.

Caesar, in the capitol—Here's where I get stuck.

Rockefeller to Weyerhaeuser—You're it.

Boni de Castellaine—23 for me.

Grover Cleveland—Hang that alarm clock!

Theodore Roosevelt to the Twenty-fifth Regiment—Skiddoo!

Thomas C. Platt—Me to the woods.

The United States Senate—"Oh, sleep it is a gentle thing."

Porto Rico—He loves me, he loves me not.

King Leopold—Cheese it, cheese it; de cops!

Czar Nicholas—Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.

**A Natural One.**

"Say," said a voice in the rear of the room, "what is your position in regard to the gas question?"

"My position in regard to the gas question," replied the political candidate astutely, "is one with which I am sure you are all in accord. With one hand grasping my nose firmly, I walk up to the window, put my other hand in my pocket, and dig up for three times as much gas as I have used the previous month."

He carried that precinct unanimously.

**Asking Much.**

Wife—William, I wish you would stop on your way down town this morning and order a dozen jars sent up. I am preserving fruit.

Husband—That's a nice thing for a wife to ask her husband to do.

Wife (surprised and offended)—Ah, well, if you are too proud to be seen in a grocery store, I'll go.

Husband—No, it is n't that, but the idea of a wife's asking her husband to lay in a supply of family jars.

**Why Not?**

"Chickens," says the expert on poultry, "need light and exercise."

Why not combine the two into one and give them calisthenics?

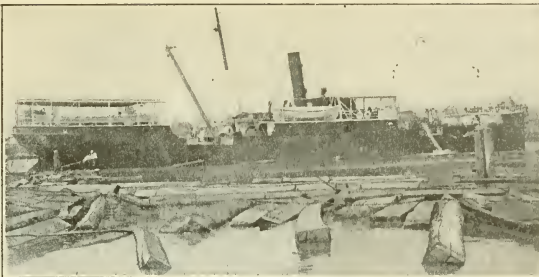
**Says Uncle Rastus.**

'Bout de only thing dat eber jes' turns up in dis heah worl' am er man's toes.

**His Money System.**

- Boni
- Parsimony
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*10 Per Cent. Dividends Paid First Year.*

*12 Per Cent. Dividends Paid Second Year.*

Much larger dividends estimated on full development of property. These dividends paid from profits of Company's stores and sale of valuable lumber. Thirteen steamship loads of lumber already shipped to United States.

### Rapid Development of Plantation, Showing Increased Value of Investment.

October 15, 1906, the General Manager of the Company reports from our plantation highly satisfactory progress of development since visit of stockholders' inspector last spring. Many permanent buildings, three new camps, 27 miles of telephone line, new locomotive, sawmill enlarged.

2500 acres of corn to harvest; 7000 orange trees, 200,000 banana plants, 3,000,000 heuquen plants, all growing finely. (At \$90 per acre—low estimate—each thousand acres of heuquen will yield 1% dividend, 12,000 acres being planted.) 500 acres of rubber besides many wild rubber trees ready to tap. Logwood and chicle soon to be marketed—another large source of dividend. Mahogany, cedar, and other valuable lumber; two carcoes shipped since inspector's visit; and her ready. (This reached Mobile Nov. 24.) Company now has over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of lumber in Mobile and

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 Philadelphia, Pa.  
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Chicago, sale of which will add largely to dividend fund. More than ever convinced of value of property and ability of management to continue success.

The International Lumber and Development Company owns 28,000 acres of land, with improvements, clear and free from debt, title held in trust by a Philadelphia Trust Company for protection of stockholders. Each share of stock is a first lien on 14 acres of land, and is therefore as safe as a first mortgage bond.

Only a Few Shares Remain To Be Sold At Par.

Invest now—secure stock at par and share in special dividend. Liberal terms, \$5 per month per share. A safe, profitable life income. Over 5,000 stockholders. Write for complete report of General Manager also report of stockholders' representative who investigated the development of plantation last spring. FREE.

#### BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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**International Lumber and Development Co.,**  
 712 DREXEL BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



New Locomotive, on I. L. & D. Co.'s Property, attached to train of mahogany and cedar logs, on way to Chenkan, the seaport on Company's land. (Picture taken in two sections).

# ASK ANDREW ABOUT IT

Is it any wonder that

## Seattle Investors are Making Money

Columbia, \$20,000,000. Alaska trade, \$27,000,000; and Inland Empire, 1905, 4,006,996,489 feet.

If you wish to share in this great development and prosperity you should act at once. You can make money by buying Seattle real estate and we wish to make you this proposition: We will act as your agents in the investments of any sum of money you may wish to send us for the purchase of property, giving you the benefit of twelve years experience and knowledge as to values here in Seattle. Or we will act as your trustee if you wish to combine your money as a syndicate with that of others for the purchase of more valuable property than you can handle alone. Under the latter plan we can handle sums from \$50.00 up.

Golden opportunities are passing every day; the sooner you invest the quicker your returns will come, so act at once. Remittances can be sent by draft or money order and will be receipted promptly.

We refer to R. V. Ankeny, Cashier of Puget Sound National Bank; S. Foster Kelley, Cashier of Seattle National Bank; W. R. Williams, Secretary of the Commercial Club; Seattle Trust and Title Co. or any bank or business house in Seattle for our standing and responsibility.

303-304-305-306 Boston Block

**GEORGE A. VIRTUE**

Seattle, U. S. A.

**"I** WAS much taken with some of the western cities, particularly Seattle. That city is destined to be one of the greatest commercial centers in the country. Its growth has been simply wonderful, and it has every possible advantage. The climate is delightful. If I wanted to move West I would go straight to Seattle."

-ANDREW CARNEGIE

## Seattle Grows in population and wealth...

The undeveloped resources from which it draws are beyond calculation; already the output of gold in Alaska alone reaches the enormous sum of \$56,000,000; the Washington fruit crop for 1905, \$12,000,000; wheat crop \$25,712,482; fisheries production, 1905, Alaska, Puget Sound and British Columbia, \$52,000,000; lumber products, Washington, Oregon



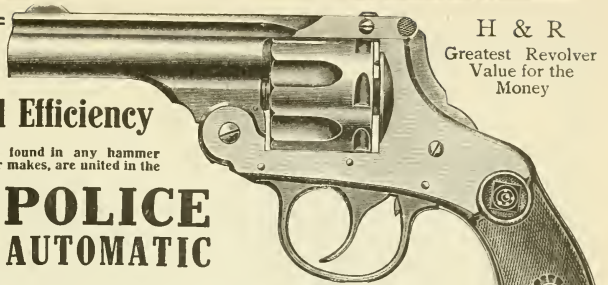


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Greatest Revolver  
Value for the  
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**Safety and Efficiency**

that cannot be found in any hammer revolver of other makes, are united in the

**H&R POLICE  
AUTOMATIC**



IT can be drawn from the pocket and fired with great rapidity because the hammer is sunk in the frame and **CANNOT CATCH ON THE CLOTHING**, nor be accidentally discharged, yet can be readily cocked for deliberate aim when desired. These safety features are not found in revolvers of other makes. Shells are automatically ejected—making it easy to reload. Made of the best materials, finely finished, and with proper care will last a lifetime. The price is right, too. It costs you \$5.00.

**SPECIFICATIONS:** .32 caliber, 6 shot, 3¼ inch barrel, or .38 caliber, 5 shot, 3¼ inch barrel, nickel finish.

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Ask for the "H & R" if you want a Revolver that will give perfect satisfaction for home or pocket use. Sold by all dealers in first-class fire arms. If they haven't it, take no other; we will send it on receipt of price. Write for catalog.

**HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO., 318 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.**

Makers of the celebrated H & R Single Guns



Oh!

The young man walked firmly up the steps and gave the doorbell a decided ring. A look of determination was evident on his face, and he waited impatiently for the door to open. It was evident from his manner that he had a matter of importance on his mind, and that that he had nerved himself to the task.

At last the door flew open, and the lady of the house confronted him. The recognition seemed mutual.

"Oh, it is you, is it?" she asked in a tone of disapproval.

He acknowledged that it was.

"Didn't I tell you never to darken my door again the last time you were here?"

"I believe you did say something to that effect."

"Well, why do you come, then?"

"For the same reason that I have always come."

"But I told you that my daughter is engaged."

"I beg your pardon."

"I should think you would."

"But I dont understand. I can get along without your daughter."

"Well, why dont you?"

"I will, if you will kindly let me pass."

"What do you mean? I dont understand."

"I mean that I will go about my business if you will permit me to enter."

"But she will not see you."

"I dont care whether she sees me or not."

"Look here; are n't you Harry Williams, the young man who asked me for my daughter's hand, and whom I sent about his business in a very decided manner last month?"

"No, but I am his twin brother, who reads your gas meter, and whom you sent about his business in a very decided manner last month."

\* \* \*

**Those Girls Again.**

Ethel—Does he love you?

Maud—Indeed he does. Why, dear, he says he loves me first, last and always.

Ethel—Um! Well, maybe he does last and always; at least that's what I said when he told me he loved me that way.

\* \* \*

**A Possible Explanation.**

Doctor—Well, Willie, did you give lots of presents on Christmas? It is more blessed to give than to receive, you know.

Willie—Is that why you give so blamed much medicine?

\* \* \*

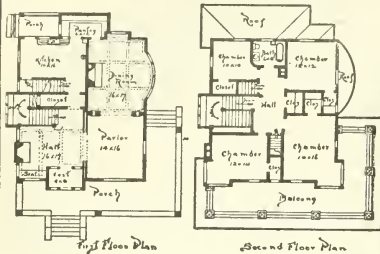
**Greedy.**

Banks—Does your wife always have the last word?

Bangs—She might have that and be welcome, if she wouldn't insist on having all of them.

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SEATTLE, WASH.

### A Cinch.

"Hello, Bill! What 's the matter?"

"Nothin'. Why?"

"Oh, you are looking rather blue. Have a bad night?"

"No, not especially."

"Worrying about something, eh?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I am."

"Dont do it. It does'n't pay."

"I know it, but how in blazes can a man help it?"

"Tell it to your friends."

"No good. Just worry them."

"Well, tell it to your wife. That 's one thing she is for."

"That 's just what I did, and that 's just what is worrying me. Not exactly that, either. I said it to myself behind her back, and she heard me."

"Ah! Well, to speak frankly, you were much to blame in that. That was a great mistake. Now, I never say anything behind my wife's back."

"Well, it's a cinch, then, that you dont button her dress down the back for her."

\* \* \*

### The First Test.

They had just become engaged. She nestled close in his arms while he took kiss after kiss from her enger, upturned lips.

"Darling," he whispered during a lull, as he stroked his fine, soft moustache, "they say

that a girl would just as soon eat an egg without salt as to be kissed by a man who has no moustache. Would you?"

"Why, sweetheart," she cooed, "I never ate an egg without salt."

He looked questioningly into her eyes, but found no relief. Right then the first seed of suspicion was sown in his mind.

\* \* \*

### How to Hold a Horse Show.

Following are the things that must be done in order to hold a successful horse show:

1. Have a different gown for each time that you expect to attend.
2. Have each of these better than anyone else's.
3. Buy, beg, borrow, or steal twenty pounds of diamonds.
4. Get your hooks on as many eligible young men of the smart set as you can.
5. Cultivate a chilly, who-are-you stare.
6. Learn to yawn becomingly.
7. Have on hand plenty of objections to make whenever you see a blue ribbon.

\* \* \*

### Good Cause.

Smith—I say, old man, you look happy.  
Smythe—I am. Got a great burden off my mind.

Smith—Paid off the mortgage?

Smythe—No. Just traded off my last duplicate Christmas present.

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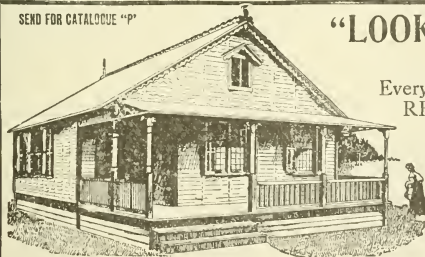
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**His Novitiate.**

Bill (to friend walking along a country road)—Hello, Tom, what in thunder are you doing away out here in that rig?

Tom (in riding clothes)—I'm hunting for a horse that looks as if he had been taken out of a stable by a double-barrelled fool who did n't know a saddle from an upholstered chair or a horse from a streetcar.

Bill—Did he throw you?

Tom—No, you idiot! He would n't stop and I could n't keep up.

**Disillusioned.**

She—This paper says that Scrapit and his divorced wife were married again yesterday.

He—Yes. He discovered that paying board for two is cheaper than paying alimony.

**Saving.**

She—Ah, how strange! That German actually tipped his hat to the waiter as he left.

He—Nothing strange about that. It's cheaper than tipping the waiter.

**Incompatibility.**

Gibbs—What is your idea of absolute incompatibility?

Biggs—Being a vegetarian and being invited out to a Christmas dinner.

**Did You Ever Say**

"Oh, no, this suit is not new; I've had it some time," when you knew you were lying?

"No, it did n't hurt a bit," when the corn he had stepped on made you wince with pain?

"It's of no consequence, I assure you," when some clumsy clown had torn about three yards of lace off your gown and you wanted to kill him?

"I beg your pardon," when you had intentionally bumped into the awkward ass who was in your way?

**Are You Answered?**

Pete (to wet and muddy friend)—What's the matter, Dick? Been skatin'?

Dick—Naw! Can't you see I've been wadin' and took my skates along for ballast?

**Concurring.**

Miss Sweetly—Dont you think that Maud is a pretty fair singer?

Miss Cutleigh—Well, Maud is undeniably pretty, and she is a blonde.

**Quoth Uncle Rastus.**

"De only two times in er man's life dat counts," said Uncle Rastus, "is when he am bornin' and when he am dyin'. De res' am jes' libin'."



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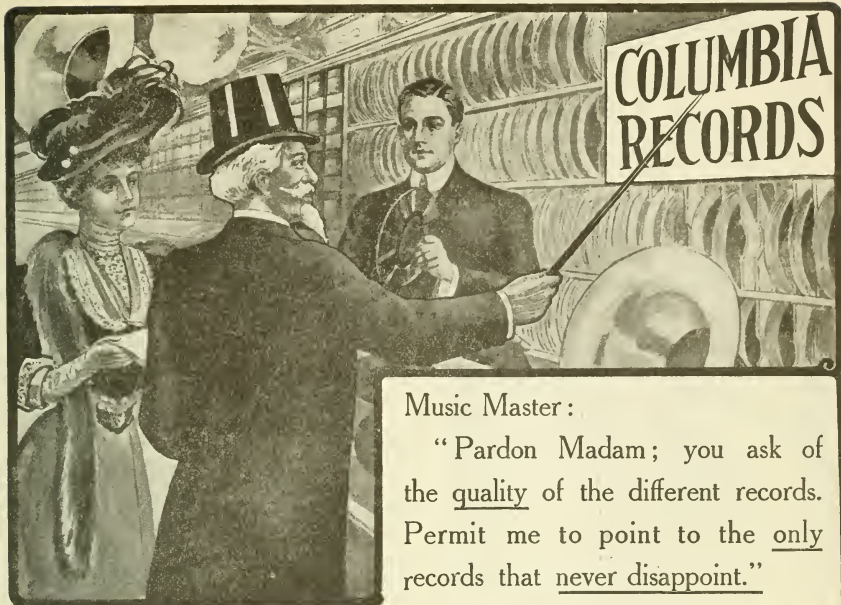
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### And Then.

"Well, sir," said the horseman as he upturned a water bucket and, seating himself on it, took out his pipe and tobacco, "I had the strangest dream last night. Aint it odd what dreams a man will have?"

"Well, I dreamt that I died and went up to Heaven. Yes, that's queer, but it aint the queerest part. Course, I expected to find St. Peter on duty at the gate, but I did n't. No, sir. Now, who do you reckon was there? Old Bill Fraley, who used to run a livery stable down here on Second Street in early days.

"Hello, Bill," I says. 'How are you?'

"Hello, Sam," he says. 'Pretty good. How are you?'

"Pretty good, too," I says.

"What are you doin' here? How 'd you get here?'

"Search me," I says. 'Must have took the wrong road. But, say, Bill, as long as I'm here, you wont give me away, will you?'

"Well, I dont know," he says, kind of hesitating. 'The truth is, Sam, you're out-classed here. In there are Old Man Lamb, Dick Riggs, Old Man Comer, and a lot of other rich guys that have all got fast horses. You aint got anything that can go in their class. Why, Sam, they 'd distance you in the first heat.'

"Now, dont you be too sure of that, Bill," I says. 'I've got a nifty little mare, called Nellie B., and I just want to tell you that she's awful handy with her feet. I'll tell you what I'll do. You let me in here, and fix it so I can get the pole in the race with them rich sports, and I'll win the purse and divide with you, or I'll take a wheel off of old Lamb, one of the two. See?'

"Well, Bill be kind of hemmed and hawed, but at last he come through, and agreed to fix it that way. Bill be kind of had it in for old Lamb, too, for squeezin' him a little too hard on a horse deal once.

"So I got in, and 't was n't long before Bill had a race framed up. I got the pole all right, and after scorin' down a couple of times, we were off. Around the lower turn we went a-sailin', the horses all lapped. Same way into the back stretch and round the upper turn. The pace was awful hot, and I did n't know whether Nellie B. could stand it or not. After we turned into the home stretch, old Lamb, who was just outside of me, begun to crawl up. My little mare was doin' all she could; so I knowed it was all over 'bout me winnin' the race. But I was durn sure of one thing, and that was that old Lamb was n't a-goin' to win if I could help it. I made up my mind to take a wheel off of him, just as I told Bill I would.

"Well, he kept crawlin' up on me, and pretty soon his wheel was just in front of

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

mine. I planned to let him get there and then break my mare into a run, swerve over, ketch his wheel and mix things up. So I takes a good hold on my lines, raises my whip up and brings it down on Nellie B.'s back. She goes up, and I yanks her over, loeks my wheel inside of his and then—by grab, if I did n't wake up.

"Give me a match, somebody."

### Horse and Horse.

Henpeck—I see here in the paper that a Chicago doctor says that a man should choose his wife in just the same way that he chooses a horse.

Mrs. Henpeck—Huh! Just look at the number of men that are badly fooled in a horse trade.

Henpeck—Yes, but just look at the number of men that are sadly fooled in the present method of selecting wiv—

Mrs. Henpeck—What!

### Limerick (?) Up to Date.

There was a young man from Chicago,  
Who thought much of his personal bravery,  
He went out one night,  
Was relieved of his watch,  
And came home a sadder, wiser man.

### Known by His Bill.

Doctor (shooting ducks)—See what a big bill this duck here has.

Friend—Ah, you should n't have killed him. What a shame!

Doctor—Why not?

Friend—Why, he was the doctor of the flock.

\* \* \*

### A Good Thing.

Milliner—There, now, is a hat that suits you perfectly. Really, it makes you look at least five years younger.

Miss Hatcheface—Does it really, now? I'll take this one and another one just exactly like it.

\* \* \*

### Professional Compliments.

Dr. Cleaver—How is the patient you operated on yesterday, doctor?

Dr. Cutter—Well, he is still alive.

Dr. Cleaver—Why, that is the first time that you have failed in performing that operation, is n't it?

\* \* \*

### In Pittsburg.

Jinks—There goes young Steelrich with his wive.

Binks—Which wive?



THE DELICIOUS DENTIFRICE

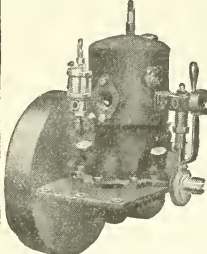
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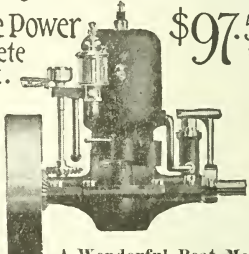
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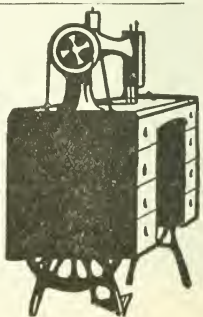
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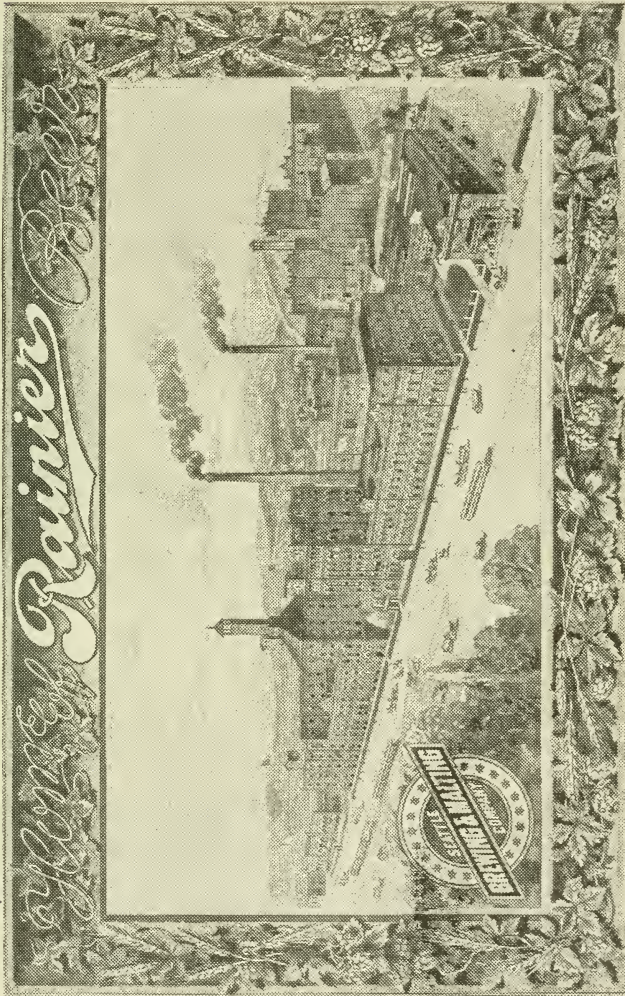
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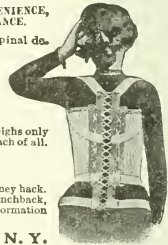
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The Richer the Cake

At Your Grocers

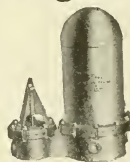
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# Niagara Hydraulic Engine



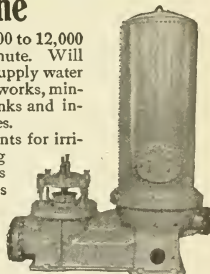
Using from 2 to  
350 gallons per  
minute. Ele-  
vating 35 feet  
for each foot-fall.

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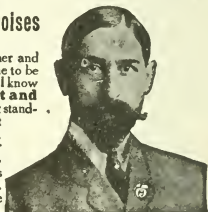
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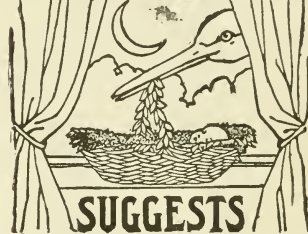
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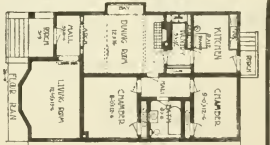
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LACK of skill with tools or lack of confidence in yourself matters nothing. We take all the risk of failure. We guarantee your success because Pioneer Patterns are so simple, perfect and practical we know you will be successful.

We are so confident of this that we will give you 30 days—a full month's trial. If you are then dissatisfied—if Pioneer Patterns are not all we claim for them—simple, easy to follow, and thoroughly practical, just return them and get your money back without question or quibble.

If you have not time or inclination to build from patterns, it is of course much easier to build on Pioneer Knock-Down frames which include perfect parts—fitted, tested, set up complete in our shops, then knocked down for shipment. You have merely to reassemble them. The hard part is done for you. Only common tools needed. Patterns and instructions for finishing absolutely free with frames. By building your own boat you save two-thirds the boatbuilder's price. Pioneer Knock-Down frames save nearly their entire cost in freight alone.

Take advantage of this offer today, build your boat complete from Pioneer Patterns or knock-down frames, before spring, in your spare hours.

Write today for free booklet, or send 25c for big 100 page 92½ book on boat building. Prices, descriptions and 20 illustrations of 40 styles of boats you can build, and other practical information. Money back if not satisfied.

PIONEER BOAT & PATTERN CO., WHARF 20, BAY CITY, MICH.

## EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

is the title of Our New Catalogue for 1907—the most beautiful and instructive horticultural publication of the day—188 pages—700 engravings—6 superb colored plates—6 duotone plates of vegetables and flowers.

To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following liberal offer:

## Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses Ten Cents (in stamps), we will mail the catalogue, and also send, free of charge, our famous 50-Cent "Henderson" Collection of seeds, containing one packet each of *Giant Mixed Sweet Peas*; *Giant Fancy Parsnips, mixed*; *Giant Victoria Asparagus, mixed*; *Henderson's Big Boston Lettuce*; *Early Ruby Tomato*; and *Henderson's Half Long Blood Beet*; in a coupon envelope, which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to \$1.00 and upward.

## PETER HENDERSON & Co

35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST.  
NEW YORK CITY



## EARN YEARLY \$3,000 TO \$10,000. IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS

We will teach you by mail the Real Estate General Brokerage and Insurance Business and appoint you

### SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

of the oldest and largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company in America. Representatives are making \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent opportunities open to YOU. By our system you can make money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation.

A THOROUGH COMMERCIAL LAW COURSE FREE TO EACH REPRESENTATIVE. Write for 62-page book, Free.

**THE CROSS COMPANY, 462 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.**



## Lands in the Wenatchee Valley

Show greater profits, acre for acre, than any other lands in the United States, devoted to horticulture or agriculture.

WRITE FOR HANDSOME  
ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

D. D. OLDS, Wenatchee, Wash.

## Buy San Pedro Property

Peck's Grand View Tract  
No. 2

A brand new tract of 400 lots just placed on the market. Streets all being graded, oiled, cement curbed, water piped to every lot; building restrictions \$1500. Lying in the southwestern part of San Pedro. Prices and terms very reasonable.

**GEO. H. PECK & CO.**

202 and 203 Lankershim bldg, Los Angeles  
Geo. H. Peck & Co.,  
Bank of San Pedro, Sixth and Beacon  
streets, San Pedro.

## TACOMA

The Manufacturing Center  
and

Coming Metropolis of Washington

25 to 100 per cent can be made  
within a year by investing in

**Tacoma Real Estate**

Write for my knowledge and  
particulars. I can please you.

**E. F. GREGORY**

Investment Counsellor

120 TWELFTH ST., TACOMA, WASH.

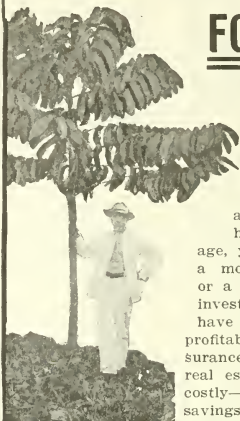
## MONROVIA, CAL.

We have the finest winter climate in the world; we have the very best supply of mountain water; we are doing a healthy amount of building for homes; and our firm has the pick to sell  
SEND FOR "BOOKLET"

**M. J. ESBERGER & CO.  
REAL ESTATE**

611 SOUTH MYRTLE AVE.  
MONROVIA, CAL.

# \$1500 A YEAR FOR LIFE



One of Our  
15-Month-Old Trees.

**I**F YOU WISH to save for old age or provide for healthy middle-age, you can not find a more conservative or a more reasonable investment than we have to offer—more profitable than life insurance—safe as city real estate, yet not so costly—better than a savings bank, for the return is greater.

We have full and complete literature, showing conclusive facts, logical figures and definite reference of good character, proving beyond any doubt that our proposition is bona fide, certain and profitable. Our booklets give "reasons," why those who can spare from \$5 to \$25 a month can provide for old age and protect themselves against the ravages of time, the chances of poverty and the misfortune of ill health by securing a competent income that will cover all necessary living requirements.

It is worth your time to ask for our booklets—do this today in justice to your future. It is not only the man who saves, but he who saves profitably. The demand for rubber can never be fully supplied—a rubber plantation is more hopeful than a gold mine—our booklets tell you the facts that have taken years to prove—write for them today.

This company is divided into only 6,000 shares, each one representing an undivided interest equivalent to an acre in our Rubber Orchard and Plantation. Our booklets will prove to you that five shares in this investment, paid for at the rate of \$25 a month, will bring you an average return of 25 per cent on your money during the period of seven years and an annual income of \$1,500 for life. This investment insures absolutely the safety of your future. The man or woman who owns five shares in our rubber plantation in tropical Mexico need have no fear for old age, no doubts about illness, no care nor anxiety for after years—you are safe—absolutely and certainly—our booklets will prove these statements—write for them today.

**Conservative Rubber Production Co.**

610 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.



# NERVOUSNESS Exhausted or Debilitated Nerve Force from Any Cause.

Cured by WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA  
(Dr. J. F. CHURCHILL'S Formula) and WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL

They contain no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, Morphia, Strychnia, Opium, Alcohol, etc.

The Specific Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best, safest, and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring Vitality, no matter how originally impaired, as it reaches the root of the ailment. Our remedies are the best of their kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredients that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples.

Price, ONE DOLLAR per box by Sealed Mail. **No Humbug, C.O.D., or Treatment Scheme.**

**PERSONAL OPINIONS:** Dear Sirs: I have used a bottle of your Hypophosphites of Magnanese for liver and kidney complaints in my own person and received much benefit, so I will enclose five dollars and will ask you to send me as much as you can by express prepaid for that amount, until we can get it through the regular channels. I am confident it is just what I have been in search of for many years. I am prescribing your Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and am pleased with the preparation. Yours sincerely, Dr. T. J. WEST.

I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility. —ADOLPH BEHRE, M. D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York.  
Send for free treatise, securely sealed. **Winchester & Co., Chemists, 905 Beekman Bldg., New York. Established 1858**

TO THE ORIENT  
TO PORTLAND  
TO SAN FRANCISCO

## COOS BAY

On a Direct Line from New York to the Orient

NEW YORK — BUFFALO — CLEVELAND — CHICAGO — SALT LAKE — DENVER — BOISE — COOS BAY

### The Coos Bay Realty and Investment Co.

is in line with investments for large or small investors. If you have \$10 or \$10,000 write us. OUR

"Personal Letter" will tell you how. Ask us about all Coos Bay. Address, NORTH BEND, ORE.

*An opportunity to buy good land from first hands at a low price*

## Newport Heights Acreage

**Rich Loamy Soil  
Abundance of Water**

### NEWPORT

Is 38 miles from Los Angeles, twenty miles down the coast from Long Beach, and is reached by the Southern Pacific steam and the Pacific Electric Railroads. In 1878 Newport was the regular port of entry. It is the nearest point to Catalina Island. Newport Heights is directly back of Newport Bay and is 70 feet above sea level, at the lowest point. The land lies beautifully, the view of ocean and mountain scenery is unsurpassed.

Considering soil, water for irrigation and domestic purposes, commanding location, and shipping facilities, this is the cheapest acreage in Southern California.

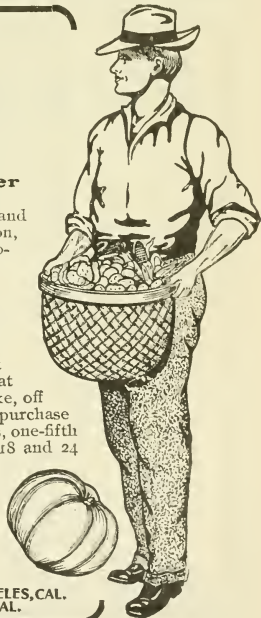
Beans, berries, garden truck, tomatoes, walnuts, barley, corn, fruit trees, flowers, etc., grow here to perfection.

We have fixed the price at a figure that will allow the seller a moderate profit, at the same time enable the buyer to make, off the land, a good rate of interest on the purchase price. **Price for 5 acres, \$1,500.** Terms, one-fifth of purchase price cash, balance 6, 12, 18 and 24 months, 6 per cent interest on deferred payments.

Printed matter and full information may be had upon request.

**THE TOWNSEND-DAYMAN  
INVESTMENT CO., Owners**

OFFICES { 499 Pacific Electric Bldg., LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
          { 123 East First St., LONG BEACH, CAL.



We  
Are  
Building

# EARLINGTON

The Coming Rail-  
road and Manu-  
facturing Suburb  
of Seattle.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad;  
Columbia & Puget Sound Railroad;  
Seattle-Renton Electric Railway;  
Cedar River Pipe Line, "City Light" Power Line;  
"Snoqualmie" Power Line;  
Continuation of Rainier Boulevard;  
Railroad Yards;  
Round Houses, Shop and Factory Sites;  
Two Miles of River Frontage;

Water, Electric Lights, Sidewalks;  
Moderate Restrictions in Residence District;  
Model Houses.

**AND THEN SOME MORE—**

For we propose to sell this magnificent property on the most attractive and advantageous terms ever offered in Seattle with **NO INTEREST AND NO TAXES.**

**We Have Made Our Opening Prices the Lowest Possible—They Will Rapidly Advance with Developments.**

We offer a complete modern well-built five room and bath cottage with tract of beautiful land 40x246 feet for \$1250.00. \$200.00 down, balance \$20.00 per month — **No Interest and No Taxes**

**Jones-Thompson  
Investment Co.**  
*Owners*

Real Estate Department  
**Security Savings &  
Safe Deposit Co.**  
Selling Agents,  
113 Seneca St., Seattle

Please send me complete particulars concerning the new Town of Earlington.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

# FREE BUSINESS OR RESIDENCE LOTS IN A NEW CITY

Did ever a Wizard's Wand work a more marvelous transformation than to make a city rise from the trackless, arid desert? Yet within your knowledge that has transpired in Nevada, not once but a dozen times within the past six years. Where once land was worthless, now the discoveries of mines and the advent of railroads have caused 50-foot lots to rise in value from a mere trifle to thousands of Dollars.

**NORTH AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY**  
553 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

I would suggest the name \_\_\_\_\_  
for the new town on the desert.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
P.M.

We are platting a new townsite, and we want an appropriate name for a new city. **THINK OF A NAME** and write it in this coupon, mail to us and the lucky name-giver shall receive as a prize, a free lot in the city that is being built. As extra prizes for the four next best nominations, we will accept this coupon in payment of one-half, one-third, one-fourth, one-fifth of the purchase price of a town lot. **USE THIS COUPON.**

**NORTH AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY**  
STOCKS, BONDS, REAL ESTATE and MINES  
553 South Spring Street LOS ANGELES, CAL.

# How Borax Smith Made His Millions It's Your Turn Next

It is very seldom that an investor gets an opportunity to get in on the ground floor. **That One Opportunity** I am going to offer you in the way of a few shares of stock in the **American Borax Mines Co.**, who own 320 acres or 16 claims, located in Ventura County, State of California, free and clear, with no bonded or other indebtedness; it adjoins the great world-famed Fraiser Borax Company's property, which made its owners millionaires in a few years. It is also adjacent to the Columbia Borax Mines, another million dollar company.

If you will take the time to investigate, you will find only three Borax Mines in the country. The other one being that of Borax Smith's, whose mines are in Death Valley, and with which he made his millions. It seems that these three companies have a monopoly on this business, and hold the price of Borax way up. From the leads on the American property, there is no doubt but what it will excel both the Fraiser and Columbia Mines.

You might say, "Why wasn't this located before?" Well, for this reason;— the heavy rains and the melting snow coming down the mountains last Spring, left a large wash, and exposed the leads, and was immediately located by an old prospector, who has been in that district for years, **and knows Borax when he sees it.** Now, in order to raise the necessary cash for the proper machinery, a company has been organized under the laws of Arizona, with 5,000 shares, par value, \$100.00 each, and it will only take about \$3,000.00 to put this company on a paying basis, for, with the proper machinery, the borax can be immediately taken out. **And remember Borax is worth about \$500.00 per ton.** Now, say the company ships but ten ton a day, just look at the profit. If you owned a few shares in either of the other three Companies, you would be immensely rich.

Now as this Company wants to raise \$3,000.00 at once, they will sell only three hundred shares, at \$10.00 per share, par value \$100.00. Therefore, in order to give all a chance to get in on this, no applications will be received for more than ten shares. **Remember our advice, if you can't buy ten shares, by all means, buy one or two,** as even this small amount might make you rich within one year. You can pay one-fifth cash, and the balance in four equal monthly payments. Any additional information desired will be cheerfully given upon request.

Limited Offering at \$10.00  
SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

H. M. BENNETT Co. Date.....  
Gentlemen: I hereby subscribe for.....  
.....shares of the Capital Stock of the  
American Borax Mines Company (full paid  
and non-assessable) at the rate of \$10.00 per  
share (par value \$100.00). Please find enclosed  
.....dollars, being <sup>part</sup>  
payment for the said shares at the above price.  
The stock to be issued to  
Name.....  
and forwarded to undersigned  
Signature.....  
Address.....

**H. M. BENNETT**  
**COMPANY**  
BANKERS

Suite 353 Huntington Building

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

# The Rush to San Diego

Is making it the most prosperous city on the Pacific Coast. Fortunes are already being made here through judicious real estate investments. The amount of building now going on is enormous—great hotels and business blocks, hundreds of houses, miles of new streets and boulevards and new electric lines.

## Means

The amazing spectacle of two powerful financial interests—both building their railroads into the same terminal point at once, is here seen. These interests are John D. Spreckels and the Huntington-Harriman combination.

**San Diego now has the necessary Eastern Railroad outlet assured**, that will make of it one of the largest and most important commercial cities on the Pacific Coast.

## Increased Population

San Diego has about 35,000 population, but will grow to 100,000 and over, just as quickly as buildings can be constructed to accommodate the new people. This rapid growth means fortunes to those investing now.

## and

Remember San Diego is also the most delightful and healthful place to live in the United States.

Invest a few hundred dollars in San Diego, either for a home or profit, and you cannot fail to reap great profits.

## Increased Realty Values

**INVEST \$10.00 TO \$50.00 A MONTH**

We have the finest suburban home lots in San Diego in a section that is being beautifully developed, and will sell for a limited time yet on easy monthly payments (\$10.00 down and \$10.00 per month). **Prices from \$150.00 to \$350.00 per lot.** Send \$10.00 deposit on each lot desired, or write for maps, price list, etc.

## Folsom Bros. Company

1015 Fifth Street  
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

We sell all kinds of San Diego Real Estate

## IRRIGATED

### Fruit Lands

#### In Grand View Orchard Tracts

☞ Finest and most productive in the West. ☞ Every acre yields \$400 to \$800 per year. ☞ Splendid climate, beautiful surroundings, excellent water. ☞ Improved streets to be bordered with shade trees. ☞ One mile from Northern Pacific Railway station.

#### Yakima County, Wash.

☞ Buy 5 or ten acres today. \$150 per acre on easy terms. ☞ A five acre tract will make you independent in a few years. Write for handsome picture book.

#### Washington Irrigation Co.

Dexter Horton Building

SEATTLE, - - - WASHINGTON

## LONG BEACH

*The Coming City of Southern California*

1906 **POPULATION** 1916  
20,000 100,000

We are sole agents for the Pacific Boulevard Tract, the largest and best located tract in or adjoining Long Beach. Beautifully situated on the Los Angeles Beach Boulevard, and between two electric car lines. Lots in this desirable tract from \$300 up. Terms if desired.

We are also owners and agents for large amount of acreage in alfalfa lands and dairy ranches.

Write us for free booklet and information on this section.

**LAZENBY & BARRON**  
451 Pine Avenue : LONG BEACH, CAL.

Reference—Any Long Beach Bank

# "History repeats itself Opportunity never does"

*Craigil-*

Buy right now  
in San Diego.

Send Your "Option Money" to  
Will "Homeland" Holcomb

—Over Twenty Years in San Diego  
—Ex-County Clerk and Attorney at Law

Four months ago he organized the **HOMELAND IMPROVEMENT CO.**, (incorporated for \$100,000 capital), and has already sold out most of **Four Big Tracts.**

- No. 1. "Homeland Parks" (acre lots).
- No. 2. "American Park Addition."
- No. 3. "Raymond Heights" overlooking and within a stone's throw of famous San Diego Harbor, most beautiful view in the world.
- No. 4. "Bay Farm's Addition" close to proposed harbor terminus of **H. E. Huntington's Electric Road** from Los Angeles to San Diego. (Franchise applied for Jan. 2, 1907.)

These four tracts are almost exhausted, but we will have four more big new tracts on the market by the time we can possibly hear from you.

The Holiday Realty Sales actually aggregated \$5,000,000 instead of only \$1,000,000 as announced.

The announcement of Huntington's Electric Road to Los Angeles came later, with the first of the new year, so greater things are to be expected right along.

In fact there's something new of vital interest to shrewd investors and choice home buyers happening every day in wide awake San Diego.

Get in touch with us and our bargains. A postal card, a letter, a telegram or a bank draft does it.

List your San Diego property with us if you want to sell quick. We want more lots every day to supply customers who are waiting for "snaps".

We can sell you lots or business blocks, homes or water front anywhere in the City on cash or option basis.

If you buy lots in tracts we own, you need pay only \$10.00 down and \$10.00 a month.



WILL "Homeland" HOLCOMB, President  
HOMELAND IMPROVEMENT Co.,  
Ground floor, Homeland Bldg. 939-6th St  
SAN DIEGO California

Los Angeles Office, 208 Pacific Electric Bldg. 6th and Main

## MILLION A WEEK READY SALES IN SAN DIEGO

Spreckels' Announcement of  
Railroad to Yuma Starts  
Boom in Lots

FORTUNES MADE IN A DAY

3-Day Options Bring \$8,000  
to the Pockets of  
Speculators

SAN DIEGO, December 29.—John D. Spreckels announced two weeks ago that he would build a railroad to Yuma, giving San Diego a direct line East, and half the property listed on the market was taken off next day.

The following Monday he began paying back to the citizens the \$50,000 they subscribed some years ago to make the old survey, and people stood in line to get their "Santa Claus" money as they called it—and got it.

The different banks reported over \$500,000 "option money" telegraphed in before the middle of the week.

Owners of the largest tracts found themselves running short of lots by Tuesday. The "oldest residents" bought earlier, faster and heavier than the "latest arrival," believing that the turning point in the history of San Diego was being recorded with every passing moment, as the sales mounted higher and the prices followed.

Fortunes were made in a day, over a dozen firms have averaged \$20,000 a day sales, and \$1,000,000 a week in lots isn't so bad for a city of only 40,000 inhabitants, which two years ago had less than 25,000 population.

The growth up to now has been steady. Now they all talk "The New York city of the Pacific Coast."

Three of the largest owners of tracts—Halston Realty company, Columbian Investment company and Homeland Improvement company—ran as high as \$50,000 a day each and probably averaged over \$25,000 a week, and sometimes owners took whole subdivisions off the market till after January 1. Others sold at old prices. Many at a big advance.

Individuals made \$8,000 profit on three-day options.

When will it let up? That is what the real estate men want to know. Agents have sold lots all day and schemed all night to have a few new blocks to put on the market next morning.

From Tuesday, the 18th, the crowds lined up at the real estate offices, scrambled for seats in the trolley-bus and automobiles to get out to see the lots before buying, hurried back, only to find, almost half of them, that their particular choice of lots had been sold unsight and unseen.

Abstracts and deeds are not thought of—for a month, anyway, for added to the buying and selling activity is the rush for titles to miles of property condemned by the railroad.

Ten blocks of residences and stores from Date to G street facing Artico on the bay front are condemned by the railroad and removal will begin as fast as possible. Two blocks on F street are to be cleared for a depot site, and the right of way for five miles south and east through the city from this point to be adjusted. It remains to be seen what will occur when outside capital and men receive the authentic news of what's transpiring in the City of the Silver Gate and have time to actually go there and look over this new field of activity in person and satisfy themselves if San Diego's time has really come.

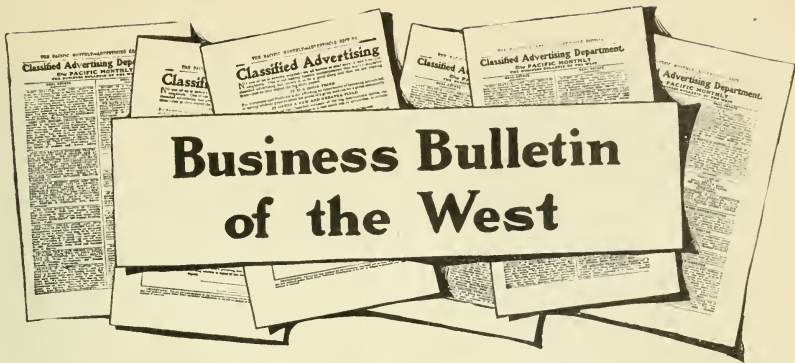
Watch Every Month for further  
Information about

**COOS  
BAY  
OREGON**

For detailed information, address

Coos Bay Chamber of Commerce  
North Bend Chamber of Commerce  
Marshfield Chamber of Commerce

**ALL ON COOS BAY, OREGON**



# Business Bulletin of the West

## REAL ESTATE WASHINGTON

**WEST SEATTLE, JUST TEN MINUTES** from the business center of Seattle by ferry or street car. Elevation, 400 feet, with twenty-mile view of beautiful Puget Sound and the snow-capped Olympic Mountains for a background. No finer residence section in America or Europe. It is really the Switzerland of America. Buy now while prices are low. This will be the most expensive property on Puget Sound within two years. You lose money by delaying a day. Write for particulars, MORRISON & ESHELMAN, Alaska Building, Seattle, Washington.

**ARE YOU COMING TO SEATTLE?** Then better write to us at once. Houses and apartments for rent and desirable building lots are becoming scarce. The most desirable residence district is Mt. Baker Park, on the shores of Lake Washington, the permanent and exclusively residence section, 350 LOTS SOLD IN 30 DAYS. Rest will go just as quickly. Best place to buy and best place to live. A sound investment or a safe and profitable speculation. Send for our illustrated booklet. It's interesting. Hunter Tract Imp. Co., 117 Cherry St., Seattle, Wash.

**JOIN OUR SEATTLE BUSINESS PROPERTY SYNDICATE WHILE SHARES ARE AT PAR, \$1.00 EACH. WE INVEST ONLY IN INCOME PRODUCING REALTY, AND HAVE PAID 23 PER CENT DIVIDENDS DURING THE PAST YEAR. THIS INSTITUTION IS BACKED BY MEN OF HIGHEST PROMINENCE IN THE NORTHWEST; REFERENCE ANY SEATTLE BANK. Write quick for booklet—P and subscription blank. REALTY ASSOCIATES, COLMAN BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.**

**SEATTLE IS MAKING MORE MEN RICH THAN ANY OTHER CITY IN AMERICA. HOW—BY PUTTING THEIR MONEY INTO DESIRABLE REAL ESTATE. WE HAVE A FEW MORE TRACTS OF BEAUTIFUL SUB-URBAN PROPERTY THAT IS ENHANCING IN VALUE RAPIDLY. \$10.00 a month will start you on the road to wealth. Write today. FORESTER & COMPANY, INC., Seattle, Washington.**

**SEATTLE, THE GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT AND ALASKA—3 transcontinental lines, 2 more buildings; pop. 200,000; the place for safe real estate investment. H. A. Schroeder, 315 Boston Bldg., Seattle, Wash.**

**YAKIMA FRUIT, THE BEST IN THE WORLD.** North Yakima is a city with 12,000 population and will double in ten years. Our irrigated land will make you rich, producing from \$350.00 to \$750.00 per acre per year, often more. Fruit and farm lands our specialty. Write us. Our personal letter will give you the latest accurate information available. Write us when coming and our services are yours from the time we meet you at the train till you are located. J. T. HANDSAKER, real estate, North Yakima, Wash.

## REAL ESTATE WASHINGTON

**INVEST IN A NEW COUNTRY** that is growing more rapidly than any other part of the United States. Real Estate in Seattle is the most profitable and safest investment to be found. Splendid opportunities for investors. Furlwell & Morford, Colman Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

**WE HAVE SEVERAL PROPERTIES THAT WILL ADVANCE 100 PER CENT, THE NEXT YEAR.** Investors may take advantage of these opportunities on our partial payment plan. PETTIT & SON, Colman Building, Seattle, Washington.

**IN REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT LOCATION IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN PRICE.** The permanent and exclusively residence section of Seattle will be on the shores of beautiful Lake Washington—and the choice location on the lake is Mt. Baker Park. Here you have best view, landscape gardening, parks, parkways, boulevards, etc., within easy access to the business part of town. Here is where investment now will pay large profits. Send for booklet. Hunter Tract Imp. Co., 117 Cherry St., Seattle.

**SEATTLE, THE PLACE WHERE ONE DOLLAR EARNS FROM TWO TO FOUR EVERY YEAR IF INVESTED IN REAL ESTATE WITH US.** Write for full particulars. Forehand & Company, investors, 302 Pioneer Building, Seattle, Washington.

**SEATTLE IS GROWING FASTER THAN CHICAGO ever did.** Every minute that you delay in investing you are losing money. Millions of dollars were made here last year. We can earn money. We are doing it for others every day. We firmly believe that Seattle real estate furnishes the safest and most profitable investment on earth. Some of our prices are under the market. Rutherford, Huggins & Elliott, Real Estate, Seattle, Washington.

**GOOD INCOME FOR LIFE** is what it means to buy Real Estate in or near Seattle now before it gets to be another New York. Unimproved land, 75 acres, only \$20.00 per acre. Improved farms, \$100; fancy, fronting on Sound, \$200. City lots, fast becoming business property, \$1,000. Income property paying 15 to 20 per cent at present time. And think what it will be worth in two years. Don't wait until you get ready to come. Send us your order, and we will give you first choice. W. A. GORDON & CO., 113 Madison St., Seattle, Wash.

**U. S. GOLD BONDS** are not as good an investment as Seattle real estate because they have not the earning power of Seattle realty. Think what it means to have a man handle your investments who began real estate business in Seattle in 1888 and has seen the town grow from 11,000 to 200,000 and property values double yearly. Seattle will have 500,000 people in 1911. Figure for yourself what a small amount invested now will earn in 5 years. Write us today. A. Robinson & Co., Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

**REAL ESTATE**  
WASHINGTON

825 ACRES FINEST FRUIT, ALFALFA, HOP AND SUGAR BEET LAND; all watered and in cultivation; 8 miles from Walla Walla; 2 m. from R. R.; good house, barn, shop and sheds; fine fruit and shade; telephone; R. F. D.; church, school. Price \$35 acre cash. Joseph Merchant, Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

A CHANCE FOR THE SMALL MAN to become wealthy. Buy Seattle home sites, 5 and 20 acre tracts, rich soil, raise everything, best climate, water and scenery. Prices advancing rapidly. A small payment cash and a few dollars a month will buy a splendid piece of property. Write now for prices and particulars. Robert Maltby, Alaska Building, Seattle, Washington.

PIN YOUR FAITH TO SEATTLE—Dollars are doubling, trebling and quadrupling every year invested in Seattle Real Estate. I have several properties that will make big money for small investors who have \$500 or \$1000 and can put aside \$10 or \$20 per month. Pin your faith to Seattle. Write now for full particulars. C. J. RILEY, New York Block, Seattle, Washington.

PUGET SOUND'S ADVANTAGES: Delightful climate, best farm products in the United States, a sportsman's paradise, the grandest scenery on the continent and the all-important advantage;—the chance to make more money and make it easier than any other place in the world;—by buying Seattle Real Estate. Write us. Jos. E. Thomas & Co., 109 Cherry St., Seattle, Wash.

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IRRIGATED LANDS IN OREGON at the cost of reclamation. For particulars address Deschutes Irrigation & Power Co., 1004 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

BIG FORTUNES NOW BEING MADE in Portland real estate. Our plan makes it possible for small investors to share in immense profits to be realized in Portland this year. We put small investor's money with ours and buy choicest city properties. Write us at once. Highest bank references. The Spanton Company, Portland, Oregon.

MYRTLE POINT, THE "GEM OF COOS BAY COUNTRY," the home of the myrtle (tree), has the "key to the situation"—timber. For the furniture-maker, woodenware manufacturing, we have good openings for sash and door, wooden pipe, and pulp factories, sawmills, shingle mills, brick and tiling factories, broom factory, starch, A fruit and vegetable cannery is needed. A steam laundry is wanted. For particulars write Chamber of Com., Myrtle Point, Or.

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WE CAN SELL OR EXCHANGE YOUR PROPERTY anywhere. We make a specialty of farm lands, residence and business properties, fruit and stock ranches, rooming houses, etc. List your properties with us. I. J. Slivis Co., Mason Bldg., 4th and Bdway, Los Angeles.

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60 PER CENT INVESTMENT. We have a limited amount of stock that nets 60 per cent. dividends. Established company with a daily capacity of 500 barrels to back up our assertion. Write Yo Landa Springs Co., Big Rapids, Mich.

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**BEFORE YOU BUY AN INCUBATOR,** don't fail to see our stock. We have the largest incubator emporium on Coast. Send for Catalog No. 4, Henry Albers Co., 215 S. Main, Los Angeles.

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**SPARR'S JAPARA COFFEE.**—You and your friends are offered an opportunity to buy the finest drinking Coffee grown; price 25c per lb., packed in 5-lb. cans; 1 doz. in case, 60 lbs; freight prepaid. This is about two-thirds of the usual price charged for ordinary Coffee. Send \$2.80 for 10-lb. trial can. Liberal sample sent by mail on receipt of 4 cents postage. F. W. SPARR, 114 East Market Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

**LOVERS OF GOOD COFFEE**—Your attention is respectfully called to the above advertisement. If you enjoy a cup of really good Coffee, you can buy it from us almost as close as you can buy sugar. Make up an order with your neighbor and write to me. I am a direct importer of Tea and Coffee and can save you money. I ship satisfactory Tea and Coffee to all parts of the United States, and guarantee every pound fresh and pure. Established in Los Angeles 10 years. F. W. SPARR, 114 E. Market Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

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¶ The Pacific Monthly is desirous of informing all writers, artists and photographers that contributions of general interest offered the magazine will receive prompt attention.

¶ Payment will be made, upon acceptance, at generous rates.

¶ Writers and artists having established prices for their work will be paid at their regular rates.

¶ All manuscripts, pictures and drawings must be fully addressed for identification. The editors can not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of anonymous MSS. or pictures.

¶ Decision as to the availability of contributions will be made within three days after receipt, except in extraordinary cases.

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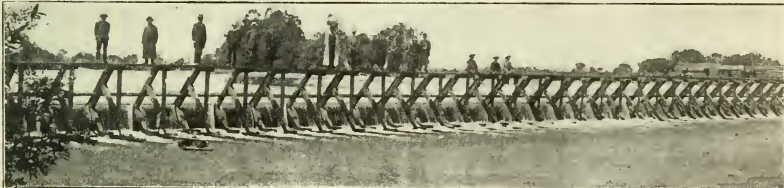
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The above picture shows a group of Lee's Creek stockholders at the property, including bankers, professional and business men. We will furnish you their names and addresses on application.

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The business of this Company has accumulated so fast that it has become necessary to increase its capital; while very reluctant to do so, the Directors have finally consented to sell some of the Treasury Stock, to a selected list of investors.

The first allotment is limited to Five Hundred Shares, at par value, Ten Dollars each. Unless still other brilliant opportunities offer, or for some other good reason it becomes advisable, no more of the stock will be sold. And should there be at any time a second allotment, it will be offered at not less than ten per cent premium.

It is the purpose of this Company to pay dividends as earned on stock sold during the current month; that is, the investor during any month will receive such dividend the first of the following month.

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This is an extraordinary and an exceptional opportunity. It is a chance to become a stockholder in a well known and phenomenally successful corporation of brokers, and lets the investor in on the ground-floor. The Directors reserve the right to withdraw this offer at any time without notice.

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The Company is in need of office men, salesmen, mining engineers, foremen, mill men and miners; men who have energy, pluck, ability, and tenacity of purpose. Those who buy a block of Treasury Stock on the easy terms offered, and who desire employment are requested to address the Secretary of the Company, stating experience, position preferred, etc.

*Address*

## Pacific Coast Mines Bureau, Inc.

214-15-16-17 Delta Building, 426 South Spring Street

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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DEAR SIR: I would like to make a trip to Southern California. I have heard of the wonderful opportunities to make money in your land of sunshine and flowers. I am not in the rich tourist class, but if you can **prove** to me that I can make money by investing a small amount of capital in a gilt-edge real estate proposition, you may be able to interest me to the point where I can afford to make a trip there to see for myself.

I thank you in advance if you will answer the following questions by return mail:

What is really back of Southern California besides climate, scenery, fruits and flowers in both winter and summer, and tourists, to make that God's favored place continue so to prosper?

What was the population of Los Angeles ten years ago?

What is its population now?

What do you think the population will be in 1912?

What is the population of Long Beach ten years ago?

What is its population now?

What do you think the population of Long Beach will be in 1912?

What is back of Long Beach to make it so prosperous?

Do you think it will continue so? and if so why?

Why do you believe that Los Angeles and Long Beach will become one city?

How small an investment is worth while?

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Please send me booklets, maps and any other literature or information that would be of interest to a homeseeker or investor, pertaining to Southern California, and particularly to Long Beach, its new harbor, and the commercial possibilities. Yours truly,

Name .....

Address .....

ADD ANY OTHER QUESTIONS YOU MAY WISH TO ASK REGARDING SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA; WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, TEAR OUT PAGE AND MAIL TO

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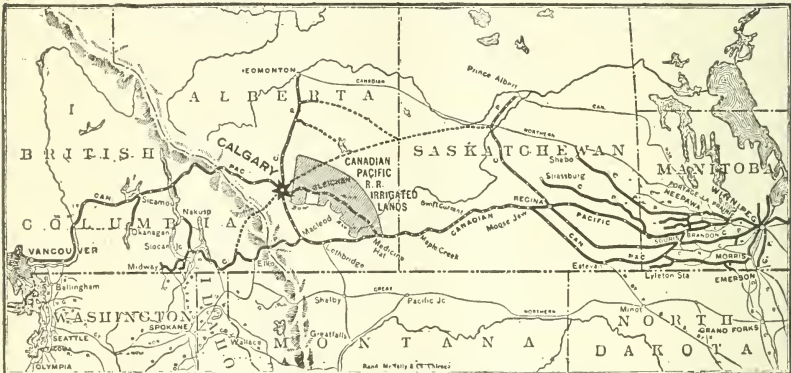
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**B**EING well acquainted from Newfoundland to British Columbia and Alaska; from Maine to California; from the Straits of Northumberland and Belle Isle to Cape York, I know the seaport developments and possibilities of the Western Hemisphere, and I am now willing to go on record with this strong statement of the future: Koosbay will be the largest city on the Pacific Coast.

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MARSHFIELD, OREGON

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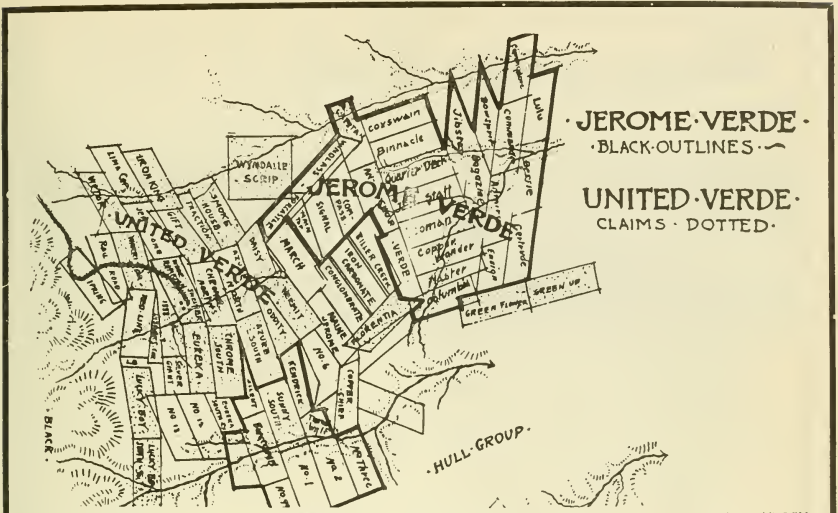
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COPY OF UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT MAP OF PATENTED MINERAL CLAIMS IN VERDE DISTRICT, ARIZONA TERRITORY.

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You can now buy stock in the Jerome Verde at 25 cents a share. Everything absolutely guaranteed.

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Five of the Jerome's twenty-six claims adjoin Clark's fortune-builder, on the same great iron lode or contact.

Jerome Verde is a developed property. The main shaft is 475 feet deep, and there are 2,000 feet of drifts, tunnels and shafts, and its average assay shows 8.5 per cent. copper and values as high as \$135 per ton.

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**Prices \$550, up. Terms to Suit.**

Drop a postal for complete price list, terms and descriptive matter. This is an ideal location and is building up rapidly.

Home A 6961  
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## LOTS \$15—\$5 DOWN, \$5 in 3 and \$5 in 6 MONTHS

An ideally located piece of high mesa property, gently sloping to, and fronting on this magnificent bay, has just been sub-divided into residence lots, 25x100, which are now offered for sale at the above prices. A climate said by old travelers to be the finest in the world. Hot springs, excellent boating, bathing, fishing and the best small game shooting found in the west, combine to make ENSENADA BAY an ideal place to spend your vacation—either summer or winter.

**Why Not Own Your Lot? You Can Use it Some Day. Lots Sold in Pairs**

Write us for maps and full particulars. Make a reservation by mail. We will send you immediately a complete description of the property, after reading which you can send your deposit.

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Farming in the fertile delta lands of

# CALIFORNIA

Four of the booklets give specific information regarding four very profitable products; the fifth booklet gives general information regarding Tulare county farms and Tulare county in general.

Tulare county is situated in the **heart of California**, surrounded by lofty mountains and watered by adequate rivers and irrigation plants. These books are intensely interesting to any one who desires a profitable farming property for investment or actual occupancy. They tell all about the enormous profits to be made. \$70 per acre on sugar beets; \$150 an acre on table and wine grapes; \$100 an acre on alfalfa. Grain and vegetables pay \$80 per acre. Dairying and stock raising are more profitable than in eastern localities. These booklets give **facts and figures that are indisputable evidence** of the vast superiority of California farms. A 20 acre farm in Tulare county will pay better than a 160 acre eastern farm.

**Write for these booklets and get the absolute vital facts.**

The land offered is the famous Paige-Mitchell ranch which is being subdivided into farms and sold on **easy terms**. There are three propositions open to you; one will enable you to buy this land, without occupying it, and pay for it out of the crops, or if you desire you can settle upon the land and we will contract with you for your products at a price that will pay for the land in two to four years, or you can pay one-fourth down and the balance inside of four years, or you can pay spot cash.

This land is located a **few miles from the city of Tulare** and has every **market advantage**. The climate is excellent and the land is the famous **delta land** which is not surpassed anywhere in California.

**Write today for the booklets.**

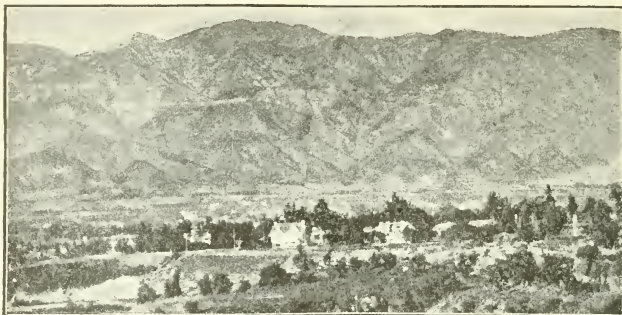
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Population:	Actual value of real estate,
1830..... 12,000	taxed this year, 1906, Los
190..... 50,000	Angeles City, \$375,000,000.
1900..... 100,000	Actual value of county real
1906..... 275,000	estate, taxed this year,
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The above figures are authentic, being estimated from the records, and the new buildings now under construction will add \$8,000,000 to the values. There is no one out of work who has gray matter enough to earn money and a desire to work. Come to Los Angeles. Have your mail addressed to our office.

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If you are thinking of an investment, Home, Ranch or a Residence ready to step into and settle down in—write us at once. We can sell you first-class Alfalfa Land under irrigation, in blocks of 40 acres and up at from \$30.00 to \$50.00 an acre, that will earn you from 50 to 100 per cent yearly on the cost of your lands which yields from 6 to 8 crops, and besides this profit you will live in a land of perpetual sunshine, flowers and freedom from snow, ice, sleet, cyclone or earthquakes, where peace and comfort reign supreme. We handle all classes of Southern California real estate, also exchange for Eastern or Northern property. Correspondence solicited.

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The Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railways are both in Casa Grande Valley. These afford superior market advantages. Mining is active, and the mining camps obtain their supplies from the valley.

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this winter, (winter is spring with us), and people are investigating and buying, and getting in their seed. Why not be among the favored, yourself, and make choice while things are moving? Come and see Casa Grande Valley. WRITE NOW for particulars and about free railroad rates to

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Brentwood Park is located on the rim of the historical Santa Monica Canon and north of the new San Vincente Boulevard and extends back to the foothills, midway between the Soldiers' Home and the ocean, and commands one of the grandest views of the entire valley and mountains; just far enough back from the ocean to give a commanding view of Ocean Park, Santa Monica, Venice, Play del Rey, Redondo, the Santa Barbara and the Catalina Islands. The ocean view is something that cannot be described; not a little imaginary view, but a 60-mile sweep. Here one enjoys all the oceanside advantages, yet is far enough inland to escape the harsh winds and fogs. The only reproduction of the Golden Gate Park, at San Francisco, in the world; more natural advantages than any other residence project in all of California.

An outside investor, naturally, wants to know these facts; nothing is easier; investigate, and investigate closely. If you will do this you will buy and buy at once.

No lots in the Park have a frontage of less than one hundred feet, and the depths range from one hundred and seventy-four to four hundred and fifty feet. A Grand Boulevard extends through the Park, ranging in width from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and eighty feet.

Brentwood Park will be a mammoth garden, covered with a wealth of foreign trees, flowers and shrubs; a park dotted with magnificent homes and grounds. Climatic conditions could not be improved; the finest of soil; the best of water, and frostless. Thirty minutes from Brentwood Park to Fourth and Broadway, the business center of Los Angeles. Brentwood Park is on the Los Angeles Pacific Electric road.

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LANE COUNTY, Oregon, of which Eugene is the County Seat and shipping center has the largest amount of standing timber of any county in the world, 34,000,000,000, feet, government estimate, and the greater portion of this immense area is still in the possession of the original locators, waiting for capitalists and mill men to concentrate into individual holdings. 17,000 to 50,000 feet per acre is about the usual run of timber. Prices average from \$10.00 to \$25.00 per acre, according to location and amount of timber. Stumpage averages from 25 cents to 50 cents per thousand.

### Compare These Prices With Michigan

Where they figure stumpage at from \$12.00 to \$20.00 per thousand and you will appreciate the opportunity offered.

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EUGENE, OREGON**

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In the heart of the most famous producing valley in the world. 6700 acres to be sold—divided into five and ten acre tracts to suit the buyer—to be **SOLD ON EASY TERMS.** This is practically the last fertile tract of land to be placed on sale in this valley of gardens.

There is a sure fortune in this land for the grower of Oranges, Lemons, Apricots, Grapes, Walnuts, Vegetables, Alfalfa—in fact it is suitable for any kind of crop, profitably grown in California

**POULTRY RAISING AND DAIRYING**—The field is especially fine for the poultry, egg and dairy product man. The demand is far greater than the supply, the prices are always high—allowing big profits.

**WATER**—The all-important feature of California farming is here in exhaustible quantities.

The entire tract of land is under an ideal system of irrigation. The source of supply is the perpetual snows in the mountains aided by many mountain springs. The water is conveyed to the land by a series of cement canals.

**FREE WATER STOCK WITH EVERY ACRE**—We will gladly supply all interested parties with complete information, prices, maps, etc.

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Rich lands adapted to alfalfa, walnuts, citrus and deciduous fruits, sugar beets, vegetables, berries and grain. \$175 to \$800 per acre being cleared on Chino lands. Quick profits in onions and potatoes—pays for your land the first year.

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# Klamath County, Oregon

## HAS

**IRRIGATION:** A Government Reclamation Project under construction embracing the expenditure of \$4,500,000, will bring 250,000 acres under water. The area to be watered includes gently sloping valley lands, tule and swamp lands and lake beds of remarkable fertility; 10,000 acres under irrigation from existing canals, producing bountiful crops of wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, other grain and root crops and alfalfa, timothy and other hay of the first quality.

**WATER POWER:** Link River, having a fall of 63 feet to the mile, adjacent to and through the town of Klamath Falls, affords enormous power that is partially utilized in generating electric current for lighting, manufacturing and domestic purposes.

**NAVIGATION:** Upper Klamath Lake, the largest body of navigable water in the United States west of the Rocky Mountains, is traversed for a distance of almost 50 miles by fine steamers and smaller craft; Lake Ewanna, Klamath River and Lower Klamath Lake furnish an avenue of commerce and travel between Klamath Falls, Merrill, Keno and other points, for a distance of more than 40 miles.

**TRANSPORTATION:** The California Northeastern Railroad, building from a connection with the Southern Pacific at Weed, Cal., will be completed to Klamath Falls as soon as the contractors can complete the work; through service now established in connection with stage and steamboat lines; the Oregon Eastern Railroad to be built from Natron, Oregon, to Klamath Falls, is under survey; the McCloud River Railroad is building from a connection with the Southern Pacific at Upton, Cal., to Laird's, Cal., where connection with points in the basin will be made by means of steamboat; the Klamath Lake Railroad, present route of travel, connects with the Southern Pacific at Thrall, and its owners plan extension to tap timber lands that will bring its terminus to the Klamath River or near that stream at the lower end of the navigable portion of the stream. Two street car companies have rails laid at Klamath Falls and suburban electric railway lines are contemplated to Bonanza and other adjacent towns.

**RECREATION:** Klamath Basin, with its wonderful lake system and waterways, rugged mountain groups environing and lowering snow-capped peaks with Shasta and McLaughlin most prominent, is the paradise of the photographer and delight of the sportsmen. Crater Lake National Park lies entirely within Klamath County and is one of the seven wonders of the world, comparable in its beauty and solitude to no other spot of earth. Wild game abounds in the mountains, including bear, deer, elk, all of the game birds of this portion of the United States and waterfowl in such variety and abundance as found in no other locality.

Hot springs flowing water of rare medicinal qualities and cold springs from which burst forth large rivers are among the possessions that add to the attractions and advantages.

Rainbow trout and other species of game fish are more plentiful than in the waters of any other section, and the limit is the easily resultant catch of a few hours for the angler.

**TIMBER:** Adjacent to the Upper Klamath Lake and the Klamath Basin is the largest body of standing soft pine timber in the Pacific Northwest. Sugar and yellow pine are the chief varieties, but all of the best classes of pine occur here. The manufacture of lumber will be one of the giant industries of the region, affording an unending supply of building material at moderate price and a strong home demand for products of the farm, garden, orchard and dairy.

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**FARMERS:** Men who know how to cultivate the soil and make it yield of the bounty of fertility with which Nature has so richly endowed it cannot select a better location, where irrigation is assured with an abundant supply of water.

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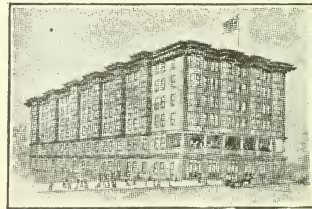
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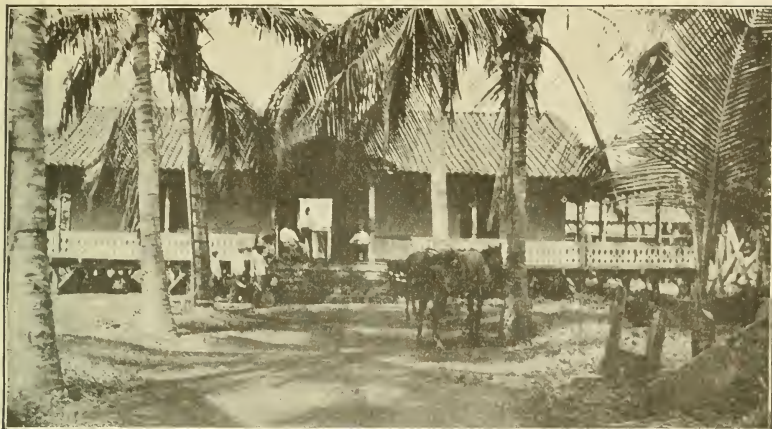
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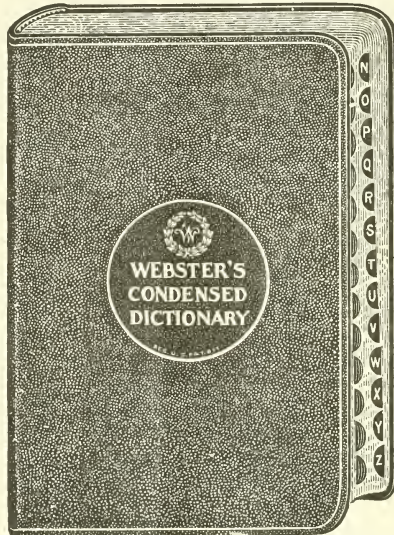
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In order to make a comparison with the nearest approach to a similar line, we will quote from statistics of the Aurora, Egin & Chicago Railway Company.

The road covers a territory of 57 miles in length, including 26 miles double track, making a total mileage of 83 miles. It is equipped with one power station, 6 sub-stations, 3 power engines, 23 motor cars, 23 box and freight cars. The total cost of the line and equipment is \$7,818,749. Reliable information indicates that this figure is 20 per cent in excess of the actual cost of the road and its equipment.

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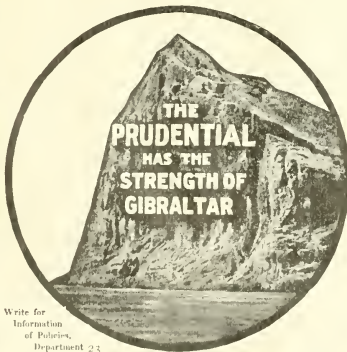
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# The Pacific Monthly

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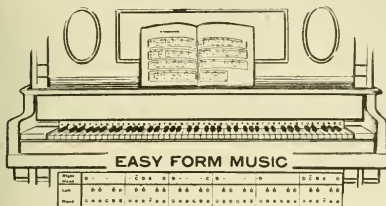
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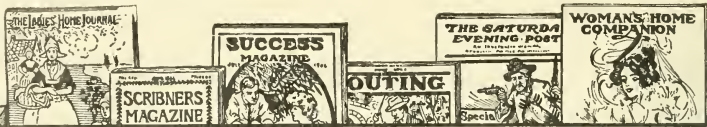
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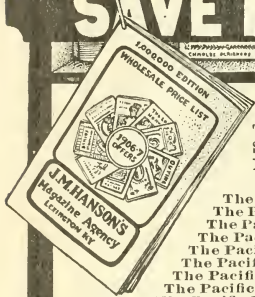
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## *The Pacific Monthly for April*

Jack London, the author of "The Call of the Wild" and other famous tales, contributes a powerful problem story—"Created He Them"—to the next issue of this magazine. The same author will have another story in a later issue, which he has promised to make the best he has yet written. "Created He Them" deals with the problem of two brothers—the degeneracy of the one set against the strong character of the other.

"The Japanese Question" is handled frankly by Hon. James D. Phelan, ex-Mayor of San Francisco. Mr. Phelan's article should be read by everybody. It is a clear and able exposition of the problem, and, while not sensational, presents unanswerable arguments for the restriction of Japanese immigration.

"The Story of the Shasta Route," the first of W. F. Bailey's series of "Stories of the Western Railroads," will appear in this issue. Mr. Bailey is admittedly the leading authority on Western railway history, and his articles will undoubtedly attract wide attention, both for their intrinsic interest and unique historical value.

"How Oregon Got the Initiative and Referendum and Became Politically the Most Progressive State in the Union" and "How Seattle Got the Recall"—two articles of extraordinary politico-economic interest, will appear in the April Progress Department.

"A-Birding in the Olympiades" by the eminent naturalist, W. Leon Dawson, is a most interesting account of a canoe voyage among the dangerous rocks and islands in the vicinity of Cape Flattery, describing the various kinds and countless numbers of sea-birds which have their rookeries in that region. The article is profusely illustrated from photographs.

"Sitting Bull Brought to Taw" is the second of Fred A. (Moss-Atgate Bill) Hunt's fascinating Indian war historical contributions, describing the humiliation of the fierce and proud Sioux chieftain. It is illustrated from numerous old-time photographs of Indian fighters and Sioux warriors.



## *Announcement by the Editors*

“Fishing on the World’s New Cod Banks”—an article that will surprise many readers—describes the wonderful development of the cod fishing industry on the Pacific.

In fiction the April number will be the best yet. Besides Mr. London’s story, E. D. Biggers’s “O’Grady of the Buttons,” a humorous and striking tale of a soldier of fortune in South America, will appear in this issue. “The Reform Wave at Sagewood,” a picturesque tale of a frontier town, tells how a bad man became a good citizen when political honor was thrust upon him.

Another instalment of Mr. Whitaker’s novel, “The Settler,” maintains the story’s intense interest. From the re-reading of more recent chapters the Editors again feel constrained to announce with yet stronger emphasis their conviction that this story will prove one of the greatest, if not the greatest, novels of the year.

Porter Garnett will contribute another brilliantly able essay on Western Literary Topics; William Winter’s regular monthly paper on the New York Stage and its leading lights, will be of even more than usual interest; and Charles Erskine Scott Wood’s biting paragraphs on live questions may be depended upon to be as interesting as ever.

WESTERN AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON: Beginning with the April number, the Editors hope to present the first of a series of articles on subjects of special interest to the West, as they may come up in the halls of Congress, or in the various departments at the National Capital. The magazine has secured a well-known, able and fearlessly reliable correspondent, permanently stationed at Washington, so that this magazine will be able to give its readers a monthly resume of matters of especial interest to them, treated with absolute frankness and freedom from bias or subjection to any press-bureau influences.

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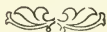
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# The PACIFIC MONTHLY



Vol. XVII

MARCH, 1907

No. 3

## A Day in the Land of the Moose

By Percival Nash

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author



We had located for the marten-trapping season far up the South Fork of the Stewart River, about four hundred miles east of Dawson.

The Stewart is one of the largest tributaries of the Yukon, making a junction with it sixty miles above Dawson. After leaving the head of steamboat navigation on the Stewart, at Frazer Falls, two hundred miles up, the two of us poled and lined our small boat to our location a few miles up one of the mountain feeders of the South Fork, probably two hundred miles from the main Stewart.

Many experiences and vicissitudes had befallen us en route, but we had at last gained our destination with our boatload of supplies for the Winter trappings, slightly disfigured from two swampings, but not much diminished in quantity.

The month of September we set apart for getting our Winter's supply of meat for ourselves, and also for our four young Indian dogs. The moose killed during the

month, if properly handled and cached, will keep fresh until the Winter sets in earnest and Nature forms her own cold-storage plant.

The first day's hunting brought a bull to Jim's credit. The day before this story opens I had killed a cow and calf. I found them about eight miles up the small creek, at the mouth of which our hunting camp was pitched. The two moose lay in the head of a little coulée with only a few yards between them and timber line. The next necessary thing was to skin and cut them up into small pieces suitable for loading onto a toboggan, and then cache securely. When the Winter was sufficiently advanced to give us enough snow for a toboggan trail, a day's work with the dogs would deliver the meat at our cabin door.

The next day's experiences were typical of many in that wild region.

We made an early breakfast by candle light, as we had much to do before night fell. After fastening the tent door securely to keep out the ever-present Hud-

son Bay bird or "whiskey jack" as he is known in the Yukon, we got under way for the moose.

Just as we started I made a suggestion and Jim agreed. Nearly all the moose-tracks that I crossed during my previous hunt were heading towards the high levels of the mountain slope. I proposed that we should start right from camp, climb the mountain nearly to timber line, and then head straight for where the two dead moose lay. It meant some tall climbing, with numerous draws and gullies to cross, but 't would give us a better chance to kill more moose, and it was moose we needed.

Another hard frost the past night, and the thin layer of early snow scrunched and crumbled under our feet. It was a steep climb—the more noticeable, perhaps, coming so soon after breakfast.

Where we started the almost perpendicular wall of gravel and rock divided the river bottom from the first bench of the mountain. We skirted the foot of this bluff for a few yards to where an old, old game trail wound its way down. Zig-zag it went, but at any rate it gave toe-hold. What a view! Across the valley towered ragged mountains, and as far as the eye could reach up or down stream the peaks rose in their silent majesty.

We were starting to climb the south slope of the mountain that separated the little creek from the main river. Hence across the river valley on the northern exposures we saw but one kind of foliage, the dark green of the spruce and balsam.

The river flat opened up in places with swales of hard-hack or black birch. Through the trees the deep blue of a small lake shone a mile or so down the valley. That lake would have been a good place for moose earlier in the season, but they had all left the lakes upon the commencement of cold weather.

The white lichen or caribou moss, as it is called, gave us soft footing under the skitter of snow. It points to a high altitude when the ground is covered with this moss on the southern slopes.

Suddenly we stopped in disgust. Before us we saw the stumps of two or three small trees that had been hacked down; that 's all, but it meant a lot to us. There, a few feet farther on, was a rude pen of stakes, and on

the ground under the white mantle of snow we could trace the dim outlines of two small logs across the pen's mouth. It was an Indian deadfall for marten and we had found similar ones in every direction during our previous rambles. "Two years old," I remarked.

"Boy, we've come a little too far from Dawson," answered Jim with a sigh. We were too close to Fort Norman, one of the great Hudson Bay Company trading posts on the Upper McKenzie River; there was no question about that.

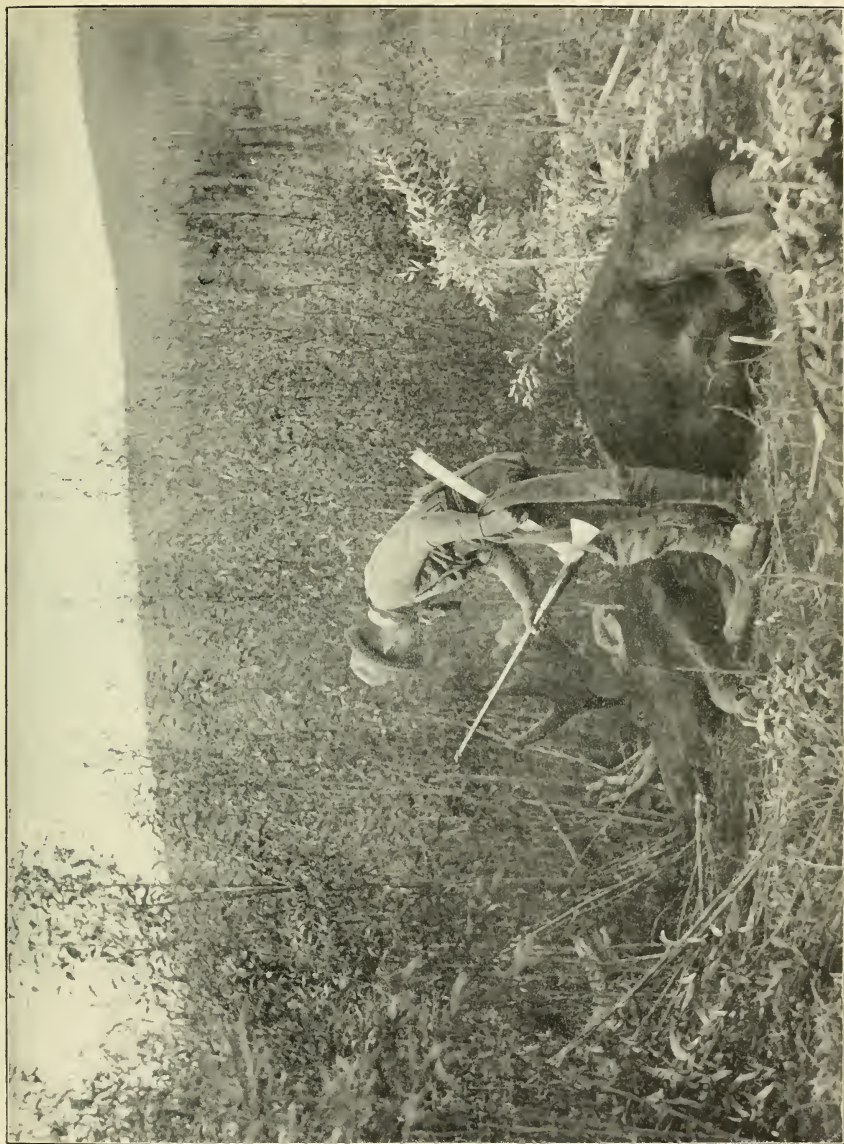
Our great object had been to reach ground that had never been trapped by white men, and in that we had succeeded, but we failed to count on the McKenzie Indians crossing the watershed.

If we had not located so far up the Stewart River we could have struck inland, but those rugged peaks forbade. We had been looking for passes through the mountain range to some of the other tributaries of the Stewart River, or to the Pelly River, which drained the country to the south, but none could we find. I reckoned we were too near to the heart of the Rockies for them.

However, all this soliloquizing would



*A Meat Cache.*



*"A Lump of Meat" and the Author.*

not cache those two moose or kill any more; so we once again breasted the hill. Too steep for a straight ascent, we worked along up a sharp spur of the mountain, which shut in a little draw or rivulet, with a heavily timbered basin in the mountain side for its source. It was good going for

sure that black spot just visible was game.

"Jim, I think I see a moose." I tried to point the place out to him, but even as I spoke I noted a change, and the black spot disappeared.

It was a moose for sure, and the next question was how to get at him.



*Frazer Falls, Two Hundred Miles Up the Stewart.*

a moment or two; no underbrush and the trees not close together.

All at once something caused me to halt.

Across in the middle of the basin I could see a small opening. There something caught my eye. It must have been nearly three-quarters of a mile across, yet I was

We worked our way well into the head of the draw and soon saw the tracks of our quarry. My expectations fell considerably, however, when we also saw cows' tracks. It made the proposition ever so much harder.

A bull in the rutting season is pretty

easy game, as a rule, but not so with the cow. As we moved cautiously amongst the tangle of undergrowth, dodging what we could, and lifting the twigs, even, away from our clothing, we suddenly heard, not seventy-five yards from us, and down hill, the scratch, scratch of the bull's horns on a tree. He knew something was up, and was issuing his challenge.

I whispered to Jim to scrape a nearby tree with his axe. Often a bull can be fooled thus and brought to you.

You may be sure that my gun was ready. Just one glimpse was all that I asked; but that glimpse came not.

After a moment's suspense there was a plunge and crashing of bushes, and the mistress cow led off for distant pastures with the bull in tow.

Jim started on the run, down hill, to try for a shot as they went up the other slope.

Not with me—too much timber. I proceeded to shin up a big spruce tree. My gun handicapped me, or I might have



*A Load of Supplies for the Winter Camp.*

In answer to Jim's axe we heard the deep guttural grunt of the bull's "call." Oh, to be an Indian for a moment! But I was not an expert in moose talk, and neither was Jim.

A poor grunt is worse than no grunt, so we did the next best thing, and Jim scraped the tree again. Talk about fiddle strings; they were nothing to my nerves at that critical moment, and from the look on the little Scotchman's face and the snap of his eyes, James was slightly on edge, too.

climbed high enough in time to see the moose cross the crest of the spur opposite.

I rested, perched among the upper branches, and soon saw my partner making back tracks. "Come down from your perch, birdie; I'm liable to shoot you for a new kind of whiskey jack."

I thought of a lot of things to say in reply, but, instead, slid down the tree.

We shook our heads at each other, cursed the moose and all its ancestors, and then the climb again.

We reached the balsam-fir belt at last; a sure sign of approaching timber line, even if we could not see rugged crags and bare slopes through the scattering trees. There were a few marten tracks on this level, but nothing much.

A covey of ptarmigan sprang out from almost under our feet. We both brought

most large enough to call a creek. It headed up between two large domes of the main creek divide. A timbered butte stood well out into the draw, and we started across a short distance above it. I thought that I heard a sound from the direction of the knoll. We both stopped and listened, but everything was silent.



*Steaks and Chops for the Winter.*

our rifles up instinctively, and then laughed together.

We fell and slid down into a steep gully or washout, and then eluded gravel up the other side. It was nearly three miles still to where the two moose lay, but we were getting on.

The draw that we came to next was al-

“There it is again, Jim.” He heard it that time, and we both knew what the sound signified. ’T was “the rattle of dry bones” we heard—the impact of moose horn on moose horn.

Up on that knoll there was a “free-for-all scrap” with my lady moose for audience, referee and prize for the victor.



We felt slightly inclined to take a hand in it ourselves, and the way we lit out for that knoll was a caution.

"Be canny, lad," gasped James from behind me, "or that besom of a cow will hear us and give the show away." 'T was good advice, but the trouble was that the fight might end at any moment and the victor and his lady-love depart. I cast back a look of anguish at Jim as the moose "call" once again echoed amongst the trees. "I guessed the turn," I muttered

in view he'd be a dead one. But it meant within forty yards in that tangle of bush and I had grave doubts.

The noise ceased all at once, and everything was silent save for that siren song on the hill's top. Slowly I raised myself and craned my head from side to side as I tried to pick out an opening. My gun slid up to my shoulder, for all at once I caught a glimpse of something dull yellowish white through a little hole between two limbs.



*An Alaska Moose Lake—A "Shot" With the Camera Just Before Sending a Bullet.*

to myself, for the call we heard was a psalm of thanksgiving for victory won, and a challenge as well for any other old moose to come up and try conclusions.

We both dropped on hands and knees, and if we could have found a hole, we should have liked to crawl in and pull the hole in after us, because just above us we heard the crash and crackle of underbrush and the rattle of horns. "His job-lot," the beaten moose, was leaving, and if we could just be invisible for a moment till he came

Right well I knew what that was. Once, when more of a novice at moose-hunting, I stupidly stared at something similar until a big bull moose meandered off. It was part of the shovel of a bull's horn that I had in view. I had to figure from that prong where the gentleman's head was, and then plant a bullet between his eyes.

But oh, the awful agony and sickening suspense of the next moment, when I realized that I could not tell which prong it was, the right or left, of his horns.



*Camp of Indian Hunters.*

"Jim, what shall I do? I can only see one horn," I hoarsely whispered.

Jim was muttering prayers in Highland Scotch behind me, but I heard him say: "Give it to him, lad. Guess at it."

I figured it was the right horn and aimed accordingly. Missed him, by all the prophets! as the horn faded from view, but with no sound of the fall of a stricken moose.

I hurriedly pumped another cartridge into the rifle barrel, and fired another shot blindly into the bush, but at a lower level than where the horn was.

The moose had to turn in his tracks and I had hopes of reaching him with my second bullet. "Get him?" asked Jim.

I did not answer immediately, being busily engaged swearing in the Indian tongue. I don't know exactly what the words meant, but they undoubtedly suited.

We separated at once and ran along the hillside; one of us might get a shot at long range. My spirits rose with a bound when I crossed the bull's track and found blood staining the snow. I noted the direction the bull took at a glance, heading straight down the draw.



*"We Were About Eight Hundred Pounds of Meat to the Good."*

I made for the knoll, and hoped to get a commanding view of the lower levels before he got out of range.

I crossed the scene of the late combat, finding snow trampled, trees barked and limbs broken on all sides. Just as I reached the summit I heard the sharp, whip-like crack of Jim's Mauser. Once, twice, and then silence. I drew conclusions, upon hearing shots fired with such rapidity, and they favored the animal's escape.

I fell over the hill and located Jim by some awful words in Gaelic.

wound high up from the amount of blood.

Things seemed to be coming our way, as we soon came to where the moose had lain down. If we had n't crowded him, but given him time to stiffen, we would have ended the chase at this point.

We had to decide next what to do—either to keep on crowding the moose and try and run him down, or else wait for several hours to give his wounds time to stiffen. I threw my vote in favor of the immediate following, because the weather



*A Winter Trapping Camp.*

"Did you get him?" I inquired with a straight face.

"Naw—that's what comes from using blarsted American cartridges in a Dutch gun," was the reply; "but you've crippled him badly; I could see him limp."

After the moose we went, straight down almost to the main creek, and then the tracks swung down the creek valley.

"Off hind leg, high up?" I put the question, but was already sure. The bull's track marking the way he spread his hoof showed it to be the off hind leg, and the

had changed and a heavy drizzle was then on. An hour of that weather and the track would be almost obliterated. The snow was already melted in many places.

We took his trail again on the run. When at fault, we soon harked back to it by spreading out. The moose had almost stopped bleeding at this juncture. Down into the creek he went, his spread toe mark saving us from losing him amongst some more fresh tracks. He crossed the creek, and I did likewise, jumping in and wading across as though I liked it. Back into the

creek again, and then we lost the trail for awhile.

The bull waded down stream for a hundred yards before he came out, on my side, and then stepped into thick-matted willow brush. We were two wet, bedraggled-looking objects at that time.

Things went from bad to worse. I followed the track until, by coming onto a hard-beaten game trail, I found by the imprint that I was following an unwounded moose. I harked back, and finally located Jim. "I think the deal is off."

There didn't seem a ghost of a show after all the rain to wash the blood scent out, and we could not expect much from young, untried dogs.

My only hope I put in Grease, the biggest dog, the one we had bought from an Indian just before starting up river.

The dogs were delighted to be loosed, and careered wildly about as we proceeded to where we had left the bull's trail earlier in the day. Here they seemed to think that rabbits were the quarry.

After endeavoring unsuccessfully for



*Headquarters Camp on the Stewart.*

He acquiesced.

"Let's go to camp, eat dinner and bring the dogs back afterwards. They may find the bull."

This suited Jim; at least the dinner part did. Our chase had led us back down the creek to within three miles of camp, so we soon reached shelter.

It was a silent meal that we ate, the only sound being the patter of raindrops on the canvas. I hated especially to lose game after wounding it. No doubt, all who hunt feel the same.

about an hour to get them interested in the last wide-spread hoof-prints, we gave it up in disgust and started in the gloom of the shortening day back for camp.

The dogs chased a bunny from almost under our feet and all disappeared in the brush. We let them go. They would come back to camp at feed time.

My moccasin strings were untied, and as I bent to tie them, Jim went on ahead. Just as I straightened up to follow my heart gave a bound, for I heard Grease far off to our left in the river flat. It was

not a true bark that I heard; an Indian husky dog cannot bark—he is too closely related to the Northern timber wolf for that—but it was a curious mixture of wolf howl with part of a dog's bark thrown in as an after-thought.

The dogs of the North always run mute and never give tongue until the game stands at bay. So it was a cinch; Grease had our much-wished-for moose "stood up" and now our part came in.

With all despatch I made for the sound. When close I proceeded cautiously, as I did not wish to start the moose off again. I also wished to see him before he saw me, for several reasons, the chief one being that I would as soon face a railroad locomotive as a charging bull moose.

This time, though, my fears were groundless. Jim's gun talked, and I stepped into the arena just in time to see our noble prey sink slowly to his knees and then to the ground, but fighting the dogs to the last. Every hair on his neck and shoulders stood on end, and at first glance he appeared as big as an elephant.

After the bull was dead, we had a free-for-all dog fight, as all four thought that they owned him.

We soon galloped the moose and cov-

ered the carcass with the hide held by sticks, to allow the meat to cool quickly and still keep it dry.

We were about eight hundred pounds of meat to the good, thanks to our Indian pup, and it simplified our living.

This made three moose to cache, but this one was close to camp.

We struck off for camp in the dark and rain, but who cared? We all thought well of ourselves.

We had more to eat and plenty of black tea, and then rolled in.

My pipe was n't quite finished, so I laid in bed and smoked. Tobacco tastes better anyway from between the blankets.

I punched Jim in the ribs and got a grunt in response.

"I have a thought," I told him. We had a bottle of Scotch that we kept for emergencies and medicinal use. The bottle was n't in our hunting camp, but where we left our boat and grub cache, eight miles down stream, but that made no difference.

"We must drink Grease's health, James, the next time we go down after grub." The only answer that I got was a prolonged snore. It's pretty bad when you cannot keep a Scotchman awake by talking of whiskey; so I said good-night.



*Finis.*



*Sitting Bull in His Prime.* From a photograph by F. A. Rinehart.

# Ho-Too-Ah-Okh-Hose—Sitting Bull, the Irreconcilable

By Fred A. Hunt  
(Moss-Agate Bill)

## PART I.



MONTANA—the land of massacre, as it was known for many years—is now chiefly known for its unequaled production of metals, for its varied stock-ranges and teeming farms and for being the principal gateway to the unsurpassed gem of scenic beauty and marvels, the Yellowstone National Park. Bathed in blood the territory had been for many years, especially by reason of the savage and persistent conflicts between the Crows and their hereditary foes, the Sioux; but in 1876, the time of the occurrence of the events of this narrative, the principal noteworthy features of the scene of the events were buffalo innumerable, sagebrush and scenery.

Not that the internecine feuds of the Indians were any less ferocious, but the Sioux and Cheyennes\* had joined forces and were waging relentless war against the whites, the war that found its miserable culmination in the Custer massacre of June 25, 1876; the only known survivor of which abattoir was Curley, the Crow Indian scout, and hence the engagements between the Crows and the Sioux were more infrequent, wherefore the Crows were enabled to devote themselves to the peaceful art of raising ponies, they being the owners of vast bands of this symbol of Indian wealth.

Shortly after the Custer slaughter, Generals Crook, Terry and Miles were operating in the Yellowstone country and General Miles establishing the Cantonment at

Tongue River, near the embouchure of that river into the Yellowstone, and across Tongue River was also built Miles City.

Although the travel either by steamboat or wagon-train in those thirty-year-since days was not excessive, yet it was of the utmost importance that the wagon-roads and water-ways should be molested as little as possible by the predatory Redmen, and this was part of General Miles' multifarious duties and was best accomplished by whipping the turbulent Indians in season and out of season, and these unpleasant attentions on the General's part became so annoying to Sitting Bull and his band of Unepapa Sioux that he remonstrated epistolarily in the following *billet-doux*:

### YELLOWSTONE.

I want to know what you are doing traveling on this road. You scare all the buffalo away. I want to hunt in this place. I want you to turn back from here. If you dont I will fight you again. I want you to leave what you have got here and turn back from here.

I am your friend,

### SITTING BULL.

I mean all the rations you have got and some powder. Wish you would write as soon as you can.

This missive was stuck in a cleft piece of teepee pole and the pole put upright in the middle of the wagon trail, on the north bank of the Yellowstone, meandering north-easterly to Glendive and thence southeasterly to Fort Buford. There it was found by the detachment escorting a wagon-train, loaded with supplies, from Glendive to the

\*The Cheyenne name for themselves is *Tsistah*, or *Tsis-tan*, the natives or the people (native to). Cheyenne is supposed to be the French spelling of the Sioux word designating the Cheyennes—*Shiello*, red or foreign talkers. Or some Sioux with a smattering of French might have adopted the French word *Chiéne* (stuff, rubbish, mean creature or dog) to designate the tribe. The Sioux deemed themselves the salt of the earth, despite the populousness and power of the Cheyennes.

Cantonment, the escort being commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel (afterward Major-General) Elwell S. Otis, Twenty-second United States Infantry. Colonel Otis did not occasion much favorable comment in the District of the Yellowstone, but he atoned for this lack of criticism when he was subsequently commanding at Havana. Colonel Otis sent the missive to Miles.

The letter was well and intelligently written, and its composition and chirography were ascribed to Johnny Bruguière, a nephew of Sitting Bull. He was an intelligent and fairly well-educated half-



Moss-Agate Bill (From an Old-Time Photograph).

breed, whose stamping-ground was at Standing Rock agency on the Missouri River, near Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory. There he had a strenuous altercation with another half-breed. In the progress of the discussion Bruguière enforced his view with an ax-handle with such decision that his antagonist permanently retired from any more disputations thereafter. It was said that his obsequies were very fine and largely attended. The climate of Standing Rock Bruguière decided unhygienic for him, so he suddenly departed and made his tortuous way to the hostile camp of his uncle, for whom he became adviser, amanuensis and interpreter. Bruguière subsequently did yeoman service as scout and interpreter for the troops operating under General Miles.

Despite the imperiousness of Sitting Bull's mandate and the modesty of his requests, Miles was unmoved and on receipt of the message he called Moss-Agate Bill (called by the Indians *Mokh-is-tun-e-ve-ho*, the man who writes; *Ve-ho* being white man and *Mokh-is-tun-e* penman) into headquarters and indited a terse answer to Sitting Bull, the precise phraseology of which is not of record, but it implied that Miles would see him d—d first, and then he would n't. This was dispatched by courier to be located near the spot where the original message was found, the same mode being adopted to give it conspicuousness.

And then, with General Miles' customary decisiveness, he mobilized his available forces at the Cantonment, had them ferried across the Yellowstone and started down the wagon-trail in the hope of finding Sitting Bull somewhere along the route. Miles met Otis and re-enforced his command with some of the troops of the latter, and pursued his way.

On October 21 the General had given permission to a number of the men to hunt buffalo, with the proviso that they should not lose sight of the "flankers" (the scouts that traveled ahead, parallel with and some distance behind the moving command and acted as antennae to detect the presence of danger) and should report any object worthy of making a report about.

After the command had marched some distance some of the buffalo-hunters returned to the column and remarked that





From a photograph by Mora.  
*General Nelson A. Miles in 1876.*

there seemed to be an enormous number of buffalo hovering about the column, but so far away that it could not be determined whether they were innocuous buffalo or no, the hunters having no field-glasses. Scouts were ordered to investigate and reported that the country was "lousy with Injuns"—not euphonious but exceedingly descriptive. The recall was sounded, the lines drawn more closely, the scouts sent a little farther afield, the column continued its march and in a short time the Indians had disappeared, save for an occasional obtrusiveness of the war-bonnet of a lookout just above some commanding knoll.

Lieutenant Hobart K. Bailey, Fifth Infantry, who was in command of the scouts and trailers, suddenly descried something white waving in the air away off amid the bluffs to the left of the road, and suggested that he and Moss-Agate Bill should investi-

gate and ascertain its significance. To this General Miles assented and the two envoys spurred up their cayuses and went on their tour of exploration. On arriving near the object it was found to be an Indian with what had once been a "biled" shirt attached to a pole by the sleeves, and which he was waving vigorously. On the ambassadors coming close to him, they found that he either could not or would not speak English, but made insistent signs that someone over the hills wanted to pow-wow. After a little consultation between Bailey and Bill they accompanied the shirt-bearer over the hill and into a camp of what appeared to them about 100,000 Indians. They were everywhere, and they did n't look particularly amicable, either. But shortly one in authority approached and, in English, welcomed the emissaries and stated that Sitting Bull wanted to have a consultation with General Miles (*Nokh-ko Ist-sa*, the Man-With-the-Bear-Coat—from a coat that Miles used to wear that was trimmed with bear skin—*Nokh-ko*, bear; *Ist-sa*, coat) and he was there to arrange preliminaries.

But Miles was some distance away, so it was suggested that the conferee—whom it afterward transpired was Brugnière—should go and see General Miles and lay Sitting Bull's proffer before him. Brugnière, however, manifested great reluctance to making any appearance amid the soldiers, a reluctance that was natural, as there might be some law officer there empowered to take Mr. Brugnière into custody for the Standing Rock imbroglio. The difficulty was shortly overcome by Bill proffering to remain as hostage for Brugnière until the latter's return. So Lieutenant Bailey and Brugnière departed and left Moss-Agate Bill amid over one thousand warriors of the Minneconjoue, Brûlés, Sans Arcs and Unepapa Sioux; with their wives and children—about three thousand hungry-looking, atrocious hostiles. They could have pulled Bill to pieces with very little exertion and he would be like a straw in a maelstrom. He was not fearful of anything save the accidental discharge of a gun from the military column, then he would n't have lasted long enough to sneeze; and he could n't have the satisfaction (dear to the frontier heart) of plug-



Lieutenant Oscar F. Long.

ging someone ere he passed in his checks. So he remained for quite a long time in undoubted suspense, with the mob crowding his horse's legs and himself. No misadventure occurred and General Miles came with Bruguière and Bailey, and accompanied by Lieutenant Oscar F. Long and Johnny King, the headquarters bugler.

No introductions were made, the Indians who were to participate in the council squatting on their hunkers and the three officers doing likewise; all forming a circle. Bill and the trumpeter, King, remained a few feet away with the horses of the officers. The calumet was filled, the kinnikinniek lit and passed from hand to hand, the Indians taking two or three long inspirations and emitting the smoke with satisfied ugh-h-s. One of the prominent conferees of the Indians was Chief Gall, war-chief of the Uncpapa Sioux—Sitting Bull was hereditary chief and the dominant power—who was one of the leaders in the extinction of Custer's battalion. Another was the warrior Two Moons. Sitting Bull wanted peace, but wanted it his way and that implied the withdrawal of the troops from



Photograph by Rhehart.

*A Sioux Chief in Full Regalia.*

the occupancy of any portion of the country north of the Yellowstone and south of the Missouri; Miles wanted the Indians to go to their agencies and desist from any future raids and outbreaks. Sitting Bull vehemently declared that Manitou had made him an Indian but not an agency Indian, and that he didn't contemplate frustrating the purposes of Providence by becoming one. He also asserted that no white man that ever lived loved the Indian and that the Indian heartily and thoroughly reciprocated this negative affection. Therefore he didn't intend either going on any reservation, save the reservation the Great Spirit had made for his children the Indians, and he didn't propose to make any terms of supposed amity with those whom he hated and who hated him. All the utterances of the chiefs were made through Johnny Bruguière, no one knowing at that time which was Sitting Bull and which was any other chief. It was not long ere manifest rancor was displayed by the Indians; neither was it long before the Indians that had been standing interested, but unarmed, witnesses of the council, lounged toward the main body of Indians and each would return armed. Bill perceived this and, pulling his Springfield from its holster on his saddle,



*Colonel Hobart K. Bailey, Now Commanding Philippine Scouts.*

threw it across his arm and nonchalantly fingered the hammer, at the same time telling Johnny King of the belligerency of the Indians. Johnny, too, placed himself in a state of armed preparedness. The Indians in the council circle noticed this and Miles' attention was called to the matter: he reproved the two men and ordered them to replace their weapons where they would be less offensive. Bill objected and pointed out the continued accession of armed Indians, whereat quite an excited colloquy ensued. Sitting Bull afterward acknowledged that he at one time contemplated shooting General Miles through the head with the revolver he had hidden in the fold of his buffalo robe, thus being desirous of having a repetition of the murder of General E. R. S. Canby on April 11, 1873.

But in a short time the agitation subsided and the council terminated by an agreement

to have another council the next day at the base of a large mound of rock on a plateau where the valley of Cedar Creek opened widely, and some little distance above the site of the present town of Glendive. After this prolongation of the armistice the Indians and the soldiers freely commingled for some time, the Indians withdrawing and disappearing behind the adjacent hills, Brugniere reiterating Sitting Bull's promise to have another council on the morrow.

In the flamboyance of the assertions made and their failure of fulfillment the Indians demonstrated that if "*In nit-tse-e, Ve-ho*" (white men are liars) the noble Red Man is a pretty good descendant of Ananias himself.

But did n't they have any council? asks the reader. Yes, they had a quasi-council and a rattling good fight afterward; but that's another story.



*Two Moons, Sioux Warrior.*

# The Piano at Red's

By Charles B. Clark, Jr.

There's a hole called Red's Saloon  
In La Vaca town;  
There's an old piano there,  
Blistered, marred and brown,  
And a man that's older still,  
Takin' drinks for fees,  
Plays all night from memory  
On the yellow keys.

While the glasses clink and clash  
On the sloppy bar  
That piano's dreamy voice  
Takes you out and far.  
Ridin' old, forgotten trails  
Underneath the moon,  
Till you hear a drunken yell  
Back in Red's Saloon.

Whirr of wheel and slap of cards,  
Talk of loss and gain,  
Mix with hum of honey bees  
Down a sunny lane.  
Glimpses of your mother's eyes,  
Touch of girlish lips  
Often make you lose the count  
While you stack your chips.

Scuffin' feet and thud of fists,  
Curses hot as fire—  
Still the music sings of love,  
Longin' lost desire,  
Dreams that never could have been,  
Joys that could n't stay.  
While the man upon the floor  
Wipes the blood away.

Then, some way, it follows you,  
Sleeps upon your breast,  
Trails you out across the range.  
Never lets you rest,  
And for days and days you hum  
Just one scrap of tune—  
Funny place for music, though,  
Down in Red's Saloon.



*Young California Jay About to Leave the Nest.*

# Two Studies in Blue

By William L. Finley

Photographs from Life by Herman T. Bohlman



BLUE is not a common color among our birds. There are many more clad in neutral tints of brown and gray than in bright blue. But a list of birds that every child should know could not be complete without our two commonest studies in blue, the bluebird and the bluejay. In all our woods from the Atlantic to the Pacific, one may find these two, one gentle and friendly, the other bold, boisterous and untrustful.

A small flock of jays are such a noisy pack in the Autumn. They squawk through the woods as if they wanted everybody to know just where they were, but in the Spring after they have paired and are nesting, they suddenly go speechless as if they could n't trust themselves to talk out loud. And indeed they can't when anywhere about the nest. They talk in whispers and flit as silently as shadows through the trees.

In the early Spring I heard the jays squawking about the maples on the hill, but I knew they would not nest there; that was only a play ground. A quarter of a mile below this was a thick clump of fir saplings. They would take this thicket for a home. The last week in May I searched through this and found the nest eight feet from the ground among the close limbs.

A little earlier these same birds were blustering, bragging and full of noise. When I found the nest, one of the birds was at home. She did n't move till I shook the tree; then she slid off silently and went for her mate. In another minute they were both there, not threatening and swearing as I had expected. It was pitiful to see how meek and confiding they had become. There was not a single harsh word. They had lost even the bluejay tongue and talked like two chippies in love. They had a peculiar little note like the mewing of a

pussy cat. I felt ashamed to touch the home of such a gentle pair.

If this was not a two-fold bird character, I never expect to see one. They go sneaking through the woods, stealing eggs and wrecking homes of others, and squealing in delight at every chance to pillage—but this is legitimate in the bluejay code of morals. I have often wondered whether jays plunder other jays, or whether there is honor among bird thieves. Are there robber barons among birds as among men? But doves could not be more gentle and loving about the home, for the jays were devoted parents.

If this pair of jays carried on their nest-robbing, they did it on the quiet away from home, for in the thicket and only a few yards away, I found a robin's nest with eggs, and the nest of a thrush with young birds. Perhaps the jays wanted to stand well with their neighbors and live in peace. I am sure if the robins had thought the jays were up to mischief, they would have hustled them out of the thicket. I think we give both the crow and the jay more credit for nest-robbing than they do. For investigation shows that they eat many insects, and in some cases I have known the jays to live largely on wheat and other grains.

Throughout the East, the bluebird is known as the forerunner of Spring. The bluebirds are the first to return and they bring Spring with them. But in the West, where the Winters are not so cold, a few always stay the year around. They fly together in small flocks during the day and sleep together at night. One evening I saw four huddled in one of my bird-boxes. During the hard days of rain and snow they were continually together and returned at night to stay in the box. I think they were partly drawn to return each day by the food I put out. When I first saw



*Bluebird Mother at Nest Hole in the Side of a Tank-House, With Mouth Full of Maggots for Young.*

them in the back yard, I tossed a worm out of the window and it had hardly struck the ground when it was snapped up. They ate half a cupful of worms.

The bluebird, the wren and the swallow have taken remarkably to civilization. They formerly built in holes in old trees in the midst of the woods, but now they prefer a house in the back yard. In one locality near my home we used to find the bluebirds nesting every year in some old stumps. Now several residences have been built near by, and in three of the yards there are bird-boxes, and the bluebirds have abandoned the stumps and taken to modern homes. A bluebird has better protection in a back yard and he knows it. Then if the owners like him, he grows fond enough of them to perch on the hand, and

he pays rent in the quality of his song and by ridding trees of harmful worms.

Although the bluebird often lives about the city, I associate him with country life. I imagine he likes a farm home better than a city flat. I have a friend in the country who has bird-boxes up in various places about his farm. Most of them find occupants every year. An old square box that is set in the crotch of an apple tree is ahead in the record. This box was put up in the Spring of 1897 and was taken by a pair of bluebirds. It is only four feet from the ground and has a removable top, so that the owner may readily make friends of the tenants. When I opened the box and looked in, the mother sat quietly on her eggs and was tame enough to allow us to stroke her feathers.

The box is now covered with moss and lichens, but it is famous in bluebird history. It has been occupied every year since it was put up, and not a single year has there been less than two broods reared and several times three. The record year was in 1904, when the bluebirds had two families of seven and one of five birds, and succeeded in raising them all. Seven is a large family for bluebirds and it is more remarkable that there should have been seven in the second brood and then a third brood. In the eight years there have been over one hundred and ten young bluebirds hatched in this box in the apple tree. One would think the bird world would soon be overcrowded with bluebirds about the farm. There seems to be no more blue-

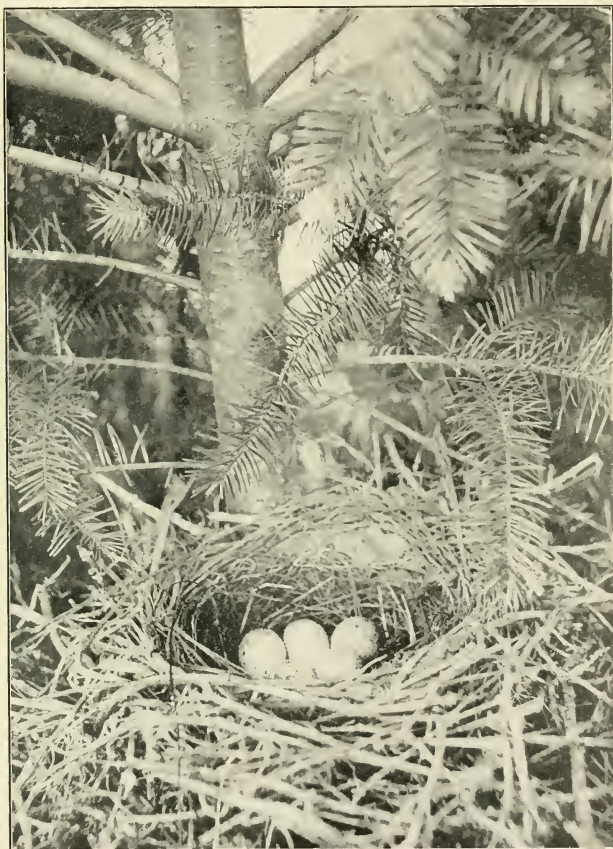


*Young Bluebird and Mother: the Latter Has Just Placed Food in the Mouth of Its Young, and Drawn Back to See That the Bird Has Received It All Right.*



birds there than eight years ago, although there are generally two or three other broods raised in other boxes nearby. It all goes to show how the bird population decreases in numbers. The new birds of each year take the place of the numbers that die

the same pair returns each year to the box in the tree, or how many different pairs have lived there. Sometimes the same pair have returned, but it is improbable that they have lived longer than three or four years. If one of the birds died, the other



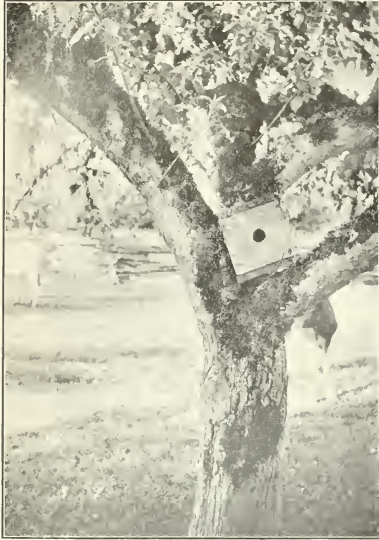
*Nest and Eggs of Stellar's Bluejay in Fir Tree.*

during the Winter. Birds have so many enemies that we know not of. Many die of disease, many starve or die of cold, and many are killed by birds of prey and animals that hunt small birds.

It would be interesting to know whether

may have taken another mate and returned to the same home.

I find it an easy matter to make friends with the birds. If one has a yard with some trees and bushes, he may have a real bird retreat. Fortunate is the boy or girl



*A Moss-Covered Bird Box That Has Been Occupied Every Spring by Blue Birds Since It Was Placed in This Orchard Tree in 1897. Over One Hundred and Ten Young Bluebirds Have Been Hatched Here.*

who has a big yard with a tangle of bushes or an old fence—some thick trees and a wild corner where the weeds run riot. Under such conditions he ought to go right into the bird business. Arrange a shallow dish or basin where fresh water may be kept every day for the birds to bathe and drink. This makes a most attractive bird resort for the Summer. Then build some bird-boxes and put them about in the trees or on some posts, and you are sure to have tenants all Summer. For the Fall and Winter start a bird lunch-counter, by all means. Nail up a box or board just outside your window, where you can watch it and where you can set the table without any trouble. Then keep it supplied with a few cracked nuts, seeds and crumbs. Chopped suet in fine bits may be put out, or a large piece may be nailed down so it can be pecked but not dislodged. The news will spread, and you will have boarders every day. If you are regular, your boarders will be regular. The guests will assemble even before the meals are served.

In this way one may establish the closest relations with his feathered visitors. Accustom them to your presence gradually and do not make sudden movements and the birds will learn not to be afraid. Later you may even have them come at call or take a bit from your hand. Such a bird friendship is worth working for, and such familiarity with the wild birds cannot help but make a boy or girl's life better.

In the side of our tank-house we bored two holes about four feet apart and nailed up boxes on the inside. One of these was soon taken by a bluebird. The female went in and looked the box through, and in a moment came out and perched on the wire while the male took a look. The next day the female began carrying straws. She had a devoted husband, but he was merely an attendant when it came to work. He watched and applauded, but he did not help build. I don't know but that he was too lazy; or maybe he did not know whether his wife wanted him bothering while she was building to suit herself. It looked to me as if he were ornamental without being useful. But after watching awhile, it seemed that it was her duty to build and his to watch and encourage. When she



*Young Bluejay Asleep in Sunshine Beside Nest. He Is Waiting to be Fed.*

carried in the material and fixed it, she popped out of the hole and waited while he went in to look, and then out he would come with words of praise, and away they would fly together.

I had a splendid arrangement to watch the builders at close quarters. I could go in the tank-house and close the door, and then in the darkness I could look through a crack in the box, and with my eyes less than a foot away, could watch every movement the birds made. While the mother was setting on the eggs, she became very tame, and we often reached in and stroked her feathers.

When the young birds came, I watched the mother come to feed and brood her young. The father was the ever-watchful admirer, but the mother was all business and paid no attention to him except to knock him out of the way when he was too devoted. The mother always brought in the food, and the father kept staying away more and more, until the young birds were grown.

One day while I was watching, the mother was feeding the youngsters on maggots almost entirely. She would be gone quite a while, but each time would return with a large mouthful which she fed to the young. Occasionally one of the young failed to get all of them and if one dropped, the mother picked it up and ate it herself.

One of the eggs was adled and did not hatch, but the mother was very fond of it. She would look at it almost every time she returned and would turn it over, and then hover it a few moments as if she were sure it contained a baby bird.

The nest was lined with horse-hair and once when the mother fed one of the chicks, the food caught and the little bird swallowed the hair, too, but both ends stuck out of his mouth. He kept shaking his head, but could not get rid of it. I waited to see if the mother would assist him, but she didn't seem to notice his trouble, so I had to reach in and dislodge the hair. Otherwise, I am afraid it would have fared hard with the chick.

These bluebirds had five young in their first brood. When the first youngster left the nest, the father became more attentive and helped care for the little ones that



*Nest and Eggs of California Jay.*

were just starting out in the world. They all stayed about the yard till the young knew how to hunt for themselves. Finally, three of them disappeared. I suppose they went off with other bluebirds, but two of the young still stayed with us. The parents themselves seemed to disappear for a few days and I thought they had left for good. Then one morning I saw the mother enter the house again and the father was there, too, perched on the wire. He was more attentive than formerly. The next day I found a fresh egg in the nest. They had returned to raise a new family.

There were only three eggs in the second setting, and all hatched. The two young birds of the first brood followed the father about while the mother was setting. Then when the mother began feeding her second family, I made some interesting observations. Her older children began following her about to hunt food, and to my surprise I saw one of them bring some worms, and after the mother fed, the young bluebird went into the box and fed her small brothers and sisters. After that I watched closely and often saw the birds of the first

brood feed the little ones of the second brood. Perhaps the two birds of the first brood were girls and took readily to housework. They may have been learning for the next season, when they themselves expected to have homes.

ing, "Let me feed the children." And twice I saw the mother yield and let her older child feed the younger ones. It was a very pretty bit of bird life to watch these bluebirds. We were anxious to get a photograph of the mother and the young bird




*Young Bluejay in Nest.*

One of the young birds was very enthusiastic in helping her mother. For awhile she fed as often as the mother. Several times when the latter brought food, the young bird flew at her and tried to take the morsel she had in her mouth, as if say-

helping her. We tried by getting on top of the house and focusing the camera on a wire where the birds often alighted. We finally got one view of the two as the young bird was just in the act of jumping for the worm the mother held.

# The Child

By Adelaide Soulé

 POOR old Gualco was quite mad; and as he talked, his hands flickered incessantly about his face, warding off invisible foes.

"They give me no rest," he whispered. "Do you not see them—that woman and child? She is always behind me, shrieking in my ears. She is driving me mad!

"At first, when I began to write, all was well. They crowded about me—the characters—begging to be sent out into the world. 'Yes, yes,' I would say—'do but have patience, and it will come.' And I wrote faster and faster, for they gave me no peace.

"But when the book was finished, no one would publish it. Love of Heaven, how they tormented me then! 'You have created us,' they cried, 'and we cannot die. But neither do we live. Give us breath! Send us out into the world!'

"It seemed I should go mad, but at last I thought of a way to be free from them. I wrote another book—but the same characters, you understand. Oh, but it was a terrible book! Thunder, storms, earthquakes—a thousand disasters! I killed them—thrust them back into the oblivion whence they

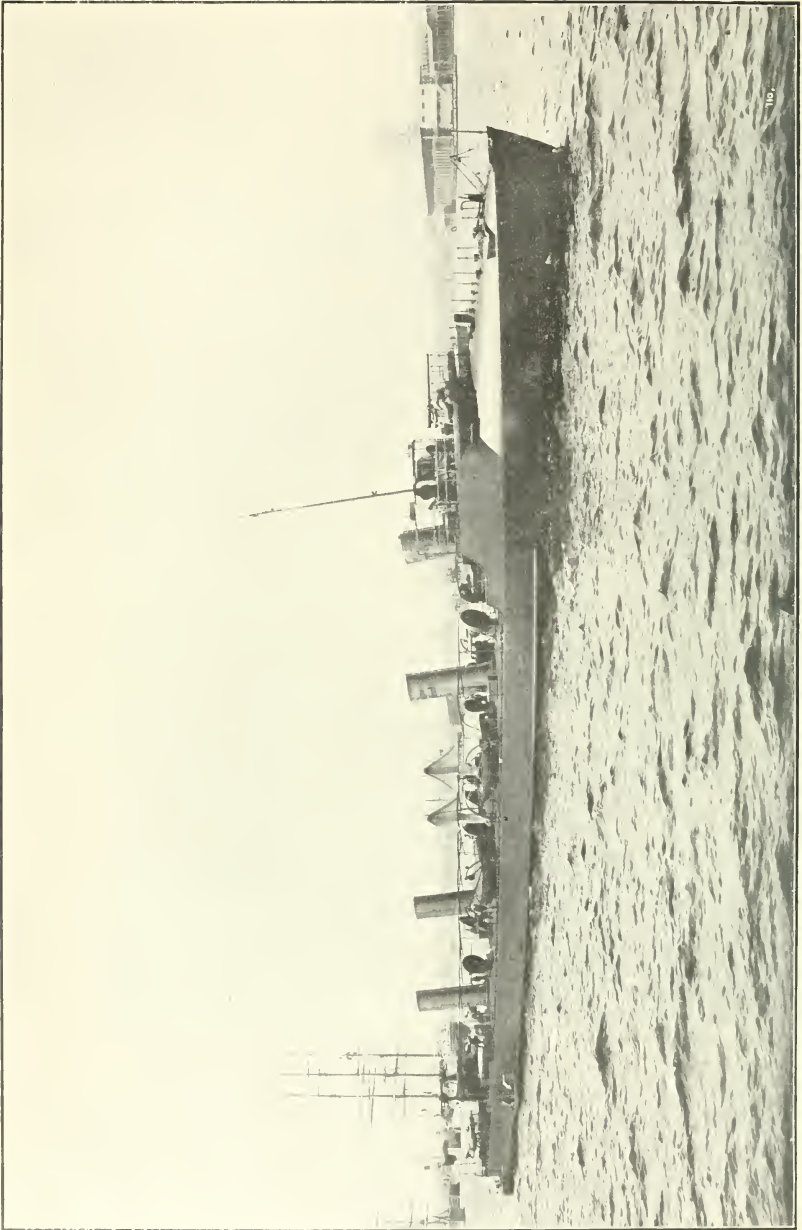
came. I laughed as I wrote, for I had driven them from me.

"All but these two—this woman and her child. She would not die. She would not let him die. The world over they fled before my pen. As soon as I turned she was back at my side, pleading for life—for life for *him*. He was a poor, pale thing. But for *her*, he would have died of himself. But she—how she wept—how she stormed! 'Kill me,' she cried, 'but let *him* live.'

"Very well,' I said, at last, 'I will do my best.' I went again to the publisher. I told him all. 'Unless you help me,' I said. 'I shall go mad.'

"He sent me here. He said she would not come here. But you *see—there—* behind me! But listen—softly, she must *not hear*—I have found a way to conquer her. The Signor Doctor has given me paper and pen. In a few days I shall have finished the book and be free."

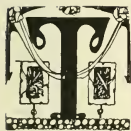
On my next visit I asked for Gualco. The guard, who thought I knew, led me to the clean little room where the old Italian lay. His face was very peaceful, and under the clasped hands were some loose leaves of manuscript. Across the last page were written the words, "The End."



*United States Torpedo-Boat Destroyer "Worden."*

# The Pacific Torpedo Flotilla

By Arthur H. Dutton  
Late Lieutenant United States Navy



THE Navy Department has not dealt generously with the Pacific Coast in the disposition of the ships of the Navy. It has been particularly niggardly in its allotment of torpedo craft to the Western seaboard, which is ill-furnished with these little but venomous vessels, so important for coast defense. Of the sixty vessels in the Navy belonging to this class—which includes destroyers, torpedo-boats proper and submarines—only ten are on this coast. There are five in the Philippines; all the rest are on the favored Atlantic Coast.

Puget Sound has only two torpedo vessels; San Francisco six; the cruising Pacific squadron two.

Still, it is gratifying to know that one of the torpedo vessels of this small flotilla, the destroyer *Preble*, commanded by Lieutenant F. N. Freeman, has the best record for efficiency of any vessel in her class. Lieutenant Freeman has so trained his men and has so mastered the handling of his craft that she possesses the highest record for target practice, with both rapid-fire guns and with torpedoes, of any torpedo vessel in the Navy, in addition to the highest maneuvering ability and an excellent maintenance of high speed under all conditions of service.

The Pacific torpedo flotilla consists of the destroyers *Preble*, Lieutenant Freeman, and *Paul Jones*, Lieutenant John F. Marshall, both attached to the Pacific squadron; the destroyer *Perry*, Lieutenant-Commander R. F. Lopez, at the Mare Island Navy-Yard; the torpedo-boats *Davis*, *Farragut* and *Fox*, laid up at Mare Island; the torpedo-boats *Rowan* and *Goldsborough*, laid up at the Bremerton, Wash., Navy-Yard; and the submarines *Grampus* and *Pike*, commanded and continually exercised by Ensign Joseph F. Daniels, at Mare Island.

Every one of these vessels is the product of a Pacific Coast shipyard. The Union Iron Works of San Francisco built the *Perry*, *Preble*, *Paul Jones*, *Farragut*, *Grampus* and *Pike*; Wolff and Zwicker, of Portland, built the *Davis*, *Fox* and *Goldsborough*; the Morans, of Seattle, built the *Rowan*.

Some readers might want to know the difference between the three classes of torpedo-vessels. The destroyer is the largest class, and derived its name from the fact that it was originally designed for the purpose of destroying torpedo-boats. It is much larger than torpedo-boats proper, swifter, more heavily armed, and the two have been compared to the dragon-fly and the mosquito. The qualities of destroyers are such, however, that they are now regarded as the best class of torpedo vessel for attacking hostile ships, owing to their high speed and ability to keep the sea, in any weather, for a longer time than the torpedo-boats proper. The latter differ from the destroyers only in being smaller, less heavily armed and usually slower. The submarines are what their name implies, boats meant to cruise along the surface of the water until near the enemy, when they dive and attack him under water with their torpedoes.

In spite of its small size, the Pacific torpedo flotilla is efficient. While some of those in the Atlantic are slightly swifter, none is better armed or a better sea boat.

The *Perry*, *Preble* and *Paul Jones*, our three destroyers, are sister ships. Each is 240 feet 4½ inches long and draws a little over seven feet of water, which is a draft so light that they may readily enter even the shoalest waters and narrowest streams, whence they may dart out when they see fit and attack the enemy, or in which they may take temporary refuge when repulsed.

Each carries two long torpedo tubes for discharging eighteen-inch Whitehead torpedoes, besides which they have a battery composed of two three-inch rapid-fire guns and five six-pounder semi-automatic guns, which is really enough to entitle them to the rank of gunboats. The speeds of all are over twenty-eight knots, the *Paul Jones*, which is the fastest, having developed twenty-eight and nine-tenths knots, or about thirty-four statute miles per hour. They carry crews consisting of three officers and sixty-nine men.

The torpedo-boats *Farragut*, *Goldsborough*, *Rowan*, *Fox* and *Davis* vary in their qualities. The largest is the *Farragut*, 255

years ago. Indeed, if she carried a heavier gun-battery she would be classed as a destroyer.

The torpedo vessels are not such cheap vessels as many people suppose. The *Perry*, *Preble* and *Paul Jones*, for example, cost \$285,000 each; the *Farragut*, \$227,500; the *Goldsborough*, \$214,500; the *Rowan*, \$160,000, and the little *Fox* and *Davis* \$81,546 each. The submarines *Grampus* and *Pike* cost \$170,000 each, making the total cost of the small Pacific torpedo flotilla \$1,960,092; or, when the costs of armament and equipment are added, more than \$2,000,000.

With the exception of the boats that are



United States Destroyer "Preble."

feet long, and the smallest the *Fox* and the *Davis*, which are sister-ships, 146 feet long. The *Rowan* carries three torpedo-tubes and four one-pounder rapid-fire guns; the *Goldsborough* and the *Farragut* two torpedo-tubes and four six-pounder rapid-fire guns; the *Fox* and the *Davis* each three torpedo-tubes and three one-pounder rapid-fire guns. The speeds of the five are: *Farragut*, thirty knots; *Rowan*, twenty-seven knots; *Goldsborough*, twenty-seven knots; *Davis*, twenty-three knots, and *Fox*, twenty-three knots. The high speed of the *Farragut* is exceptional in a vessel of her class, of her date of construction, which was more than eight

laid up, the torpedo vessels of the Pacific flotilla are constantly exercised, their crews being put through all kinds of practice to keep them at the top notch of efficiency. There is frequent maneuvering, as if to attack an enemy, or to escape rapidly and with minimum damage after the torpedoes have been delivered, for it is the torpedo-boat tactics to rush up suddenly, discharge two or three torpedoes and then get away as quickly as possible, for against the guns of a large man-of-war torpedo vessels of all classes are helpless. Speed is their only safety. There is continual target practice with both practice-torpedoes and with the



rapid-fire guns. The submarines are taken out for greater or less distances and made to dive under every imaginable condition of actual service. In this way the officers and crews of the vessels are kept perfectly familiar with their vessels and weapons, and experts in every way. The vessels not actually in commission are kept hauled up out of the water, under sheds, where they are protected from the deterioration that would follow if left lying idle in the water, prey to corrosion from sea water and from marine growths, both animal and vegetable.

Notwithstanding the demonstrations given

any harm with their destroyers, owing to their small number and to the great volume of fire from the American ships. The Americans used theirs only as scouts and dispatch boats, Dewey having none at Manila and all of Sampson's being absent on other duty when Cervera's squadron came out of Santiago.

The Japanese used theirs very effectively, first, in making sudden dashes upon a surprised enemy, when, however, little harm was done, beyond some demoralization; second, in the battle of the Sea of Japan, after the larger Japanese battleships and cruisers had decided the contest, the Japanese tor-



United States Submarine Torpedo-Boat "Pike."

during the Russo-Japanese war of the value of torpedo-boats and destroyers for delivering the final blows in an action after the heavy work has been done by the battleships and armored cruisers, the United States is building no more of these classes. Four submarines are being built at a Massachusetts shipyard.

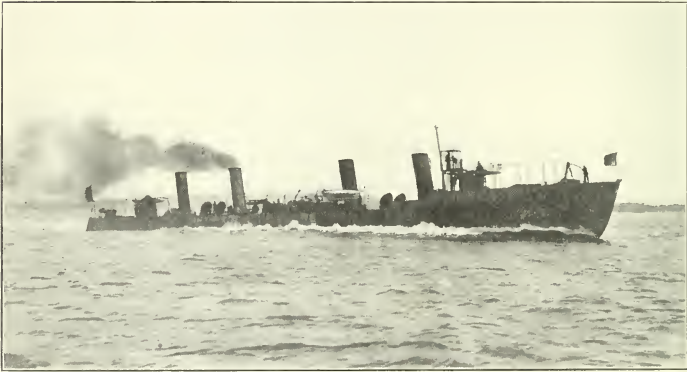
The relative values of torpedo craft and of heavy men-of-war and their relative fields of activity in time of war were quite well exhibited by the Spanish-American and by the Russo-Japanese wars, especially the latter. The Spaniards failed utterly to do

pedo-boats and destroyers rushed upon the scattered and battered Russians and delivered the *coup-de-grâce*. In no case was any attempt made by torpedo vessels, unpreceded or unsupported by battleships and other large vessels, to attack in earnest, except as a nocturnal dash when totally unexpected. The element of surprise is vital to the success of a torpedo attack, except, as in the battle of the Sea of Japan, when the battle is nearly over and the finishing touches are needed to the enemy's surviving vessels. It may be added that during the war the Russian torpedo vessels did almost

nothing, for the simple reason that the Japanese ships were always ready for them.

Battleships and armored cruisers are the mainstays and backbones of a navy. All other classes are auxiliary to them, even torpedo vessels, for any operations on a large

scale; but torpedo vessels, like colliers, dispatch boats and gunboats, are essential for a fleet, and for coast defense they are of the highest value. Hence the regret that the Navy Department has not better provided the Pacific Coast with them.



*United States Destroyer "Perry," Going at Twenty-seven Knots Speed.*

# At the Whistling Buoy

By Van van Olinda



FOR two weeks the fog that clouds the North Pacific the greater part of the year had poured in upon the Washington and Oregon Coasts. From Bering Sea to the mouth of the Columbia the dense vapor flowed landward, veiling the sky, blanketing the thousand-mile reaches of ocean, sweeping over headland and cape, brimming in between high hills, dripping through the forests of the Western world.

With the fog came gloom and dusk. It brought silence to busy ports. Commerce ceased to pour across the Pacific and from the Straits of San Juan de Fuca to the tumbling breakers of Coos Bay bar the lonely roar of lighthouse sirens and the bellow of plunging whistling buoys called into the vast obscurity from which no answer came. A whole ocean had been obliterated; its ships had vanished from human ken, and the marine columns of the Coast papers were shrunk to slim paragraphs such as the one that Captain Thomas's daughter Nan read in the Astoria *Evening News* while she waited for her father to come up from the pilots' office to supper:

Joseph Henderson, master of the steam schooner *J. D. Higgins*, hence November 14 for Seattle, arrived at noon today and reports that the whistling buoy at the mouth of the Columbia River is out of order. Captain Higgins reports extremely thick weather all the way down from the Sound.

Nan dropped the paper to the floor and walked to the window. The planked street, with its cleats to save unwary feet from slipping, sloped down into the hidden town. The fog swirled slowly past the porch, clinging in smoky festoons to the little firs rooted in the steep front yard. There was nothing in sight but vapor, and the girl's keen ear caught no sound from the invisible city below.

Her mind was busy on the news contained

in the scanty paragraph in the paper. She saw before her the breaking bar, the dim light, the solitary buoy turning in the streaming tide—the buoy for which seamen listened through the blind mist, the herald of the harbor, now silent, giving no answer to the anxious bellow of the steamer's siren.

She turned away from the window at sound of steps on the porch. Almost immediately the door opened and her father stamped in, holding one hand out to show the way to a second man whom Nan did not instantly recognize. When she knew who it was, her face brightened a little.

"I brought Joe Henderson up for supper," the captain said heartily.

"I'm glad to see you again," Nan responded, shaking hands with the red-faced captain of the *J. D. Higgins*. "I was just reading about you in the paper."

Henderson nodded. "Yes, we just got in today."

"Fog has'n't any terrors for Joe," said Captain Thomas, genially. "He comes and goes when others hug harbor or wait outside bars for the sun to break through."

There was a meaning to her father's words which did not escape Nan and when he resumed the subject during supper she resented it. "I don't see anything very astonishing in Mr. Henderson's coming in today, father. One would think nobody expected it of him."

Captain Thomas was worsted for the moment. "I was n't throwing any slurs on Joe," he protested. "But I was just remarking about his coming in."

Nan smiled gently. "I expected you," she announced to the delighted Henderson.

"Sure," he assented heartily. "Of course I was going to get in on time. Did n't I tell you I would be here on your birthday?"

Captain Thomas stared. "Birthday!" he echoed.

"Yes," Henderson went on, encouraged by

Nan's eyes. "I made a little wager I'd be in here on Miss Nan's birthday."

"But that's tomorrow," said the elder, puzzled.

"And I guess Harry Rawlins and the *Swan* wont turn up to wish you many happy returns, Miss Nan," the captain of the *J. D. Higgins* boasted.

There was a sudden silence and Captain Thomas shut his lips grimly. He opened them presently to say, "Rawlins needs to be taken down."

"He'll not be so cocky when he comes in to find Miss Nan already engaged to go with me to the dance at Callanders," Henderson said quickly. "And you've promised to go with me, you know," he said, turning to his hostess.

Nan surveyed him with a disconcerting calmness. "It is n't the time yet," she said slowly. "I said that if he brought the *Swan* back from Honolulu in time to call for me tomorrow evening at 7 o'clock I would go with him to the dance. There's twenty-four hours yet."

Henderson smiled slightly. "I know Harry said he'd be there. But nobody's sighted the *Swan* yet, and in this fog I guess he'll think it's safer to lie outside and wait rather than run risks to go to the dance."

Captain Thomas had listened with growing impatience. He now broke in gruffly. "You've always been saying Harry Rawlins was a sort of hero, Nan. But it's Joe here that brings his ship in."

"He'll be in tomorrow," she replied lightly. "He's due off the river tonight. He'll find the lightship, then the whistling buoy, and then he's in."

"He wont find the whistling buoy," Henderson said curtly. "It's out of order."

"What's the matter with it?" Nan demanded, pouring the coffee.

"Run down, I guess," Henderson replied hesitatingly. "You see in this fog it's so easy to run foul of one of these buoys and it dont take such a hard knock to put them out of order." He stopped and devoted himself to the pudding.

When supper was over Henderson departed with Captain Thomas, asserting that he had to make arrangements for unloading the schooner. "But I'll be around tomorrow to take you to the dance," he called back from the foggy street.

Nan listened till the sound of footsteps died away. Then she sat down before the fire to think.

Her face, as she stared into the flames, lost all its carelessness. Her mouth quivered now and then and an occasional half-sob caught in her throat. For she was thinking of the quiet young captain of the *Swan* who was out somewhere on the gray sea, in the fog, listening for the long call of the whistling buoy which was to tell him that he was near home and harbor and the girl he had told of his love.

She recalled the evening when Joe Henderson had taunted Rawlins with not having any "nerve." It had been hard to bear; for it was common gossip among the rough seafarers of Astoria that Harry Rawlins, with his quiet assurance, his education and his aloofness, was master of a ship through favoritism, not through merit. She remembered how Rawlins had listened while Henderson told of how he had to take the *Higgins* to Puget Sound and get back in time to load for Alaska. "And I'll do it all on railroad time," Henderson had said meaningly. "There's another dance just six weeks from now. I'm due back from Valdez in just six weeks. Will you go with me next time, Miss Thomas?"

"That's my birthday," she had said thoughtlessly, and she remembered how Rawlins had flushed. He had looked at her and then answered Henderson with a challenge: "The *Swan* is due back from Honolulu the day before," he had said meaningly. "Wont you let me be your escort?"

She did not remember exactly what had led up to it, but in all the laughter and light conversation these two had clung grimly to the subject. "Rawlins will find it a little hard to stick to dates when the fog is thick," Henderson had remarked meaningly. "You'd better go with me, Miss Thomas. I can promise to be here. But the *Swan* will probably be lying around outside the bar waiting for a pilot and you'll lack someone to go with if you wait for Harry."

Then she had decided to settle once and for all the rivalry that had been the envy of all her girl friends—the rivalry that threatened to become enmity. "I'm not going to decide between you," she had announced lightly. "I'll go with whichever of you comes for me first that night."

Now, as she remembered Henderson's ill-concealed triumph, she tried to smother a sob. She had thought at the time that she did n't care which of the two came to take her to the dance. But she realized that, after all, in making her conditions she had committed herself deeply. The man who came for her the next evening would have a fair right to consider himself a favored suitor. And Harry Rawlins and the *Swan* were somewhere out in the gloom of the fog; the whistling buoy, lone mark of harbor and channel, was silent; and Nan Thomas was very miserable.

She left the fire and went out once more to the window. The vapor brimmed to the glass. She could discern nothing at all. The lights of the town below were obscured. It seemed as if the blanket of fog had swallowed up all sound, as well. There was no comfort *there*.

Half an hour later Nan Thomas, wrapped in oilskins, with a sou'wester over her dewy hair and boots on her firm feet, was peering from the edge of her father's wharf into the pitchy darkness of the river. She could barely see the river waves that washed against the piles below her. Behind her a light or two glowed dimly, but she could not make out the shadow of the pilot schooner which, she knew, lay not a hundred yards from the wharf.

She listened for some sound of whistle or siren, but there was none. In that murky darkness no one was abroad. Faint and far, borne on the heavy upper breeze, she heard the dull roar of the ocean breaking on the bar ten miles away. "If only the buoy were going!" she sobbed to herself. For she knew that in ignorance of its silence the *Swan* might come too close in and be lost, the only message of its destruction the wreckage that the life-saver's patrol would report from the beach.

Then there swept over her the wild rebellion of a spirit that would not be dominated by brute force. She had promised; her word she must keep. But there was twenty-four hours in which to baffle Fate.

She found her way along the wharf to a little shed where she kept the boat her father had given her years before when her mother had died and confinement in the house had threatened to break down both health and spirit forever. She had used it

continually, taking risks which even her careless father had balked at. It had been her resource in many seasons of loneliness and need. In it she had spent days when life among her acquaintances had seemed impossible; when every word jarred and when any refuge that offered solitude was welcome. She opened the door and thrust her hand into the darkness. It was there, safely swung up out of reach of the tide.

The outline of the wharf faded quickly behind her and the fog settled down impenetrably. The outgoing tide, swept by an occasional puff of damp wind, was carrying her seaward. As she crouched in the stern, holding the big steering oar in her ready hand, she heard the wash of the surf against Sand Island far to the right. She figured carefully where she was and suddenly wakened to the fact that before the tide turned she would be well out toward the bar and the sea. Her vagrant impulse steadied and in the darkness she suddenly felt the hot blood surge through her body. She put one hand over her flushing face and whispered to herself: "He'll never know. And I *can't* go with the other."

For two hours the resistless tide streamed seaward and Nan Thomas, sitting in the stern of her boat, strained her ears to hear the sounds that told her whither she was being borne through the darkness. But the swirling fog smothered everything and it was not until she felt the heave of the big rollers of the Pacific that she realized that the river lay behind her and she was almost to the bar which bellowed hoarsely from the murk. For the first time she was afraid, for she knew that in the pitiless fog she was lost. Another hour might throw her into the boiling caldron of Clatsop Spit where her frail boat would be flung hither and thither till some roaring breaker overwhelmed it and sent her to a strangling death miles from shore. With quivering haste, for it might already be too late, she crawled to the bow of her boat and put the anchor over. The rope sped out into the darkness until she gave up hope that it would reach the bottom. But it slackened suddenly, while there was still plenty in the boat to pay forth as occasion demanded.

As the boat soared over the rollers and fell into the trough, as it rose and jerked

at its anchor, Nan dozed in the stern. It did not matter to her that every now and then a field of foam opened out in the blackness before her or that following some heavier crash to seaward her little boat would presently be swept dizzily up on some crested wave. In the damp and the chill her mind had been numbed and she drowsily thought of but one thing—the day which was to come.

When she finally awoke there was a dim glimmer of light about her. The dawn had arrived, and with it a breeze that lifted the fog in heavy folds for a few feet above the water, allowing her to catch glimpses of farther waves. Then, as the light grew stronger, a stronger puff swept the fog back a hundred yards and she saw the huge cylinder of a channel buoy plunging in the tide. She knew where she was, at last.

With infinite labor she hauled in her anchor and secured it dripping in the bows. The tide had turned seaward once more and she was going with it, though the mist had hidden the buoy again from her sight and she was in doubt as to its direction. She shipped her oars and rowed a few minutes. A tremendous shadow loomed in the fog and a few more strokes brought her within a few yards of the toppling can that she had seen in the rift a little while before. Using it as a point of departure she puzzled in the dim light over her pocket compass. When the buoy had disappeared astern she dropped her oars and stepped the slender mast and hoisted the sail to catch the slow breeze. Then she settled down again in the stern, clutching the big steering-oar with chilled hands.

The sun was invisible even when she knew that broad daylight must have come. Since she had left the buoy at dawn she had caught no glimpse of any other mark, though she had tacked a dozen times when the hissing foam told her she was near the breakers of the bar. She was weak from lack of sleep and food, and for the first time had to close her eyes to prevent dizziness from overcoming her.

Noon came and still the fog lay like a huge cloud on the water. The tide was running in, but she dared not follow it for fear of being cast ashore; for on every hand she heard the crash of the surf or the bellow of a surge breaking in the open water. The

breeze had died away and the bluff-bowed boat plunged under its slatting sail while Nan crouched over the loom of her steering-oar. With every hour her strength was ebbing and now and again she clenched her hands over her breast in an access of terror at the hiss of some wave, only to grasp wildly once more for the oar.

But gradually her mind cleared again. Her resolution returned and she abandoned her fears in a last attempt to carry out her dimly formed plan. The breeze had come up slightly and she turned her boat's prow seaward.

It was not long till she understood that chance had protected her. The surges that marked the bar were passed without harm, and little by little the roar of the breakers and the thunder of the surf died away behind her until, in mid afternoon, she knew that she was in the open sea, beyond all possibility of going back as she had come. With a thrill she knew that but one salvation awaited her—the coming of the *Swan* and Harry Rawlins. But how could they find her in the fog? Perhaps the *Swan* was even now steaming up the river to Astoria, leaving her forever behind.

Out of the midst a huge object suddenly rose on the crest of a billow and as it sank sobbingly into the trough Nan gasped. Then she cowered in terror as it rose again and the streaming sides careened over her boat. But the massive bulk swung harmlessly away. She half rose with a cry. It was the whistling buoy.

She had found herself for the moment and her vague purpose took definite form. Harry would hunt for the buoy first. In the silence of the fog he might find it. If he did not, *she* at least had been there. But he *must* find it.

Before she was swept out of sight of it into the gray vapor she swerved her little craft round and with the steering-oar fetched close to it again. But as its iron bulk soared up above her she feared once more. How could she keep close to it without finally being crushed and swamped by it as it swung in the surge? But a certain despairing strength seized her and she grasped a bight of her anchor rope and stood up in her toppling boat and when the big cylinder swung over caught at one of the beackets that ran up its side. The jerk nearly loosened

her grip, but she clung to the raw iron and as it lurched away she was dragged upward, out of the boat. An instant later she had clambered up to its crown, whence the six-foot column of the whistle merged, and had her arms about it. A second jerk almost flung her into the sea. She screamed again and again. She sank down upon the streaming iron and knew, blindly, that the rope had been torn from her hand and that her boat was floating away in the fog.

The sullen breath of the fog beat about her and she crouched in terror as the foam of a wave hissed up to her feet. As the huge can fell away into the dizzy hollow she heard from the depths of the buoy a hoarse sob, the gasp of the useless whistle.

What time passed, she could not tell, but the white of the fog grew dimmer and dimmer. She was calmer now and listened to the sound of the waves that rushed by, the husky sigh of the air in the column that her arms encircled. All purpose was lost. Her mind had but one thought, one faith. She was waiting for the *Swan*.

When, she did not know, it slowly forced itself upon her that across the ocean there came a call. She listened in new terror, peering out into the darkening mist. It was repeated. She fought to recognize it. The eddying vapor opened a little to let this far cry be heard and Nan raised her sodden form on the perilous top of the buoy to sway there, holding to the whistle-column. The sound echoed once more and her blood flowed warmly to meet it.

She tried to shriek an answer. The fog beat her voice back upon her. Her cries fell futile on the heavy air. A scudding surge swept the buoy upward till she hung voiceless with terror. The whistle sounded again.

The far call brought a new fear upon her. She forgot herself for the moment,

forgot everything but that the whistle she had heard came from up the wind, to the North. To the North lay death for any ship. And this ship that called was the *Swan*. With a swift gesture she brushed her lips free of the brine. Into the desert of fog and unseen waters, womanlike, she sent her answer.

The hoarse notes gained strength as she threw her soul into this last cry, a cry that rose in short, panting strains until it took the form of song, a song that Harry Rawlins had known and could never forget. She sang on into the deepening dusk.

From the swirling fog came a boat. The man in the stern shouted when he saw the dim figure on the top of the careening whistling buoy. But the song poured on, breaking in despair and then rising clearly for a single strain.

The boat surged up under the buoy and the man in the stern leaped and caught the beackets that ran up it. The song ceased and as he reached the top the singer fell away from the column that emerged from the crown of the buoy and silence fell. The huge can buried itself in a billow and the boat rose and the man dropped into it with his burden.

In the fading light the *Swan* steamed slowly out of the fog towards the silent whistling buoy and took her boat and her captain on board. An instant later the mist swept down, shutting from view all but the *Swan* now headed straight in across the bar for Astoria.

In the *Swan's* saloon Nan Thomas was sobbing weakly in the captain's arms; the captain was soothing her, trying to speak calmly. Suddenly her sobs ceased. She turned her white face up to him.

"I knew you would come for me," she said. "Joe got in last night."

Then Harry Rawlins understood.

# “Buster” and the “Loco-Cycle”

By Edwin L. Sabin



USTER” EWING and “Peachy” Watson languidly sat their steeds, and for the respite of a cigarette or so exchanged the news of the range. Out of the flat blue

sky the sun flared hotly down, making the sagebrush shimmer against slope of hill and line of distant mesa.

Cutting through the sagebrush, wended on right and left, coming from somewhere and of course going somewhere, a trail-like road; in general the two tracks of wheels only parallel marks slightly darker than the sage itself, but occasionally laying bare the yellow, sandy 'dobe which composed the soil. Amidst the brush, upon either side of the road, grazed a scattering of cattle. They bore upon the right shoulder the “Open A” brand. “Buster” was riding for the “Open A” people.

He was a little, squat, chunky figure of a man, with sparse, insufficient yellow moustache, and a shock of yellow hair ragged as to the edges. His flapping black hat, saturated with the dust of long outings, was at present on the back of his head, so that behind brim and sheepskin chaps almost met. His face was round and ruddy as a harvest moon. Sitting sideways in the saddle, he carelessly shook some tobacco into a bit of creased paper, pulled the string with his teeth, tucked the bag into his shirt pocket, and without watching his fingers deftly rolled a cigarette.

“Hear you was down to the Butler ranch Sunday night,” he observed, with a frank grin.

Peachy grinned back, and shifted uneasily, while ashes from his own “pill” dropped along the front of his black shirt.

“Who was sayin’ so?” he asked.

“Scratch.’ ’Cordin’ to his tell you’re there pretty reg’ler, too.”

“T aint none of Scratch’s business how much I’m theah,” drawled Peachy, with

offended dignity. “Min aint got no use for him, all right.”

In type “Peachy” was quite the opposite of “Buster,” being lank, broad-shouldered, swarthy, dark-moustached, and aquiline—not at all what his name implied. “Buster” might have posed as a rear view for an Oppor; “Peachy” was a study for a Remington.

Both men leisurely blew smoke, revolving slow thoughts.

“Aint seen a young ‘T. F.’ bull, have yuh?” queried Peachy, changing topics.

“No.”

“One got away.”

Conversation again lapsed. With a doffed gauntlet Buster slapped at a fly on his pony’s neck; then reproved: “Whoa! What’s the matter with yuh!”

On the left, up the monotonous expanse of sage traversed by the errant road, faintly sounded a rhythmic *staccato*—pulsing through the thin, hot air. Both cow-punchers looked; their ponies’ ears pricked.

“What th’ double-cross is that?” commented Peachy.

“Search me!” acknowledged Buster.

“Holy Moses! Heah it comes, shootin’ at every jump!” shouted Peachy. “Get yoah gun ready.”

He put hand to his thigh, and waited. Buster likewise felt of holster, and nervously pulled his six-shooter half way. The ponies, sensing disturbing vibrations, lifted their heads and exhibited tokens of alarm.

The cow-punchers gazed with the utmost curiosity, and, to tell the truth, with some uncertain solicitude.

Swiftly approaching, amidst the sage, skimming down the slender road, to the accompaniment of a rapid-fire, explosive “chug! chug! chug! chug!” sped for them a man, mounted upon something which flashed in the sun and bore him ahead amazingly. On either hand the cattle elevated tails and galloped for safety. A jack-rabbit went



bounding in a panic over the tops of the brush.

The man was bent forward like the coxswain of a crew (although neither Peachy nor Buster ever had seen a coxswain, or, for that matter, a boat). He wore visored cap and black goggles.

As he neared, Buster's horse promptly stood on its hind legs and pawed and whirled. So did Peachy's.

"Whoa-oa!" cried their riders.

"Here comes the devil ridin' on his tail an' spittin' like a bob-cat!" yelled Buster.

"Whoop-ee!" ki-yied Peachy, as his pony proceeded to pitch.

Just before reaching them the man on the motoreycle, noting the confusion that he was causing, and extravagantly apprehensive lest the horsemen might be discommoded, obligingly stopped his machine, and still astraddle of it came to earth, so to speak. The ponies stood trembling and snorting, as their masters forced them to a position head-on.

"How are you?" addressed the man, amiably.

He removed his goggles, and blinked at the cow-boys. He was a meek-mannered, middle-aged man, very grimy. The white dust of the Western country coated nose and cheeks, and hung upon a large, bristling, tawny moustache. A space around the eyes, where the goggles had protected, showed singularly bare and pink. He was costumed in visored leathern cap, blue shirt, knickerbockers and plaid stockings, and stout dusty shoes. Upon his back was a blanket roll, and the fore part of his machine was occupied with a kind of knapsack.

"Howdy," responded Peachy. Buster nodded. The two yielded to the restless waverings of their steeds, but the while mechanically exercising authority of rein and spur, and casually eyed the stranger.

"Scare your horses?"

"Not so as to notice," said Peachy.

"I always stop when I find I'm making trouble," pursued the stranger. "Horses out this way are n't used to such things."

"You're about the first," said Peachy.

"Is this the road to Sprague's?" asked the man. "Somebody back a ways told me to keep taking the right hand."

"Sprague's is six mile yet. But you'll get theah if you keep on," informed Peachy.

Buster, having bitten a comfortable chew from a capacious plug, and stowed the morsel in one cheek, spat and proceeded to enter into the conversation.

"What d' you call it?" he queried.

"This? It's a motoreycle," answered the man. "Ever see one before?"

"Go itself?" demanded Buster, ignoring the question.

"After it's started. Have to start it a little, first, is all."

"How fast can you go?"

"Forty miles an hour."

Buster stared, round-eyed. He glanced at Peachy, for confirmation; but Peachy stoically looked down upon the machine, and committed himself not.

Buster turned his "chaw" over, as if turning the assertion over; and having tested the flavor of both, he spat and resumed:

"Tune her up to the limit an' run that black split-eared steer a while, will you? I want to rope him."

The man feebly laughed, uncertain whether to accept the remark as jest or earnest.

"Sure. Make her go," supplemented Peachy.

"Oh! I'll do *that*; I'll make it go for you," agreed the man, relieved.

With the ponies viewing his movements with snorts and other evidences of strong disapproval, he completely dismounted, and obligingly turned the machine in the direction whence he had come; pushing it a few steps, to give it impetus, he vaulted aboard, and pedaled vigorously—and on a sudden, gathering way, amidst "chugs" he shot up the road, wheeled through the sage, and again into the road came scurrying back, and halted as before.

From their prancing animals the two cow-punchers had gazed, admiringly.

"Say!" blurted Buster. "How'll you gimme a ride?"

"All right," assented the man, willingly enough. "Get down and come ahead."

Buster, having thus far advanced, now evinced a disposition to retrench; discretion asserted itself, and in response to the man's cordial invitation he only looked at Peachy, and grinned, red and sheepish.

"He called yoah bluff; what you got?" reproved Peachy.

Reminded that the honor of the range

now depended upon him, Buster sobered and applied himself.

"Much to it?" he asked, preparatory.

"No; all you have to do is to get started, and then you control it with this valve. I can show you," encouraged the man.

"Same as a bi-cycle, 'bout, aint it—only it's an automatic? Pull the trigger an' set her goin', and' then she shoots of herself," commented Buster, keenly.

"Exactly," said the man.

"Point her 'round," directed Buster, sliding from the saddle. "Here, Peachy"—and he passed the reins over. "Reckon you never see me ride a bi-cycle that time I was up to Montrose, did you?"

"I heard tell," acknowledged Peachy, laconically. "But that was jes' a plain bi-cycle. This heah is a cross between a plumb loco an' a steam en-gine."

"Not so bad as that, quite," laughed the man, indulgently.

"I dont care if it's a cross between a wall-eyed pinto an' a buckin' steer," announced Buster, indomitable. "I aint never yet seen the critter I could n't fork, an' I'm sure goin' to try this. *You hol' Castanets*, there, an' holler. Now, pardner," he continued, walking forward, "I'm waitin' to be shown. I'm from Missouri."

Afoot Buster, by reason of habitual occupancy of a horse's back, was not altogether the most graceful of mankind. As has been stated, he was of build short and chunky; and his legs having become warped to the contour of a horse's sides, when he waddled about, impeded by his voluminous chaps, his spurs pointed in so that they occasionally caught the leather of opposite calf. His cartridge-belt sloped negligently from left to right, and his heavy, ivory-handled gun (ivory somewhat yellowed by exposure) dangled against his right thigh.

Chaps, gun, hat—that was Buster, when separated from his horse; out-curving chaps, dangling gun, flapping hat.

He hitched up chaps and trousers together, and stood by while the man good-naturedly explained the workings of the motorecycle. Peachy, sitting straight and holding the lines to "Castanets" (the same being the fanciful name of his companion's pony), solemnly witnessed and listened.

Presently Buster rolled a cigarette, thrust it in his mouth, and lit it.

"I savvy," he proclaimed, abruptly. "Adios, Peachy. You can have my hoss. I dont need him no more. I'm goin'. I'll see you at the round-up next Fall." He awkwardly straddled the machine. Upon either side his chaps stuck out; rearward stuck his spurs from the high set-in heels of his cow-puncher boots. He pressed his hat firmly upon his crown, and with a twitch readjusted his belt and holster. "Shove me, pard," he bade, "so 's to get me started."

With gauntleted hands he resolutely gripped the handle-bar, and with the pedals under his arched insteps, puffing cigarette, he stared fixedly ahead and waited.

The man shoved; shoving and running, he trundled Buster for a few yards.

"Pump!" he gasped, breathless, dropping behind.

Buster pumped—humping his back and furiously urging the pedals. His shaggy knees projected outward, alternately rising and falling, and the cigarette smoke belched forth like the forced draft of a tug. The machine commenced to emit explosions; they grew in volume and series, and with a triumphant yelp Buster skimmed away, the blue fume of his cigarette trailing luxuriously in his wake.

"Hi! Whoop-ee!" yelled Buster, in ecstacy of motion.

"Not too fast! Not too fast!" cautioned the man.

Perhaps Buster heard not. With speed increasing, the machine hustled him up the road, and on, on.

"Stop her!" shrieked the man, frantically.

But Buster stopped her not. However, he was trying, in his own fashion, for leaning back he was pulling with all his might.

"My Gawd!" exclaimed Peachy, visibly concerned. "She's runnin' away. She dont mind the curb! He cyan't hold her—no he cyan't! Get on yoah hoss, man—get on yoah hoss!" he cried, excited, flinging the lines of Castanets to the stranger. "We'll ketch him!"

He jabbed spurs into his pony, which bounded forward. The stranger went sprawling and clambering up Castanets on the wrong side, and Castanets promptly repudiated him, with a single buck, into the sagebrush again.

"No—heah he comes!" bellowed Peachy, suddenly checking his pony in the midst of

a spring. "He's a-ridin', too! Look at him! Hi! Whoop!"

For Buster, who had almost disappeared in the distance, was now nearing. He was no longer in the road, but was off at one side, evidently having made a wide turn. Desperately hauling and pulling on the handle-bar, back was he scouring, through the sage. The ground, on this the north of the road, rose slightly, in a gentle ascent, so that he was skirting a slope.

"Come on! Get on yoah hoss!" reiterated Peachy.

At a gallop he bolted to intercept the on-swooping Buster; and as he hastened he recoiled the lariat which had hung at his saddle.

A second time the stranger essayed (from the wrong side) the wily Castanets, and a second time was he rejected. Undaunted he returned (on the wrong side) to the assault, and a third time he met decided rebuff. This time having been propelled into a somersault and a half, causing him to alight head-first, he concluded to remain where put, and sat ruefully rubbing his crown. Castanets, disgusted, strolled apart from him, and fell to cropping grass.

Influenced by the slope, Buster, on his bounding, crashing, chugging steed, commenced to drift downward, continuing a long arc of a great oval. The gait was comet-like, appalling.

"Do yoah ridin' straight-up! straight-up, boy!" encouraged Peachy, delirious with glee, making for him and swinging the loop of his lariat. "Dont pull leather!"

"Rope me off!" shouted Buster, as he scudded past.

Peachy threw—but his pony shied at the dragon-passage of the crazed machine, and the cast missed. Gathering in the rope as he went, Peachy raced after. At perigee Buster crossed the road, for the opposite arc of his orbit. He jounced frightfully. His hat flew off; high jolted his gun; his hair streamed in the breeze. On the inside, following a smaller orbit, crossed Peachy, bent forward, spurring, whirling the noose.

"You're ridin'! You're sure ridin'!" he howled. "Hi—yi!"

The dust, beaten from the sage, floated in their double course. Peachy threw, and again missed.

"Can't you rope me?" appealed Buster.

A solar center, so to speak, about which were revolving a comet and a planet, still mechanically rubbing his crown the stranger, bewildered, sat and watched. From perigee back coursed the two racers (cow-pony now laying belly to its-work) on the lower side of the road; scurried by (Peachy making another ineffectual cast), and proceeded with the other long arc.

"CAN'T you rope me!" besought Buster, wildly. "Rope me, Peachy! If you can't rope me, take your gun an' pop that coyote who started me!"

Riotously whooped Peachy, in pursuit, throwing again and again, reckless in his abandon of spirits; scampered from their path the astounded cattle.

The two attained apogee, swerved upon the farther end-arc, and started on another round. Swiftly they approached—until, opposite the stranger, Peachy's persistent noose at last settled over the appealing Buster; the cow-pony stopped short, Buster was neatly jerked from saddle to sage. The machine, careening on unbalanced, lurched and flopped and fell, and lay spinning and chugging amidst the brush.

Peachy tumbled from his pony, and ran (as well as man in chaps may) to minister to his rolling comrade. But Buster, preserved by that special, argus-eyed deity whose sole and arduous province is to look after cow-punchers, had staggered to his feet, and was divesting himself of the lariat.

"Hurt yuh?" demanded Peachy.

"No; but she had me ridin', all right," acknowledged Buster.

He stepped out of the noose.

"Heah's yoah hat," said Peachy.

Buster donned it.

"I want to get on a hoss again," he grunted; and waddling over to Castanets, he seized the lines and vaulted up. With evident relief he settled into the familiar seat. He rolled a cigarette, and lighted it.

The chugging of the machine had ceased. The owner had lifted the thing upright, and was examining it. In his mien was dejection.

"What's the damage?" queried Peachy, riding over. Buster followed.

The man muttered indistinctly.

"Name your figger," prompted Buster, hand suggestively wedging way into trousers pocket. "It was wuth it."

The man shook his head.

"'T is n't much," he mumbled. "Twisted a little. I could fix it easy if I was where I could get a few tools."

"Theah 's a blacksmith shop at Sprague's. Reckon that 's enough, aint it?" asked Peachy. "Wont the wheels go?"

Yes, they would go. The man moved the machine forward and back, to find out.

"Get astride, then. I'll put a rope on yuh, an' haul yuh," volunteered Peachy. "It 's only six mile, an' level country."

"Can you?" inquired the man, doubtful. "I'm willing to pay."

"Can I! Pay? Huh!" responded Peachy, scornful. "Why, if you was headin' that way I could haul you from here plumb to the puh'ly gates, an' would n't charge you a cent! Fetch your critter into the road."

They moved into the road. Here Peachy dropped his loop over the handle-bar, and rode slowly forward.

"Get astraddle," he ordered, as the rope drew taut. The man obeyed.

"G'wan," bade Peachy, head turned to keep note, to his pony.

The pony continued; the machine docilely followed after. The man, with feet upon ground, aided; the pony broke into an ambling trot, and raising feet to pedals the man merely sat and guided.

"S' long!" called Peachy, carelessly.

"Good-bye!" called the man.

"Adios!" replied Buster.

Left there behind, from his saddle he watched, interested. Peachy's cow-pony trotted, the rope stayed taut, the machine, bearing the man, glided smoothly and comfortably.

The procession was silhouetted from the crest of a little rise. Peachy, descending, sunk into the sage; the man, behind, waved final greeting. Buster waved response. The man, also, sunk into the sage.

"What was it he named that, now, Castanets?" communed Buster. "I've plumb forgot. 'T was n't no auto-mo-bile; no. Somethin' else. It had some other brand. Some sort of 'cycle' brand." He mused a moment, fashioning slow a cigarette. "Loco-cycle!" he fairly shouted. "That's what! Now I've got her. That there was a loco-cycle!" He applied match to cigarette. "Well," he murmured, blowing smoke through his nostrils, "it sure was a loco; plumb crazy. It had me ridin', all right, all right. Say, did you hear her snort?"

And with this solution and confession in one, replacing his cigarette securely in his mouth, Buster wheeled his pony and went loping up the now historic road.

# Told in the Clouds

By R. C. Pitzer



DAMP, cold fog hung over Elk Pass, heavily settled on the dirty snow-banks there, and crawled down the hill-slopes on each side. In the narrow gulch where Little Cub Creek incessantly brawled, and a rocky road beside it steeply wound toward the summit, the fog was particularly heavy. It clung to the scrub pines and infrequent clumps of low bushes, undulated snakelike along the creek bottom and up the adjacent hills, and gathered in threatening, ever-shifting cloudlets above a roaring camp-fire that vainly tried to dispel the chill of the atmosphere.

Oakes edged his saddle, which he was using for a camp-stood, nearer the blaze, and spread his hands out to the warmth.

"Jove!" he said with a little shiver, "this is extremely pleasant. I wish we had n't tried to get over the Pass tonight."

"Same here, Will," his companion cheerfully responded; "but old Sol has set in a muck of anything but glory, and here's where we'll stay till he pops up on the other side. Confound this drizzle! I wish it'd rain and be done."

"Look at the tent," Oakes said; "see those big drops rolling down? Dont you call that rain? Ugh, and this is your howling West, is it? Why, I can find this, minus the chill, whenever I feel like going home. A jolly start for a hunting trip."

"You wont find this in Manhattan," Wistrom grinned. "You're in a blooming cloud, my son; a cloud that's raining to beat the band farther east. Hullo," he continued, peering up the gulch. "What's doing? Was n't that a bell?"

"I thought so, too. Somebody else stuck in this pleasant valley for the night, eh?"

"Sounds like it. It's a burro's bell, all right. Someone's made it over the Pass from Fryngpan. He'll have to pitch camp, whoever he is."

The bell ceased its jangle, but the two men stood staring through the curling eddies of fog. After a time the bell broke out again in mechanical jerks; a sudden clang, a pause, and a clang again.

"Camped," said Wistrom briefly; "he's hobbled his burro. The fog'll make an alley before long, so that our fellow in misery will spot us and come over."

"There's another," Oakes cried, wheeling to stare into the mist below them. "By Jove, people are coming up the trail, too. I hear voices. Why, Cyrùs, I thought you said this was Elk Pass, in the mythical Rocky Mountains? Pshaw! we're on Broadway, man. You'll hear the buzz of an automobile in a minute."

Wistrom laughed as he filled his pipe and tossed the tobacco-bag to his companion. "Wait till you hear a wolf yowl," he said. "Maybe that'll convince you this isn't quite a city. Take it easy; we're the first-comers, and hill-etiquette demands that this fire be made the seat of the pow-wow. I wonder if the boys below us came up from Cinch directly? We've been away a week now, and I would n't mind a little news about the Last Stand."

"Your mine wont sink to China, dont you worry," Oakes counseled; "and it is n't likely that the super'll sell it while you're gone."

"Funnier things have happened up here," Wistrom grunted. "Mines that have real gold in them ought to be chained. Some men have gall enough to walk off with one on their backs."

"There are giants in these regions, then? I wish I'd brought a lance."

"Giants, and gold-hunters, and other monsters. Musgrove, the fellow I bought the mine from, would n't think anything of packing it up on a train of burros and hiking to Mexico with it. But, lucky for the mine, he's gone out, and Cinch District is a comparatively honest country

since the sad event. Ah, here comes Number One."

Somewhere above them they heard heavy boots slipping over the wet stones, and in a moment a figure materialized out of the fog and shambled forward, an old, crooked-backed man, ragged and forlorn, with a torn hat slouched over his white, tangled hair, and a long, silvery and tobacco-stained beard. His blue eyes were puckered almost shut, and the lips under their covering had a forlorn droop.

"How de, boys," he quietly said; "seems like there's a whole train of us stuck up here tonight. There's a camp below us, eh? An' 'long when I was drinkin' my coffee, I heard somebody come down over the range an' uncinch at about the nearest snow patch. He'll be down by-m-bye, I guess."

"Another!" Oakes whistled as he stood up. "Well, the more the merrier. Here, dad, sit on the saddle; it's moderately warm between the fire and the tent." He pulled a pack box forward and squatted on it. "Isn't it pretty cold for you up here?" he ventured.

The newcomer sat down with a grunt of thanks. "I'm cold 'most anywhere," he mumbled. "It dont make no difference. I'm just waitin' to go out."

Wistrom quietly slipped into the tent and returned with a flask. "It'll warm you up, Mr. Fistel," he said, proffering it.

Fistel took it and ceremoniously nodded to both men before he drank. "So, you know me," he reflected, with something like a sigh. "Well, that's natural, if you was down in Cinch when the big boom was on. I was a pritty prom'nent figure there, I guess."

"Here's the other bunch," Wistrom said, whirling as the fog spewed out two dim figures below them. "How de, men. Here, Will, get something for 'em to sit on."

"How, how," responded one of the visitors. He also was an old man, with a beard as white and almost as tangled as Fistel's. "Why, Fist!" he ejaculated, stretching out a hand, "who'd a expected to find you up in this country? Shake! Haven't seen you for a dog's age!" he cried, clapping his acquaintance on the shoulder. "Last I heard of you, you'd scooted for the Klondyke."

"Been here a long while," Fistel mumbled. "Had all sorts of luck since then, McCord. Set down."

"An' I believe I know you," McCord said, shaking hands with Wistrom. "Met you in an assay office down in Denver. You're the owner of the Last Stand."

Fistel started, and his face blanched. He opened his mouth to speak, gulped, and fingered his throat in silence.

"An' here's my new pardner," McCord went on; "a sister's son, Ed Hagart. Kinda young yet, an' tender, but he's got the right stuff in him, gents. Better drop in there on them blankets, Ed."

McCord's nephew was a small, very slender and soft-handed boy, whose white face was almost hidden beneath a heavy sombrero. He nodded in a timid fashion, and drew his raincoat tighter about him, as a bitter gust of wind for an instant cleared the gulch of the fog.

"Yes, by all means," Wistrom said, "if you're not used to the hills, tumble under cover. Sprawl out on the blankets, my boy; the flaps are up, and you'll not be lonesome. Here, Mr. McCord, it'll warm you up." He tendered the flask.

McCord nodded and drank. "Mighty cheerin'," he commented, handing the flask back.

"You've forgotten the boy," Wistrom said.

"Thanks," Hagart hastily answered, "I can't—I dont drink. We came up," he went on in a very small voice, "to see—to learn—"

"That's all right, Eddie," McCord interrupted, "you set down an' keep out o' the damp."

"There, we're all here but that fellow from above," Oakes cheerfully cried; "sit down, everybody."

"From above?" McCord queried.

"Uh-huh," said Fistel. "Man's camped up at the timberline. He'll be drillin' down. Think I hear him now."

He had heard him, and almost before the others had settled around the fire, the last-comer materialized.

"Hullo, Timberline," Fistel said with an effort to appear jovial; "been expectin' you."

"Timberline" stood back, and as the fog swirled about him, he looked vague and un-

real. Yet, on a closer inspection, he seemed commonplace enough, though a heavy beard hid his face, and the sombrero that fell over his eyes was wide and mysterious.

"Dont get up, gents," he growled; "I'll squat over here on a boulder. Came down to hear the news."

The boy in the shadow of the tent-flap started and sat up; but in a moment listlessly resumed his lounging attitude.

"Yes," said McCord, taking up the train of thought started by meeting Fistel, "you're quite a stranger to me, Fist. Where y' been keepin' yourself?"

Fistel cleared his throat. "Hereabouts," he mumbled; "here an' in Cinch."

"Mr. Fistel started the Cinch boom," Wistrom volunteered. "He found the Last Stand mine."

"The dence he did!" cried several in concert.

"You've got it," Fistel said, looking at the mine-owner. "D' you know how I lost it, an' what sort of a damned cold-blooded devil Musgrove was?"

"Oh, but not—" the boy cried, and caught his breath there. Timberline stood up and sat again.

"I know," Wistrom said, curiously glancing into the tent; "he was a scoundrel, indeed. Afterwards I had a suspicion that perhaps he had n't come by the mine honestly, but I'm sure of nothing."

"I'll make you sure of a whole lot," Fistel blurted out, then relapsed into silence and stared at the fire. The quiet grew oppressive; a feeling of nervous unrest seemed to be upon all, and again Timberline stood up and sat down, while the boy edged farther in among the shadows of the tent. McCord coughed and drew his fingers through his beard. The hand was visibly trembling; and the glance he shot into the tent was one of warning.

"I met him first down in Arizona," Fistel began at last, slowly measuring each word. "Found him in a camp there, eaten up with the fever, an' dosed him back to earth with quinine an' sage. After that I came up here an' struck the Last Stand. I called it that, 'cause it was my last stand, an' I knowed if I did n't hit it there, it was all up with Lem Fistel. A ragged tramp he'd been these twenty years, an' a ragged

tramp he'd die. He would n't have no more soul to keep him diggin'; it'd all be left in that there hole in the ground. An' the soul's there now, gents, buried away down under the earth, further 'n the body'll ever go huntin' it.

"I'd dreamed an' been woke up all my life, an' I did n't expect no better when I begun sinkin' the shaft on my new claim. But somehow the ore kept a-growin' richer 'n' richer, an' the first thing I knowed I was it. The boom come along on my heels, o' course, an' this here Musgrove come with it, 'most as ragged as I am now. He'd been up ag'in' it proper. I give him a new outfit before I hardly had any money at all out o' the mine.

"Now, gents, I got a failin'—there aint no use denyin' it; anywhere Fistel's knowed the boys kinda expect him to go on a spree now an' then. That mine was too much for me, an' I spread—Oh, I spread! Gettin' half sober one day, this Mr. Irving Musgrove comes along an' talks parson talk to me. The upshot was I put him up at my mine to kinda boss things till I sobered up. First off, he helped me; but that was just his damned cunning. In a little bit the gold begun t' come up out o' the world, an' Musgrove seen it, an' his hands itched. He flimflammed around an' around, an' by-m-by, I was drunk all the time—he furnishin' the dust an' the liquor like as if he owned it. Damn him, I say; he made a beast of me for a eternal month, an' while I was a beast, he treated me as a beast. Along at the last I did n't know nothin' much, but one week I sobered up 'cause there was n't no liquor handy—an' I was in a camp up here in these hills, all by my lonesome. Sick! Lord, I a'most died. By-m-by I went down t' Cinch, an' I had n't no more mine 'n' a dog has. How he done it I dont yet see, but there 't was, all in black an' white, he havin' paid me forty thousand dollars an' me havin' give him the mine, an' blowed the money, an' all. I went out, gents, an' come 'round in a hospital down on the plains, eursin' him. An' then I tramped back, huntin' my soul."

He blinked at the fire. His words had been so low and passionless, spelled out in such a monotonous sing-song, that they sounded unreal and ghostly to the listeners.

"Pretty hard luck," Oakes said, sympa-

thetically. The new voice broke the spell that hung over the camp, and everybody stirred.

"Uh-huh," Fistel mumbled, "for me. It's all right for Wistrom here."

"Believe me," Wistrom earnestly said, "I knew nothing of this. When I came up here I was a good deal of a tenderfoot, though I knew what a mine was. I had a little fortune I had inherited, but I had n't dreamed of investing it until this scoundrel got hold of me. He had to have fifty thousand dollars, he said, and he had to have it at once, to meet an Eastern mortgage. The mine was rich, I saw that. I only had forty thousand, but I offered him all I had, and seeing that he could n't do any better, he took it."

"Dont ever trust faces, Will," he continued, turning towards Oakes. "If ever a man had a clean face, it was this Musgrove; though his chin was weak, I would have sworn him more honest than myself. Only, after it was all over, I began to remember that his eyes were n't right. He could n't look at you, and he kept them puckered and veiled. He was pretty nervous, too, and very anxious about something—I thought it the mortgage. He'd hang about the post-office, and pretend to be always waiting to get word from his Eastern agent. Well, I bought the mine, and gave him a check that drew out every cent I had in the bank; and he went off to the plains.

"I buckled down to the work, but in a little while I found that I could n't do much without a little capital to open up the mine, so I borrowed ten thousand dollars. There was an office at the Last Chance, built up against the owner's cabin and the shaft-house, and in it there was a rusty old safe."

"Sure," Fistel interjected, "I bought that safe with the first money I took out, an' afore I begun to booze. Lord! I was proud of it. I'd get up in the night, an' go in an' gloat over it, rubbin' my hands an' tellin' myself that I'd reached the end of the trail, an' I would n't have nothin' more to do but just die easy. I'd dream about that safe bein' packed with gold dust, an' I guess it kinda made me loony."

Wistrom nodded and resumed: "The money was in greenbacks, and I put it all in that safe, never thinking of changing the combination. Along in the night some

noise awoke me, and before I could go to sleep again I fancied I heard something moving, so I got up, slipped on my clothes, and took my revolver. There was no opening between the buildings, but I stole out in my bare feet and crept around the logs until I came to the home-made door of the office. A key was in the lock, and the door itself swung loose on its hinges. I pushed it back a trifle and peered in.

"A man with a candle was bending over the safe; and even as I looked I heard the rusty hinges creak. Then the man straightened up, with my money in his hand. It was Musgrove. Not content with the forty thousand, he had crept back to steal the ten thousand dollars I had borrowed. It seemed devilish to me, and I was half mad with sudden rage. I jumped into the room, and somehow my revolver went off. That's about all, I guess," he lamely added.

"You killed him?" Fistel screamed; "thank God, you killed him!"

Wistrom dug his boot into the damp soil. "He broke away," he said; "he was a scoundrel, of course, but it worries me sometimes. At night I fancy I see the beggar alone in the hills, spitting out his evil life, and I can't help but remember that it was my bullet that did it all. It's an unpleasant story, but it's finished."

"Not quite," said a smothered voice from the tent, and Hagart crept out. "It's not quite finished," he said.

"Eddie!" McCord cried warningly.

"I'm going to tell," the boy answered; "I can't bear to have it unknown. There is a third story about Mr. Musgrove." He moistened his lips.

"I knew it," Oakes exclaimed, slapping his knee. "I'm not blind. Go on." He eagerly leaned forward.

"This man we're talking of," Hagart began, keeping his eyes on the ground, and twining his fingers together as he talked, "was from—from my town. I would have been a relative of his if he had lived. He was engaged to my sister." He looked up at Oakes challengingly. "He was poor, and he came out to make a home for her; but once here he caught the gold fever and became a prospector. My sister did n't know exactly. He wrote such enheartening letters that we all thought he was doing well. Sometimes my sister would grow despond-



ent, and then his letters were particularly cheerful. We—we had trouble at home; father was the cause. Once, when Hagar was more despondent than usual, she wrote it all down; and in answer he told her about his mine. He had no ready money, he said, but the mine was sure to prove very valuable; he could n't be mistaken, because men had offered to loan him any money he needed on it. But he would feel more independent if he developed it himself; it would seem then as if he had earned his fortune. That was a lie; he had no mine; he was starving; but Hagar was afraid that he would die penniless in the mountains, so this was how he comforted her. He was foolish, but it was because she was worried. And I know that he hoped to find such a mine before long. He always was a dreamer.

"Hagar believed. Then father, he—he was arrested. He had been the bookkeeper and cashier of a factory, and he had stolen money for years, until fifty thousand dollars was missing. The disgrace gave him brain-fever. He lay in a hospital under arrest, and we kept our window-blinds down. The factory owners said they would not prosecute if father refunded the money. Oh, we all remembered that Irving was in reality rich, and Hagar wrote to him, telling him everything. In a little over a month the money came—forty thousand dollars. He said he had borrowed it on his mine. I took it to the owners, but they would have all or nothing. Then I telegraphed. We waited, but a reply never came.

"One evening a message reached us from the hospital, and we went, to find father dying. Oh—" he clasped his hands together—"I want you to believe that it was some terrible mania. He was never a thief

knowingly; handling the money made him mad. He had it all—had every cent hidden at home in the basement. I gave it to the owners, and we buried him."

Hagart paused a moment, visibly struggling with emotion. "We did n't hear from Irving," he almost whispered, "and I began to suspect something—to—to—Hagar grew sick, and then I took Irving's money and came out to find him. I met Mr. McCord in the city, and told him everything, hiring him to come with me. We learnt about the mine, and about the fight in the office, and about Irving crawling into the hills to die alone. We've come out to find him—Oh, God! to find him!" He stood up and threw his hands above his head. "I did n't know about Mr. Fistel," he resumed in a lower voice, "but I have the money in a bank in Denver. It is his, every cent of it; his pay for the mine. And Irving—is out here somewhere—dead!"

He suddenly sank on the blankets and buried his face in his hands. The tall sombrero fell off, and a flood of brown hair tumbled down from its hiding-place, veiling the face.

"What Miss Gair says is God's truth," McCord solemnly affirmed. No one moved. The men hardly seemed to breathe as they listened to the broken sobs.

"That's the end of the story," McCord droned. "It's pretty hard to tell what sort of a man a man is, aint it?"

The silent Timberline moved into the fire-light, his hands trembling. "It's not all," he gasped, flinging his hat aside. "Hagar! Hagar!"

A sudden scream echoed through the fog up and down the hills; and the rough men turned away, leaving the crackling camp-fire to the man and the woman sobbing on his breast.

# The Village Widow

By Elizabeth Lambert Wood



HERE, ANNIE, is them sheets I spoke about." Mrs. Penney had just entered the room with a pile of clean cotton sheets in her arms. She laid them down on a chair before her daughter, Annie, who was mending by the window. Picking up the top one she shook it out in a ragged length and leaned over to explain, "You see, Annie, this one has been split down the middle and the selvages sewed together. I did that six years ago, when this lot of sheets first began to wear thin. Now they're beginning to wear out again. But the ends is still pretty good, and I want you to cut 'em all through the center and sew the ends together."

Annie sighed, in a silent way, and began the long task. She was seventeen; a slim girl with a pale, oval face around which her soft hair fluffed in dim yellow.

Presently, the side gate slammed, and Annie heard steps on the walk. She glanced out. Her brother Jesse was disappearing around the corner of the house. The cherry trees in the side yard, which Anne faced, were beating about in a fierce gale; their bare arms waving appealingly. Here and there, against the silver bark, a bunch of last year's leaves hung with dejected tenacity. Annie turned to her task again with a pathetic pucker between her brows.

Within doors, the room was scarcely more cheerful than the forlorn prospect from the window. A low mound of wood coals had fallen together in the back of the fire-place, their tops fast cooling to a feathery gray. A cotton rag carpet, thread-bare from years of usage, hung together over the middle of the uneven floor, its colors long since faded to a conglomerate brown.

The outside door suddenly opened and a thick-set boy of fourteen came in. The outside air was cold, and it rushed past him with a blare, before Jesse could throw his weight against the door and close it.

His mother appeared from an inner room, a frown between her eyes.

"I do wish you would be careful when you come in," she said. "I've just got the house het up enough to be comfortable and I hate to have it wasted." She went to a high chest of drawers in a corner and laid away her mending. "You keep right on," she said to Annie, "but I reckon I'd better get supper, seeing Jesse's home. I'll just stir up some thickened milk over these coals, and that will save building a fire in the kitchen stove. Dont put that extra stick on the fire, Jesse. Them coals is plenty. Wood is higher this Winter than I ever knew it to be."

Jesse took off his overcoat and hung it on a nail behind the door, tossing his cap on top with a careless turn of his hand. Giving a hasty backward rub of his palm to smooth his wind-blown locks, he said:

"Say, what do you think the Temperance Lodge is going to give at the Town Hall next week? A neck-tie social! Yes, siree! Cash Phillips told me down to the postoffice. He says all five of his sisters is going, and they are making new dresses, all different colors, light pretty colors, so the neck-ties in their baskets will be mighty pretty."

Mrs. Penny was painstakingly skimming the cream from a pan on the pantry shelf. She poured some of the milk into a saucepan and came back into the room. "You dont say!" she said with interest. "Aint it real fortunate we've just got your red cashmere done, Annie?"

"I aint going," said Annie quietly, bending close to her sewing. The light was fading. Mrs. Penney was stooping to balance the stewpan on the coals. She rose with a jerk. "Aint going?" she asked quickly. "What do you mean? You will be the best-looking girl there, I'll be bound."

"I aint going," reiterated Annie, taking quick, uneven stitches in the thin sheet.

Jesse glanced at her out of the corners of his eyes. His expression was sympathetic.

"Well," said Mrs. Penney, excitedly, "you are stubborn. Stubborn is the only name for it. Just like all the Penneys. Thank goodness, when I am mad I say right out what ails me!"

On a sudden, the red flared into Annie's pale face, and her eyes were dark and shining. "Say out!" she said passionately. "What is the use of saying out! Do you think I'll wear a heavy woollen dress when all the other girls will have new light dresses? I'm not saying a word against my new red cashmere. I'm proud of it, for I earned every thread of it. I guess I am the only one who will ever know what that dress cost. It cost just eight dollars. But how many baskets of berries and apples peddled round did it cost; and how many times sweeping out the school-house? Yes, I guess I know how much it cost, but I'm not going to wear it to the social when every other girl in town will be there in a new lawn or organdie." Her voice had been rising shrilly, but she was crying softly when she left the room.

As the door closed behind her, Mrs. Penney burst into voluble excuse. "There aint any use in Annie feeling so. Aint I a poor widow with two children to raise and support. It is a sinful shame the way most people spend money. I want to impress that fact on you, Jesse."

Considering that she had been impressing this fact on him since he could first remember, the boy looked duly interested. Mrs. Penny went on, "It is perfect foolishness for Annie to take on like this. She knows how I have been skimping along all Winter trying to save up the two hundred dollars that Joe Leggett asked me to let him have. I loaned it to him today. I got ten per cent, too. At first he said he could n't pay that much, no way, for Mirandy is still sick and the baby died, and things had kinder gone against him, but I held out and got it." Mrs. Penney's face shone as if at the winning of a battle for right.

Jesse twisted on one foot. "Gus says even the preacher's girls are going to have new dresses, real pretty lawn ones," he said, insinuatingly.

"Yes, I'll be bound," sniffed his mother, "and he dont git much more 'n twenty dollars a month, either. I know I give four-bits every month, and it looks big as the plate to me when I put it in, but I always give it."

Mrs. Penney was warming under the spur of the subject. She was much disturbed. "And I'll be bound the Chade girls will be there, too," she said, "and their father owes me two thousand dollars. Yes, sir, two thousand dollars at eight per cent."

The thickened milk was now ready, and Mrs. Penney ladled it out and set it on the table. She went into the pantry for the bread. "Sit down," she called to Jesse, "and eat while things is hot."

Jesse ate his portion in big gulps, but when at last Mrs. Penney came out of the pantry and sat down it was only to barely sip at hers.

After supper Jesse went out to milk the cow and gather the eggs. While his mother was still in the kitchen, he came in with six eggs in his cap. "Pretty good for a cold day like this," he said, lifting the eggs three at a time and laying them in the starch box on the pantry shelf.

Mrs. Penney strained the milk and poured all but a scant pint into a row of small buckets. Jesse picked these up and went out to deliver them to his customers. Mrs. Penney walked over to the egg box, and lifting out three eggs, put them into a basket in which she kept the eggs she sold. "The other three will be real hearty for breakfast tomorrow," she thought, and went back to the table where she had been washing dishes. But she did not dip her hands into the water, but stood idle, her eyes absent; then went back to the shelf and put the remaining three eggs in the basket with the others. "Eggs is thirty-five cents a dozen now," she thought, "and we can just as well eat hot-cakes for breakfast, with a little warmed-over bacon grease to spread over them. There's some grease left over from dinner, and flour aint quite so high as it was before wheat went down."

The week wore on. Mrs. Penney was sure Annie would weaken when she saw the happy faces of the other girls, but she did not. Once or twice during the week Mrs. Penney went to the closet in her room and took down a stocking hidden on a hook beneath her few poor clothes. In the toe of this stocking she kept the money that came in from day to day from the sale of eggs and milk. Two or three times she counted out enough to pay for a cotton dress for Annie, but when it was in her hand she

could not bring herself to part with it. "I will wait and think it over," she would say to herself, as she slipped the money into the stocking again, and hung it away. Later in the week, when she would have given the money, it was too late to buy the dress and make it.

The evening of the social arrived, bringing with it a soft Spring freshness in the air and a fine round moon. As they rose from the supper table Mrs. Penney said in a wheedling tone: "Now, Annie, I'll wash the dishes. You run upstairs and fix yourself up fine. I'm going to put up a basket of lunch. I fried some real nice doughnuts, and there's good bread and quince jell."

Annie's soft lips were firmly set. When she opened them to speak her voice was thoroughly exasperated. "Ma, can't you see that I aint a-going?"

At this point Jesse interposed with some spirit. "Well, I think maybe it's a good thing you aint a-going," he said. "I was behind the door in the anteroom today looking for my cap, and I heard one of the big boys say he hoped to goodness he would n't get Annie Penney's basket. He said she was an awful pretty girl, and nice, too, but he'd hate to pay fifty cents for a basket with a few slices of bread in it that had had even the flour squeezed out of them!" Jesse blurted this out wrathfully, his face red with mortification, but a fourteen-year-old boy could not comprehend the words' full import to his mother.

She picked up a pile of plates and walked into the kitchen, her steps unsteady. Rallying her spirits, she called back: "If you want to keep up your foolishness, Annie, you can just stay at home. But I'm going to put on my black alpaeky and go! Jesse, you can go with me, and we'll have a real good time looking on."

For a moment Jesse did not answer. He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. Finally, he said, defiantly, the color rising slowly over his neck to his face: "Ma, I've been planning to go and to buy a basket, too. I've been saving money to have some fun on for a long time, and I guess I'll have as good a time spending it tonight as I will ever have."

A good time spending money! To the stunned mother the thought was all but incomprehensible that her son could find en-

joyment in spending money. She went into her bedroom and closed the door. She felt almost no sensation excepting the unrecognizable one of being disapproved of by her children. Annie, little mild-tempered Annie, had defied her wishes. And Jesse had kept all knowledge from her that he had saved a little money; yet he had known all winter how she was straining to get together the sum she had just loaned to Joe Leggett. For the first time in her life she felt utterly alone in the world. Even her sudden widowhood had not left her so desolate.

With the same firm resolution that had carried her, with proud head, over many hard places, she took down the black alpaca from its solitary grandeur in the closet. It had done duty for ten years; ever since her husband was killed. Tonight how vividly she remembered that dreadful time. She could see the face of the doctor as he turned toward her in the dim lamplight of midnight, his face filled with compassion. "Maria," he had said tenderly, "I can do nothing. He is stirring; it may be his only consciousness. Bring the children."

She had obeyed him silently. She had gone into the next room, to the little bed, and roused the two children as quietly as she could. Awed by her silence and the look on her face, they allowed her to pin little shawls about their shoulders, over their nightgowns. Then she led them to their father's bed.

He seemed to be waiting for them, his eyes on the door. Kneeling down, she had buried her face in the covers. "Dont worry, Maria," John had said, bravely. "Doctor has told me. You must be father and mother both to the children. The home is all paid for, but you will have to pinch and scrape along somehow to keep out of the poorhouse until the children are big enough to help. Bring the children nearer," he faltered. "Nearer, the light seems dim. There, there, Annie, dont cry, child, dont cry. Daddy is going to see your little sister. There, my baby boy, let Dad put his arms around you. We'll be warmer, so." And the lamp of life had burned dimmer until it flickered and went out. And she had tried to remember; had tried to be brave, and to keep his children out of the poorhouse.

Who but she knew anything of the suffering during that first Winter when the simple little funeral had taken every cent of ready

money? They had lived for three months on pumpkin butter alone with only a taste of anything else. Who but she knew how hard it had been on her slender strength to hold steady the heavy plow the next Spring when she could not afford to hire a man to do it for her? That year Annie and she had taken off their shoes the moment they entered the house, and Jesse did not feel the pressure of leather on his feet even in the Winter. One calico dress had lasted her a year, with the alpaca for Sundays. The children had but one change of clothes, and those she washed at night after they were asleep, and ironed them at daybreak the next morning, ready for them to put on again.

Was it strange that she could not spend money as other people did? She had longed to provide comforts for her children's future; they were to be saved the struggles she had gone through. And now they blamed her; blamed her when she had saved and loaned out enough on safe mortgages to keep them from want for the rest of their days!

Mrs. Penney finished dressing, put on her rusty crepe bonnet and faded wrap, and went out. The moonlight was splendid, and the night air still and mild, yet she folded her arms together to keep from shivering.

The population of the entire settlement had gathered when she arrived at the school-house where the social was in progress. Several neighbor women nodded to her, but no one greeted her as if glad to see her. For the first time she noticed this and was hurt to the quick. The very women who had been schoolmates and friends in the days of her youth now shunned her.

"That's because their husbands owe me money," she tried to argue to herself, but in the inmost part of her heart she knew this was not true.

Presently the sale of baskets began, and Mrs. Penney saw Jesse bidding eagerly for a pretty white basket with a pink cotton ribbon tied pertly on the handle. As quickly as it was safe in his hands, he ran to a lass of his own age, dressed in pink, and while she tied the pink tie about his collar for him, the two giggled happily together.

Mrs. Penney felt a responsive thrill at sight of Jesse's joy, but it was suddenly swept away by a few cruel words she over-

heard. It was Mrs. Belt who was speaking, whose former home, a fine farm on the edge of town, Mrs. Penney now owned. Since the mortgage was foreclosed, she had heard something about Mr. Belt's falling into careless ways. His wife's face was worn. "You think that Mrs. Penney is poor because she looks so shabby?" she was asking bitterly of a woman from a neighboring town. "Why, she's the richest woman in the county. Everything she touches turns to money. But I don't envy her none; she would sell her children's souls for a dollar to put out at interest." There was a sudden outburst of laughter from the eager bidders about the minister, and the woman's voice was lost.

When she hoped she would attract the least attention, while the crowd was the merriest, Mrs. Penney arose and wended her way to the door. She stepped out into the night with the words ringing in her mind: "Would sell her children's souls." She hurried along the quiet road, and, entering the house, made her way to her room and undressed. She kept wondering if she had been selling Annie's soul when she refused her a few pennies to spend on girlish finery? And if she had been corrupting Jesse's soul when she had compelled him to save by stealth, penny on penny, the little sum he had been spending tonight on innocent pleasure? Had she allowed a wedge of deceit to enter his honest nature?

She heard a stifled sob from the room above. Annie was still suffering, as she had been suffering for days.

It was near eleven o'clock when Jesse came in. His mother could tell by the animated creak of his shoes as he tiptoed upstairs that his happiness was complete. She caught snatches of a suppressed whistle as he undressed. The assurance of her boy's delight acted as a narcotic to her troubled heart, and she fell asleep.

At the breakfast table the next morning Jesse recited with boyish eagerness the novel happenings of the evening before. Annie affected some interest, but her mother viewed her listless face with anxiety. She had taken three eggs out of the selling basket, and had whipped them into a delicate omelet, but even this unwonted luxury failed to tempt Annie's appetite.

With an uneasy conscience, Mrs. Penney

took the broom and went out to sweep off the porch. The air of the house stifled her.

Suddenly she noticed one of her numerous debtors stopping by the gate. He hesitated irresolutely an instant, then with a determined jerk opened the gate and came up the walk. It was Letrim Foote, the hunchback, and his long arms swung loosely from his crippled shoulders.

Mrs. Penney stood waiting, the broom held bolt upright in her strong grasp. As he stood on the walk below, Letrim was agitated, but he managed to look bravely up into her face, his eyes filled with patient meekness.

"I—I came over to see you on a little—business, Mis Penney," he managed to say. "Manthy thought I had ought to." His thin face was very pale.

With a sudden cordial smile, Mrs. Penney held out her hand. Letrim looked dazed as she shook his limp fingers. She led the way through the cold hall to the darkened parlor. He sat down with a weak little gasp, while she pulled up the blue shades a trifle. Then she sat down facing him. It was her custom to wait for others to begin, but this morning she said pleasantly:

"How is Manthy today? Does she want me to do something for her?"

Letrim looked up with a sudden pitiful hopefulness. He was trembling with excitement as he unbuttoned his coat and vest and drew a long buckskin bag from the breast of his shirt. From the bottom of the bag he pulled out a roll of bills.

Mrs. Penney opened her lips quickly to speak, but he interposed eagerly. "I know the money aint quite due," he said in a trembling voice, "but this is just how it is: Manthy and me has skimped and worked to git the money together, and at last we've got it, and if you will let us pay it now we can save the interest. I know it aint exactly the way to do business, but it will save us ten dollars, and ten dollars will about feed us all Winter. I didn't want to come; I know'd it warn't any use, but Manthy just made me. You see how it is, Mis Penney, I can't work much, and now we're beginning to be afraid that little Sammy is going to be like me." His voice broke, but he rallied bravely and went on: "But if you will only take the money now, we will be all out of debt, and please God,

we're never going to be in debt again. We'll starve first."

Mrs. Penney had been trying to speak for several minutes. Her eyes were shining through tears. She held out her hands. "Why, Letrim, of course I'll take the money now. Wait a moment and I'll get the mortgage."

When Letrim had the mortgage safely rolled up in the buckskin bag and restored beneath his shirt, he said, as he rose to go, "Mis Penney, I guess you've got just about as much heart as anybody, in spite of what most folks say. I guess Manthy and me wont forget what you've done for us!"

After he was gone, Mrs. Penney stood looking at the roll of bills lying on her hand. Five hundred and fifty dollars! As she stood there, a resolution formed and became firm in her mind, and her eyes became clear and steady, as they had not been for many days.

At the dinner table, at noon, she said to the children: "I am going to Portland on business by the evening train. Do you think you could get along alone for two days?"

"Of course!" said Jesse eagerly, his mouth full of mashed potato. Any unusual occurrence excited his boyish mind.

"What do you think, Annie?"

"Why, yes, ina, we'll be all right," assented Annie quietly. Her face was very pale.

Her mother looked anxiously at her. "You better not try to do much, Annie," she said, "while I am gone. Get along as easy as you can."

At this unusual sentiment from their mother, both children looked up in surprise. During the simple preparations for the journey they were very silent, recognizing a strangeness in her humor. They went with her to the afternoon train, their eyes wide and curious as they kissed her good-bye. Neither of them had ever been on a train, and their mother never had since they were born.

Mrs. Penney had the address of an inexpensive boarding house put carefully away in her purse. The minister had given it to her, with a carefully-drawn chart of its location.

When she reached the city she found her destination after a prolonged and systematic search. She was unused to failure,

and the fact that she was doing a courageous act in finding her way through the streets of a strange city never occurred to her. She went about it much as a general might go about the capture of a fort in an unknown country.

The following morning she was awake at an early hour, and, peeping out, discovered that the sun, when he chose to show his Wintry face, would find an unobstructed way across a cloudless sky. She felt unusually happy, and dressed in the cold room with sprightly fingers.

Before going downstairs, she took out the roll of bills and counted them again. The five hundred dollars she would put in the bank; she had heard that you could get good interest on long loans in the city. The fifty she meant to spend on the children.

She breakfasted alone in an untidy dining-room. The waitress had on a sweeping-cap and a gingham apron, and sniffed contemptuously as she brought in the simple breakfast Mrs. Penney had ordered. When she inquired the way to the best stores the girl said: "It will be two hours before they're open, ma'm," and went on with her sweeping.

Although it was only eight o'clock when Mrs. Penney finally ventured into the street, there seemed to be a cheerful bustle of people everywhere. Everyone she met had a contented, active air. The feeling was contagious; Mrs. Penney trod the pavements with light steps.

At last, after some search, she reached the store which she was seeking.

"I believe I'll go in here and get Annie a dress," she thought. "I suppose I'll have to pay higher than at a little store, but it will please her to know it came from one of these great, big places."

Inside, she was directed to the Summer-goods counter by a pompous floor walker. "He's the owner, I'll be bound," she thought. And when he waved her to a counter with a flourish, she bowed and said: "Thank you, Mr. Grand!"

The pretty girl-clerk giggled.

Mrs. Penney looked at her severely. "I would like to look at some figured lawn, please," she said. "How much is this piece?" She touched a filmy fold of white, dotted with delicate pink buds.

"That's not lawn, ma'm," said the clerk.

"That is organdie, fifty cents a yard, single width."

"Gracious! Show me something for ten cents."

The girl brought out piece after piece, but Mrs. Penney's eyes would wander back to the pink buds with the delicate green leaves. The clerk, quick to see this, held it up to catch the light. "Isn't that beautiful?" she said. "Regular seventy-five a yard. It's a bargain, ma'm."

In imagination, Mrs. Penney could see Annie dressed in the pink and white organdie, her face with the wrapt look of an angel on it; her pale gold hair in finely wrought curves against her white cheeks. "I will take ten yards," she said firmly, though her heart was beating wildly.

As she counted out the sum to pay for it, the girl said: "Wouldn't you like to look at some laces? This would be lovely made up with lace."

With a strange exhilaration, as if from drinking wine, Mrs. Penney said recklessly, "Yes, I'll look at some lace."

"Here, Cash," called the clerk, "show this lady the lace counter."

Mrs. Penney gazed in bewilderment at the billowing piles of laces. The clerk, divining her feeling, held up a piece of Mechlin. "This is new and beautiful," she said, "and is perfect with the organdie."

It was beautiful, and somehow the choice was easier now. She bought twenty yards! Then came yards of ribbons, and after that, she bought a dainty lace-ruffled petticoat, and a pair of white shoes, and a parasol with a pink border; and, last of all, a white hat with a wreath of crushed-pink roses around the crown. The more she bought the lighter grew her heart. She got a coat for Annie and a handsome blue suit for Jesse, with a new overcoat and hat and shoes to go with it. She pictured to herself his delight in his first store-made clothes.

About noon she started for the bank. On the way she passed a huge piano store, with a piano going briskly within. It sounded all but divine to her unaccustomed ears. How Annie would enjoy hearing that, she thought. Tempted, she hesitated, then walked in the door. When an obsequious gentleman came forward, she asked him timidly if he kept organs for sale. "I'm

thinking some of getting one for my daughter," she said. "She plays considerable by ear."

The man hastened to tell her with his most persuasive air that they were selling pianos at such reasonable prices that it would not pay her to look at organs. And before she left the store she had paid for a piano. And it was to be sent home with her on the afternoon train. She was going home, she could not stay away another night.

She did not recognize her own heart as she walked back up the street. She felt a plaint interest in everybody. She stopped to drop a dime in a blind beggar's cup and slipped in a dollar instead.

She went home on the afternoon train, but before that time she bought herself a new dress, coat and hat. "It will please the children," she said to herself, apologetically. A new carpet for the sitting-room was in the baggage-car, and an upholstered rocker for the parlor.

Several times during the journey, her fellow-passengers gazed at her wonderingly, for she was laughing to herself under her breath, a wonderful light of happiness in

her eyes, which gazed unseeing at the sights flashing past the windows.

She was eagerly impatient to feel her children's arms about her; to see their surprised faces and incredulous, loving eyes; to hear their excited voices in affectionate greeting.

It was already dusk when she started home from the station. A cold light rain was falling, that might settle into a heavy storm before morning. She hurried on along the half-frozen path which cut across-lots to her home. Her arms were heaped with packages, and she could hear the creak of the heavy wagon, loaded with her purchases, not far behind. Presently she caught sight of the light in the dining-room window and the shadow of heads moving about. In spite of long training in self-control, tears gushed to her eyes. With a half-sob she pushed open the gate, which closed behind her with a slam. The door flew open and the light fell on her face. There was a glad cry from the children, and she was carried into the house by the rush of their exuberant spirits, all three laughing and crying together.

## Reverie

By Hugo De Groot

The sunset's saffron burning  
An azure sea is turning  
Into gold.  
My dim eyes scarce discerning  
A tattered sail returning,  
Fills all my heart with yearning,  
As of old.

Red on the waters beaming,  
The harbor lights are gleaming  
From afar.  
The boats like phantoms seeming,  
Into the midnight streaming,  
Go out like things a-dreaming  
O'er the bar.

The swift years o'er me flowing,  
Their silvery strands are sowing,  
Through my hair.  
I am so weary growing,  
I soon must be a-going,  
And soon my own be knowing,  
Over there.



# The Settler

By Herman Whitaker

## CHAPTER VII.

### *Mr. Flynn Steps Into the Breach.*



AFTER putting forth a feeble struggle on the morning of the funeral, the pale Winter sun retired for good as the north wind began to herd the drift over vast white steppes. Though fire had been kept up all night in Morrill's cabin by Mrs. Flynn, who had come in to perform the last offices, a pail of water had frozen solid close to the stove. After a quarter of an hour in the oven, a loaf of bread yet showed frost crystals in its center at breakfast; a drop of coffee congealed as it fell in the saucer.

It was, indeed, the hardest of weather. By noon a half-inch of ice leveled the window panes with the sash, pouring through the keyhole a spume of fine drift laid a white finger across the floor. Outside, the spirit thermometer registered forty-five below. The very air was frozen, blanketing the snow with lurid frost clouds. Yet, though a pair of iridescent "sun-dogs" gave storm warnings, a score of Canadian settlers, men and women, assembled for the service in the cabin. Severe, silent, they sat around on boards and boxes, eying Mrs. Leslie and other English neighbors with great disfavor; inwardly critical of the funeral arrangements. For ceremony and service had been stripped of the lugubrious attributes which gave mournful satisfaction to the primitive mind. Helen, herself, in her quiet grief, was a disappointment; and she wore no black or other grievous emblem. Worse! The casket lid was screwed down, and, filched of their prerogative of "viewing the corpse," they turned gloomy faces to the theological student who had come out from Lone Tree.

Here was an additional disappointment. Afterward, in the stable, it was held that

he had not improved the occasion. Of Morrill, who had been so lax in his attendance at occasional preachings as to justify a suspicion of atheism, he could have made an edifying text, thrilling his hearers with doubts as to whether the man was altogether fallen short of grace. But there was none of this. Just a word on the brother's sunny nature and brave fight against wasting sickness, and he was passed without doubt of title to mansions in the skies.

"I dont call that no sermon," Hines growled as he thrust a frosty bit into his pony's mouth. "Missed all the good points, he did."

"Never heard the like," said Shinn, his neighbor, nearest in disposition as well as location. "Not a bit of crêpe for the pall-bearers. I know a person that aint going to be missed much."

"I've heard," another man said, "as he doubted the scriptures. If that is so— Is it true as the Roman priest was with him at the last?"

Hines despondently nodded. "We'll hope for the best," he said with an accent that murdered the hope.

Shinn, however, who never could compass the art of suggestion, gave plainer terms to his thought. "There aint a doubt in my mind. It's a warning to turn from the paths he trod."

"You need n't be scairt." From the gloom of the far corner, where he was harnessing the team that was to draw the burial sleigh, Bender's voice issued. "You need n't be scairt. There aint a damn one of you traveling his trail."

Ensued a silence, then Hines snarled, "No, an' I aint a-going to follow him on this. If you fellows want to tag after priests' leavings, you kin. I'm pulling my freight for home."

"You're what?"

Hines quailed as Bender's huge body and blue scarred face materialized from the

gloom. "I said as 't was too cold to go to the grave."

"You did, eh? Well, you're going. Not that your presence is necessary, but just because you aint to be allowed to show disrespect to a better man than yourself. Tie up that boss. You're a-going to ride with me. An' if there's any other man as thinks his team aint fit to buck the drifts—" his fierce eye searched for opposition "—he'll find room in my sleigh."

So with Hines,—albeit much against his will—heading the procession, a long line of sleighs sped through the mirk drift to the lonely acre which had been set apart for the *long* sleep. A few posts and a single wire marked it off from white wastes, and through these the drift flew with sibilant hiss, piling against the mounded grave which Flynn and Carter had thawed out and dug, inch by inch, with many fires, these last two days. And there was small ceremony. King Frost is no respecter of persons, freezes alike the quick and the dead. Removing his cap to offer a short prayer, the student's ears turned deathly white; while he rubbed them with snow, the mourners spelled each other with the shovels, working furiously in vain efforts to warm chilled blood. Roughly filled, the grave was left to be smoothed in warmer season; the living fled, leaving the dead with the drift, the frost, the wind, stern ministers of the Illimitable.

No woman had dared the weather. Lying in the bottom of a sled, under hides and blankets with hot stones at hands and feet, Helen had gone home with Mrs. Leslie. Coming back from the grave, she formed the subject of conversation between Flynn and Carter, who rode together.

To Flynn's inquiry, Carter replied that, so far as he was aware, she had no private means. Her father, a physician in good practice in a New England town, had lived up to every cent of his income and the insurance he carried was all used to start the brother out West.

"Not having any special training," Carter finished, "she had to choose between a place in a store or keeping house for him."

"It's no snap in them shores," Flynn sighed. "Shmall pay an' big temptations, they're telling me." Then, giving Carter the tail of his eye, he added: "But there'll be nothing else for it—now?"

"Oh, I dont know," Carter mused. "Flynn! are you and the other married folks around here going to let your families grow up in ignorance? Aint it pretty nigh time you was forming a school district?"

In the slit between his cap and scarf, the Irishman's eyes twinkled like blue jewels. Affecting ignorance, however, he answered, "An' phwere would we be after getting a teacher in this frozen country?"

"Miss Morrill."

Flynn subdued his laugh out of respect to the occasion. "Jest what's in me own mind. An' there'll be no lack av children for the same school, me boy. There! dont be looking mad! 'Tis after the order of nature; an' I'm not blaming ye, she's sweet as she's pretty. Putting you an' me out av the question, I'd do it for her. An' it should n't be so hard—if we can corral the bachelors. But lave thim to me."

And Flynn went about it with all the political sagacity inherent in his race. "We'll not be spreading the news much," he told the married men to whom he broached the subject. "Not a word till we get 'em in meeting, or they'll organize an' vote us down."

Accordingly the summons to gather in public meeting was issued without statement of purpose; a mystery that brought out every settler for twenty miles around. An hour before time, some fifty men, rough-looking fellows, in furs, Arctic socks, mooseskins and moccasins, crowded into the postoffice, which, as most centrally located, was chosen for the meeting.

The expected opposition developed as soon as the postmaster, who presided, mentioned "eddycation."

"More taxation!" a bachelor roared. "You're to marry the girls an' we're to eddycate the kids!"

"Right you are, Pete!" others chorused.

But Flynn was ready. "Is that you, Pete Ross?" He transfixed the speaker with his blue twinkle. "An' yerself coorting the Brown girl so desprit that she dont get time to comb her hair any more?"

"An' you, Bill MacCloud," he went on as Peter, growling that he "was n't married yet," carried his blushing face behind the stove, "you that's galloping your ponies so hard after the Baker girl. Twins it was, twice running, in her mother's family, an' well ye know it. A public school aint good

enough for you, Bill? Which is to be—a governess, or a young ladies' siminery?"

So, one after another, Flynn smote the bachelors. Had a man so much as winked at a girl, it made a text for a sermon that was witty as *risque*.

Yet he was so good-tempered about it that by the time he had finished grilling the last victim, the first-cooked were joining their laughter to that of the married men.

Then Flynn turned his eloquence upon a common evil. Everywhere the best of the land had passed into the hands of non-resident speculators, who hindered settlement and development by holding for high prices. "Was it a question of increased taxation?" Flynn asked. Then let the non-residents pay. Under the law they could expend eight hundred dollars on a building. Well, they would distribute the contracts among themselves—one man cut logs, another hew them, a third draw them and so on! Every man should have a contract, an' who the devil would care if taxes were raised on the speculators?

It was his closing argument, however, that finished the bachelors. "Now me an' Jimmy have spotted a teacher, a right smart young woman—"

A howl of applause cut him short—the bachelors would call it settled!

Thus it came to pass that as, a week or so after the funeral, Carter was driving Helen from Leslie's back to her cabin, a deputation consisting of Mr. Flynn and Mr. Graves, was heading in the same direction.

All that week the cabin had stood, fireless, a mournful blot on the snowscape, but though she was only to be there for the hour required to pack her belongings, Carter had swept out the drift that morning and put on the fires. So the place was cosy and warm. Yet, with all its cheer, on entering, she relapsed into the first passionate grief. For nothing is so vividly alive as the things of a dead person, and everywhere her glance fell on objects her brother had used. Divining the cause, Carter left her to have out her cry on pretense of stable chores, and when he returned she was busily packing.

So while she worked, he talked, explaining her affairs as related to himself through his partnership with Morrill. Their cattle were worth so much, but as it would require a Summer's grazing to fit them for market, he would advance the money on her share. He

did not mention the fact that he would have to borrow it himself at usurer's interest. As to the homestead. Land was unsaleable since the bottom fell out of the boom, but in any case it was advisable to hold for the values that would accrue with the coming of the railroad. He would rent it, on settler's terms, paying road work and taxes for use of the broken land.

As, kindly, thoughtful for her interests, he ran on, she rose from her packing, grasped his hand, impulsively squeezed his arm to her bosom.

"You have been so good!" The sunsets in her cheeks, the softness of her glance, her touch, almost upset his reason. But he resisted a mad impulse.

"Nonsense!" he said—when he could trust himself to speak. "I'm going to make money off you."

"Really?" she asked, smiling.

"Really," he smiled back.

"I—wish you could," she sighed. "But I am afraid you are saying that to please me. Well, you know best. Do as you please."

Had he done as he pleased, the question of their mutual interests would have been simply solved. But the time was not ripe. He was too shrewd to mistake gratitude for love.

"Now," he said, resolutely thrusting away temptation, "if it's any of my darn business—what are your plans?"

"My plans?" Leaning on the table beside him, she gazed dreamily upon the frosted panes. The question forced in upon her the imminence of impending change and brought a feeling of strong revulsion. The ties that death forges are stronger than those of life. It was inexpressibly painful, just then, to think of leaving the land which held her recent dead.

"My plans!" she mused, knitting her brows. "I have n't any—yet. Of course I have relatives, back East. But as father did not like them, I hardly know more than their names. I shall have to do something, but Mrs. Leslie is so good. She wont hear of me leaving until Spring. I have heaps of time to plan."

But having bucked trail all morning, the solution of her immediate future just then heralded its arrival by the groan of frosty runners.

"Me an' Jimmy," Mr. Flynn explained,

after he had introduced his co-trustee, "is a deputation. Being as it's the only crop the frost wont nip, Silver Creek is going to raise a few legislators. We want the young lady to teach our school."

"But," Helen objected when she had assimilated the startling news, "I never taught school."

"You'll niver begin younger," Flynn comforted; to which he added, "An' it's the finest training ag'in in the time ye'll have a few av your own."

Mr. Glaves solemnly contemplated the blushing candidate. "You kin sum, m'am—an' spell?"

"Oh, yes," she assured him. "I graduated from High School."

"You dont say!" Both trustees regarded her with intense admiration, and Glaves said: "We did n't expect to get that much for our money, so we'll jest have you go a bit easy at first, lest there'll be some sprained intellec's."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### *Mrs. Leslie's Philanthropy.*



WE'LL begin right soon on the building," Mr. Glaves had said at parting; so when the mercury began to take occasional flights above zero in the last days of February a gang turned loose in the bush. For two weeks thereafter falling trees and the bell-like tinkle of a broadaxe disturbed the forest silence. Then Spring rode in on the back of a Chinook wind and caught them hauling. Ensued profanity. Thawing quickly, the loose snows slid away from the packed trails, causing the sleds to "cut off"; the bush road was mottled with overturned loads. Also the brilliant sun turned the snowscape into one huge reflector. Faces frizzled. Dark men took the colors of raw beefsteak, fair men pealed and cracked like over-ripe tomatoes. Yet they persisted and one day in early April stood off to look on their finished work. "Chinked," sod-roofed, plastered, the log schoolhouse gleamed yellow under the rays of the dying sun—education, the forerunner of civilization, had settled in the land.

As his cabin was nearest the school, the

honor of boarding the teacher fell to the postmaster, and though her choice caused heart-burnings among others who had coveted the distinction, it was conceded wise. For not only did the Glaves' establishment boast the only partitioned room in the Canadian settlement, but his wife, a tall gaunt woman, excelled in the concoction of carrot jams, turnip pies, choke-cherry jellies, and other devices by which skilled housewives eke out the resources of an inhospitable land.

In the middle of April school opened; a dozen small thirsters after knowledge arranged themselves in demure quietude before authority that was possessed of its own misgivings. Teacher and scholars regarded each other with secret awe. But this soon wore off and they toiled amicably along the road which winds among arithmetical pitfalls and grammatical bogs to academic glories. It was milestoned by deputations, that road; said visitations generally consisting of one person—mostly unmarried and very red in the face—who inquired if the "kids was minding their book," then went off chuckling at his own hardihood. Also it seemed as though all the stray cattle for fifty miles around headed for the school. Helen grew quite expert in ringing variations on the fact that she "had not seen a strawberry steer with a white patch on the left flank." Her smile always accompanied the answer, and the owners of the hypothetical estrays would carry away a vision of a golden and glorified schoolm'am. What of these pleasant interests; and an unexpected liking which she had developed for the work itself, she became very happy in a quiet way as time dulled the edge of her sorrow.

But during the three months that preceded school opening, the fates had not been idle. Attending strictly to their knitting, they had run a tangled woof in and out the warp of several lives.

"She's so good!" Helen had exclaimed, in her gratitude, of Mrs. Leslie; but analysis of that lady's motives would have shown them not altogether disinterested.

Excluding a certain absence of principle that was organic, and therefore hardly chargeable against her till philosophers answer the question, "Can the Leopard change his spots or the Ethioip his skin?" Mrs. Leslie was not fundamentally vicious. Like the average of men and women, she would have

preferred to have been good; and, given a husband whom she feared and loved, she might have developed into a small Puritan, mightily jealous for their mutual prestige. Lacking this, however, she was as a straw in a corner; ready to rise at the first wind puff. If, so far, she had lived in the fear of Mrs. Grundy, her conformity inhered in two causes—no man in her own set had stirred her nature, and, till Helen came, the winds of Opportunity had blown away from Carter.

What drew her to him she, herself, could hardly have said; and if the cause is to be found outside of the peculiar texture of her own nature, it must be in the natural law which makes opposites attract. Nature was incessantly against the stratification which precedes social decay. Whether of blood or water, she abhors stagnation. Her torrential floods cleanse the backwaters of languid streams; passionate impulses, such as Mrs. Leslie's, provide for the injection into worn-out strains of the rich corpuscles that bubble from the soil. Carter's virile masculinity, contrasting so strongly with the amiable effeminacy of her own set, therefore attracted Mrs. Leslie; and, having now lassoed Opportunity—in the shape of Helen—she hitched the willing beast and drove him tandem with inclination.

Either by intuition or knowledge subtly wormed from himself or others, she learned Carter's habits, and no matter the direction of the drives which she and Helen took together, it was pure accident if they did not come in touch with him. Also at intervals, they called at his cabin; after one of which visits Mrs. Leslie put the house-cleaning idea into Helen's head, insinuating it so cleverly that the girl actually thought that it originated with herself.

"Did you *ever* see anything so untidy?" she exclaimed as, on that occasion, they drove homeward. "Harness, cooking pots, provisions, all in a tangle. Bachelors are such grubby creatures! But really, my dear, he deserves to be comfortable. Could n't we do something? Hire some one to—"

If she had counted on the girl's grateful enthusiasm, it did not fail her. "Let's do it ourselves!" she exclaimed. "I'd love to!"

So, in Carter's absence, the two descended upon the cabin with soap, pails and hot water. Mrs. Leslie, the delicate *white-armed*

woman who kept a girl to do her own work, rolled up her sleeves and fell to work like a charwoman; and it is doubtful if she were ever happier than while thus expending, in service, her reserve of illegal feeling. There was, indeed, something pitiful in her tender energy. When, the cleaning done, she sat demurely mending a rent in Carter's coat, she might have been the young wife of her imaginings.

Her sentimental expression moved Helen to laughter. "You look *so* domestic!" she tittered. "So soft and contemplative. One would think—"

Mrs. Leslie was too clever for transparent denial. "I don't care," she answered. "I like him. He's awfully dear." And her expressed preference affected Helen; helped to break down the last barriers of caste feeling between herself and Carter. Till then she had always maintained a slight reserve toward him, but, when, coming in unexpectedly, he caught them at their labors, she was as free and frank with him as she had ever been with a man of her old set. The change expressed itself in her handshake at parting, though it fell far short of Mrs. Leslie's lingering pressure.

In his surprise at the quantity and quality of the latter, Carter may have returned it, or Mrs. Leslie may have mistaken the re-action of her own grip for answer. Anyway she thought he did, and on the way home plead weariness as an excuse to indulge luxurious contemplations. She fed on his every look, tone, accent, coloring them all with her own feeling; an indulgence for which she would pay later; indeed, she was even then paying, in that it was eating away her weak moral fibre as acid eats a metal, preparing her for greater licenses. At first, however, she was timorous; content with small touches, accidental contacts, the physical sense of nearness when, as often happened, they coaxed him to take them for a drive behind his famous ponies.

But such slight fare could not long suffice for her growing passion. Having observed, outwardly, the laws of social morality only because, so far, they had consorted with inclination; knowing, inwardly, no law but that of her own pleasure, it was only a question of time until she would become desperate enough to balance reputation against indulgence.

This came to pass a couple of months after Helen had opened up school, and would have happened sooner but that even a reputation cannot be given away without a bidder. Not that Carter was ignorant or indifferent to her feeling. Two thousand years have failed to make man completely monogamous and he is never displeased at a pretty woman's preference. A condition had interposed between the fire and the tow. In every man's life there comes a time when, for the moment, he is impervious to the call of illicit passion. A first pure love buckles him like a shining aegis, and while certain pure eyes looked out upon Carter from earth, air, and sky, wherever his fancy strayed, he would not barter a sigh for the perishable commodity Elinor Leslie offered.

Having, however, formed her judgments of men in the weak masculinity about her, she could not realize this. Imagining that he would come at the crook of her finger, she tried to recapture Opportunity.

"Mr. Carter was so kind and considerate to Helen that I think we ought to take him up," she said to her husband, one day; and Leslie, whose good-natured stupidity lent itself to every suggestion, readily agreed.

Unfortunately for her scheme, Carter proved infelicitously blind to his interest—as she saw it. Negatively, he refused to be "taken up," offering good-natured excuses to all of Leslie's invitations. So nothing was left but the occasional opportunities afforded by Helen's week-end visits. And these did not always lend themselves to Mrs. Leslie's purpose. When Molyneux brought her up—as happened half the time—he made full use of his monopoly; while Carter in his turn, often drove her down to see Jenny in Lone Tree.

To do the young lady justice, she held a fairly even balance between these, her two cavaliers. According to the canons of romance she ought to have fallen so deeply in love with one as to hate the other. Instead she found herself liking both.

There was, of course, a difference in the quality of her feeling. Strange feminine paradox! she was drawn to Molyneux by the opposite of the qualities on which she based her feeling for Carter. At heart woman is a reformer, and once convinced of his sincerity toward herself, the fact that Molyneux was reputed something of a sinner increased

rather than lessened her interest. She experienced the joys of driving the lion in leading strings, ignoring the danger of the beast turning upon her with rending fangs. Feeling her power, she tried to exercise it for his good, and felt as virtuous over the business as if it were not a form of vanity, and a dangerous one at that. Anyway, she rode and drove with him so much that Spring and Summer that she practically annihilated Mrs. Leslie's chances of seeing Carter.

That lady could, however, and did observe him in secret. Riding from home while Leslie was busy seeding, she would make a wide detour, keeping the lowlands, and so bring up, unobserved, in a poplar clump that afforded a view of Carter's fields.

One day will example a score of others. It was, as aforesaid, seeding time. Stripped of her snowy bodice, the earth lay as some brown virgin, her bosom bared to man's wooing and the kisses of sun and rain. From her covert Mrs. Leslie could see his ox-team, slowly crawling upon the brown fields which, as yet, had known no bearing yoke. Those days, love was suggested by everything in nature. The air quivered in passionate lines down the horizon. Warmth, light, love were omnipresent. By every slough the mallard brooded. Overhead the wild goose winged northward to bring forth her kind on the rim of polar seas. Prairie cocks primped and ruffled on every knoll before their admiring hens. To her it seemed that birds and beasts, flesh and fowl were happier than she in their matings. Passionately, with bursting sighs, she strained at her chains, wildly challenging the marriage institution which has slowly evolved from the travail of a thousand generations.

Her's was the old struggle between the flesh and the spirit; the struggle that gave the sexless desert its hermit population. With this difference! Ancestry had bequeathed to her no spirit. She had nothing to pit against the flesh but her own unruly inclination. For her the battle offered no need of victory in the form of chastity triumphant. The "dice of God were loaded"; she was striving against the record of foolish or vicious fathers. And she played so hard! At times, little heathen in spite of her culture, her eyes looked out upon him from the Spring green-erie with the tender longing of a mother deer; again they blazed with baffled fires;

often she threw herself down in a passion of tears. So, feeding upon its very privations, her distemper waxed until, one June evening, it burst all bounds.

Returning through late gloaming with his weekly mail, Carter came on her holding her horse by the trail. Her voice, low yet vibrant, issued from the gloom.

"I'm afraid I shall have to trouble you for a ride, Mr. Carter; my saddle girth has burst."

"Your hand is wet. It's blood!" he exclaimed as he handed her in.

"I fell on a sharp stone. Will you please tie this handkerchief?"

Bending to comply, he saw that the wound was clean-cut and this may have caused him to examine the girth before he threw the saddle on behind. Then he knew; was certain as though he had seen the penknife that lay in the scrub near by.

Picking up a stone, he pounded the severed edges on the wheel tire; pounded them to a frazzle while she looked on, her pupils dilated in the half-light, large, soft, black as velvet, intensifying a curious mixture of expectation and content. But if she read consent in the pains he was at with her excuse, alarmed surprise displaced expectation when climbing in, he drove on without a word.

She glanced up, tentatively, once, twice, a dozen times at the erect figure, but always he stared ahead. Again and again her scarlet lips trembled, but she choked; sound halted on its bitten thresholds. Once she touched his arm, but he drew sharply away and the hand rose and flung beaded sweat from his brow. So, for a tumultuous age it seemed to her, they whirled through the gathering night, rattled on until a slab of light burst through the darkness.

Followed Leslie's voice. "Hullo, Elinor! What's the matter?"

She stiffened; Carter felt her stiffen as in a mortal rigor, but she answered in level tones: "Oh, nothing much. My saddle girth burst and Mr. Carter kindly drove me home. Wont you come in? Well—I'm ever so much obliged. Good-night."

Whirling homeward through the soft dusk, the tumult which had confused Carter resolved into its elements, shame, chagrin, wonder, and disgust. Each swayed him in turn then faded, leaving pity. Flaring up in his cabin, his match revealed only concern on his

sunburned face. Taking a packet from under the pillow of his bunk, he unfolded it upon the table, exposing a glove, a ribbon, and some half-dozen hairs that gleamed, threads of gold, under the lamplight. One by one he had gleaned them, picking the first from Helen's coat what time she gave him her back coming out of Lone Tree.

As he leaned over the trove there was no mawkish sentimentality in his look, rather it expressed wonder, wonder at himself. For his life had not always jibed with the canons. To him in their appointed seasons had come the heats of youth; and if, now, they had merged in the deeper instinct which centers on a single mate, the change had been subconscious. The house he had built, the land he tilled, the herds he had gathered about him were all products of this instinct, provision against mating, for the one—when he should find her. Yet, though found, he wondered; wondered at the powerful grip which that small hand had wound into his heart-strings; that those golden threads should be able to bind like cables.

He did not puzzle long. Presently pity again softened his countenance, and he murmured, "Poor little woman! poor little thing!"

Could he have seen her just then! Leslie was out talking horse with Molyneux at the stables; so no eye saw her when, in the privacy of her bedroom, she snatched the mask from her soul. At first stupified, she stared dully at familiar objects until her glance touched a portrait of Helen on the dresser. That touched off her passion; started the wheels of torture. Dashing it to the floor, she ground her heel into the smiling face, raving in passionate whispers; then flinging at length on the bed she writhed like a hurt snake; struck her clenched fists into the pillows; bit them, her own hands, soft arms. She agonized under the scorn that belittles Hell's fury. Truly, out of her indulgences, her pleasant mental vices, the gods had twisted whips for her scourging!

But if whips, as claimed, are deterrents of physical crimes, they stimulate moral diseases; and whereas, previously, Mrs. Leslie had been merely good-naturedly frivolous, she came from under the lashes a dangerous woman—the more dangerous because there was no outward indication of the inward

change. With Helen, whom Molyneux brought up at the next week's end, she was, if anything kinder in manner, loving her with gentle pats that gave no suggestion of the steel claws beneath the velvet. These, however, protruded, when the girl borrowed her horse to pay a visit to Carter.

Mrs. Leslie and Molyneux watched her away from the door. The lady had plead a headache in excuse for staying at home, but her eyes were devoid of weary languor. They had flashed as she averted them from the mended saddle-girth. They glittered as she now turned them on Molyneux.

"Calvert, you amuse me."

"Why?" he asked, flushing.

"Such devotion in that last lingering glance. It was worthy of a boy in a spasm of calf-love rather than the dashing cavalryman who tried to add my reputation to the dozen that hang at his belt."

Molyneux shrugged denial. "That's not true, Elinor. I'm too good a hunter to stalk the unattainable."

She laughed. "Do I sit on such high peaks of virtue?"

"Or of indifference. It amounts to the same. Anyway, I saw that there was no chance for me."

Again she laughed. "What *significance!*"

"Well—I'm not blind, as—Leslie, for instance. I only wonder."

"At what?"

"Your taste."

She made a face at Helen's distant figure. "I might return your wonder. After all, Calvert, from our viewpoint, you know, she's only a higher type of native; dreadfully anthropomorphic."

"Exactly," he answered. "And that's why I—" Pausing, he substituted a verb more in accordance with Mrs. Leslie's ironical mood, "—like her. She's fresh, sound and clean, of body and mind. Clings to the ideals we chucked overboard a hundred years ago; lives up to them with all the vim and push of her race. She stirs me—"

"—as a cocktail does a jaded palate," Mrs. Leslie interposed. "And a good enough reason—it will serve for us both, since you are so frank, Calvert. It is not your fancy I am laughing at, but your diffidence; the morbid respectability with which you wait till it pleases her to give that which you have been accustomed to command. It is quite touch-

ing. But why this timidity? Why do you linger?"

"Because—" He paused, feeling it impossible to yield the real reason up to her mockery; to tell that the girl had touched a deeper chord of feeling than had ever been reached by a woman's hand; that she had broken the cynical crust which had been formed by years of association with the sophisticated women of the army set. He threw the onus back on her. "That's rich, Elinor. Here, for months, you have fenced her about. Given her steady chaperonage. Warned me to tone down to avoid giving offense. Now you ask why. Have you forgotten how you rated me for my violence in pressing her under the mistletoe?"

"Pish!" She contemplated him scornfully. "I only advised caution. And then—" She also paused, then, thrusting reserve to the winds, went on, "—and then she had n't come between me and—my wish. Now she has. And let me tell you, my friend," she returned to her "cocktail" simile, "—that while you linger, inhaling virginal aromas, a strong hand will slip in and drain the glass. Will you stand by and see her sweetness sipped by another? Now don't strike me."

He looked angry enough to do it; but contented himself with throwing back her question, "Why do you linger?"

"Because I cannot drain my cup—" Her lips quivered, thirstily, "till yours is out of the way. He has the bad taste to prefer her innocence to my—"

"—sophistication?" he supplied.

She nodded. "Thanks. And he will continue to do so until you take her out of the way. So—it is up to you, as the boys say. I think, too, that she suspects that my interest is not altogether platonic, and as a commodity enhances in value as it is desired by others, her liking may be spurred into love. At present she's balanced. Likes you, I know. Better strike while the iron is hot."

"I would if I thought—" he began, then went on, musingly, "but I've sized it up as slow going. Did n't think she was the kind that can be rushed."

Mrs. Leslie snorted her disdain. "You? With all your experience! To set a woman on a pinnacle! How long before you men will learn that we would rather be taken down and be hugged. While the saint worships at



the shrine, the sinner steals the image. I warrant you my big American wont waste any time on his knees. However, I've warned—here comes Fred from the stables."

That was not the end of their talk. It recurred at every opportunity, and by the time Helen returned, Molyneux was persuaded against his better judgment that he had gone too easily about his wooing.

"What thou doest, do quickly," she whispered as he went out to hitch to take Helen home. And as they drove away she gazed long after them from the door.

What was she thinking? Given a woman of firmer texture, one whose acts flowed from steady impulses, in turn the effects of settled character, thought may be guessed. But Mrs. Leslie's light nature veered to every wind of passion. She could not even hate consistently. Was she swayed altogether by revenge, or, as hinted by her talk with Molyneux, was hope beginning to rise from the ashes of despair?

## CHAPTER IX.

*Carter Triumphs.*

F, as said, the Devil can quote scripture for his own purposes, it does not follow that said purposes are always fulfilled.

Molyneux had better have followed his intuition and "gone slowly." But if, in brains and capacity, he towered above the average of his remittance fellows, the taint of his ancient blood yet showed in a pliability to suggestion, a childish eagerness to snatch unripe fruit. Whereas, by a quiet apology, he had long ago repaired his error in the Christmas games, he must now commit greater foolishness.

Consciously and unconsciously, in varying degrees, Helen aided his blundering. She could not help looking her prettiest. But her delicacies of cream and rose, the tender mouth, the bosom heaving under its lace, did not require the accentuation of coquetry. It was the healthy coquetry of the young animal, to be sure; unconscious, as much as can be. She need not, however, have authorized his gallantries with laugh and smile; would not, had she realized his limitations, his confused morality, subordination to passion, emotional irresponsibility.

Afterward, she had but a confused notion how the thing came to pass. They laughed, chatted, jested, while the tenderness in his manner bordered more and more on the familiar. He had been telling her of the strange marriage custom of an Afghan tribe and had asked how she would like such a forceful wooing.

"I think," she answered, "that a strain of the primitive inheres in our most cultured women. I'm sure I could never love a man who was not my master."

She spoke thoughtfully, considering the proposition in the abstract; but he, in his blind folly, interpreted concretely. In the sudden lighting of his face, she read her mistake. But before she could put out a hand in protest, his arms were about her, his searching lips smothered her cry. She fought, wildly, spent her strength in a desperate effort, then capitulated; lay, panting, while he fed on her face, neck, hair, her lips. And it was well she did. Prolonged resistance would only have provoked him to freer license. As it was, mistaking quiescence for acquiescence, he presently held her off that his hot eyes might share the spoil.

She now fully realized her danger. His expression, the glassy look of his eyes, filled her with repulsion, but she summoned to her aid all the craft that centuries of dire need have bred in her sex. She smiled up in his face, rather a pallid smile, but sufficient for his fooling. A playful hand held him back from another kiss.

"You are very rough," she whispered.

"Consider the provocation," he answered, dodging the hand.

She tried not to shrink. "You upset me," she murmured. "I am quite faint. Is there any water near by?"

She had noticed a slough ahead. Driving into it, he bent over and wet her handkerchief.

"Now if I could only drink."

He stepped, ankle deep, into the water. "Out of my hands." But as he stooped, with concave palms, there came a rattle behind him.

Uttering an oath, he sprang—too late. As he waded to dry land she swung the ponies in a wide circle and reined in about fifty yards away. While he looked sheepishly on, she wiped her face with the kerchief, rubbed and scrubbed till the skin shone red where

his lips had touched, then tossed the rag away and drove on.

A prey to remorse, shame, he stood gazing after. After all, a man's ideals are formed by the people about him. A virtuous woman, a leal friend, raises his standard for the race; and just then Molyneux would have given his life to place himself in the friendly relation that obtained between them a half-hour ago.

But he could not. Nor could all of Helen's vigorous rubbing remove the memory of those shameful kisses. Her bitten lips were bleeding when, a quarter-hour later, she rattled up to Carter's shanty; her eyes were heavy with unshed tears.

Now here was a first-class opportunity for him to play the fool. An untimely question, a little idiotic sympathy, would have put him in worse case with her than Molyneux. But though inwardly perturbed, shaking with anxiety, he kept a grip on himself.

"Such reckless driving!" he exclaimed, harking back to her own words on that first drive from Lone Tree. Then solemnly surveying Molyneux's hat, which was perched funnily on the seat beside her, he went on, "Looks like you've lost a passenger."

His twinkle removed the tension. Looking down on the hat, she laughed; and if, a minute later, she cried, the tears that wet his shoulder were not cast against him.

"If you will return the ponies," she said, when her cry was out—she had already told him enough to explain the situation—"I'll stay here till you come back and then you may drive me home—if you will?"

"And I'll find him?" She laughed at his comical accent as he intended she should.

"About three miles back."

"Any message?"

She sensed the menace. "Oh, no! If you quarrel, I'll never, never forgive you. Now, please!" She placed her hand on his arm.

"All right," he agreed, and, five minutes later, drove off with the Devil pony in leash behind.

From afar Molyneux saw him coming and braced for the encounter, but Carter had gotten himself well in hand. "Miss Morrill," he said, "is real sorry she could n't hold the ponies. But, Lordy, man, you ought n't to

"He's lying!" Molyneux thought, but followed the lead. "Yes, it was careless. But, you know, it is always the unexpected that happens."

"You're dead right there."

The significance caused Molyneux to redden; but he tried to carry it off easily. "And I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Carter. Can't I drive you home?"

Turning from cinching his saddle, Carter regarded him steadily. "Obliged to you, sir. I'm a bit particular in my choice of company."

The contempt stung Molyneux to retort: "You are plain-spoken, but I'm told the trait is common in Americans. Fortunately for us outsiders, your women are more com-pleasant."

It only led him deeper. Giving a last vicious tug at the cinch, Carter vaulted into the saddle. "Yes," he shot back as he arranged his bridle, "they make a mistake now and then, but it don't take 'em long to find it out." And he galloped away with easy honors.

Reining in at his own door half an hour later, he regarded with astonishment a transformation which had occurred in his absence. Instead of the woman, beautiful in her angry tears, a demure girl came out to meet him. While he was gone she had bathed her red eyes, then, to relieve a headache, had let down her hair and braided it into a pleat of solid gold. Thick as Carter's wrist, it hung so low that, obedient to his admiring suggestion, she easily knitted it about her waist.

"You look," he said, "more like school girl than school marm."

With that simple coiffure displaying the girlish line of her head and neck she might, indeed, have easily passed for eighteen. It accentuated a wee tip-tilt of her pretty nose, a leaning to the *retroussé* that had been the greatest trial of her youth and still caused her occasional qualms. Could she have realized the piquancy it lent to features that, otherwise, had been too regular? or have known the sensation it caused her companion as he looked down on it and her eyelashes fluttering up from eyes that were wide and grave with question?

(To be Continued.)



*IX—An ice bridge on Mt. Baker which the Kiser party crossed one at a time.*



X—Mt. Baker overlooking Mazama Glacier to the right, where the Mazamas crossed. The largest crevasse on the mountain is shown in the immediate foreground.



XI—The southeast peak of Mt. Baker, which is about 14,000 feet below the actual summit. This picture shows well the general character of the mountain.



XII—Mt. Shuksan, one mile from its actual base.



XIII—Looking down Swift Creek Cañon. To the right, one of the ridges of Mt. Baker.



XIV—Looking south from Goat Mountain, showing northeast summit of Shuksan and the general character of the surrounding country.





XV—The Kiser party crossing rotten snowfields preparatory to tunneling through a large crevasse.



XVI—The Kiser party passing extensive ice fields and crevasses.

# The Artist in Frank Norris

By Denison Hailey Clift



ONE day, several years ago, I had occasion to climb the narrow, wooden staircase leading up into the editorial sanctum of the *Overland Monthly* in San Francisco, and while awaiting the Editorial Presence my eyes roamed about the walls of the room. They were plain, unfinished walls, and upon them were hung numerous originals of the drawings that had appeared in the magazine. The character and the workmanship of them have been forgotten long ago, with a single exception. That exception was an oil painting of a blind man.

The picture was a simple one, not over-good in its technique, representing the full figure of a blind man, erect in the center of the canvas, clutching blindly and feverishly for an invisible something. But there was a personality behind the thing that brought it to mind again and again, long after everything else about that room was forgotten. In the big, bold strokes, in the dramatic poise of the body, in the very strength of the conception, there was an element suggestive of the man who was later destined to give us *McTeague* and *The Octopus*. For the painting was signed, "Norris."

This picture marks the beginning of an interesting career. Some ten years earlier a tall, slender young man, with hair prematurely tinged with gray, and with an ardent enthusiasm for art, had climbed those same narrow, wooden stairs and offered the canvas as an illustration for an accepted story. But the painting was left unused, because of its erudity, and until the great San Francisco fire it hung over the editor's desk, while the young man who made it was recording his name upon the annals of literary fame.

Frank Norris will always be known as a literary craftsman; there are, perhaps, few who know that at one time it was his ambition to become a great artist, and this paint-

ing of the blind man is one of his first attempts to express his emotions upon the canvas. So strong was this desire that he spent several years studying art in the Latin Quarter of Paris, under Julien and Bouguereau, until he at last found himself and learned that his life work was to be story-telling.

That suggestion of bigness and boldness that characterized the crude study of the blind man was an expression of Norris's life and nature. He was essentially a product of the West. He was born and reared in Chicago, and was thus influenced from the beginning by those gigantic forces that he afterwards embodied in his novels. The rush and roar of the city streets, the crash and tremor of traffic, the screech and whistle of the sirens along the lake front, the primordial madness of the wheat pit—these elements got their grip early upon the man and they clung to him throughout his career, until death cut short his work in San Francisco in October of 1902, when he was in the prime of manhood.

From the Middle West Norris moved with his family to the Pacific Coast, and it was while he was but eighteen that he developed a liking for art. The enthusiasms of the youth were encouraged, and he received his first instructions at William's Academy in old San Francisco. Not content with the narrowness of the scope found here, Norris began to yearn for a life abroad, and after realizing his dream by traveling in England and Wintering in Italy in 1887, he settled in Paris and began to master the rudiments of art.

The mind of the young man was not content with what was laid out for him by the masters; he planned to paint for the Salon a giant canvas, and this great painting was to extend over the side of the immense wall of his room. It was to be a picture of militant figures, of knights, of swords and armor, breathing forth the spirit of chivalry.

But the painting was only conceived; it was beyond the ardent youth to execute it; and so the great frame was gradually cut into sections and smaller paintings made upon them.

But the vital thing about Norris's study in Paris was his awakening to his true career, for the literary instinct was stirring within him, and before long he discovered that painting was not his forte. His hobby was mediæval armor, particularly that of France, and upon this subject he later became an authority. The first thing he wrote for publication was upon this subject, and was entitled "Mediæval Armor." From abroad he sent it to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, where it was published March 31, 1889, and the future genius received for it the munificent remuneration of nine dollars!

The instinct of the writer, once awakened, remained a living force in Norris's life. From Paris there began to arrive in the family household in San Francisco packets which were sent with clock-like regularity. The packets contained the chapters of a wonderful story, illustrated by wonderful, imaginative paintings, which Frank Norris called *Robert d'Artois*.

The story, long drawn out into fascinating adventures, was written with no serious intent, but merely for the pleasure of the writing; and to the very end this purpose underlay all of Norris's work.

This novel was the first story-writing that Norris did. Before this he had often delighted his brother with fanciful tales of soldiery. Perhaps you remember the dedication of *The Pit*, where Norris speaks of "the memory of certain lamentable tales of the round (dining-room) table heroes; of the epic of the pewter platoons, and the romance-cycle of 'Gaston Le Fox,' which we invented, maintained, and found marvelous at a time when we both were boys."

This reference to "Gaston Le Fox" and the "romance-cycle" is to the early period of Frank Norris's youth when his mind was inflamed with martial pictures, and he told many wonderful stories to his brother, of the battles of armies, arranged and tabulated, under the leadership of the greatest generals of the world, and all under the command of a marvelous personage, the great "Gaston Le Fox," whom Norris had

designated as the nephew of the Duke of Burgundy.

In the outcroppings of these first stories the mind of the born story-teller was clearly revealed, with a wealth of pictorial imagination, and a mind designed to grapple with tremendous themes, as embodied in the early fancy of this gigantic world-army.

But the story of *Robert d'Artois* was never brought to an end, for Norris left Paris and returned to California, where he began his career at the State University.

And now the instinct of the story-teller, thoroughly aroused, longed to give itself expression, and Norris's imagination was already conceiving weird, grotesque tales of the new West. He was early influenced by Zola, Kipling, and Maupassant, and his first work betrays a love for the realism of Zola, seen at its best in *McTeague*.

San Francisco was the field of Frank Norris's earlier work. Here he found the spirit of a vital new life, the spirit of the land bordering upon the great rolling Pacific, with which the pages of his books are saturated. In a dentist's office on Polk Street he found a romance of the realistic atmosphere; upon the beauteous, wild-flowered downs of the Presidio, within the sound of the tumbling breakers upon the beach, he found the Elysium for a most sympathetic and beautiful love-story; in the offices of ship's companies, and from the lips of old sailors along the water-front he came upon rich treasures that he wove into the brilliant fabric of his tales of the new West.

In all his stories he infused the enthusiasm and earnestness of his very lovable personality. Of the six novels that bear his name, three deal directly with life in San Francisco. *McTeague*, the story of the great, brutal dentist, opens up graphically the little world of Polk Street; *Moran of the Lady Letty*, that vigorous novel of the sea, marked by epic strength and motive, gives us vivid glimpses of the water-front, with its clanking hawser-chains and its forest of mastheads. Here we are made acquainted with the life-boat station by the Golden Gate. And last of all, in *Blix*, that adorable little love-story out of the novelist's own life, we have the city of the Bohemian laid bare, and the pictures of unfrequented corners of the old city, of the wayside haunts of Chinatown and the Mexican Quar-

ter, will always be remembered by those who have come under its spell.

Before San Francisco was visited by the great fire these scenes from the novelist's books stood just as Norris described them. Day by day the shuffling thousands passed them by, unconscious that they were the same haunts incorporated within the fa-

tion street" fell under his observation, and with a remarkably discerning eye he studied the significant features of that life. In the opening chapter of *McTeague* the great dentist is made to stand in his office window and gaze down at the thronging life below. Before the fire you, too, could have stood there and seen the same life that the burly dentist



An Etching by Frank Norris.

miliar works they had read. Today they are marked among the ashes of a devastated city.

The conception of *McTeague* came to Norris while he was a student at college. At that time he lived at 1822 Sacramento Street, one block and a half above Polk. On his walks daily into town the life of this "accommoda-

saw—the passing butcher-boys and plumber's apprentices and shop-girls and peddlars calling "wi' game" and car-conductors and fine ladies come down from the Avenue one block above.

This office of McTeague's was no picture of the author's fancy. The real scene of the dental parlors stood there, at the corner of



*Frank Norris.*

Polk and Sacramento Streets. You remember that the room was a corner room, "just over the branch postoffice, and faced the street," and all day long the acrid odor of ink came up to the dentist, working close to the window. You could not find there the plain couch, the single chair, the canary bird, the concertina (on which McTeague played his six lugubrious airs of a Sunday afternoon), nor the steel engraving of the court of Lorenzo de' Medici, but the same office was there, just as Norris found it, and another dentist practiced in the same room.

In the third block below, at the corner of a little side street, stood the car-conductor's "joint." It was a coffee-joint where, as Norris so realistically wrote, you got steaming hot meals served on cold dishes, and a sort of nauseating suet pudding. Car-conductors frequented the place, and butcher-boys and grocers and clerks from the neighboring stores. One block above, on the way back to Sacramento Street, stood the saloon known as Joe Frenna's saloon in the novel. And here is where McTeague clashed with his one-time friend, Marcus Shouler. From these scenes Norris, when the book was in its first stages of construction, lived but a few blocks away. The life that he painted was a part of his life, and during the years that it had been before him he had absorbed it so thoroughly that the writing of the novel was accomplished in eighty-nine days.

The novel was conceived while Norris was yet in college at the State University. The middle parts of the book were written while the novelist was taking a graduate course at Harvard University, and the conclusion, with its realistic, grim descriptions of the untamed mining country, was done up in the wilds of Placer County. Perhaps you remember how McTeague left San Francisco immediately after the murder of Trina, and made straight for the Big Dipper mine, where he had spent his youth as a car-boy. When the dentist reached the mine he entered the office, looking for the foreman. There is a description here of the men in that office, and one man is described as "a tall, lean young man, with a thick head of hair surprisingly gray, who was playing with a half-grown Great Dane puppy." Norris meant this to be a picture of himself, for in this very room the closing chapters of *McTeague* were penned.

McTeague was wholly a creation of the novelist's brain. On the other hand, Old Grannis and Miss Baker are characters in real life, both having lived in Cambridge, and having been acquaintances of Norris's Harvard days. Miss Bates was the real name of quaint little Miss Baker. The weird character of Maria Macapa is also a figment of the writer's imagination, but her strange response of "Had a flying squirrel an' let him go" to an inquiry of her name was suggested by a story of a little girl, told Norris by his mother, who always answered thus strangely when her name was asked.

Who that has read *Moran of the Lady Letty* can ever forget the picture of Ross Wilbur, standing high up by the old red fort at the Presidio, overlooking the wide, wide sweep of the ocean, watching the ship, with all sails set, hurrying out to the open sea with all that he loved lying dead upon the deck? The conception of "Moran" was an epic in strength. Only Frank Norris could have written it. The transformation of a young clubman from a leader of cotillions, with its attendant butterfly life, to a man of bravery and action marks the theme of the book. This story has what Norris was pleased to term "all the roll and plunge of action." The instinct of the bold lines in the portrait of the blind man are here in evidence, in a powerful, dramatic tale. The romance is redolent with the breath of the flogging trades. The last chapter, where the call of the grim, gray ocean is sounded for Moran, is alive with reminiscences of Émile Zola. But through it all the stamp of Norris's personality is never lost. He gloried in the untamed thundering of the seas, and reveled in the voice of the whistling trade winds. O the giant strength of that last chapter! Stolid with the brutality and realism of *Paris* and *La Fecoudité*, it combines a tenderness that can never be forgotten. Zola or Hugo might have duplicated it; Doré alone could have painted it.

The same life-boat station and red brick fort stand today as Norris described them; and along the coaling wharves can be found in plenty the Brown Sweaters that lured the young clubman to his fate in the saloon.

In *Blix* we find the lighter and more delicate shades of Norris's works, and in all its



The House on Sacramento Street Where Frank Norris Lived When He Conceived "McTeague."

brilliant pages there is no hint of the somberness and brutality that pervades the atmosphere of *Moran* and *McTeague*. The story is a love-idyl, the novelist's own love-story, and is full of the joyousness of the great out-doors, breathing forth a spirit of freedom and purity that is characteristic of this book alone. In it, more so than in the other books, the lights and shadows of old San Francisco find their truest expression.

You must remember the Chinese restaurant where Condé took Blix, situated where, from the golden balcony, you could see close by the shimmering greensward of Portsmouth Square, and the Stevenson Monument and the Hall of Justice, lifting its gray campanile into the blue above. You could once have stood upon that same balcony, looking out at the historic vista stretched before you, or gazing down upon the wondrous Oriental life surging along the narrow streets. The same tea-tables that Frank Norris wrote about were there, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and jade. The walls about were carved in laequer, the chairs were ornamented with naere. And like big balloons hung the orange and gold lanterns from the ceilings. If you so desired, the same, fat, shuffling Chinaman would have brought you teas and candied fruits as he did to the "chums" on that eventful day of the book. And about you (the perpetrators invisible) would have echoed the crash of the tom-tom and the shrill squeak of a quaint Chinese fiddle.

Luna's Mexican restaurant stood three

blocks below on Dupont. Close by was the big Cathedral, whose somber clock once tolled off the fading hours of the day. Blix and Condé often listened to its chimes. Norris tells us that this place cannot be found by locality. This was true—to Norris. For many a time he wandered through the mazes of the streets of Chinatown, seeking to emerge upon the border of the Mexican Quarter, but inevitably he missed it. It seemed to have had an elusive charm about it for him. The place once stood on the corner of Vallejo Street, an old shaken building, grimy and shambling as the houses of the quarter went. And here is where Condé and Blix enjoyed the episode of uniting old "Captain Jack" with the prim "K. D. B." by answering the personals in the matrimonial columns of the newspaper and arranging the successful meeting at Luna's.

"K. D. B." was wholly a creation of the novelist's. On the other hand, "Captain Jack" was a personage in real life. *Moran of the Lady Letty* is dedicated to the character, Captain Hodgson of the life-boat service, who also appears as a character at the close of the novel. Hodgson was an intimate friend of Frank Norris's, and from him the writer got much of the material that he wove into his novels and short stories.

Do you remember in *Blix* when Condé, who was eager to write a great book of adventure, got his material from old Captain Jack and then left the *Times* staff to complete it? To Blix he said, when he told her of his resignation from the *Sunday Times*, "It's neck or nothing now, Blix!"

This incident, with many another in the



"McTeague's Dental Parlors": the Corner Room Over the Branch Postoffice.



The Pit

Book I.

I.

At eight o'clock in the inner vestibule of the Auditorium Theatre, Laura Dearborn, the younger sister Page and their Aunt... still waiting for the rest of the party to appear. A great new morning party of men and women in evening dress filled the vestibule...

part one of the novel is... List of the characters...

The Helian Bond Office Company was so when the season with Laura, as that fortnight, Laura and the Consul had missed the bus... she said she would call on Laura approximately for the last time "what-"

She was a tall young girl of about twenty two or thirty, holding herself erect, dark hair, eyes, and shoulders were dark... She was a tall young girl of about twenty two or thirty, holding herself erect, dark hair, eyes, and shoulders were dark...

and not this beauty. No, almost, delicious... She was a tall young girl of about twenty two or thirty, holding herself erect, dark hair, eyes, and shoulders were dark...

But Page shook her head. She was a few years younger than Laura... just turned seventeen, but unlike her sister her hair was brown. The no less marked than her sister's, but the difference given expression...

was a steady life... She was a tall young girl of about twenty two or thirty, holding herself erect, dark hair, eyes, and shoulders were dark...

That she said in answer to Laura's question, "Why would you come in here," they would not keep outside - not on such a cold night as this... She was a tall young girl of about twenty two or thirty, holding herself erect, dark hair, eyes, and shoulders were dark...

story, is a direct transcript from the novelist's life. Norris was for many years a special writer on the *San Francisco Wave*, and at that time he was working on the early chapters of *McTeague*. Blix was Norris's future wife, and as the story relates, he left (in real life) the staff of the *Wave* to complete that grim story of Polk-Street life.

There was another book by Norris, *A Man's Woman*, whose imaginative scene might have been laid in San Francisco, but more probably in New York. This is the story of the Arctic explorer, and the wife who fought against the will of her husband. Here, too, is seen the grim strength and force of the writer. He loved to write about great subjects, that were world forces, and



"Luna's," the Scene of the Matrimonial Episode in "Blix."

the biggest ideas he could find were associated with the Mysterious North, with the tremendous Epic of the Wheat, with the elemental vastness of the Ocean.

When Norris began this book he was reading Perry's experiences in the Arctic, and from his reading he got a grasp upon the atmosphere of the Northern lands, which, coupled with his powerful imagination, resulted in a realistic, perhaps I might almost say of certain parts, sordid book.

But the great work of the novelist was the wonderful conception of the Epic of the Wheat. He had planned, as he says in the preface of *The Octopus*, to write three novels, which, "while forming a series, will be in no way connected with each other save only in their relation to (1) the pro-

duction, (2) the distribution, (3) the consumption of American wheat."

The first in the series was *The Octopus*, which won him permanent fame while he lived, and who can tell how long that fame may last? Norris spent a week in the region of his setting, the scene of the Mussel Slough affair, gathering material and technical terms for the book. The story was written for the sake of the story, and not, as has been asserted, because of any prejudice against the Trusts. It was the story interest always first with Norris.

Most of the characters of this book are personages of real life. Annixter, the hero, was an old college chum of Norris's. When the work was first planned Norris had no idea of making Annixter the hero, but the character grew and developed, and by the sheer force of its creation assumed the first rôle in the narrative. Osterman is no other than the personality of James Archibald, the war correspondent, with whom Frank Norris was associated throughout the Santiago campaign. Magnus Derriek is a picture of the novelist's grandfather, and Shelgrim, the railroad magnate, is a character sketch of Collis P. Huntington.

*The Pit* was the second book in the trilogy, a story of the machinations of the Chicago Wheat Pit. It is tense with the emotions of men who have harked back to primordial instincts. Curtis Jadwin, "the great bull," a man of iron caliber, is a portrait of Frank Norris's father. So true to life is the character painted that Wilton Lackaye, in interpreting the part in the dramatized version of the book, worked himself into the rôle so well that he came to assume the mannerisms of Norris's father, which was a marvel to the family who watched the personality of the actor in the part of the speculator.

The third book in the series was never written. Not a note had been taken, not a line had been penned, at the time of the author's death. The story remained a great vast force in the writer's mind, and before writing it he was planning a trip to Europe and the Old World, to gather his atmosphere and material.

Very few know that Norris, after the publication of *The Pit*, decided to change the title of *The Wolf*. But just what he was going to change it to he had not yet

determined. The scene of the book was to be laid in Italy, somewhere in the provinces about Genoa. It was to be a story of famine, upon the hills of the stricken city. The theme of the book was to be the idea that the Wheat fulfills its destination as a world-force, despite the machinations of man in the Wheat Pit. At the climax of the tale, when the hillsides were covered with starving, gaunt frames of human beings, looking out across the blue waters of the sea with their dying gaze, there appears upon the far horizon three great, dark vessels from America, with their holds stored with the Wheat. We cannot tell what power might have been infused into this story, for the theme was a tremendous, dramatic one, and Norris was the one American novelist to cope with it. His style was losing the earmarks of Zola and Kipling; this last book would undoubtedly have stood forth as the work of Frank Norris, the man and not the imitator, as his themes were always his own.

Norris did not take his life work too seriously. He smiled at criticism, and heeded it. Nothing discouraged him; he believed in himself, and to the very end he strove to do his work with a spirit of improvement and humility. His motto was, "True happiness is being able to do the work you love." He had found himself, and he was struggling to give the world the best that he could do. Nothing daunted him, nothing discouraged him. One story, *The Statue in an Old Garden*, was written while he was yet in college. He began by sending it the rounds, first to the best, and then down to the second-class magazines. But no one had yet heard of the man who signed himself, "Frank Norris," and the story came back time and again, faithful to its creator. At last it was pigeon-holed, and after the name of its author had become known from one end of the continent to the other it was rewritten and sent forth once more, this time to find a home on the first trip, and be proclaimed a "wonderful thing!"

Norris had a particular knack of getting proper names that seemed to fit the characters. He spent much time in reading the birth and death notices in the newspapers, jotting down any name that seemed to him to indicate a definite personality. By the hour he would read the dictionary, impress-

ing every strange word upon his memory, and storing it away for its fit place when he should begin his novels.

His methods of work were simple. He wrote his manuscripts but once. Before writing a line of a new tale he would first work it out in detail in his head, choosing his characters carefully, and definitely outlining the steps of the story. When he began to write he never hesitated, but moved from scene to scene, from picture to picture, from characterization to characterization, never rewriting, and only reading the tale through to correct slips in grammar and erudities of expression.

In all his novels he entered the significant and telling details of the scenes that he found. You could have recognized un-



*The Car-Conductor's Coffee-Joint on Polk Street,  
Where McTeague Ate Hot Meals  
on Cold Plates.*

named places from his realistic and artistic portrayal, for Norris was a thorough realist, and he adhered faithfully to the principles of his creed. He was an accurate and a keen observer of human life. His books show him to be a man of big thoughts and big ideas; his works reflect the heroic of his nature. Often his theme reaches an épic strength; at times he descends (such is his versatility) to the brutal sordidness of things, as in *McTeague*; yet he is the artist through it all. He grappled with world forces, and he grappled well.

There is one unpublished novel that Norris wrote at the time of his literary beginnings. This book is a story of a college generation, and its title is *Vandover and the Brute*. The manuscript is at present in

New York. The realism of the work is too intense and too true to life to render its publication possible.

Up to the time of his death he was still planning his future work. After the third book of the *Epic of the Wheat* was completed he was planning to write a great American novel, which should center at its climax around the battle of Gettysburg. Another book that he had in mind was a tale of the people living about Gilroy, in California. For a long time Norris worked among the inhabitants of the place, and he had a love for them and their surroundings that he always wanted to record.

But there was a grim, black-shrouded figure stalking near him, and in October of 1902 the voice of Death called to him. His death was the result of fever acquired while he was a correspondent for the *San Francisco Chronicle* in South Africa during the Boer War, at which time he enlisted in the English army for the defense of Johannesburg, and was compelled to leave the country by national interdict. Before this he had served in the Santiago campaign as a war correspondent, and was present at the battle of El Caney.

And so, in the prime of his splendid manhood, with the glamour of an enviable fame encircling him, with six creditable books in his favor, and with a brilliant outlook before him, his life work was brought to a close. It was a pathetic close, for he was loved by all who knew him, and he had just emerged into the best years of life.

He died in San Francisco, at his home out on Broderick Street, leaving a beautiful wife and a little daughter to reap what he had sown. Perhaps it was best that San Francisco should have been his last resting place, for he loved the old, Western city, at the edge of the continent, the city that

\* \* \* laughed upon her hills out there,  
Beside her bays of misty blue.

He loved the big, teeming West, with its promise and its romance, far-flung by the blue, shimmering seas. You must remember the description of the bay and the surrounding mountains from the opening pages of *Blix*, with the white sails of sea-bound ships dipping beyond the Heads. He caught the significance of Tamalpais, towering high into the Summer haze, gaunt and free and gray; he saw the grandeur of the low line of the Berkeley hills as no one had ever seen it before him; he reveled in the closer glories of the Presidio Reservation, where Condry was wont to take Blix, following the shore line past the old fort, and across the windy downs where wild flowers grew in multitudinous profusion, and where the pounding of the surf on the shore comes to the ear like the low drone of mixed melodies. So fine and grand and heroic did Norris perceive this spot to be that many of the characters of his novels are made to delight in it, from the primitive McTeague to the clubmen, Rivers and Wilbur. You have to know the place and you will no longer wonder why.



The Quaint Chinese Restaurant Where Condry Dined With Blix.

# The Ascent of Fiji-Yama, the Sacred Mountain

By K. K. Kawakami



FROM my house on Kudan Hill I admire the fair apparition of Fuji morning, noon and evening. Though seventy miles distant, this sacred mountain is visible from almost every eminence in the Mikado's capital. Rising to a height of nearly 13,000 feet, its pyramid-like peak stands in solitary grandeur, as if receiving homage from the surrounding mountains. Even the clouds do not dare rise to its lofty crown, which, clad with eternal snow, impresses one as divine and majestic. When Fuji shines forth under the glorious rays of morning or evening sun, its symmetrical cone appears, as a famous Japanese poet sang, like a huge white fan invertedly hung in heaven; the dim, dreamy streaks that spread downward from its notched top forming shadows of fan-ribs, while its snowless base is hardly distinguished from the deep blue of a cloudless sky. Seen in the distance, it is the grandest and most beautiful sight in Japan—perhaps one of the grandest and most beautiful in the world. Every tourist admits that nowhere in the world is there to be seen a peak that can rival Fuji in sublimity and grandeur. No wonder that in early days the Islanders of Nippon worshipped this mountain, enshrining their gods upon its crest. Apart from numerous legends and traditions which sanctify its peak, it is impossible to look up at this grandest of mountains without a sense of reverence and awe, for its enormous figure appears, as you gaze, as if exalting itself to command and put you down. For the time being, the conceit is taken out of you, and you shrink in proportion as it exalts itself.

The month of August opened with dry, hot weather. Sliding open the paper win-

dows of my luminous room above the stairs. I look out to see that the greater part of the peak has turned into the same bluish color as the base, leaving a few white streaks near the top, which are enormous gullies still full of snow. This proclaims that the season for climbing the sacred mountain has come. With snow covering its cone thinned under the Summer sun, the temperature up on the mountain will not be freezing during the month, and the slope will be comparatively easy to scale. Towering beyond all comparison, Fuji is very difficult to climb; yet, from time immemorial its holy summit has been visited by thousands of pious pilgrims as well as sight-seers from all parts of the country.

Lured by its beautiful spectre, I at last decided to make an ascent of the mountain. Of the four routes leading to the peak from four different directions, the east route by way of Gotemba is the easiest. The morning train, which left Tokio at 7 o'clock, brought me to Gotemba in three hours. As the hour was too late to start on the ascent on the same day, I put up in a pilgrim-inn, and engaged a *goriki*, which literally means "strong strength." He was a stout fellow, with powerful muscles and a broad frank face, and told me that he had made nearly a hundred ascents during the past ten Summers. Besides the keepers of unpretentious pilgrim-inns, the little village of Gotemba is peopled with numerous *goriki*, who earn their living by guiding and helping those men and women attempting the ascent to the sacred summit.

At the inn I chatted with my prospective fellow-pilgrims about the morrow's trip.

"We are fortunate," said I, "to come in such fine weather; we may be able to make the summit in a day."

"But," interrupted a gray-haired old man,

"it has not been very calm up on the peak; several pilgrims who came down today brought news of a terrible wind storm which kept them three days at the eighth station."

"It is strange," observed another old man, "to hear of such a fierce storm when the august mountain from here appears perfectly peaceful; surely some impious soul must have offended the spirits of the mountain."

Both of them were devout worshippers of Fuji, having visited its summit once every Summer since they were very young. For a week or two before starting on the pilgrimage, such pious old men practice a most strict abstinence, eating nothing but boiled rice and eggs with pickled plums and a few kinds of fresh vegetables, and taking a cold bath every morning before the sun lights the eastern sky, thus hoping to use the purest of water. Amidst the overwhelming influence of modern civilization, the Mikado's empire still harbors such simple-minded, lovable people maintaining those *naïve* superstitions and happy fancies, which, a legacy of a vanishing world, are of rare value as fragments of the unwritten literature of their primitive efforts to find solutions for the riddle of the universe.

Early next morning my "strong strength" (*goriki*) awakened me, telling me to be ready to start at once. Substituting Japanese cleft-stockings and straw sandals for "foreign" stockings and shoes, I immediately left the inn with my *goriki* and several fellow-pilgrims, among whom were the two pious old men I had chatted with in the evening. It was three o'clock; the stars were twinkling brightly; the dreamy moon was easting its soft light upon the dew drops sparkling on the grass below and the trees above. Every now and then the good old pilgrims would murmur prayers in supplication that the gods of the mountain be merciful and favor us with calm weather, while the veteran *goriki* would narrate his thrilling experiences—how he escaped being blown away by a fierce wind, how he rescued pilgrims from fatal accidents, and many such stories. From Gotemba the road, ascending by gradual undulations, lies now through thin woods and then scattered clumps of trees. We passed through the little hamlets of Subashiri and Umagayeshi, reaching Wakare at 5:30 o'clock, after a tramp of some five miles,

when the sun gleamed forth from behind us, presently flooding the trees and thatched roofs of peasants' houses with its fresh rays. Emerging from the cove in which nestled the modest village of Wakare, we entered an open field, and lo! the stupendous figure of Fuji suddenly revealed itself in front of us, perfectly naked from the base to the crest, as if awakening from the night's sleep and basking in the early sunshine! No trees, not even stunted growths, were visible on the frightfully steep slope of the cone. Only near the top white streaks of snow filling the great gullies spread downward; below it all was blackness formed by ashes and cinders and slaggy lava.

At 7:30 o'clock we reached Tarobo, some five miles from Wakare. Situated about 6,000 feet above the sea, Tarobo is the east gate to the sacred peak. At this station we bought more sandals and eggs, which the *goriki* carried on their backs, together with the bulky bundles of our under-clothing. We also bought pilgrims' staves, which were indispensable in sealing the slanting, slippery path of ashes and scoriae. We were all ready to start when the gate-keeper solemnly opened the gate, after having marked our staves with two Chinese characters, indicating that we entered the mountain by way of the east gate.

Leaving the gate behind, we immediately emerged in the woods of pines and larches through which our road ran about half a mile. As we came out of the woods, we found the first of the ten resting-stations between Tarobo and the summit, each station placed nearly a mile apart from the other. From the first station the slanting road became steadily steeper, sand and cinders crunched and slipped under our feet, often the wind raised such a storm of ashes that we could hardly breathe, above our heads nothing was visible but the tremendous space of black scoriae, not a speck of blue beside the azure canopy of the sky. At 9 o'clock we reached the third station, 7,100 feet above the sea. The station-house here, as well as those reached later, was built like a cave with a huge strong door in front of it, but without any window to let the light in. They were half-buried in the flank of the mountain, their entrances looking like the merest holes in its enormous face. Unless they were built in this wise, they would easily be de-



*"The Fair Apparition of Fog."*



*An Inn at Gotemba.*

stroyed by the terrific wind which at this eminence frequently sweeps everything before it. Inside, these stations were neat and comfortable, with clean mats to squat or

At the third station we rested long enough to dry drenching perspiration, sipping cups of tea and eating pickled plums. From this resting-place up, climbing grew harder and harder,—sand and ashes became mingled with huge stones and lava-blocks rolling down at every step,—the track, now frightfully steep, would have become unrecognizable but for the yellowish line formed by broken straw-sandals east aside by thousands, perhaps millions of pilgrims. The monstrous slopes to both sides, but especially to the left, shot straight down to the base and up to the top, showing not a single curve and at wonderfully sharp angles. What an appalling sight! I did not dare to look back; nor could I look up toward the summit without a sense of dizziness. I held my staff with all my strength and zigzagged on with the greatest possible caution, stopping for rest at every few steps. My *goriki*

always followed closely behind me, prepared to keep me from rolling down if I should tumble. He tried to cheer me up, saying that the steep slope would be over presently, but I anticipated only the worst to come. I could not speak, even if I would, for the air became so rarified that I felt it painful to breathe, my heart beating high as in a fever.

It was shortly after noon when we trudged up to the fifth station, 8,700 feet high. Entering the station, I flung myself down upon the mats, and gasped a deep sigh of relief. Here we took a lunch of rice and eggs, and changed our already heavy underwear into still heavier ones, to provide against the colder temperature. Presently we started up again. The slope was no longer of sand and ashes mixed with stone and lava-blocks, but stones and rocks only, making the track all the more rugged. And the rocks and stones I trod upon turned under my feet and rolled down the rough slope, some vanishing in the clouds shrouding the peak far below us, some stopping, sustained by larger rocks near below. Each time these rocks dislodged, our





*Fuji From the River Fuji.*

old pilgrims would repeat their prayers, thanking the gods that they were not carried down with the rolling rocks.

We passed the sixth station at 1:30 o'clock. Presently we reached the edge of a stretch of snow. Looking up, we perceived that we were confronted by an immense bulk of snow which filled the tremendous gully overhead, seemingly extending up to the very summit. We proceeded along the left verge of this snow-filled gully until we reached the seventh station, which had been totally destroyed by a fearful snowslide in the previous Spring. Gasping with fatigue and drenched with perspiration, we still struggled on, now skirting a stretch of snow, then flanking a colossal rock. It was already half an hour after 3 o'clock when we reached the eighth station, and the summit still looked high up in the sky. I had been almost exhausted; how could I trudge on any further? "Let us stop!" I gasped in despair, "it is too late to mount the top."

"But we must not miss this fine weather," warned my companions.

Even my *goriki* shook his head in disapproval of my proposal. So another couple of eggs and bowl of boiled rice, and up we started again. And the worst did really come! The trail became wilder, rougher,

steeper, beyond all description, and there was not a resting-place clear up to the top, as the ninth station was never restored since it had been wrecked by a fierce storm ten years before. Huge lumps of pumice, enormous blocks of lava, rocks and stones colossal beyond imagination, barricaded us at every turn.—once and again we encountered barriers of crags which could be surmounted only with the help of ladders,—the pilgrim-staff was of avail no longer,—often I climbed on all fours, and that with the help of my stout *goriki*. Suddenly our path was blocked by a cliff which seemed insurmountable by any means, but the *goriki* encouraged us, announcing that the end of our journey was at hand. Flanking the cliff, we advanced about a quarter of a mile, and lo! we found ourselves actually on the top,—13,000 feet above the sea! I could hardly realize that I was on the summit. How could I manage to finish the ascent in a day through sand and ashes, over rocks and stones!

But oh, the top! What a horrible scene it all was! Right beneath our feet the enormous crater, dead for centuries, opened a ghastly gap to a depth of several hundred feet, with walls of crumbling rocks circumscribing it about a mile long. I could not



At the Foot of Fuji.

hend my head over the precipice without a quickening of the pulse. And heaving loosely about its verge and held between black lava-blocks, gleamed huge yellowish rocks like the teeth in an enormous skull. It was a hideous sight! Looking around, we found several cave-like huts entirely built of stone—the last of the pilgrims' stations. There was a little shrine also of stone, with *torii* in front of it. Kneeling before it, the pious souls in the company were clapping their hands and murmuring their prayers in profound reverence. Presently, however, the *goriki* led us up to the point whence we could command the superb view of the boundless horizon below. "Grand!" exclaimed we all in a chorus. Then for a few minutes we stood silent, thoroughly overwhelmed with the splendor of the view.

The splendor was not much of the landscape; in fact, the dreamy world below was scarcely perceptible through haze and clouds. But think of an unfathomably deep blue spreading overhead and underfoot without limit for hundreds of miles—think of clouds of multitudinous forms, now rising, then lowering, now gathering together in huddling masses, and then again dispersing in fluffy wreathings, all several miles

beneath you,—think of profuse hues of moving clouds constantly changing as in a kaleidoscope, and this far below in the abyss before you; think of this marvelous spectacle, and you have some faint idea of what you see from the summit of Fuji. We were far above the clouds; we stood actually in the heart of a blue sky! As we watched, the clouds drifted swifter and swifter as if stirred by some magical hand; the sea of blue itself seemed turning into a lighter color; gradually the vapory landscape miles and miles below unveiled itself like a miniature garden of a fairy world. It was a vague view—rather a vision or a dream of landscape; yet the ranges of mountains with seas and gulfs at their base, and the headlands projecting into the Pacific, were dimly distinguished, all in a wonderfully small scale. I sat down on a rock, and watched and watched without uttering a word, until I forgot myself; it was impossible to turn aside from this sublime vision. But alas! the *goriki* warned me, "It is almost evening, and we have to go back down to the eighth station before dark." The eighth station was the nearest place where we could pass the night. We had three miles to descend; we must hasten.



*The Little Village of Wakare.*

It grew terribly cold and windy toward the night. At the station we wrapped ourselves in all the blankets the station-keeper could furnish us and squatted around the fireplace, anxiously listening to the roar of the wind fiercely raging outside. But the next day dawned with calm weather; surely the supplication of our prayerful old pilgrims must have moved the gods of the mountain. Our downward journey was comparatively easy. We descended by zigzags, as in the ascent, as far as our track lay over rocks and stones, but after the sandy slope was reached, we slid down with remarkable rapidity as if we were human sleds.

Once again from my house I salute beautiful Fuji day after day. How could this mountain, the fairest of figures when looked at from afar, be so terribly hideous when seen on close approach? But does not Fuji teach us a philosophy of our real life? Is not this world of ours, after all, a great phantasmagoria of happy illusions and cruel disillusionments, of luring shadows and their ugly realities? Never again shall I look at the fair apparition of Fuji without being haunted by the horrible vision of naked ugliness of black lavas and ashes, which are the reality of that symmetrical slope, exquisitely graceful seen in the haze of a hundred miles.

# Dramatic Affairs at the Capital

By William Winter



AN important theatrical event of the new year is the return of Miss Ellen Terry to the American stage — January 28, at the Empire Theater, New York. Important, not because of Miss Terry's performance in a fantastic farce by Mr. G. B. Shaw, but because of the winning combination of genius, eccentricity, artistic faculty and personal charm that she is as an actress. The play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," is trivial: the player is extraordinary. Most of the performers who have ever emerged to public view, whether on the stage or elsewhere, can be comprehended and defined. Ellen Terry always has been, more or less, a mystery. She has herself written and published disquisitions on acting and remarks on her method of administering that art, but her words have not served to elucidate her nature or enable the philosopher to determine and designate the secret of her fascination: and what becomes of the dramatic sage, if he cannot discern, classify and accurately label the species of human nature and artistic achievement that is set before him? Ellen Terry is tall; she is handsome; she has gray eyes, with an occasional tiny yellow spot in them, such as may sometimes be seen in the eyes of the wild horse; she moves with grace; she does all things easily, showing neither premeditation nor effort; she can make you laugh or make you cry, without herself doing either; and she *appears* to do everything as if by chance. The rose is not, apparently, aware of its own bloom and fragrance. The brook does not, apparently, listen to its own rippling music. Ellen Terry has that same free, careless, unconscious existence—that same faculty of diffusing pleasure, heedless of its cause and indifferent to its effect. There must be a system in her acting, for acting is not a matter of chance; but the actor has become as indefinite as her commentators when she has tried to explain it,

and no observer has yet found it out. She is in her Autumn now. Counting by years she might be deemed old; but old she is not, and never will be. Of her age she has not made a secret; she is a native of Shakespeare's county, born at Coventry, in 1848. To us, however, who have known her for a generation, and whose views of her in the present are colored by our memories of her in the past, she seems still to be in her Spring. She no longer enchants us as Beatrice or breaks our hearts as Ophelia: but we are deeply gratified, all the same, by her presence. Her womanhood still enriches fancy. Her lovely voice still allures with its music. It does not signify that she is acting in a queer play: the delightful fact remains that she is still acting, and that we are privileged to see her again; for it is a solace to see an actor on the stage about whose right to be there—the vested right of genius and art—no question can exist: and, to her very eyelashes, Ellen Terry is an actor. And, moreover, when we are looking at Ellen Terry, or thinking of her, we see much more than meets the eye: we see the long line of poetic ideals that she has made actual; the wonderful women of Shakespeare—Portia, Beatrice, Ophelia, Hermione, Volumnia—and many another sweet heroine of romance or great person of history—otherwise cold pictures on a printed page.

Aside from the re-entrance of Miss Terry, no occurrence of particular moment is to be recorded. The New York Stage is largely devoted to a hybrid composition called Musical Farce. Mention should be made that Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern have filled a farewell engagement here, prior to a professional visit to London, where they purpose to assume, and no doubt will maintain, a conspicuous position. Miss Marlowe is an English woman, a native of Cumberland, but, professionally, she has had an American career and as an actress of romantic parts she stands in the front rank.

Mr. Sothern, a son of the comedian once so famous as Lord Dundreary, is a native of New Orleans. Those players carry to London a large and various repertory, including four, at least, of the plays of Shakespeare.

Several new plays, of comparatively recent date, invite a word of comment, although neither one of them, except perhaps "The Road to Yesterday," is likely to last long or to travel far. A crudely constructed drama, called "The Double Life," has been brought out by Mr. Henri de Vries, a Dutch player, who speaks English with a foreign cadence. Readers of plays will, perhaps, remember that there is a curious play entitled "The Double Life," by W. E. Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson (1892), founded on the true story of Deacon Brodie. The deacon was a citizen of Edinburgh, seemingly one of the most respectable of men: but appearances cannot always be trusted. Brodie devoted the day to virtue and the night to burglary, and in both vocations he was for some time prosperous; but, happening to rob the house of one of his friends, he was recognized and brought to justice. The play presented by Mr. de Vries is entirely different in plan. The chief character suffers a shock, whereby he is deprived of memory, and thereafter he loses identity; but, after many years have passed, he is restored to his former condition, by a still greater shock, and he then finds himself in a novel environment, but completely master of the situation. The dramatic exigence requires that the actor shall exhibit a dual personality. Mr. de Vries, a sort of Meissonier, in his way—dealing with delicate touches and giving close attention to minute details—manifested remarkable dexterity of discrimination between the different conditions of individuality in one and the same person. The performance will be remembered as a psychological study.

That vigorous and somewhat violent performer, Miss Blanche Walsh, has acted in a coarse fabric of physical sensation and humanitarian blather, by Mr. Clyde Fitch, called "The Straight Road"; and, simultaneously, Mrs. Clara Bloodgood, interesting as a woman, while not expert as an actor, has performed in a dull composition, by the same feund but frivolous playwright, entitled "The Truth." The spectator of "The Straight Road" contemplates certain passages, neither credible nor edifying, in the life of a girl of

"the slums" of a great city. It is set forth that Moll O'Hara, first displayed in a drunken fight, is redeemed from squalor by a rich lady, a settlement worker, Miss Thompson by name, who deems it her duty to pursue a career of practical benevolence. The lady's affianced lover makes dishonorable advances toward Moll, and the lady, discrediting her protégé, repels her; whereupon Miss O'Hara, thinking to convince Miss Thompson of her innocence, and at the same time to expose the treachery of her profligate suitor, receives that blackguard in her bedroom, and pretends acceptance of his love—doing this in expectation that her benefactor, unseen, will overlook the interview and rightly comprehend the situation (see Mr. Pinero's "The Gay Lord Quex"). Her scheme is partially thwarted because of the inopportune arrival of her accepted swain, a virtuous and bellicose bartender, who will not accept her explanation of the interview with the profligate (a scene of rancid vulgarity), and she finds herself in a worse plight than ever. Desperation ensues, and she proceeds to break things (see Mr. Pinero's "Iris"), and to leap upon the whiskey bottle, intending a precipitate return to drunkenness and debauchery; but, catching sight of a bad picture of the Virgin Mary, radiant in the spotlight, she is checked in her reckless purpose and kept upon the path of rectitude; in which steep and thorny way her benefactor presently joins her, having ascertained the facts of the case, and so her distressful experience is happily ended. Miss Blanche Walsh, as Moll O'Hara, has presented a composite of Nancy in "Oliver Twist," and Katusha, otherwise Maslova, in Mr. Tolstoi's "Resurrection"—a character that partakes of the tipsy wench, the virago and the repentant sinner. This performer can very well simulate reckless abandonment and despairing delirium—the frenzy of "a woman scorned"—or "eorned"—which is much the same thing. Aggressive demeanor, strident tones, rough action and spasmodic violence are among the chief attributes of her performance. Her theatrical method recalls that of Miss Lucille Western, who carried physical demonstration and vociferous tumult to the summit of excess in such plays as "The Three Fast Men," "The French Spy," "Oliver Twist," "East Lynne" and "The Child Stealer." Miss Western died in 1877, and since her time our stage has had no

conspicuous representative of the robustious drama at all commensurate with her, unless it be Miss Walsh, or, possibly, Miss Elita Proctor Otis. The style is not attractive. Mr. Fitch's "The Straight Road" once more intimates that there may be latent good in human beings of a degraded order—a proposition often made, and not disputed: but the celestial scullion has become tiresome on the stage.

Mrs. Bloodgood, performing as the central character in the play of "The Truth," impersonates a volatile married woman who has inherited a propensity for lying, and who entangles herself in a mesh of domestic troubles by flirting with the husband of one of her female friends and, contrary to her almost invariable custom, telling the truth about it to her own suspicious spouse—that is to say, declaring her innocence. A misunderstanding is contrived and then is explained and obviated; and that is the play. The plot, however, is so thin and the development of it so languid that the efforts of the actors in it produce no effect. "Truth 's in a well: best let that well alone."

In "The Road to Yesterday" there is a thread of ingenuity, and that play, probably, will for a time survive. It would have a better prospect of protracted existence if its vague, irrelevant, superfluous chatter about pre-existence were excluded and its closing scene condensed. A thoroughly effective interpretation of it, furthermore, will only be obtained when its parts are committed to actors who are capable of impersonating the people of "Yesterday" as well as those of today. Actors of the present chiefly distinguish themselves by exhibiting present types. There are few actors extant who can move easily in the world of imagination, display types of earlier periods, or even correctly and gracefully wear the garments of Long Ago. In its plan "The Road to Yesterday" is a little exceptional, because it is imaginative as well as inventive. Dream plays have long existed, but mostly they are of a conventional pattern, such as "The Christmas Carol" and "The Irish Emigrant"; in this one there is a considerable deviation from the beaten track. A young girl, who entertains romantic views of the distant past, and who, at first is shown amid relatives, acquaintances and adjuncts of the present, sleeps and dreams; and, in her dream, she lives over again an experience of

love and sorrow that she is supposed to have had, when existent in another personality. 300 years before. In that experience her relatives and acquaintances participate, they also having been set backward, in the same fantastic manner. The structural weakness of the play is lack of novelty in the tale of the girl's vicissitudes in her pre-existent state. The despotic, brutal nobleman, who determines to marry his rebellious ward, in order to obtain her wealth; the fugacious girl, who secretly flies from his castle and takes service as a drudge in a tavern; the "withered crone"; the bold, impetuous, fiery gipsy; the termagant hostess; the would-be comic, loutish serving-man; the interpid rustic, who "fain" would rescue the imprisoned maiden, after her guardian has recaptured her; the enforced marriage; the slaughter of the tyrant, whom the rustic stabs in the back—they are all old "stage properties," and the moss has thickly gathered on them.

Mr. Wilton Lackaye, an actor whose industrious career of about twenty-five years has brought him to creditable distinction, is now performing here as Jean Valjean, in a play made by himself, on the basis of Victor Hugo's great novel *Les Misérables*. His performance is that of an experienced, proficient practitioner of dramatic art, but it is unsympathetic, and therefore it is viewed with indifference. This the actor perceives, for recently he has expressed in print his dissatisfaction with some of the criticisms that have been published, relative to his acting. Criticism never yet defeated a work of genius.

Mr. Lackaye's appearance as Valjean is not impressive: his voice is not one that conveys tenderness, pity, commiseration, the feeling that awakens feeling in the listener: his acting, while showing ample ability, does not arouse the imagination or touch the heart. There are aspects of Valjean's character which, for temperamental reasons, this expert actor does not display. A player may have a clear mental conception of a character, but, unless the spirit of it is conveyed and the respondent emotion awakened, his art is abortive. Mr. Lackaye's professional orbit, judging by his past successes, is that of the Evil Genius. To benign characters he is not suited. He may be, personally, replete with benignity: he does not look it on the stage, and as Valjean he does not reveal it.

# Facility and Felicity in Western Letters

By Porter Garnett



THE so-called "Western Stories" that are being so copiously produced today are not so much an expression of Western life as an impression of the life on the frontiers of civilization. As there is a kinship of conditions in all frontier life, whether it be in Oregon or Oklahoma, in California or Colorado, in Canada, in the Klondyke, in Cape Colony or in Australia, so there is a kinship between all stories that deal with these conditions. Their content and psychosis are almost identical. In a more or less general way, they all reflect the master work of Bret Harte, although, with the exception of a few by the bigger men, such as Jack London and Stewart Edward White, they are lacking in that local intimacy which made Harte's stories of California definitely Californian.

The trick of suggesting atmosphere by the laying on of superficial descriptions and the free use of peculiar colloquialisms is not difficult of achievement. It is a very different matter to impress the fundamental character and consciousness of country or place in a convincing manner. It is not necessary to know Venice in order to sense the atmospheric fitness of Poe's *The Assignment*, nor India to catch the significance of setting in Kipling's *Without Benefit of Clergy*. It is this fundamental and absolute verity of environment that Bret Harte gives us in his unapproachable tales; it is this quality that the ruck of writers in similar vein rarely if ever compass.

Henry James's descriptions of mere externals mean so much less than his marvelous suggestion of the sub-strata of consciousness. On deeper and broader lines than any other writer in English, he has sounded humanity; he has produced the ultimate of psychological interpretation in fiction.

But Henry James has no more to do with the "Western Story" than the canons of art have to do with the six-shooter of the cowboy. It is like comparing the *Philoctetes* with *The Girl From the Golden West*.

Sagebrush and *chaparajos*, lost mines and lumber camps, snow-shoes and *mescal* are some of the properties that the writers of frontier literature use to give to their characters the desired verisimilitude; but these properties, used extraneously as they commonly are, make no more for realism than the same appurtenances do when used on the stage.

It is true that occasionally these stories have an interest and a value apart from the lack of integrity between theme and setting; while the two elements are often as independent as the picture and its frame, the stories sometimes have real power. On the purely human side they appeal to our passions and our sympathies, and it is for this reason—this half art—that they are accepted and given place as an important part of the modern expression in American literature.

De Maupassant would center a tragedy in the family of a Parisian bourgeois and produce a perfect harmony of plot and setting—there is even a better example of this harmony in the *Madame Bovary* of Flaubert—but when the writer of Western or frontier stories enrusts an elemental theme with the ready-made factors of atmosphere he produces, nine times in ten, an effect that is palpably artificial. Whatever force, whatever "human interest" he bring to his narratives, as works of art they are superficial and incomplete.

To pass to the consideration of technique, one notes at once, in most of these stories, a certain barren facility of expression untouched by any of the higher graces of style. The manner of the writers of whom I speak is marked by facility without

felicity. A group of books I have just been reading illustrate what I have herein said.

The first that calls for attention is a miserably printed volume that comes from an obscure source. It is called *Thirty Years on the Frontier* (El Paso Publishing Company, Colorado Springs, Colo.) and is by one Robert McReynolds, who, the title page informs us, is the author of *Rodney Wilkes* and some three or four other books. The general aspect of this book is prejudicial. Coming as it does from the hand of an unknown author and the press of an unknown house, it gives the impression of being utterly negligible; and yet, *Thirty Years on the Frontier* expresses the atmosphere of the West with greater definiteness than the essays in fiction by many authors more famous, whose work bears the imprint of the great publishing houses of the East.

Mr. McReynolds, we learn in the opening chapter, has had experience as a newspaper correspondent and his style bears out the statement. It displays the very characteristics I have nominated above—facility without felicity. The author has a skill for putting words together in a level way, unmarked by subtlety, grace or vividness; indeed there is not a tinge of literary quality even in the chapters that are given over entirely to descriptions of scenery. And yet the character of the frontier, which this book conveys, is amazingly convincing. Nowhere in the fiction of the West is the sub-literal suggestion of the frontier consciousness expressed in a manner at once so *naive* and so incisive; and yet *Thirty Years on the Frontier* would go begging in the readers' room of any publisher in New York.

In spite of all its drawbacks, this waif from the byways of literature is superior in point of sheer interest to the average novel, which is so little to say of it that I will say even more,—it is superior in interest to most novels. In it are combined such excerpts from history as an account of the Custer massacre and the battle of Wounded Knee, with legends and anecdotes of the Bad Lands, and incursions in the jungles of Cuba—all told in the direct and unadorned style I have described. One encounters here and there some such picturesque diction as the following: "You might as well have tried to shove butter down a wildcat's neck with

a hot awl as to have tried to talk that gal out of marrying the buck," but this outburst is far from being characteristic of the author's manner.

Curiously enough, there appears in Mr. McReynolds's book a variant of the yarn which both Frank Norris and Jack London put into story form and which resulted in charges of plagiarism being directed at the latter until he proved satisfactorily that he was not aware that Norris had hobbled the maverick anecdote before him. The tale in question relates how a man, variously described, tossed an ignited stick of dynamite into a stream for the purpose of killing fish and how his or someone else's dog retrieved the explosive and ran after him, carrying it in his mouth with the fuse still burning. The dénouement is tragic in all cases except in the version of Mr. McReynolds, who is content that the heroine (it is a woman in his tale) should lose her leg. Here is an opportunity for the folkloreists to institute a search for the origin of this myth, although there is little hope of their being able to trace it further back than the invention of gunpowder by the Chinese.

To turn again to fiction, it is not to be contended that, because Bret Harte filled all the corners of his chosen theme with such a sureness of touch, there is no room for others to succeed in the same *milieu*. It might be argued also of Cooper that he said the last word in stories about Indians, although he leaves very much to be desired on the side of literature. The fact is simply that Harte and Cooper succeeded in *fixing* the atmosphere of the frontier in the beginnings of our civilization as those who came after them seem unable to do. We have an example in the last book by Frances Charles, *Partner of Blossom Range* (Little, Brown & Co.); a more vapid production in the guise of literature it is hard to conceive. The tenuous plot might be compressed into three chapters or into one without any loss to literature. It would not be so bad if the superfluous three hundred pages which the book contains (it contains three hundred and eleven in all) were illumined with even the feeblest ray of art. And yet Miss Charles has achieved, since the production of her first book, *The Country God Forgot*, a reputation as a representative writer of the West. If the reputation of Western



literature is to rest upon a fabric so frail it is in a sorry way indeed. There are no words too strong to condemn what Coleridge calls "such attempts on the idiom." It is not a pleasant task to tell the truth when the truth may be cruel, nor is it to be hoped that a single cry of protest uttered amid a chorus of pusillanimous praise will have the effect of raising our debased standards of literary art by so much as a hair's breadth; nevertheless I regard it the solemn duty of the critic to tell the truth as he sees it and feels it. "It is time that someone should speak out." I have quoted before the words with which John Churton Collins begins his *Ephemeræ Critica*. They ring with the resentment that one cannot help feeling when one sees an assault made upon the dignity of art. I have even considered asking my editor to place them at the head of this department as a warrant of my purpose.

It is patently unfair to denounce a book without proving the validity of the charge. I will take as an example of the ineptness which is characteristic of *Pardner of Blossom Range* a passage in which the author might be expected to put forth the best that is in her. Here is how the hero and heroine plight their troth:

Afterward, out of the dark, Ferris spoke:

"I did not believe in love or hope. I thought love a dream that had no conscious place in life, until I met you, Holly."

"I should think to live like that would be soul twilight, Captain Ferris."

"I wish you would call me George," he remarked.

She gave the name a Southern accent,—as Jeddy would have pronounced it, Gawge. She was like a bird in her mating, tender, unafraid. He took her hand and raised her face that he might read her eyes. They were pure and true, but full of a burden, that of her love for him, and even had he wished it, Ferris could not have taken it from her, because his own eyes were full of unconfessed regard.

"I love you," he said. "Holly, I want you to be my wife. I have been living in soul twilight. I know sunshine now. Will you be willing to marry the man,—I am not your ideal, but I shall grow into it. Life has brought us into one way. \* \* \* I should not desire that a woman for my sake should be shorn of her ideals, delicate as an ocean shell, yet with all its history."

Holly rose with a half cry. She was a

wild flower no longer, one of the country folk. She was a capable, careful girl, choosing the right words to make him understand:

"There is a poem I read once about a lamp that was shattered, and the light lay dead in the dust. The light of a woman's love never dies—George!"

I have used a rather long quotation to illustrate the utter infelicity of Miss Charles's manner; it may be taken as typical of the average, popular novel of Western life against which brand of unliterature these remarks are directed. I have taken *Pardner of Blossom Range* as representative of the pernicious in Western letters. It is with such taste-killing pabulum that the public is fed, and it continually cries for more.

There is a class of writers of which the general run of semi-cultivated people know little or nothing: the writers of dime novels. They, too, have quite naturally taken the border lands for their field of endeavor and they, too, have incredible facility. It is related of one of these that he has frequently dictated a sixty-thousand-word story at one sitting, a feat which quite outshines Bedford's traditional achievement of producing *Vateck* in a single night. Such thrilling stories as *Cut-Throat Camp, or Caught by Coyotes on the Coast Range, Dead-Eye Dick, or Sixteen Buckets of Blood* which grace the shelves of second-class book stalls, display a facility quite as great and English quite as good as that of Miss Charles. And if we turn to the works of such discredited French authors as Gaborian and Du Boisgobey we find a literary style which, compared with most that is being done by American authors, is absolutely distinguished. And yet the books of these authors are sold in cheap paper editions while *Pardner of Blossom Range*, which is no whit better as literature, is given the dignity of cloth binding and the *cliché* of a great publishing house.

Another dime novel in disguise—to which the analogy with the detective stories of Gaborian is even more applicable because it is in a somewhat similar vein—is *Blind-folded*, by Earle Ashley Walcott (the Bobbs-Merrill Company). Here again is the facility of the practiced writer (Mr. Walcott is a newspaper man of many years' experience), skillful to a degree, but innocent

of real art. For the mere linking together of words with directness, Mr. Walcott's style is a model of good workmanship, judged by the standards of the craft he follows. In dialogues between his chief character and two women of social position he flounders hopelessly and his attempts at lightness of touch, particularly in the conversation of his heroine, whom he describes as "vivacious and intelligent," with "brightness of speech," "a finely cultivated mind," and "a wit rare in woman," are sadly ineffectual.

I am speaking of the manner rather than the matter, because, in the first place, I wish to emphasize the fact that facility without felicity is characteristic of so much of the fiction that is being produced in the West; because, in literature, the manner is more important than the matter; and, finally, because the matter of *Blindfolded* is the veriest welter of sensational trash. Mr. Walcott cannot really be taken seriously. He has evidently started out with the purpose of giving his readers a melodramatic night mare and succeeds admirably in the attempt. *Blindfolded* is a very vortex of irrational mystery. The plot is far beyond the outmost confines of credibility and is all the more improbable because the scenes are laid amid the every-day life of San Francisco, partly in the Stock Exchange, partly in the home of a millionaire, and chiefly in the slums of the Latin Quarter. The action might have taken place in any city other than San Francisco, so far as its local atmosphere is concerned. With its undefined description of the surface of things it is about as significant of San Francisco as *The Romany Rye* is significant of London. There is, indeed, an atmospheric affinity between this story of thugs, dead-falls, kidnaping and concentrated villainy and the dark melodramas of the Adelphi.

One cannot but mark the contrast between such a story of San Francisco as *Blindfolded* and the *Picaroons* by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin, published several years ago. The latter, which treats of the lower levels of life in "the city that was," not only has an unflinching literary quality, but, in it, one catches the flavor of the city suggested and resuggested with a sureness of touch that spells conviction and art. It is also rather interesting to note that in a single chapter

of *The Mystery*, a story of adventure by Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams, which has been running serially in *The American Magazine*, the suggestion of San Francisco's "Barbary Coast," though the result of a single visit, is more vividly portrayed than by the author of *Blindfolded*, who has spent many years of his life in its immediate proximity.

A story of the sea, if, indeed, it can be called a story, for it is a sequence of stories ranging over the whole of the habitable regions of the earth, is *A Sailor of Fortune. Personal Memoirs of Captain B. S. Osbon*, cast into literary form by Albert Bigelow Paine (McClure, Phillips Company). I say "literary form," for Mr. Paine has transcribed with skill and charm these memories of an adventurous life, which doubtless came to him in a much cruder form from the original narrator. The book has absolutely nothing to do with the West, and as my functions as reviewer are restricted to the literature of our own corner of the world, I shall dismiss it with this commendation: It is interesting to the point of fascination and is quite the best book that has recently come into my hands with two exceptions; these are *The Flock*, by Mary Austin, a book which should be epoch-making in the West as an example of fine prose, and *The Dragon Painter*, by Mary McNeil Tenollosa (Sidney McCall) (Little, Brown & Co.).

For this last there can be nothing but the highest praise. It is a tale of Japan, in which the fine-spun aesthetic perceptions of that country of artists, the nuances of Japanese feeling are shown with charming sensitiveness. In point of delicacy, Mrs. Tenollosa leaves nothing to be desired. So delightful is her style that one catches from it a sense of subtle fragrance and charm. To say that she has felicity of expression—that quality which is out of the reach of the other writers I have discussed, is to pay her a poor compliment, for her art is far above mere felicity. If there be a flaw in its seeming perfection, it is that the rhythm of her prose falls a little short of the imperceptible in cadence and poise. One feels in it also the feminine touch which should be lost in the perfect work of art, for art is sexless and a mental comparison with the styles of Lafcadio Hearn, of Loti, and of Beaudelaire is inevitable. It could never be

said of the work of these men, not even of that of the epicene Loti, that it was written by a woman. I do not wish to be understood as finding fault with Mrs. Fenollosa's manner. I enjoyed the reading of *The Dragon Painter* too intensely to lay great weight on its shortcomings as a model of perfect style, rather do I seek to point out a general truth which underlies all literature, namely, that a woman becomes a great artist only when her sex does not enter into her work. The feminine touch in *The Dragon Painter* takes nothing from its beauty, its charm; it is, on the contrary, admirably in accord with the delicacy of Japanese feeling which pervades the narrative. The story itself is fascinating and delightful in its originality. It is touched with the necromance of imagination, and in reading it one falls pleasantly under its spell, to put it aside when finished with a sense of aesthetic stimulation. It will make no appeal to such as crave the stress of action in literature, but it will search the sympathies of those who are sensitive to the more delicate vibrations of fancy. It is filled with the glamour of ideality, a visualization of the picturesque tempered with exquisite refinement. It is Japan, but the Japan of poetry and dream. Something of its flavor will be found in the following passage:

On such a Midsummer dawn, not many years ago, old Kano Indara, sleeping in his darkened chamber, felt the summons of an approaching joy. Beauty tugged at his dreams. Smiling as a child that is led by love, he rose, drew aside softly the shoji, then the amado of his room, and then, with face uplifted, stepped down into his garden. The beauty of the ebbing night caught at his sleeve, but the dawn held him back.

It was the moment just before the great Sun took place upon his throne. Kano still felt himself lord of the green space round about him. On their pretty bamboo trellises the potted morning-glory vines held out flow-

ers as yet unopened. They were fragile, as if of tissue, and were beaded at the crinkled tips with dew. Kano's eye-lids, too, had dew of tears upon them. He crouched close to the flowers. Something in him, too, some new ecstacy was to unfurl. His lean body began to tremble. He seated himself at the edge of the narrow, rail-less veranda along which the growing plants were ranged. One trembling bud reached out as if it wished to touch him.

The old man shook with the beating of his own heart. He was an artist. Could he endure another revelation of joy? Yes, his soul, renewed even as the gods themselves renew their youth, was to be given the inner vision. Now, to him, this was the first morning. Creation bore down upon him.

The flower, too, had begun to tremble. Kano turned directly to it. The filmy azure angles at the tip were straining to part. Held together by just one drop of light. Even as Kano started the drop fell heavily, plashing on his hand. The flower with a little sob opened to him, and questioned him of life, of art, of immortality. The old man covered his face weeping.

To experience such a book as *The Dragon Painter* amid the gross banalities of the average novel is to know a strange delight. The fact that this exquisite story, in shorter form, was printed in *Collier's*, is a refreshing evidence that the desire of editors to minister to the public's appetite for brutality and the less violent forms of realism is not destined to exclude, as one might have reason to fear, the chastening influence of refinement in American literature.

Mrs. Fenollosa, under the pen-name of Sidney McCall, is the author of two novels, *The Breath of the Gods* and *Truth Dearer*; the first a story of Japanese, the second of American life, I have not. On the testimony of *The Dragon Painter* it is safe to say that, in point of literary excellence, they must be among the most important contributions to the fiction of the period.



*The Beginning of the Raid; Yakima Business Men Helping Themselves. Agent Meeks, in Fore-ground, Is Protesting.*

## The Yakima Raid and the Coal Famine

By Lute Pease



F the railways are trying to give the people an 'object lesson,' remarked the prominent citizen, "why I guess Yakima can establish a little kindergarten for the rail-

ways." And next day North Yakima, Washington, sallied forth, held up and confiscated a long trainload of Northern Pacific coal—and paid for about one-third of it.

The railway's monetary loss is regarded lightly by some of the citizens. "It's a small fine for the company's neglect and general cussedness," but the city's honorable

business men regret the moral effect of this feature of the historic raid, and its results to the reputation of the town.

It is not the purpose of this article to throw more bricks at the railways, though it may shy a peanut shell or two at both sides. But the story of the picturesque episode and its causes is interesting and rather instructive.

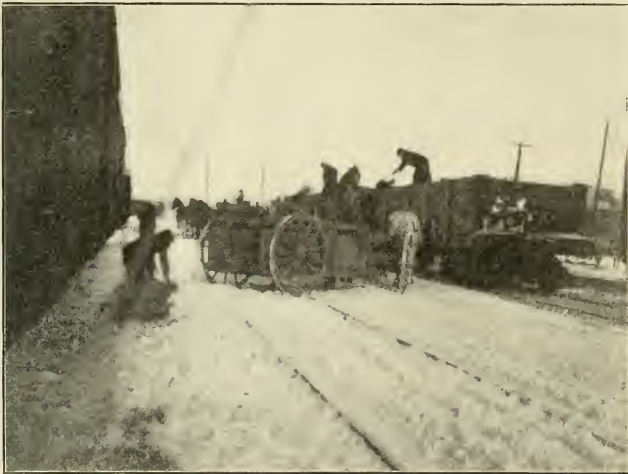
North Yakima is one of the finest types of Northwestern towns. It was built by irrigation. Seventeen years ago most of its site and the wide sweep of surrounding valley was sagebrush and bunchgrass. Then came the Sunnyside ditch (a Northern Pa-

cific enterprise), which spread a portion of the waters of the Yakima over many thousands of acres of "volcanic ash" soil—richest and deepest in the country. Settlers were invited to come in and take up tracts of ten acres, and upwards, on long time and easy payments. They came, and soon the desert vanished. In its place bloomed apple, peach and prune orchards, wonderful fields of alfalfa and record-breaking crops of the finest potatoes in the world.

The town, at first a "wide open" frontier hamlet, rapidly developed into the present-day beautiful city of 10,000 inhabitants,

took over the original ditch that began the development of the Yakima Valley, extending and including it with a larger irrigation system. This, together with certain private projects now under way, or in contemplation, means further great increase and prosperity to Yakima with the extension of its tributary agricultural and horticultural region.

Naturally the Northern Pacific looks with a jealous eye upon the threatened encroachment of the mysterious North Coast Railway into this hitherto exclusively Northern Pacific territory. It has fought, and is fighting with every device and weapon in the



*Taking Engine Coal.*

splendid schools, high license, Carnegie library, numerous prosperous banks, good hotels, substantial mercantile houses and fine church structures. Its wide streets, excellent light and water systems, well-edited daily newspapers and other advantages, are also the pride of its people and of the agricultural population of some 15,000 tributary to it.

There is no suggestion of the untamed, wide - sombreroed, jingling - spurred West about this peaceful community that almost wrecked a train and freebooted a thousand tons of coal.

Some time ago the Federal Government

brains and hands of its able counsel, the right-of-way progress of the North Coast.

But the ungrateful inhabitants view with anything but alarm the approach of a competing line. "We shall have plenty of cars, then," they say, "to bring us coal and carry our products to market."

At the time this article is being written many scores of thousands of tons of alfalfa are heaped in stacks, and sixty per cent of the great potato crop is stored in pits, shrinking daily in weight, while prices are highest, because the farmers cannot get cars. Hence the popular party cry at the last election was "Hooray for the North Coast Road!" It



*Teamsters Weighing Wagons at the Coal Company's Scales.*

boosted O. A. Fechter, banker, into office as Mayor for the eighth time. Now many Yakima people believe the Northern Pacific feels vindictive on this score, and tried to get even on the town by cutting down its fuel supply. The officials scoff at this as an absurdity, and point to the very general shortage of coal elsewhere.

But Yakima always has had to depend almost entirely upon the Northern Pacific for its fuel. The Roslyn mines, some sixty-seven miles away, are owned by the Northwestern Improvement Company, a Northern Pacific allied corporation, that in the past has always supplied an abundance of good coal at reasonable prices to the Yakima Valley towns, as well as elsewhere through the Pacific Northwest.

Last Summer the company announced that it had decided to get out of the commercial coal business; that the entire output of its mines would be required for its own use in the train service.

"We notified all our leading customers six months ago," explained an official to me at the head offices of the Northern Pacific at Tacoma, "that we should discontinue the trade. They have had ample notice and could have avoided a shortage had they taken time by the forelock and purchased a supply from other sources. You know the old school-book

fable of the two squirrels? The gray squirrel said, 'I will labor and gather and store nuts while the sun shines and the days are warm,' but the red squirrel said, 'This is the time to play—I can labor by and by'; but by and by the winds blew and the snow drifted, and the red squirrel shivered and hungered and perished. Now these people could have got coal from the Crows Nest mines north of Spokane, or from Wyoming, though that's pretty far," he admitted, "or from the Pacific Coast Company, the mines at Renton, Franklin, New Castle, Carbon Hill, Cumberland, Burnett or the Occidental. Yes, sir, the dealers of the Northwest should have laid in a supply in the Summer."

"But," retort the dealers and consumers, "why should we unexpectedly be required to order coal months in advance of our needs? It's the railways' business to furnish cars as we want them. They have done so in the past—how were we to know they would be short this Winter?"

Some railway officials have volunteered statements to the effect that so much agitation against the railways has had a damaging effect upon the business, and hinted that had the Government and various state legislatures let them alone, there would have been less trouble. Many people have pounced upon this as an indication that something like a



*First Arrival at the Coal Cars.*

vast conspiracy exists for the purpose of giving the country an "object lesson" of its dependence upon the good will of the railways. If this be true in the matter of fuel, the roads have been hoist by their own petard in many cases, for their reports reveal serious losses because of shortages of company coal on almost every division.

On all sides one hears statements to the effect that in the effort to control the coal supply and gather the profits of the trade unto themselves, the railways have frozen out private coal enterprises, refused to build spurs to private mines, or to provide sidings and cars and otherwise encourage the development of independent mines; that had the companies stuck exclusively to their proper business of providing transportation, and had consequently reached out to encourage new sources of freight, coal would be cheaper and doubly abundant, for there are vast bodies of untouched coal in many parts of the Northwest. But the roads retort that they have had to get control of mines to provide for their own needs.

A premature compliance with the new Federal regulation divorcing the railways from the interstate coal trade may have had something to do with the trouble. Then, too, bad management is charged. Instead of

equipping themselves to carry more freight, the railways have been applying profits to paying dividends on heavily watered stock or have been using their means to buy each other up. "The money it cost to get Fish out of the Illinois Central would have hauled a lot of Nebraska wheat to market." The Interstate Commerce Commission has reported that loaded cars stand "from two to twenty days at the points of origin"; cases of "empty cars lost in congested terminals, or lying unused, sometimes in solid trains, for equal lengths of time; of engines broken down from overwork; of trains torn in two by heavy loads; of train crews working extremely long hours without rest, although making only ordinary mileage; of cases being common in which loaded trains took twenty days or more to be moved 250 miles."

Whatever be the causes, the Northwest has encountered an appalling fuel shortage accompanied by a season of almost unprecedented cold weather. Yakima was not the first town to confiscate coal from cars destined elsewhere. Driven to desperate straits two or three other small points had already startled the railway companies by seizing coal, in one case an entire car, but it was done in an organized and orderly fashion, the coal being properly weighed and duly paid for.

At Yakima the pinch began to be felt as far back as the heavy floods, which absolutely stopped all train service during the latter half of November. Thereafter coal arrived intermittently in small lots, a car or two at a time. Through all the years in which the company has been selling coal to this large town it has constructed no bunkers or storage bins here; the consumers are obliged to back their wagons up to the siding and shovel directly from the cars. This is a measure of economy, for coal loses weight from the time it is out of the mine; and the plan has been followed to keep only enough coal on hand in cars to supply immediate needs. Consequently any loss of service or shortage of cars is promptly felt.

Through December, Yakima people and the farmers far and near had to form in line with wagons day after day, moving up, one by one, to the car, only to receive at times a maximum allotment of 500 pounds. This line-up began as early as 3 o'clock A. M., and often stretched out many blocks in length. As teamsters charged from fifty cents to one dollar an hour for this waiting time, the cost of coal was frequently doubled to the shivering householder.

Complaints and questions assailed the company, and the reply was usually "car shortage." But reports came to Yakima of empty coal cars idling at sidings in many places near; and once, eighteen "empties" stood on a Yakima sidetrack for several days—quite long enough, said the citizens, to have run up to the mines, loaded and returned.

So, as conditions grew worse, the people became more skeptical and indignant. The weather waxed colder and they took to their kitchens to economize with cookstove heat only. Boxes, old boards and backyard fences—every scrap that could serve for fuel—went to drive away the shivers.

One day several cars of engine coal arrived. This is not of quite so good quality as the usual commercial grade, and the company says that its Yakima customers turned up their noses at it. Yakima denies this and suggests that the company may have had a call for it elsewhere, and therefore took it away before the town had a fair chance at it. At any rate, the coal of the raided trains was of the inferior grade, and the town seems to have made no complaint about that.

The pinch became more bitter—actual suffering was experienced by at least 1,500 families. At last, January 6, with the east wind whistling through the icy streets, a committee of citizens visited the Mayor at his office in his bank. As a result the following telegram, signed by Mayor Fechter, Sheriff Grant and Chief of Police Cayou, was sent to Vice-President Levy at the Northern Pacific office at Tacoma:

Prompted by desperate conditions, an organization of more than a hundred people was formed here today for the purpose of seizing and appropriating the first shipment of coal, large or small, the company attempts to haul through North Yakima. Suffering actually exists. Not a pound of coal is for sale. At least ten cars are needed to relieve the present conditions, and as much more daily while the cold weather continues. May we expect relief?

That same day the Yakima *Herald* had published a very vigorous article setting forth conditions and mentioning the probability of summary means being taken by the citizens to secure fuel.

Vice President Levy's reply to the mayor's telegram stated that a dozen cars were in transit to Yakima, but the dispatch was not received until late next day. Meanwhile the town had carried out its threat, seizing twenty-one cars of coal January 7.

Newspaper reports indicated that the affair was sudden, spontaneous, leaderless. Now, even though driven by dire stress, a modern American town of churches, banks, culture and commerce, does not suddenly rise up and take that which belongs to another, without the counsel, example or leadership of at least one man.

Somehow, from the fact of the telegram to Mr. Levy, and other features of the news reports of the affair, I had the notion that the Mayor must be this unique and determined personage; so Mr. O. A. Fechter, eight times Mayor of Yakima, was the first citizen whom I visited to get the story. He did not welcome me; he seemed a trifle embarrassed. The railway company was not to blame, he said, the people were not to blame—it was just a spontaneous affair; the people had to have coal; they were mostly farmers from the surrounding country, anyway; the railway had done its best—nobody could be



blamed for anything. Suddenly he became suspicious:

"Dont you put my name in your article," said he; "I wont have it. I'll sue you for damages if you mention me."

Clearly this was no leader, at least not the leader I was seeking. Also, clearly, the Mayor expected and dreaded criticism. Why? Others informed me. He had failed to meet a crisis for which he had ample time to prepare. Not that he was expected to stop the raid, but he made no attempt to regulate it; to provide that the seized coal should be properly apportioned to all alike, so that the poorest should have equal chance with those owning or able to pay for teams and help; also to see that all should pay the proper price for what they took. Because of this neglect more than half—perhaps two-thirds—of the coal was stolen.

Yakima's business men do not justify this—they regret it. They feel that the confiscation, while lawless, was excusable; but they know that the stealing side of it cannot but have an unfortunate moral effect. They are not proud of the example to the young of the town.

When appealed to at the beginning, to try to regulate the raid, the Mayor had said, "I can have nothing to do with it." Perhaps he felt with the Sheriff and Chief of Police, that by keeping out of it he could, in a measure, escape responsibility.

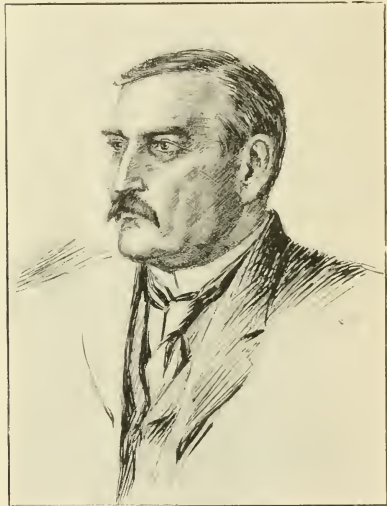
So one had to look elsewhere for *the man* in the affair. I talked with the railway company's employés at the yards, and they mentioned I. B. Turnell.

"He set the example—he's a bad one—he raided coal cars on his own account here two or three times before this last raid; he's the man that started the crowd to dumping those coal cars."

So I made inquiry about Mr. Turnell among Yakima people. "He's all right," they said. "An old railway man; now he's proprietor of one of our hotels. You can depend upon anything he tells you."

Almost everybody is ready to abuse the railways privately, but when it comes to utterance for possible publication, many business men are curiously shy. "I dont want you to say I said that," one hears; "you see I have had favors and may want another sometime—I can't afford to have the company down on me."

I. B. Turnell was a refreshing exception. A big, tall, two-fisted American, very square of jaw, very wide between the eyes, and very wide across the shoulders, he looks you in the face with a jolly smile, and gives you his views evidently without reservation because of man, God or the devil. The son of pioneers of Wisconsin—that state of La Follette and railway legislation—he became a brakeman in his youth. Having been slightly crippled in an accident, he studied telegraphy, and thereafter continued in the transportation service as station agent and



Sketched From Life.  
I. B. Turnell, Who "Just Had to Have Coal."

telegraph operator. At one time he managed a railway coal mine in Illinois. Always an enthusiast in railway matters, he is probably one of those railway men who have, through luck, lack of opportunity, or perhaps too ready outspokenness, just missed promotion. Eventually he came to Yakima as night operator at the Northern Pacific station. His wife opened a modest boarding-house which prospere<sup>d</sup> so well that the pair at last resolved to stake their savings and their future in an hotel enterprise.

They were succeeding beyond their expectations when the coal shortage began to

threaten them with ruin. Having invested their all, they did not secure a large stock of coal in advance of the famine, not dreaming of being unable to get what they wanted as needed. Using from one to one-and-a-half tons a day, when coal arrived in single carloads and consumers had to wait all day in line, only to get sometimes not more than 500-pound portions, the Turnells became anxious. To be without coal meant to be without guests, and without the latter, no means to pay rent or help.

Finally, when but a day's supply remained at his shed, Turnell visited Freight Agent Meeks, of the railway company, and Agent Hessey, of the coal company. They could offer him no other consolation than to say that the Northern Pacific was doing the best it could. Thereupon Mr. Turnell took a look around the yards and saw a carload of engine coal resting quietly upon a siding. He hurried over to the drayage company and said:

"I want a couple of your best teams to haul coal from a car I have out here."

Before being discovered by Agent Meeks he had secured two full loads. Seeing Mr. Turnell thus engaged, other teams crowded up:

"That your coal?" asked the drivers.

"Looks like it—does n't it?" returned the fatigued hotel man.

"Sell us some?"

"Not a pound."

"How can we get some?"

"By doing as I am doing."

Thereupon, as Turnell's team drove away, the others started to help themselves; but by this time Agent Meeks had been warned and he stopped them with resolute language. However, that afternoon four cars of commercial coal were set off on the siding, and the town rejoiced.

"I have always found," said Mr. Turnell, "that when you can't get attention by talking soft, talk hard or do something to make the other fellow mad, and he'll begin to take notice."

Securing his weight slips from the scales, Turnell went over to the Northwestern Improvement Company's office and paid the surprised agent for the coal he had taken.

That happened December 14th. Thereafter, until the holidays, a fair supply of coal was furnished Yakima; then the company shut down on the shipments. On Janu-

ary 3d the hotel man again found himself in desperate straits. Again he found it impossible to buy coal; again he raided a car of railway coal. He had secured one big dray load, and was rapidly getting another, while other teams gathered anxiously around. Suddenly Agent Meeks appeared.

"What are you doing?" he demanded.

"Shoveling coal," replied Turnell, pausing to wipe his brow.

"You're stealing it; stop or I'll have you in jail."

"Go ahead and get your warrant; I'll go to jail," returned Turnell, resuming work.

"Stop," shouted the resolute Meeks, now addressing the drayman, "or I'll have you prosecuted."

In dismay the drayman dropped his shovel.

"Now put back what you have on your wagon."

The drayman hesitated.

"Drive off," ordered Turnell, "I've got enough, anyway."

"Dont you dare to do so," cried Meeks. Again the drayman hesitated. Thereupon the lawless and square-jawed Mr. Turnell jumped upon the box and drove the team away to the scales himself. The following Sunday morning, rising very early, he discovered that the company was about to set a car of commercial coal upon the siding. Without waiting for a line to form, or the agent of the coal company to arrive, he helped himself to six dray loads.

"What!" cried Mr. Hessey, when Mr. Turnell tendered payment, "you got away with six loads when there's hundreds waiting their turn at it? Do you know what I think of you—you're a hog—that's what you are."

Mr. Turnell smiled.

"Perhaps you dont care what I think of you," persisted the indignant agent.

"Young man," retorted Turnell, "be calm—I wanted coal." Afterwards he remarked, "If other people were willing to be put off and be doled out to until they were ruined or frozen, I was not. I know there has been no legitimate excuse for the coal shortage and car shortage everywhere. I believe that greed and mismanagement from headquarters back in St. Paul and New York are at the bottom of it. Every subordinate official has had Jim Hill's motto, 'Maximum load with minimum haulage expense,' drilled into them

until it has become a crime to run a train of less size than will absorb every ounce of the engine's power. Consequently there has been nothing but trouble and delay, and cars take three or four times the number of days to make hauls that used to be required for the same trips." In which statement Mr. Turnell repeated in effect what the Interstate Commerce Commission has reported.

It was on the day following Mr. Turnell's last "raid" that the committee of citizens visited the Mayor, and the warning telegram was sent to the Northern Pacific headquarters at Tacoma. When members of this

All day the crowd increased. Farmers and orehardists from many miles out of town foregathered with townspeople, stamping their chilled feet, rubbing aching ears, swapping stories of hardships suffered at their homes, or exchanging comments.

"That man Turnell's been getting coal," some one remarked. "We ought to have as much gall as he has."

Shortly after 2 o'clock a freight pulled in from the west and shunted a couple of coal-laden cars upon the coal company's siding.

"Look at that!" cried the crowd, "there's only a sackful apiece for us."



*Another View of the Raid.*

committee asked the Mayor's advice about action in case coal should not be forthcoming from the railway company, he replied, smilingly:

"You know that it would n't be right for me to advise breaking the laws."

"But you dont expect us to let our families freeze?"

"No," replied the Mayor. "and under the circumstances, no jury would convict you for taking the coal if you can get it."

Next day the crowd of drays began to assemble about the railway yards before day-break. Noon came and no reply had yet been received from Vice-President Levy.

But the teams peacefully lined up for loads, and Coal-Agent Hessey had just set about its distribution, when the shout went out:

"There's a coal train up the track!"

Scores of wagons immediately raced for it, but as the train proved to be a long one, there was room for all. Every dray, express and lumber wagon in town was pressed into service, while men and women ran from one teamster to another to engage the hauling of small portions of the precious loot.

The engineer and fireman had uncoupled the engine from the train and run it down to the station while they went to lunch, so



*The Coal Train Trying to Get Away.*

the rapidly increasing crowd was making the coal fly almost before the railway people were aware. Says the *Yakima Herald*:

Hundreds of men and boys, women and a few small girls sailed into the piles that were thrown off onto the ground and filled boxes, baskets, sneks and even lard pails and handkerchiefs, but all women who came were helped until they had all they could carry.

Comparatively a small showing was made in the quantity taken, however, when the engine backed down, coupled on and started the train southward. Wagons were quickly driven across the track, and the crowd gathered begging, pleading, warning and threatening the engineer, and trying to get him to set the coal cars in on another siding. He refused, and steamed slowly down the track, intending to pull out at a rapid gait as soon as the siding was cleared.

"Dump the cars!" shouted a man. Some say it was Turnell, but I could not definitely learn who struck off the patent dumping control of the first car. When the train began to move most of the crowd scattered, but a considerable number remained on the cars. These quickly freed the adjustable bottoms of ten of the cars, and the coal poured down upon the track and along the sides. The train stalled directly opposite the station. A quarter-mile of track was littered deep with

coal and the people gathered about it like flies along a streak of honey.

The engineer managed to get away then with about half his train, pulling it down the track to another siding. But in a few minutes another raid had started, and much coal was taken before the harrassed engineer again got under way and took his train further on still to Yakima City. The spirit of loot was rampant, and Yakima City swarmed out like a hive of bees. Here at last the railway people took charge of the cars, and sold coal to all who came.

Meanwhile another coal train had pulled to the yards shortly after the first had been stalled at the station. It, too, was raided with a whoop! and eleven more cars were dumped upon the track.

The news had spread all over town and the people "come a-running." Business men and laborers, rich and poor, young and old, labored with quiet enthusiasm and thorough good nature. Some people were in a panic lest the hundreds of tons would be gone before they could get a share. One man was seen to remove his overalls, tie a cord about each lower extremity, then filling the improvised sack to the waistband, hurry home joyfully with the load.

Early in the raid a quick-witted railway employé turned in a fire alarm, and the Yakima department dashed out across the tracks. Scarcely one of the busy looters looked up from his work, however, and the ruse was without effect. At last, after dark, the authorities took charge, and thence on all coal was weighed and accounted for. That night saw cheer in every Yakima home and farmhouse round about.

Next day many more cars came in, and, ever since, Yakima is said to have enjoyed the distinction of having more coal per capita than any other town away from the mines in the Northwest.

"If you can't get attention by talking soft," says Mr. Turnell, "talk hard or do something, and they'll take notice."

# Transcontinental Automobile Trips

By A. L. Westgard



It is only within the last three or four years that the self-propelled vehicle was brought to the standard of efficiency that anyone dared to attempt such a formidable task as a trip in one across the American Continent from ocean to ocean, and they were men of daring spirit and undaunted courage who undertook and accomplished the feat.

Looking back to the months of weary trudging across the plains and through the mountain ranges, amid the perils of Indian attacks, the fury of storms and the lack of water for man and beast in the desert stretches, as experienced by the early pioneers, it certainly seems a gigantic step in the march of progress, this production of a little car capable of traversing our continent, over all sorts of roads and trails, at a speed of from one hundred to two hundred miles a day. As the result of the first two or three successful trips in an automobile—in 1903—was wonderful as compared to the time consumed on the journey by the forty-niners, so is the present record of fifteen and one-fourth days—in 1906—from ocean to ocean truly amazing as compared to the 1903 trips.

No better testimony to prove the automobile an all-around vehicle could be conceived than these trips, in which all of the trials and vicissitudes that a driver could possibly meet are to be encountered, and in which all possible conditions of automobiling are strewn along the path. No more convincing proofs of the advance towards the mechanical perfection of the automobile could be produced than the record of the time consumed and the history of the difficulties overcome by these intrepid little cruisers.

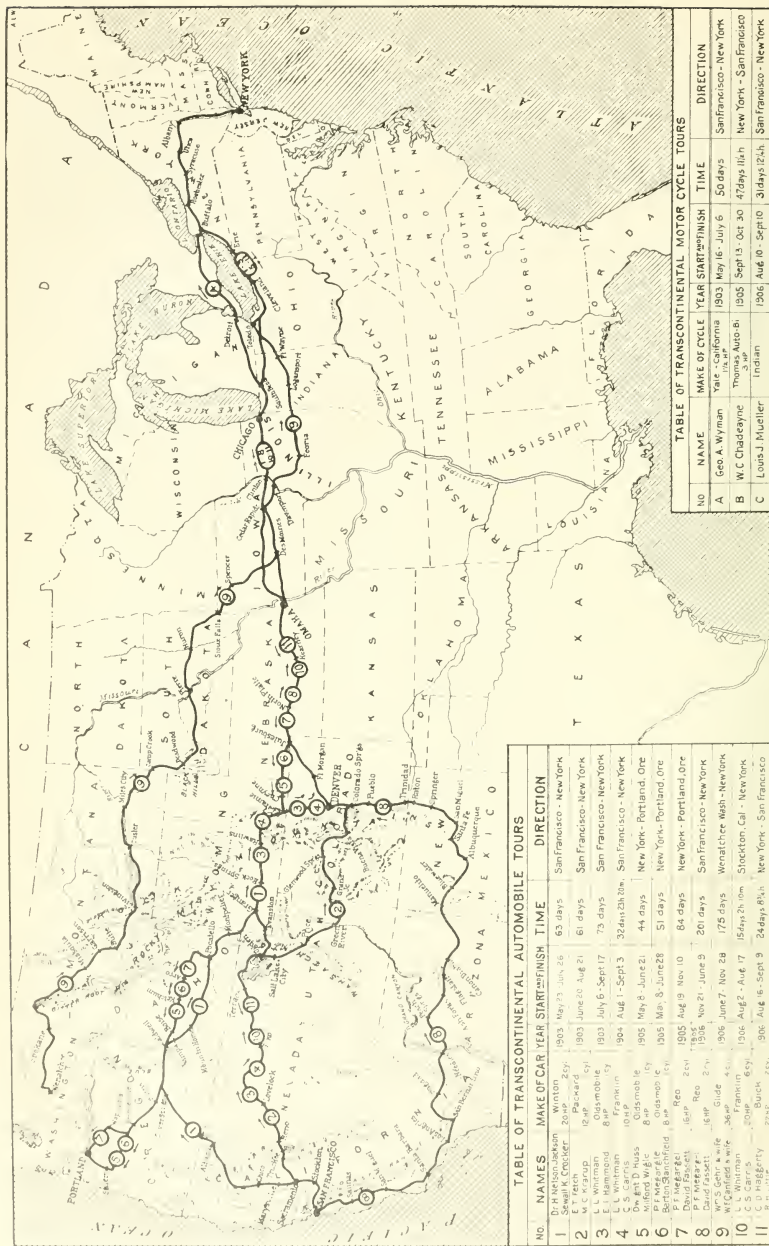
There must be something more than the fascination of difficulties to be combated; it must be something that gets into man's red blood, probably the indefinable touch of the prairie, or the spirit of the mountains that draws one again and again toward the task

of repeating the trips, in spite of the recollections of former hardships and struggles; for it is a curious fact that of the participants in the eleven successful trips two have repeated the performance three times and two twice.

One thing learned by the trips already made is the real nature of the country west of Chicago—a land of floods at all seasons of the year, of deserts and sagebrush plains, and deep prairie roads. The vast stretch of country between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas is a country with stiff climbs and steep descents in succession. Quicksands seem to be one of the terrors of the routes. Another lesson is that what one on starting out considers easiest is likely to be the very place where failure seems inevitable.

However, it is not only in the Western States and the mountain regions that the automobile-transcontinentalist meets with hardships that tax his resourcefulness to the full. The majority of roads in the Middle and Eastern States, especially in wet weather, are a difficult problem to tackle and are apt to be quite as serious a bar to comfort, speed and time-records as any physical difficulties encountered in the West. The automobile has taken such hold of the people that these conditions no doubt will be largely remedied in years to come, and, it is hoped, in the near future. Stiff grades are no terror to the high-powered automobile of today, but bottomless mud in wet weather and seemingly as bottomless sand in dry weather are much more than an inconvenience to even the most powerful mechanism.

To think of a perfect highway from the Pacific to the Atlantic—and why not—is certainly a dream of the future, which makes one tingle with pleasurable anticipation. The difficulties are by no means insurmountable; it will take loads of money—but then, we are a rich nation.



**TABLE OF TRANSCONTINENTAL AUTOMOBILE TOURS**

NO.	NAMES	MAKE OF CAR	YEAR	START/FINISH	TIME	DIRECTION
1	D. H. Johnson	winter	1903	May 23 - June 26	63 days	San Francisco - New York
2	E. T. Fitch	Pacard	1903	June 10 - Aug 21	61 days	San Francisco - New York
3	M. C. Krup	8 ea	1903	July 6 - Sept 17	73 days	San Francisco - New York
4	L. L. Whittman	8 ea	1904	Aug 1 - Sept 3	32 days 24 hrs	San Francisco - New York
5	L. L. Whittman	8 ea	1905	May 8 - June 21	44 days	New York - Portland, Ore
6	W. F. D. Huss	8 ea	1905	May 8 - June 28	51 days	New York - Portland, Ore
7	B. W. F. Fitch	8 ea	1905	Aug 19 - Nov 10	84 days	New York - Portland, Ore
8	D. W. Fitch	8 ea	1906	Nov 21 - June 9	201 days	San Francisco - New York
9	W. S. Gehl & wife	8 ea	1906	June 7 - Nov 28	175 days	Wenatchee, Wash - New York
10	L. L. Whittman	8 ea	1906	Aug 2 - Aug 17	15 days 24 hrs	Stockton, Cal - New York
11	C. S. Carr	8 ea	1906	Aug 16 - Sept 9	24 days 24 hrs	New York - San Francisco

**TABLE OF TRANSCONTINENTAL MOTOR CYCLE TOURS**

NO.	NAME	MAKE OF CYCLE	YEAR	START/FINISH	TIME	DIRECTION
A	Geo. A. Wyman	Yale - California	1903	May 16 - July 6	50 days	San Francisco - New York
B	W. C. Chadeayne	Thomas, Auto - 61 3/4 hp	1905	Sept 13 - Oct 30	47 days 14 hrs	New York - San Francisco
C	Louis J. Kluetter	Indian	1906	Aug. 19 - Sept 10	31 days 12 hrs	San Francisco - New York

Map Showing Routes of Important Transcontinental Automobile Trips.

It is notable that seven out of the eleven trips so far made are from West to East, and of the four going from East to West three were to Portland and only one to San Francisco. This is no doubt due to the fact that the ascent of the mountains is easier when traveling in a westerly direction. A glance at the map of the United States will show that the trails of the accomplished trips are snakelike in their crookedness, and several hundred miles are added to the air line on account of the many mountain ranges and the desert regions; also that for almost the entire distance the course follows the line of some railroad. This feature is probably due not only to the fact that the railroads have naturally chosen the path of least resistance, but also because supplies of all kinds are more readily procurable along these lines.

Though the time of the year be carefully chosen for one of these journeys, it is shown by the experience of the past trips that no certain faith can be pinned on this. One must await to a certain extent Nature's invitation, which she should offer most hospitably about the beginning of June in the Cascade Mountains and the beginning of July in the Sierras; the invitation generally



*Passing a Western Ranch.*

holds good to the September Equinox, though frequently this storm is followed by ideal weather for several weeks. The territory along the Platte River, usually very dry, and about Julesburg practically arid, was a veritable bog hole, into which "Old Scout" and "Old Steady," bound for the Portland Exposition in June, 1905, were almost submerged.

It is an interesting fact that the first overland mail and stage route went away south of any of the routes followed by the automobilists across the continent; it passed through El Paso, Texas, on its way to San Francisco, and it is presumably safe enough to assume that some adventurous driver of unafraid spirit before long will attempt to retrace that old route.

The first two attempts at an across-United States run, by Messrs. Davis and Winton, were unsuccessful. One tried east to west and the other in the opposite direction. The first successful trips were made in 1903, no less than three being made that year, all from west to east. The honor of being the first to accomplish the feat belongs to Dr. H. Nelson Jackson, of Burlington, Vt., who left San Francisco May 23, 1903, accompanied by a chauffeur. He chose a route which has for a considerable part of its distance not been covered by automobile before or since, being for several hundred miles, through the northeast corner of California and the southeast corner of Oregon, far removed from railroads and consequently from gasoline and other supplies; the route led through Lower Idaho, a corner of Utah, Lower Wyoming and Central Nebraska to Omaha. From Ogden to Omaha most of the trips



*Near the Summit of the Rockies, Wyoming.*



*Over Sagebrush Hills.*

made across the continent practically coincide with this except for minor unimportant detours, and from Omaha east the same may be said.

The difficulties encountered and successfully conquered by these intrepid pioneers were prodigious, and included such experiences as walking some thirty miles after gasoline, and "toting" it back over the alkali plains to the stalled car. They arrived in New York July 26, having spent sixty-three days on the trip.

The next men to essay the task were E. T. Fetch, of Jefferson, Ohio, and M. C. Krarup, who left San Francisco June 20, 1903. They followed the line of the Southern Pacific to Ogden, crossing the Sierras from Placerville, California, to Reno, Nevada. From Ogden they laid the course through Salt Lake City and are the only automobilists who have laid out and followed a route through Central Colorado, crossing the Rocky Mountains at an elevation of over eleven thousand feet. They passed through Glenwood Springs, Leadville and Colorado Springs to Denver, thence to Julesburg, from which place their route coincides with Dr. Jackson's, and in fact with the majority of their successors', practically all the rest of the way. They arrived in New

York August 21, 1903, having cut Dr. Jackson's time down to sixty-one days.

The next effort, the third of the year, was by L. L. Whitman, of Pasadena, California, and E. I. Hammond. They started from San Francisco July 6, 1903, and followed the path of Mr. Fetch as far as Ogden, Utah, whence they kept closely to the line of the Union Pacific through Lower Wyoming, and turned south from Laramie to Denver; they had their worst troubles in passing through Webber Cañon. From Denver their route followed that taken by Mr. Fetch. They arrived in New York September 17, 1903, seventy-three days out.

Mr. Whitman, this time accompanied by C. S. Carris, again started out from San Francisco, on August 1, 1904, to "do better." They used an automobile with an air-cooled engine, the first to set out to pierce the blazing heat of the arid regions without a water jacket—and it did it nobly. They had no serious accidents and followed practically the route traversed the year before, but "did better," inasmuch as the time consumed on the trip was whittled down to a trifle less than thirty-three days. They arrived in New York September 3.

The fifth and sixth parties to make the trip were Dwight D. Huss with Milford



Wigle for a companion, and Percy F. Megargel with Barton Stanchfield for teammate. Both parties were in Oldsmobile runabouts, "Old Scout" and "Old Steady," respectively, and were engaged in a race for a prize and \$1,000 besides. Unlike their predecessors, who had made San Francisco their starting point, these parties set out from New York and were bound for the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, Oregon, thus being the first automobilists pushing their way from east to west across the entire country. At the time of the start from New York May 8, 1905, there were only forty-four days before the time of the opening of the Exposition, at which time they had to be at their destination in order to earn that \$1,000.

They kept company until a short distance beyond Omaha, when the Megargel party essayed a straighter course, north of the Platte River, and promptly got into trouble, losing several days on account of breaking through a bridge, and finally limped back to the Platte River to follow in the trail of their more fortunate competitors. After many desperate experiences in Wyoming and



*A Narrow Pass in the Rocky Mountains.*

Idaho, they entered Oregon by crossing the Snake River in the neighborhood of Ontario, and struck boldly across the state away from all railroad communication, having to travel some two hundred miles between gasoline supply stations. Their route led through Burns and Prineville, across the Cascade Mountains through the Three Sisters Pass down to Albany, and through Salem and Oregon City to Portland. The winning team, Huss and Wigle, arrived at the entrance to the Exposition just one hour before its official opening, and were followed a week later by Megargel and Stanchfield, they having spent forty-four and fifty-three days, respectively, on the tour.

The seventh and eighth passage across the United States was a round trip, the first one successfully carried through; but it took 294 days to do it. Percy F. Megargel, this time accompanied by David Fassett, started out as soon as he had had a short rest from his rough experience during the early part of the Summer. He left New York August 19, 1905, less than two months after the finish of his former trip. They followed approximately the trail of the earlier trip as far as Prineville, Oregon. In spite of the use of



*The "Devil's Slide," Weber Canyon, Utah.*



*Stalled on the Prairie.*

sand tires, they had a rough time in the Red Desert, and were delayed by deep snow and terrific gales in the Rockies, besides being delayed four days by an eight-foot rise in Bitter Creek. From Prineville they struck out north, crossing the swift and very deep Deschutes River to Warm Spring, thence through Wapinitia and across the Cascade Mountains through Barlow Pass, with Mt. Hood in sight just to the north. They arrived in Portland November 10, after being eighty-four days on the trip.

From Portland they took steamer to San Francisco and started on the return trip November 21, this time, owing to the late season, choosing the most southerly route traversed by any of the transcontinentalists. They traveled south through Los Angeles to San Bernardino, through a pleasant country well settled. On turning northeast across the San Bernardino Mountains, they were soon in the desert and bad lands just south of Death Valley. From Daggett they kept close to the Santa Fé Railroad in order to be able to procure water, and crossed the Colorado River in a very difficult place, about one mile south of Needles, into Arizona. At one time they traveled eighty miles through a sand storm which completely hid

the sun and made it dark as night. Having arrived at Williams, where passengers change ears for the Grand Cañon, they set out on a thirty-mile run to Flagstaff and naturally, on account of the distance being so short, did not provide themselves with any extra provisions. It took them about five days to cover these thirty miles, during which time they were lost in a terrific blizzard. They were rescued, one might say accidentally, by a party that had set out to hunt a lost sheepherder, and reached Flagstaff almost dead from cold and hunger. Again, beyond Holbrook, the car was imbedded in the quicksand bed of Rio Puerco for about three weeks. They kept along the Santa Fé Railroad to Albuquerque, New Mexico, from where the route led through Santa Fé, Springer and Raton to Trinidad, Colorado. From this point to Denver the roads were good, the stretch between Colorado Springs and Denver being especially fine. From Denver they followed, with unimportant exceptions, in the footsteps of Whitman and Fetch, all the way east to New York, arriving there June 9, 1906, having spent 201 days on the way from San Francisco. On the round trip they covered 11,740 miles.

In the first week of June, 1906, about the

time Megargel and Fassett had finished their arduous task, another try at a transcontinental tour was initiated, this time from an entirely new and unexpected quarter. Of course, as might be expected, most of the previous trips were made in order to exploit the merits of some particular make of car and to gain publicity for same. But Mr. William S. Gehr and wife, accompanied by a Mr. Canfield and his wife, merely on pleasure bent, set out from Wenatchee, located on the west bank of Columbia River, in the State of Washington, to blaze an entirely new trail never before covered by an automobile. They intended merely to jaunt along by easy stages, to hunt and fish on the way and to have a good time; no attempt at speed or to beat any record was contemplated. Furthermore, Mr. Gehr had a more ambitious program than merely to reach New York. From New York he was to make his way to Florida over practically virgin soil as regards automobiles, thence through Cuba and Porto Rico and across Mexico, returning to his home *via* the Pacific Coast.

The party left the heart of the apple country well equipped for the trip in a comfortable four-cylinder touring car of ample power, and climbed some 2,000 feet in less than four miles from Orondo to Waterville, and

that must be counted as "climbing some." Due east across the state, with plenty of rough going, the pioneers traveled to Spokane and up around Lake Pen d'Oreille and Coeur d'Alène Mountains, in the north end of Idaho, following Clarke's River and the Northern Pacific Railway for a considerable distance on the way to Missoula, Montana; thence through Garrison to Butte, across the summit of the Rockies to Bozeman and across the Gallatin Range to Livingston. They had many strenuous times and experiences that taxed both brain and brawn before getting this far, and claim that it would be folly and absolutely useless for an automobilist to attempt to retrace their route in a westerly direction from Livingston. Owing to the fact that automobiles are not allowed in Yellowstone Park, they had to abandon their original plan of taking a run from Livingston south among the geyzers, and continued their way east, following the Yellowstone River through Billings to Miles City. Here they left the river and railway, striking across the plains to Deadwood, in the Black Hills of South Dakota, and thence along the old emigrant road to Pierre on the Missouri River. The rest of their trip led through Sioux Falls to Des Moines, Iowa, and Peoria, Illinois. This



*Climbing Out of a River Bottom on the Plains.*



*Often the Road Parallels the Railway.*

cutting across the State of Illinois south of the main traveled route was found to give fair roads throughout the rest of the trip through Logansport, Indiana, to Cleveland, Ohio. On their arrival in New York, Thanksgiving Day, November 29, they had spent 180 days on the road and, though having covered some 4,900 miles, they had only completed the initial stem of the trip mapped out in their program.

The tenth trip is the record breaker and is apt to stand as a record for a long time, until road conditions change radically through the entire length and breadth of the country. It was successfully carried out by that "old-timer," L. L. Whitman, and his companion on his last tour, C. S. Carris. They left Stockton, California, August 2, 1906, in a powerful six-cylinder car. By traveling night and day, assisted by relays of three extra drivers, who took train between stations, they covered practically their old route to New York in fifteen days, two hours and twelve minutes, cutting their old record down more than one-half. The actual running time was eleven days and eight hours and was made in ten relays, working with five men in twelve-hour stretches. Forging rivers, mud and quicksands were the causes

of the difference in elapsed and actual running time.

The eleventh and last trip of record to date was made by Christian D. Haggerty and Richard H. Little, who started from New York August 16, 1906, bent on reducing Whitman's record made in the opposite direction. They followed the "usual" route, and up to the time of striking the Rockies they made such good time that it seemed as if the record would be reduced by some twenty-four hours. However, they met so much of all sorts of troubles around Ogden and beyond that the contemplated "long coast of 853 miles" from Ogden to San Francisco was not the unmixed delight that they had expected. They arrived in San Francisco September 9, having used twenty-four days, eight and three-fourths hours in transit from New York and failed on the record for the distance. Being the first party going west over this route, they established, however, a record for the westerly run, which, in view of the time spent in transit by their various predecessors over the course in the opposite direction, is certainly more than creditable.

Before closing this sketch of past performances of the automobile, it may be of interest to note the trip made by the "globe-trotter."

Charles J. Glidden, in 1904. He took part in the New York-St. Louis endurance run of that year, at the conclusion of which he traveled to Minneapolis, where flanged wheels were fitted to his automobile. He then proceeded on the railway rails to the Coast. Though this method of travel, looked at from a pleasure standpoint, may seem ideal, it must be admitted that it is vastly inferior as viewed from a sporting or machine-testing standpoint.

It must not be forgotten to mention the

three trips so far made from one ocean to the other by motor cycle. The first was made by George A. Wyman, from San Francisco to New York, in 1903, and consumed fifty days; next comes W. C. Chadeayne, in 1905, who, though traveling in the opposite direction between the same two points, reduced the time to forty-seven days and eleven and one-half hours. Finally, in 1906, Louis J. Mueller further reduced the record to thirty-one days and twelve and one-fourth hours from San Francisco to New York.



*In Weber Canyon, Utah.*



# Yaquina, the Unawakened

By Curtis Fleming

Illustrated from Photographs by William Mathews and Le Roy Russell



LONG the line of the Southern Pacific, from Portland to Eugene, they know of but one "The Bay." On the day before Christmas the trains are filled with men and women going there, arms full of bundles, lips curved with laughter, eyes alight at thought of home. These are travelers, as you learn from scraps of conversation, to "The Bay," which, being interpreted, means that part of Oregon around the mouth of the Yaquina River where it enters the Pacific at the end of the principal street of Newport.

To reach "The Bay" one must leave the Southern Pacific at Albany (or, on the other side of the Willamette, at Corvallis) and embark on a train of the Corvallis & Eastern, which trundles away to the west, into the mountains of the Coast Range, turns on its own tail four times and finally sets you down on the echoing wharf at Yaquina—eighty miles from Albany. For many years this train has been running every week-day to Yaquina; but those years have not been progressive, always.

The history of "The Bay" has latterly been that of desuetude: the very railway was finally nearly overcome by the lassitude that has afflicted Yaquina Bay and made its bean-

ties those of languor and drowsiness. To one who views the fair landscape along the way, sees the little hamlets tucked round the corners or inspects the new and balsamy towns that sprawl by the river's banks, it is incredible that this railway has been in operation for thirty years.

But it has. A few years ago it was purchased by Mr. A. B. Hammond, the builder of the Astoria & Columbia River Railway, a very progressive and bustling man. Since his taking hold the train has got to be a real daily affair, and there is quite a stir over its getting away on time. But when Corvallis is astern and that train finds itself in the old hills, with the old rails curving under its wheels and the old sky looking down placidly, and the ancient sun warming the little glades, and old friends at the doorway by the roadside, and familiar sounds from the mill on the hill, it forgets Mr. Hammond and Mr. Mayo and all the rest who think it ought to be business-like and hustling, and make a fine noise and wake the valleys up, and tells its crew to go to sleep and let it take charge. The crew refuse to go to sleep. The conductor looks at his watch as the hours go by and the engineer tells the fireman to hump his shoulders and get steam up. But it's useless. The spell of Yaquina Bay is in the air. Thirty miles from Cor-



*The Surf at Nye Beach.*

Photograpu by William Mathews.

vallis the smart trill of the wheels has settled into a sleepy drone. Sixty miles from Corvallis the pace is that of a slow and languid dream. When somnolence becomes profound one has arrived at Yaquina.

From Yaquina to Newport is some three miles down the bay toward the ocean. The trip may be made either by foot, as the Chinese cannerymen make it, or by a filthy

tug which charges a fare in such proportion to the wealth of the passenger as the owner can figure in ten seconds. If you are fortunate you will be conveyed from Yaquina to Newport for 25 cents. If you are not of the elect you must dig up 50 cents. Rebellion is useless. It is the custom of the country that the stranger should pay whatever can be got out of him.



*"Jump-Off Joe."*



*Newport.*



*The Woods Near Hotel Monterey.*

Photograph by LeRoy Russell.

But the trip down the bay at sunset of a fine evening is repayment for all the silver half-dollars spent for transportation.

On either hand the dark hills flow downward to the sea. Before you the bay ripples out in melting silver and shimmering gold under a clear, azure sky set with young and pleasant stars. And at the end of your way

shines the tumbling, waving, sparkling white of the bar, whose thunder rises and fills the hollows of the hills.

To the right, as you trundle along, just creeping to the top of the dark hill, slumbers Newport, loveliest of villages and quaintest of all seashore resorts on the Pacific Coast. The tug churns round, a hundred fathoms



from the breakers, and you crawl out upon a wharf which is fenced off from what you presume is a street by a high railing. On the yonder side of this rail and hemming the gate outward is a humming crowd. If you are not a stranger you will know that your friends are in that throng, for Newport always and hospitably meets the boats. And in holiday weather the crowd is larger than usual for, as was mentioned before, the sons and the daughters and the brothers and the sisters are coming home for the gaieties of the season.

To live in Newport during part of a Summer is restful and instructive. To appreciate its sleepy good nature and peaceful age, one should meet it with affection and maintain acquaintance with it by the exercise of patience. It is worth knowing, in all its drowsied and gentle senility.

I first went to Yaquina Bay for the fishing. It is renowned in a country where fishing is generally good. On "The Bay" the sportsman finds not only good opportunity for his sport, but he also finds that best of all accompaniments, a good hotel. I have

heard of the Elk City Hotel in San Francisco and in Seattle. It is a little place, tucked in the woods by the side of the Elk River, and the creels of the mighty lie by its doorway in the season.

But even better than the trout fishing is Newport's single sport—trolling for salmon. During late August, September and October you may go out in a small boat, with a hundred-foot line and a big spoonhook, and catch thirty-pound steelheads and silver-sides that will give you all the fighting anyone can ask. Record catches are over fifty big fish in a day's fishing and ordinary ones are over twenty-five fish to the boat.

The second natural attraction of the Newport region are the fine agates that sprinkle the beaches on either side of the little river-mouth. When you have mentioned these, you have pretty well told about all that Newport boasts of. But having thus given her the credit she demands, it is but fitting that while she sleeps a word be dropped of what may be expected.

Granted by Providence a good and generous climate, a fat soil and plenty of water,



Photograph by William Methews.  
*The Jetty and Newport Beach on a Summer's Day.*



*A Stormy Day on Nye Beach.*

Yaquina and the neighboring valleys of the Siletz and Alsea have long been in the eye of the railway man. To be sure, the Corvallis & Eastern now runs to Yaquina, but it was built in the days when that town had a lively future, and steamers ran into the bay and life bustled on her wharves, and men worked and hoped and warmly expected wealth to flow down the valley and over the bar and out of the ground to them.

But the Government long ago quit work on the jetty, and the only steamers that call in these days, apart from the lighthouse tender on her rounds, are occasional coasters. The bar has a depth of only fourteen feet at present, and the wharves have rotted away.

But Yaquina will awake some day. She has forty miles of dairying and farming land in the upper reaches of her valleys, and she has fish by the wasted tons in her tidal waters. She is but twenty-four hours from a market by water, and soon will be as close by rail. Then her cheap lands and fertile valleys will be seized by a new generation. The new railway by way of the coast will

give her the first impetus. It will not be long before an industrious population will make Congress recognize the claims of their bay and the need for giving all steamers access.

In the meantime Newport and Nye Beach offer many advantages to the seeker for amusement or rest. She has good hotels, the best of hunting, pleasant beaches, one of the best conducted bathhouses at any resort and—best of all—she's as pleasant in Winter as Summer. When you hear the boat whistle of a Winter's night and take your lantern down from the hook and fare forth with other lanterns for the postoffice; when you have waited on the sidewalk with a multitude of others with lanterns for the mail and, having got it, storm the high hill and catch from its crest the last faint blue in the west—when you have seen the last of a Newport day and its peace and gone to airy sleep in a big feather bed, you will care little that it is an undiscovered country, and thereafter, like all who have come under its spell, be faithful to "The Bay."



*The Effect of the Waves.*

Photograph by William Mathews.

Newport, to be sure, will soon have electric lights and by Midsummer the railway expects to have completed its line into Newport from Yaquina. And then Portland will enjoy that greatest of all sea delicacies, the rock oyster.

This oyster, which has always been known to those who have frequented "The Bay," is an oyster which makes its home in the rock of the reefs that border Newport on the ocean side. These reefs are composed of hard, clayey rock whose length, for hundreds of feet, as it fringes the lowest reaches of the shore, is pierced with millions of holes in which dwell the oyster, safe from harm.

The heavy surf, of course, often breaks into these reefs and throws the fragments up on the beach. Thus was the luscious cave-dweller first discovered. Then man invented a pickaxe and since then, at low water, the oyster has been his prey. For eating, these oysters are esteemed by epicures above all other seafood. Taken from the sea in rocky blocks and undisturbed till time for eating, they are broken out of their

shells as fresh as if but a moment from the surf. They are not an article of commerce as yet. But the reefs in which they live are boundless, and in time oysters will be for sale abroad in their native rock.

Yaquina has, besides, oysters of the Eastern varieties, planted some years ago. These beds are successful and afford a living occupation to several industrious fishers, who may be seen "tonging" o' mornings along the lower river.

There are many reasons why Yaquina Bay will soon take her place with her sisters on the Pacific Coast. They lie in two great facts: Her bar can cheaply be made navigable for steamers of ordinary draft and her rich soils and natural resources, close to a great market, *must* find development.

No one who has not explored the country around the Yaquina River can form any notion of its variety or its richness. Some of the finest timber in Oregon clothes the mountains to the sea, miles of lush meadow feed hundreds of cattle where there should be tumbling surf of a sapphire ocean, and to



*Big Trees Near Monterey Hotel, Yaquina Bay.* Photograph by LeRoy Russell.

thousands, every stream teems with fish, the forests abound in wild animals to such an extent that one night in the little hotel in Yaquina I held converse with no less than three professional trappers and hunters whose pelts, by their own accounting, made their Summer worth several thousands of dollars, and all this undiscovered country lies within twelve hours of Portland by rail, or twenty-four hours by water.

As to mineral wealth but little estimate has been made. There is plenty of gold in the sand of the ocean beaches, and I found, in conversation with Mr. C. H. Williams, one of the oldest and most progressive of "The Bay's" citizens, that he himself had for some time worked a claim down Alsea way and found it exceedingly profitable. Several of these old claims are now being worked and made remunerative by the most ancient of methods.

Coal, according to many, is plentiful along the coast below Yaquina, and it is easy to fancy the sudden trade in barges that would spring up between Yaquina and Astoria should it be found to be coal of good steaming qualities, such as that of Coos Bay.

That natural wealth of every estuary of the Pacific, salmon, is already recognized at Yaquina. But because the towns are so drowsy, and because of the neglected bar, it has by no means been exploited. On a certain day in October of last year 25,000 fine fish were tossed along the shores of Alsea to rot. The "run" had swamped all the facilities for handling the fish.

This Summer will see Newport waken in one direction, at least. The extension of the Astoria & Columbia River Railway from Astoria through Tillamook to Yaquina is calling attention to "The Bay" as a resort. This will mean that not only the people of the Upper Willamette Valley, whose resort this has always been, but the outside world will become acquainted with as pretty a spot as exists along the Oregon coast. To meet this expected concourse of pleasure-seekers, there are already several good hotels and as good a bathhouse as one can find anywhere at resorts on the North Pacific. Add to these purveyors to the material appetites the rugged scenery of the mountains, the far, peaceful reaches of a dimpling bay and the miles of lovely river, the sunny sky and



Babies of "The Bay."

Photograph by William Matthews.



*Cape Foulweather Light (Yaquina Head).* Photograph by William Mathews.

the most surfeited soul Yaquina Bay means health and pleasant days amid such beauties of nature as few places in the world can offer.

But Yaquina, spite of its railway and its opportunities, is asleep. Her citizens, grown drowsy through waiting for the golden touch of Commerce, doze through their long days, careless of the riches that lie scattered to their hand. It is with some justice that they fondly call their valley "The Eden of America." But Eden is long out of date. Mankind now struggles for Paradise. Some day the prosperous citizens of "The Bay" will forget the Eden it was and term it, as more befitting its busy thoroughfares filled with those who have achieved and attained, "The Paradise of Lincoln County."

Then the Siletz squaw, who is known vulgarly as "111," from the tribal mark on her chin, will no longer stalk down from the reservation without fear of meeting strange sights. She will peer from her mountain pinnacle upon a city in which her children have no part, built upon the riches that they never recognized nor claimed.

And with the passing of Eden and the coming of Paradise it is to be hoped that the antiquated steam canoe *T. M. Richardson* will also pass away with its sliding scale of fares and fussy independability. In its stead, if Congress does its duty by Yaquina, ships of commerce will fill the harbor and line the wharves that will rise on the ruins of the present.

# Impressions

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Not only the great dailies are ignorant. A learned lawyer and an intelligent banker asked me the difference between Socialism and Anarchy. In their minds they classed both as throwers of bombs and murderers of rulers.

## *Socialism and Anarchism*

Socialism and Anarchism, both reprobate force and

teach that the only hope for progress is in the use of reason and the dissemination of ideas. The Anarchist and Socialist are at opposite extremes of a social theory, but they alike seek the welfare of mankind, and are Christlike in their love of peace and pity for those who blindly persecute them.

There have always been among men weak minds, impregnated with the ferment of the times, who, after brooding upon their own injuries or those of mankind, have sought an insane relief through murder. These unhappy fanatics are no more Anarchists or Socialists than they are Presbyterians or Catholics, Freemasons or United Artisans. They are simply men obsessed with an idea that mankind will be liberated by striking down the visible head of government. A thought so insane that of itself it proves unsoundness of mind. Any mind capable of rational thought knows that the visible head of government, whoever he may be, is a mere insignificant puppet in a great system, and so far from destroying the system by individual murders—the murders will justify the existence of the system and strengthen it.

The murder of Caesar did not destroy the imperial power which was in evolution, and could not depend on the life of a man. The murder of Henri IV. of France had no more effect on a system of government or religion or on the evolutionary forces of society than would the killing of the King's scullion.

There is no change of any kind possible except by the popular absorption of an idea. When the masses have absorbed and digested an idea founded on truth, the result is accomplished in spite of all the force available to rulers; and until the people as a whole have mastered the idea and made it the popular will, nothing is accomplished. The well-to-do masses are sheep, and follow a bell. The oppressed masses are discontented and feel instinctively that injustice is heavy in the world. But only a few of these really think a way outward toward the light.

Even the great moulders of thought, the

daily press, are lenient to Russian murders of Russian tyrants. But of what avail to progress are these murders? What good would come of the assassination of the Czar? Nothing—absolutely nothing. It is the existing order of things which must be assassinated, and the only weapon is thought. Thought cannot be jailed or executed. It will live. The crucifixion of Jesus did not slay the idea of brotherly love and equal justice. The imprisonment of Galileo did not stop the revolution of the earth; and the dungeons of Chillon, the Bastille, the Mamertine, Castle, Angelo and the Tower of London never imprisoned the idea of liberty and justice. Thought will not die, and by thought alone the world moves. The murders of governors and by government are alike useless and pitiful. These are the beliefs of Anarchists and Socialists; not only Anarchists like Tolstoi and Socialists like William Dean Howells, but of all Anarchists and all Socialists. And it is the ignorance or misrepresentation of the press which name poor wretches filled with the insanity of murder Anarchists and Socialists. The men themselves rarely so entitle themselves. Czolgosz never did. And if he had called himself a Baptist, would that have made murder part of the Baptist creed?

Two remedies have been proposed for the same evils. The Socialists and the Anarchists agree that there is great injustice in society as it exists. They agree that the many do not get the full wage of their labor, and that a considerable portion is diverted to the few. They agree that whenever any man does not get his full just reward, it must go to some one else, and it is in reality robbery.

They agree that this robbery is effected by laws created and executed by government; and that government is the instrument of a predatory few. They agree that these laws favor capital and create a monopoly or monopolies in its favor. And after agreeing throughout as to existing economic evils in society and their causes, they propose remedies absolutely contrary in theory. The Socialist remedy—of which Karl Marx was the expounder—is to abolish monopoly and artificially created injustice by making government the owner of all the means of production and distribution—the mines, forests, fields from which come the raw material—the factories in which it is worked up and the railroads and other means by which it is

transported, and the money or circulating medium by which exchanges are effected. Thus, as Benjamin R. Tucker, the American Anarchist, says, Socialism purposes to abolish monopoly by creating a greater monopoly. The idea is, of course, that the government will be the impartial trustee for all. It will be all for one and one for all. There will be no temptation to either graft or exploitation of any kind. As a tree grows from branch to branch, and every evolutionary stage is a modification of the next immediately preceding, and as the popular mind most readily accepts the ideas nearest akin to existing ideas, it does seem as if State Socialism would be the next phase of organized society.

The Anarchist remedy is to abolish monopoly by abolishing that which creates monopoly, that is to say: Government. The Anarchist dreads the vesting of all power in government, no matter how charitable and just be the intent. He appeals to the truth demonstrated by all the centuries that where there is power, sooner or later there will be the abuse of power. He cannot see that the hair of the dog is good for the bite; and as out of government have come the existing special privileges now existing, he argues that with governors still selected by the majority, and complete economic power vested in their hands, those evils incident to power will still exist.

For his own theory the Anarchist argues that not only is it an agreeable theory, but that the complete freedom of human action is the natural law; that to secure the survival of the fittest, there must be an equal opportunity for each to demonstrate his fitness or unfitness; that animal life, brain life and soul life have developed only where freedom to develop in every direction has been permitted; that as Herbert Spencer says: "The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly is to fill the world with fools." He says, to abolish government is only the final goal to which the world has been steadily tending through blood and sacrifice in every age. The whole history of civilization is nothing but a history of efforts to limit the powers of government; and Anarchism is only the logical goal designated by human history, and he announces his ideal—Anarchism, a condition of organized, peaceable, free society, where the right to use force against any peaceable individual is denied; where all men are left free economically, physically, mentally; where organization is voluntary, and tribute or payment to organization is voluntary.

The Anarchist thus by the vital and funda-

mental article of his creed, prohibits the use of force except as a protective measure to restrain him who becomes a forcible aggressor.

Anarchism does not mean riot, chaos and disorder. The Anarchist peculiarly recognizes that the life of all society is peace and order. It is the human instinct, the human necessity, and he builds on that very necessity—the natural love for peace and order. The Anarchist does not believe the millions of men are kept in order today by policemen and armies. He believes we are in a condition of peace and order because we like it, because self-interest requires it, because our instinct, which is rooted in self-interest, craves it. He believes with free economic conditions most of the strikes, riots, robberies and crimes would disappear, for the Anarchist is an optimist as to the race, and believes we would be apes today or savages if the natural longing of every human being was not to rise upward to better things—and he believes this upward striving will continue. But Anarchism certainly does contemplate the restraint of force, against peaceable men. The Anarchist does not attempt to elaborate the details of social organization under the Anarchistic plan. He knows it will be a growth. And it would be as absurd and as useless for him to confuse himself and others with fanciful details as it would have been for Hampden or Sydney to have sketched the exact working of democratic government in the United States today. What the earlier martyrs for liberty suggested was simply the general idea, "Let the will of the people be the law." What the Anarchist suggests is let there be no law by will of the people or otherwise which can take a man's property or confine or persecute him for his sayings or peaceable actions. The first limitation will prohibit all special privileges, for they all exist by law—and they all rob some man.

In short, Anarchism is Thomas Jefferson's "The best government is that which governs least." Carried to the logical conclusion of Thoreau, "The best government, then, is that which does not govern at all." Anarchism is the doctrine of peace. It is the doctrine of the Golden Rule, instead of the jail and the policeman's club. It is the doctrine of freedom. Its only restraint is of those who would use force against any man. It leaves the domain of thought free as the Creator left it. It makes each one's peaceable affairs his own business. It sets up no censor, no dictator. It makes impossible the tyranny of one over many, or of many over one. It utterly abolishes monopoly in land or money, and abolishes tariffs and all other special



privileges. It unites the greatest of all human motives—self-interest—with the greatest of all human morals—the Golden Rule. It makes the Golden Rule self-interest. For it will be the hard, practical self-interest of each one to treat others as he himself wishes to be treated.

It encourages human sympathy by making charities and noble works dependent on voluntary co-operation (as the best of them do now—when once the state steps in to charity or college, individual responsibility and sympathy step out).

In short, Anarchy is seeking to do to the tyranny and special privileges of government by a few working through a majority vote of the thoughtless people—exactly what Voltaire and Milton and Cromwell and Washington and Jefferson tried to do to the tyranny and special privileges of a monarch ruling by grace of God.

Anarchy means without a ruler—not without order. It means the highest type of order, when men and women, so long as they keep the peace, may develop in freedom, as it is the law of Nature for all things to do. Its maxim is, "Anarchism is the denial of force against any peaceable individual." Those who wish to know more may address Benj. R. Tucker, P. O. Box 1312, New York City, who has a store of Anarchistic literature at from five cents up, and Mother Earth, 308 E. Twenty-seventh street, New York City.

What's in a name? Much. Would Caesar have been Emperor had his name been Jenkins? Or Shakespeare immortal in the name of Jones? Could a man named Scrogins be anything but a grocer? Or a man named Doolittle anything but a politician? Names are blasts of the trumpet of fame, and today a new one shivers the air. Today a hero is born—as one could easily have been predicted when first his name sounded in the ear of Time.

Wappenstein!

Wappenstein! It is big, sonorous, windy, as is fit for a chief of police (Seattle's). It lends itself to rhyme.

*O! Wappenstein, O! Wappenstein,  
O! What a whopping lot is thine.  
Let no man dare to wag his jaw  
Save by thy version of the law.*

"What's in a name?? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Smell! Yes but is smell all there is to character? Wappenstein smells to high heaven, and so does a skunk. But change their names and would they smell the same?

Is nothing to be allowed for association, imagination and Christian Science? If smell be the only measure, the Rose City itself can furnish smells, municipal, political or hypocritical, to stagger the senses, and hold its own against its neighbors. But Wappenstein is unique, alone, peculiar, and Seattle possesses him. Once more must the Rose City bow before the Queen City of Puget Sound. Portland has no Wappenstein. Seattle! Proud city of the sea-girt hills, other queens must bow before thee in humiliation, thou hast the only Wappenstein. Till now the "Seattle Spirit" had no meaning. Now we know it is Wappenstein. Wappenstein has gone to thy head, haughty city, and, like Carthage, Athens, Rome, thou hast become insolent. Carthage had her Hasdroubal, Athens her Pericles, Rome her Augustus, and Seattle hath her Wappenstein.

*Roll on majestic numbers mine  
And tell the praise of Wappenstein.  
Let every line's mellifluous flow  
Tell why thy worth must live and grow,  
Till every shining arch of fame  
Shall echo to thy wondrous name,  
And palm and laurel, rose and vine,  
Shall grace the brow of Wappenstein.  
Immortal Rome was saved by geese;  
So thou, Seattle's Chief o' Police,  
More than an ordinary goose,  
Hath saved our too chaste cars from loose  
Discussion of Free Love and Marriage,  
And in thy dismal hurry-up carriage  
Hath taken th' offenders to the jail.  
Hail Wappenstein, O Chieftain hail!  
Hail guardian of our peace and morals.  
On April first, with paper laurels,  
We'll crown thee chief of num and mime,  
And hail thee great,  
Great Wappenstein.*

Could this be said of a man named Smith? No, beyond argument it could not. Wappenstein was born for immortality and immortality was born for Wappenstein.

Would a Chief of Police named Smith have arrested Henry Austin Adams, who was discussing the "Terrible Truth About Marriage," confiscated his book, and warned him never to speak again? No. Never. A chief named Smith would have been an everyday, prosaic figure. Though he might never have heard of the Constitution of the United States and free speech (and I admit it is an antiquated document), though he might never have heard of the bloody rebellions against the tyranny of monarchs, who would permit no discussion of any god but their god, and no censure of

their government (and I admit Anthony Comstock and Assistant Postmaster General Madden have obscured this jewel of free speech), still a man named Smith would have had a sort of Smith fanaticism and would have said with Governor Adams, of Massachusetts, "Words cannot hurt. If they be false they will die, and if true, they ought to live. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear, and if he like it not, let him go away; but let him not molest others who wish to hear; for the freedom to speak is all one with the freedom to think."

But how paltry and childish are these words. What! Shall men be free to speak as they think? Never; unless they think according to law and Wappenstein.

Thank God for Wappenstein. Progress has stopped. Society is safe. The end has been reached, and that end is Wappenstein. Oh, what an end! Migrate, ye pilgrims, to the city which holds her torch between the snowy crowns of the earth and the silver sparkles of the sea. Bring offerings from the torture chambers of the Middle Ages, and edicts of suppression from the Czar. Lay them in humility at the feet of Wappenstein. Let all free-born Americans rise up and call him Savior, and Master—Wappenstein—Wappenstein. It will pass like the whisper of the pines into the never-dying breeze—Wappenstein, Wappenstein.

*Censor of morals, speech and crime,  
O Wapping-Whopping-Wappenstein.*

By way of footnotes, so that the historian of the future may wire the intellectual skeleton of Wappenstein and place it with the megatherium as a wonder of an obsolete age, I subjoin the following clipping:

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 11.—(Special).—Henry Austin Adams' first step back into the field of literature to earn the \$1200 annual alimony, recently awarded his wife on the granting of her divorce here, has proved a misstep. Chief of Police Wappenstein has ordered the suppression and confiscation of his pamphlet just issued, "The Terrible Truth About Marriage," and will cause the arrest of Adams, who writes under his generally accepted name of Vincent Harper.

\* \* \* \* \*

He was stopped in the midst of an address last Saturday by Egan, and the police will suppress him if he attempts similar utterances again.

And the following excerpts from letters on file in the office of the British Vice-Consul at Portland.

From William Gordon Feigher, No. 3731 in the Washington penitentiary:

"I was arrested on April 3, 1905, in Seattle, and taken with Edward Allen, my friend, to the city police station. I was put in an iron tank, no covering, bread and water twice a day, and the floor covered with about two inches of water, making impossible to walk to keep warm. Previous to this I had had two severe attacks of fever. From the time I was put in the tank until I arrived at the county jail I was constantly attacked with ague. My misery was indescribable. I stood that "sweat-box" for two weeks, and after being frequently asked to plead guilty, I consented. I was immediately treated differently—put in a warm cell on three meals a day. Edward Allen endured the same treatment as I did, consented to plead guilty also. On the 15th of April we were taken to the county jail, or rather straight away before the superior court. We had had no preliminary hearing, given no lawyer, nor received any instructions. We were promised a light sentence if we would plead guilty, but received ten years. Edward Allen procured money and hired Samuel Wingate, attorney, who immediately appealed his case. I had no money, so I came to the penitentiary. About a year afterwards, Allen's case was dropped by the prosecutor. The Supreme Court had reversed the Superior Court's decision."

From the Prosecuting Attorney:

"The representation which appears to have been made by Feigher and which was also made by Allen, that they were promised short sentences is, so far as I am concerned, utterly and absolutely false. \* \* \* I cannot speak with the same positiveness for the police officers, but I can say that no such representation was made in my presence. I presume that the prisoners were told what the maximum sentence was, and were told that by pleading guilty they would doubtless receive lighter sentences than otherwise. \* \* \* I will be very glad indeed if you will get the briefs submitted on that appeal, to discover, if you can, upon what grounds the Supreme Court acted as it did. The opinion written was a per curiam opinion, in which every point mentioned in my brief was utterly ignored. I filed a petition for rehearing, which was denied by a similar opinion, ignoring all points in the case."

It will be observed that the Prosecuting Attorney's letter does not touch upon sweating, nor even on perspiration. Presumes they were encouraged with hopes of lighter sentences if they pleaded guilty, the good moral reason for which is not obvious. The one shining spot which is clear to all men is that the Prosecuting Attorney's brief did not convince the court. His brief was "utterly ignored."

*Matchless for the Complexion.*



*Not afraid of Chaps!*

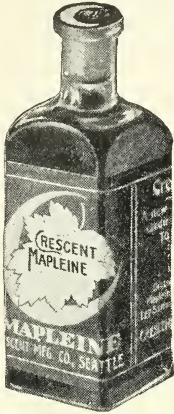
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## Where Borax is Found

By Henry K. Silversmith



AMERICA'S production of borax is almost entirely confined to the State of California and more particularly to the Counties of San Bernardino, Inyo and Ventura.

For verification of this statement one has but to refer to statistics compiled by the United States Government. No less an eminent authority on the subject of borax than Charles G. Yale, of the United States Geological Survey, in his last annual report on the subject makes statements and gives facts and figures regarding this mineral which are decidedly interesting.

It is only fair to state that small quanti-

ties of borax are occasionally taken from the marshes of Nevada, where limited work is carried on during the Summer months. But the Sage-Brush State produces, comparatively speaking, very little borax.

It will be some time yet before actual figures on the total output of crude borax for the year 1906 can be obtained, but advance information is to the effect that the increase will be as great as that of 1905 over 1904. It is therefore interesting to note some figures. During 1905 the total output of crude borax was 46,334 short tons, valued at \$1,019,154, as against 45,647 short tons, valued at \$698,810, in 1904, an increase in quantity of 687 tons and of \$320,334 in value.

It is likewise a fact that the value of the crude borax product in 1905 did not actually increase in this ratio to the somewhat increased quantity, so that to make matters clearer to the reader I will explain in detail the statistics.

In the first place, the manufacturing of borax and boracic acid requires from two to four tons of crude borax to develop one ton of pure anhydrous acid, depending entirely upon the percentage of the ores handled. The crude product at the mines is worth from \$15 to \$20 a ton, but when refined it is worth on the market, as a manufactured product, from \$120 to \$140 a ton. When the mineral is mined and shipped, none of the material is pure borax and fully six-sevenths of the total is really only twenty-five per cent ore, the remaining one-seventh being more or less concentrated, but not at all refined.

All miners of borax will, I think, agree with me that in calculating the quantity and value of the product for statistical purposes the crude material only should be considered;

as, of course, the cost of refining varies with the process.

In the crude borax of California the valuable element is anhydrous boric acid, of which the prepared borax of commerce contains 36.6 per cent, the other elements being soda and water added in refining.

As stated before, the manufactured product is worth from \$120 to \$140 per ton, but the boric acid content and its fair commercial value at the place of production are evidently the only proper considerations for statistical purposes, so far as the United States Geological Survey is concerned; but there the matter should not end for those who are interested in the mineral.

So much then for statistics.

Who is there who has not heard of or seen sometime in his or her life the picture of a long, mule wagontrain hauling borax along a desert road? And again I ask, has not to a large extent much "mystery" pervaded everything regarding the mining and discovery of borax?



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*Borax Enroute to the Railway.*

Throughout the length and breadth of the United States almost every school child is familiar with the name "Borax" Smith, for has not at one time or another every thrifty housewife used borax? And again, who is this "mysterious" borax croesus and why so much "mystery"?

The answer is simple enough when one stops to consider. Borax is decidedly a valuable mineral, and when it is noted that the State of California produces most of the borax mined on the North and South American Continents, it is little wonder that those engaged in its development desire to throw "mystery" around its discovery.

While borax is not designated as a precious mineral, it is decidedly remunerative to those who discover fields sufficient to mine, and in every instance where prospectors have discovered the mineral in the Sunshine State, either they, or those to whom they sold their prospects, have rapidly become millionaires.

While it is by no means generally known, one of the richest and by all odds what will ultimately be one of the best producing borax

districts in the whole world is located in Ventura County, California. Over every foot of this great borax-producing district I recently prospected leisurely. I could readily understand why the Fraiser Borax Company, the pioneer of that district, maintained such an air of secrecy. The property of that company alone is so rich in the mineral that in a few years' time its owners have become millionaires. Then again, another seven-figure corporation working in Ventura County is the Columbia Borax Company, and its officials are equally anxious for mystery.

Perhaps it is this "mystery" that keeps people of means from prosecuting a more rigid inquiry into borax mining. Certain it is that the cost of mining borax is far less than that necessary to secure gold, copper or silver. The greatest possible cost in the past has been the question of freighting and shipping borax, but lately those who have engaged in the successful mining of the mineral have found ready ears and capital that is building railroads, and the freight-hauling by teams will soon be a thing of the past. Even



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at teaming across desert trails the mining is highly profitable, because where mining for silver, copper and gold is prosecuted the profit on labor must be figured on the number of ounces extracted per ton as against the actual tonnage mined when borax is considered. In other words, it requires less for labor and every other operating expense to extract one ton of borax than it does to dig an equal ton of gold, silver or copper, and the profit of the latter three must be determined by the ounce weight on the total.

The State of California is today producing practically the entire borax supply for the United States and Canada, and from personal observations, I contend that the day is by no means far distant when the largest and best borax supply will come from Ventura County.

Here has been opened up recently a third great borax deposit entirely by Nature's guidance. A few months ago this great natural field was discovered by an old prospector, who has given the best part of his long life to locating mineral deposits. He

knew well what he had found and he proceeded to locate sixteen full claims.

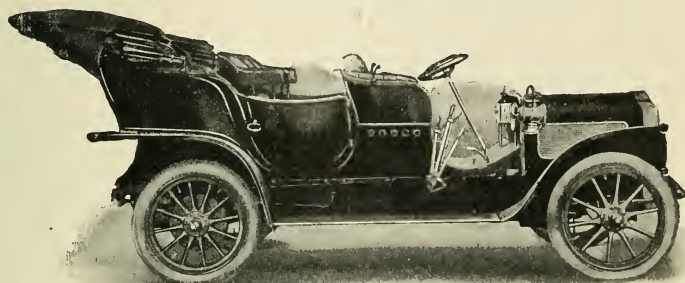
The claims on the recent discovery of borax in Ventura County are located on the southeastern slope of Mill Mountain, some fifty miles west of Lancaster station on the Southern Pacific, and about thirty miles from Sunset. The heavy rains and melting snows pouring off the mountain have worn deep erosions and exposed fully a hundred or more leads of borax, which are plainly in view.

With this recent discovery entered into the producing class of Ventura County borax mines, the aggregate output of the mines will be something like fifty tons daily.

To those who are interested in minerals and more particularly such who would learn more of borax, there is no better instance of successful mining illustrated anywhere in the world than that exemplified in the career of Francis Marion Smith, better known—at least on the Pacific Coast—as "Borax" Smith. It was he, indeed, who was the discoverer of the mineral in California.



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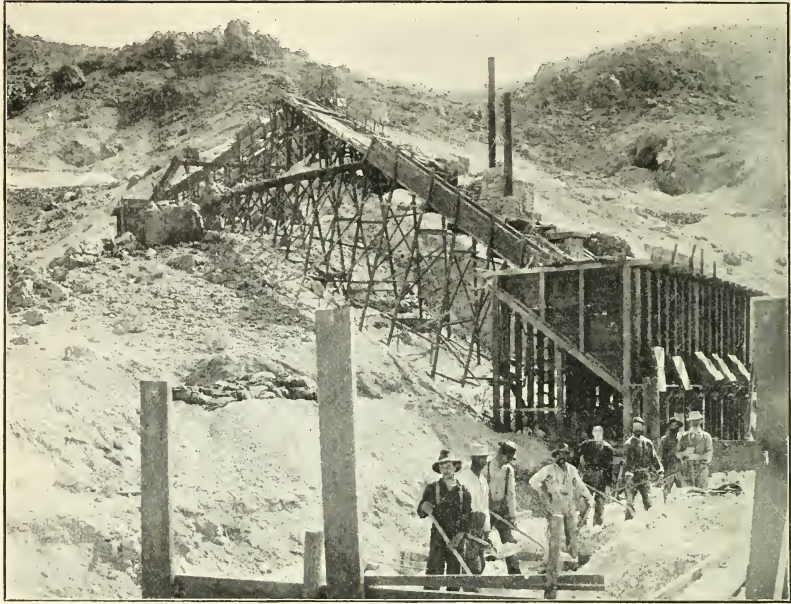
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# THE WHITE COMPANY

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*A California Borax Mine.*

About forty years ago "Borax" Smith took the advice of the late Horace Greely, left his Wisconsin home and came West, seeking his fortune. Of course, much romance is woven about his prospecting, and with an air of "mystery" many stories are told of how the first borax discovery was made. Getting right down to bed rock, however, there was no "mystery" or "romance" about it. Here are the facts as they exist.

Along in 1872, some five years after Mr. Smith landed in the Western country, he encountered a mineral with which he was entirely unfamiliar in a place then known as Teal's Marsh, Nevada, located in a desert waste. Upon examination by experts the discoverer was informed that he had borax, and he lost little time in setting about to mine the product. At first he did what many a prospector before and since has done; he mined the mineral single-handed. Finding a ready market for his borax and receiving a good price, he quickly began to save sufficient funds to put others to work digging the mineral so that his coffers would

fill the quicker. Then Mr. Smith pursued further and more extensive explorations in Nevada and California, and finally in Death Valley he came upon the great deposits of borax which are apparently inexhaustible. At the same time, of course, the discoveries brought Mr. Smith millions of dollars in money.

While borax has always been the greatest source of income to Mr. Smith, and while borax mining is still his greatest concern, like others interested in mining and speculative ventures with means, lately his borax croesus has engaged in many different enterprises, such as railroad building and digging for gold, silver and copper. In his railroad building enterprises Mr. Smith constantly has an eye to saving expense in hauling his borax, and soon, although it may not be generally known, Mr. Smith will have a railroad constructed which will do away with his justly famous "Twenty-Mule Team," which at present hauls all his borax for train shipment across, what has always seemed to the "tenderfoot," that "mysterious" Death Valley.

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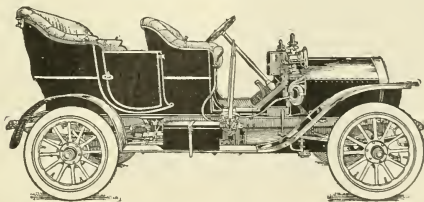
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# The Lighter Side

Written by Hugh Herdman unless otherwise designated

## ANTIDOTES.

By Adelaide Soule.

I fear greatly a disease called boredom, and am always taking antidotes. The one I like best is a trip to the city as my own favored guest. This seems an innocent amusement, viewed medicinally or otherwise; but mother and Helen find all sorts of objections. It is so unsociable to go alone. Why dont I ask one of them to go with me? And I must waste my time, for I never seem to do any shopping. And anyway, it is n't nice for a girl to go about in that way. How one may come to dislike a simple little word of four letters!

I am very fond of mother and Helen, but when I am fleeing my pet phantom, they are a dead weight. Mother is a dear, but she is so afraid to cross streets, and so sure that every man who brushes against her has picked her pocket (and it takes so long to find out whether he has and people stare so!)—and she gets tired so quickly and thinks it would be so much nicer to go somewhere and rest than to walk about; and if one must walk, surely it is nicer to stay on streets where there are shop windows, than to go down into queer, smelly places, where one's skirts get dreadfully draggled, and dirty little children pull at them. Mother grows plaintive as she describes this experience. I took her there only once. After that I left her at the library and called for her later. But she was on my mind all the time.

Helen is different. She isn't afraid to cross streets, and if dirty little children should poke their fingers at her immaculate skirts, she would tell them to go away in her high, cool voice; and they would go. But I never went to any of my pet haunts, with her. She always took command from the doorstep. We sat inside on the boat, because one's hair gets so blown outside. We visited all the shops—not because we intended to buy anything, but because one gets ideas, you know—and that is what the clerks are there for, anyway. We lingered over the lace counter and sighed for a pair of those lovely lace undersleeves. Perhaps—but we must have some luncheon. Really, it was one o'clock! Fancy! And we went to some uptown restaurant where you pay fifty cents for a chop and thirty cents for coffee—twenty cents extra for cream—and Helen kept the waiter standing at her elbow ten minutes while she debated whether we should have chicken in the shell, or just coffee and rolls—and decided we would have rolls. I ought to have ordered oysters and terrapin and

biscuit glace and all the other delicacies, just to punish her, because I knew why she was doing it—and, moreover, the scorn in the waiter's eye shrivelled my very soul—but I lacked courage, and said I'd have rolls, too. "The coffee is really so nice," said Helen, stifling a sigh over the smallness of the rolls, "and one should not eat heartily in the middle of the day. I am sure we had all we wanted."

I probably said I had n't; that I wished we might go somewhere and have a glass of milk and a sandwich for ten cents; but if I did, Helen did not answer. It was too absurd. Instead, she went back to the City of Paris and bought the lace undersleeves with the money we had n't spent for luncheon.

Going to the city with mother or Helen is n't an antidote. It is an irritant.

This morning I had a very special plan and I tried not to see that Helen had come to breakfast in her walking suit. I kept my eyes down and ate muffins in silence. Mother, unconscious of thunderbolts, rushed in where an angel might have considered the atmosphere.

"I see you girls are going to the city. I think I shall go to Aunt Jessica's while you are gone."

I buttered another muffin.

"What boat shall you get?" asked Helen.

I stooped to pick up my handkerchief.

"I shall take the ten o'clock," she said, after a little.

"I am going on the eleven," I said, promptly.

Helen had taken the paper, and she did not raise her head or her voice as she said: "Very well, we will take the eleven"—but she glanced at mother, and I knew it had been planned.

Sulking would do no good. Helen is not affected by other people's moods. But I made up my mind I would n't go to luncheon with her. She might come with me, if she liked. I saw that she forgot her purse, but did not mention it until we were off on the ferry.

"How provoking," she said. "You must pay for our luncheons—and can you lend me money to buy some gloves?"

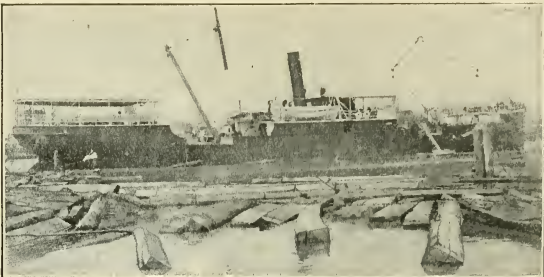
"I have eighty cents. I had a dollar, but I paid our fares."

Helen looked at me. "Eighty cents," she said. "What were you thinking about? It will not buy a meal."

"Yes it will. I am going to a cheap restaurant. You may come, too, if you like."

"I dont like," said Helen. "Somebody

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might see us. We will go to Maskey's and have a cup of bouillon and a biscuit."

"I will give you half the eighty cents, and you may buy bouillon if you like. But I am going to a cheap restaurant."

Helen looked at me again. "Where?" she asked at last.

Evidently her powers were limited. I was to be chaperoned, not thwarted. My spirits rose. The situation might have its compensations.

"Oh, there are scores of places. Here, for instance." I pointed to a window where depressed rabbits nibbled untidy cabbage leaves and a guinea fowl stood on one leg in a corner.

Helen swept me past. At the end of a block she said, haughtily:

"They know me at the Palace grill—at Swain's—at the Peacock—"

"Yes, Helen. I know you are respectable. Of course, if you wish to go to one of those places—alone—and explain—"

We walked several blocks further. I stopped again, this time before a window picked out in yellow against a cream ground. It was subtly suggestive of lemon pie. I was getting hungry, and so, I argued, must Helen be.

"Let's stop here," I said. Helen hung back, but I went in the yellow door, and held

it open for her. She looked all around and finally popped in, like a rabbit into a warren.

It was a very elegant place. There were mirrors all around. One could see in every direction. A girl at the next table, with a wealth of Titian hair pulled low over her brow, looked at us curiously. Her eyes merely drifted over me, but they quickened as they came to Helen. I think it was her tailoring.

Behind us a man, rotund, no longer young, dallying over his coffee as an old beau might, looked also at Helen. His face brightened, too. How quickly these people noted something different in her. But she did not see. She was giving her order.

"I will have a chop," she said, "and a salad—and asparagus and coffee—"

I kicked her gently under the table. "I have only eighty cents," I whispered. She dropped the menu helplessly, and I took it up. I am sure no one would have known that I had never before seen one like it—I pride myself on my adaptability. Helen isn't at all adaptable. That is why people look at her so, I suppose.

Nobody need starve in San Francisco, so long as he has a quarter. We had "family soup," and I wished a family were there to share it, when I saw the size of the bowl; but it was good. And we had a salad and a

# On 30 days' trial



**I**F it were not for the notion some people have that "a safety razor could never shave my beard, it's too stiff and my face is too tender"—about every adult male in this country would be using a Gillette each morning.

You, whose beard is stiff.

You, whose face is tender—  
It is to you, this message. Just because of these shaving difficulties you are destined to become a Captain in the first rank of Gillette Enthusiasts.

Order of your dealer, preferably. Most dealers make this 30-day offer—if your's doesn't, we will.

Send \$5.00 for standard silver-plated set with 12 double-edged blades in morocco case. If you can think of doing without it, at the end of a month's use—we will send your money back.

**Gillette Safety Razor**



Gillette's whose faces are easy to shave can never appreciate the goodness of this perfect little shaving instrument as you can—for, after a fashion, they could shave with nearly any kind of a razor.

The fair thing is not to be prejudiced until you've tried—we offer you a thirty days' opportunity to prove to yourself we are telling you only what

Take advantage of it to-day.

Send for this Book to-day.

It is being read by thousands now and has gone through three editions in sixty days. It is worth its weight in gold to any man who doesn't wear a beard. A postal card will bring you a copy, prepaid.



**GILLETTE SALES CO., Room 204 Times Bldg., New York**

roast and three mysterious vegetables (we didn't try them), and cheese and coffee. And we paid fifty cents for it.

Before we came to the coffee, the Titian-haired girl had gone. The old beau still lingered, drawing patterns aimlessly on the cloth, and gazing at Helen with eyes that seemed to see the dawning of a star. It was n't a look she need have minded, had she seen it. Across the way a thin little woman slipped into a chair and looked timidly at the restaurant-keeper—a huge man who should have stood outside to advertise his fare. He came swaying down the room, steering a careful course among the tables, and said a few words to her. His full-moon face was friendly, and as he lurched past again I ventured to speak. There were a lot of things I wanted to know. But he answered with a reticence bordering on hauteur, and, at a safe distance, turned to watch us suspiciously from under bent brows. Evidently the owner of all those mirrors was not to be treated familiarly. I hastily felt, to make sure of the eighty cents.

What was that thin little woman waiting for? She was not eating. And what was in the big basket at her feet? Since the restaurant-keeper would not tell me, I could only watch. One of the waitresses came and took the basket, and, as she, in turn, walked toward us, I started, for I knew her.

"Helen," I whispered, "there is Katy."

"Who?" asked Helen, looking around.

"Don't hide under the table. Katy, who waited on us the Summer we boarded at the Richlieu—don't you remember?"

Helen looked relieved. I beckoned to the girl. She stopped, surprise changing to delight as she recognized us. I was glad to see Katy. We had been good friends that Summer. Katy had taken me to the Waiters' picnic—under protest, it is true—but we had a lovely time. Mother left the Richlieu the next day—and so did Katy.

Yes, she was well—and doing well, yes, indeed. Oh, I need not have worried over her losing that place; a good waitress can always get a place; and "who would think of meeting you here, Miss,"—with a giggle and an apologetic glance at Helen.

"Katy," I whispered, "who is that little woman over there?"

"That's Mrs. Sullivan, dearie; her husband was chop-man here, but he fell ill, and now Mr. Reagan gives her the napkins to wash. He's a right good man, Reagan."

"They were in the basket?"

"Yes, an' we put in some bits from the kitchen when we give it back, an' she takes them home to her man."

The little woman was going out. I rose and shook hands with Katy. So did Helen. Helen surprises one a little at times.



"ONE OF THE STRANGEST SIGHTS IN AMERICA"

**T**HE OSTRICH enjoys the distinction of being the largest and most valuable of the feathered tribe. From the ground to the highest point of the back is a distance of from four to eight and one-half feet, while the entire measurement to the top of the head is from seven to eight feet with a capability of reaching to a height of ten feet when a tempting orange is placed in view. In general appearance the ostrich is an ungainly bird and awkward to the extent of being amusing. Perched upon two strong bare legs and thighs is the football body with the rudimentary wings. The long bare neck extends upwards of three and one-half feet and terminates in a small, flat head with two large eyes and a short, wide beak. His strides, when running, are about twenty-two feet and he can easily out-distance the swiftest horse.

The above is an extract from our new Catalogue, which is a complete history of Ostrich Farming in America. Sent *FREE* on Request.

## CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM

P. O. BOX 67

SOUTH PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

"Where now?" she asked, wearily, as we stood on the street corner.

"Where she goes." I pointed at the shabby figure half a block away.

"Is it quite honorable?" asked Helen, after a little.

"I dont know. But it is interesting."

She made no protest as we picked our way through back streets and cluttered alleys, walking fast at times to keep the woman in sight, again more slowly when we seemed to gain on her. When she went up a long flight of steps into a dingy tenement, I followed. Helen caught my arm. "Don't go in," she said. "You should n't."

"Nonsense," said I, and went on. Through a long hall, past many open doors to that one where the little woman had disappeared. I looked into the room where a man lay on a narrow cot—then shrank back against Helen.

"Come away," I whispered. "You were right—we should not be here."

Helen looked over my shoulder—at the squalid room, at the man with death written on his face—at the woman who bent over him. Then she went in.

I sat a long time on the steps, and dirty little children came and stared at me. At last Helen came out. She looked up and down the street—across, where was a grocery.

"Helen," I warned her as she started in, "I have only thirty cents."

She did not even look at me. She went straight up to the man behind the counter.

"I am Miss Cunnyngnam," she said. "I happen to be out without money. But there is a man across the street who must have food—fruit and wine. I will send you a check."

I wonder if that grocer deserves any credit for not hesitating an instant? He said, "Certainly, Miss," and took the card she held out as though it were a Queen's commission. Helen ordered all sorts of things; it was amazing how much that dark little shop afforded. Then we went up and saw the Associated Charities.

I stayed home four Saturdays, after that, saving my money. When I had eight dollars, I invited Helen to the city with me. I meant to take her to the grill-room for luncheon; but she fell in love with a chiffon scarf at the White House, so we bought that instead. But we had enough left for bouillon and a biscuit at Maskey's.

\* \* \*

### A Common Position.

"What," asked one shipper of another, "is your position toward the railroads on this car-shortage question?"

"My position," replied the other, "as nearly as I can illustrate it to you is the same as that which I used to assume when I had to go to bed in the dark. I kneel down and pray with fear and trembling."

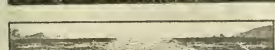
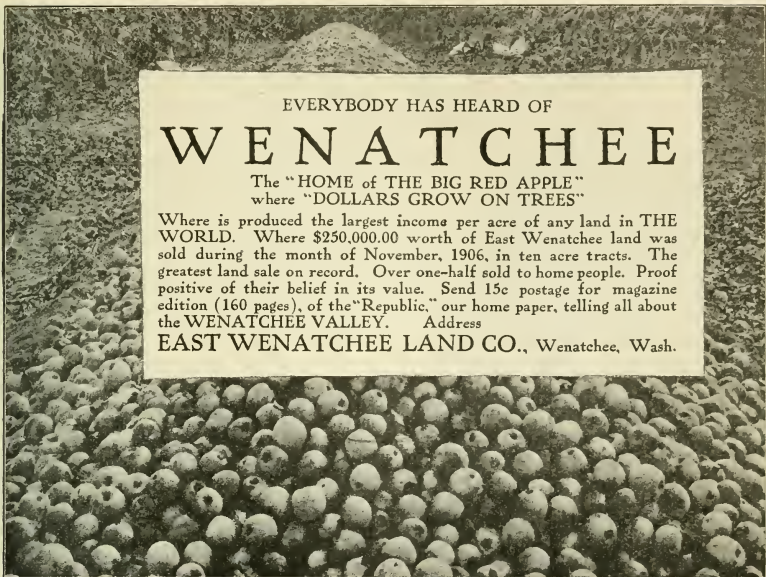


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FOOD-DRINK**

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GRAPE JUICE**

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will be sent on request to any sufferer. It tells how these thin-edged, antiseptic shields with oiled silk center, are made to fit any spot and relieve instantly by removing the painful pressure and friction.

10c for Corn Shield or 25c for Bunion Shield. Mailed direct if not at your druggists. Describe location of part affected.

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**The Streetcar Financier.**

The car was crowded, and there was a general hum of conversation among the passengers. This, however, gradually subsided before the loud bass of his voice as he recounted the various financial "deals" in which he had been interested. Soon the attention of nearly everyone was attracted toward this individual, who seemed to be a man of no little importance in the world. He was short, thick-set and wore a scraggly black beard. His clothes showed the effects of much wear, but perhaps this could be pardoned in a man whose mind was concentrated on affairs of great moment.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I've been up against the stock market, and I know just what it is. I've operated in Chicago and New York, and have been in some of the big deals. I was on 'change when Joe Leiter tried to put through his famous corner on wheat. I started out with only five hundred dollars, and on the first move I made fifteen thousand. From that I went right on up; and then I transferred my base to New York. Chicago is all right for the small operator, but New York is the real center of the stock market. I've had dealings with Russell Sage, Pierpont Morgan, Gould, Rockefeller and the rest of the big ones, and I want to tell you that they are nobody's fools. They know the game, all right, all right. Say, the way they fleece the lamb is a caution to the man that thinks more of his money than he does of gambling. That is all it is, gambling, downright gambling. A man that has n't got the gambling instinct in him would better leave the game alone, I can tell you. I was a born gambler, and it struck me just right. Hello, is this our street?"

He and his companion, together with a number of others, disembarked. As they separated he took his friend by the arm, and said in a subdued, but audible, tone: "I say, Smith, old man, could you lend me a five until tomorrow?"

Smith was sorry, but he could n't do it.

**A Cause of General Sadness.**

"What's the trouble? You look dejected this morning."

"I am dejected," replied Congressman Cornstossle. "After tryin' for twenty years to be elected to Congress, I succeed in my effort, only to find out that one of the main distinctions which the office has hitherto conferred has been taken away. The railroads are no longer permitted to give out passes."

**No Snap.**

Lives of rich men all remind us  
That the railway graft's no snap.  
Comes the President's commission  
Smiting hard with stick and strap.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

His Faux Pas.

Larry—So she threw you down, did she?  
 Freddie—Yes, she did.  
 Larry—Hard?  
 Freddie—Well, she said she never wanted to set eyes on me again. I reckon that is what you would call hard, is n't it?  
 Larry—Yes, I reckon it is. You dont—er—mind telling me the cause, do you?  
 Freddie—No—o; that is, if you 'll keep it under your hat,  
 Larry—Sure; trust me.  
 Freddie—Well, I've been going to see her for a long time, and I thought I would just make up to her nice, you know; so when we were sitting on the sofa together, I reached over and took hold of her hand. She kind of pulled, but I held on, and she let it stay. Then I said, "Madeline, may I kiss you—"  
 "Sir!" she said, real quick.  
 "On the hand?" I said.  
 Larry—Oh, you idiot! You are the biggest chump I ever saw.

Freddie—Why, what was so awful chumpy in that?

Larry—Say, what in Sam Patch did you want to ask her at all for? And above all things why did you add that "on the hand?"

Freddie—But what—

Larry—Why, hang it, you crazy Ike, just kiss her and then ask her afterwards. But "on the hand"! Oh, you asinine ignoramus! That "on the hand" is what did you up brown.

\* \* \*  
 A Safe Bet.

"I'll bet you five dollars," said the clubman, "that I can walk into this room this evening when that circle of about a dozen men whose ages run from forty to fifty years are gathered about this fireplace, and say something that will make everyone of them ask, 'What is it?'"

"I'll take the bet."

That evening he sauntered in, stood a moment before the fire, waiting for the conversation to lag, and looked about the circle. Some of the men were bald, some slightly gray, some inclined to be fat, and some lean. Some of them were smoking, and others were quietly sipping their drinks.

Presently there ensued a minute of quiet.

"I say," said the newcomer, "I've just found a wonderful cure for indigestion."

"What is it?" asked every man in the room eagerly.

\* \* \*  
 Sure.

Bill—How is S-w-e-t-t-e-n-h-a-m pronounced?

Tom—Why,, Swet-ton-ham; or maybe Swet-num by the English.

Bill—Wrong, entirely wrong.

Tom—Well how, then?

Bill—Pronounced a dead one.

# President Suspenders



THE BACK SLIDES

**NONE SO EASY**

Young men, business men — all men who don't require medium or heavy Presidents should get Lightweight Presidents (1/4 inch Lisle webbing) the Strongest Easy Lightweight suspenders.

Weight 2 ounces—A gracefully sliding back—strongest of all one-buckles that can't rust—no leather to stain your shirt.

If you can't get Lightweight Presidents at your stores, send 50c to us for a pair. After 3 days' wear if unsatisfactory return for your money.

Presidents are made in Light Medium & Heavy weights. Extra Long for big men. Small size for boys.

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Jade Jewelry is very fashionable, and being made of Pure Unalloyed Gold, it has high intrinsic value.

**This Scarf Pin is 24 K Gold, hand made, with specially selected setting of Sacred Jade. It represents a Chinese Beetle.**

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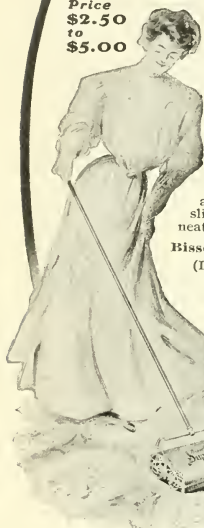
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Mich.

Else.

Mrs. Henpeck—Hiram, you go and have  
your picture taken today.

Mr. Henpeck—You have me, what do you  
want with a pic—

Mrs. Henpeck—You do as I tell you, and  
for goodness sake dont look natural; look  
pleasant.

Mr. Henpeck—I will—(aside) if you are  
not there.

\* \* \*

The Wretch.

Wife—I see here in the paper that there is  
just a little uncertainty whether the short-  
waisted empire style or the pointed bodice  
of the Marie Antoinette period will predom-  
inate this season.

Husband—Humph! I know which it will  
be.

Wife—You! Well, which will it be?

Husband—The one that costs the more.

\* \* \*

Wise, Timid, or Selfish?

Benedict—How did it come that you never  
married? A man of your years should have  
made himself a home ere this.

Bachelor—Well, I preferred to eat hash in  
a boarding house, where I could kick about  
the grub, to eating it in my own house, where  
I could n't.

\* \* \*

Said Mater.

"Pop!"

"Well, my son, what is it?"

"What is a den?"

"A den, my son, is a place where wild  
beasts make their homes."

"No, I mean a den in a man's house."

"Eddie," interjected the mother, "your  
father's definition applies to that also."

\* \* \*

A Common Result.

"Say," said the doctor to the nurse, "how  
long are you going to stay here with this pa-  
tient? He is nearly well. I have another  
important case I want to put you on. How  
long will you be engaged here?"

"Well," replied the nurse, blushing, "I've  
only been engaged about an hour, but I hope  
it is for life."

\* \* \*

As Frequently Happens.

Hoppe—There goes Tipple's wife; she used  
to be Miss Sweetly, you know. I feel awfully  
sorry for her, married to a crooked cuss like  
him.

Skipp—Oh, I dont know. She knew that  
he was crooked before she married him, and  
she married him to straighten him out.

\* \* \*

Labor Saving.

Did it ever occur to you that one of the  
greatest labor-saving devices is the custom  
ministers have of exchanging pulpits?



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We want you to see our new 1907 Cat-  
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strengthens the weak, builds up the run down, cheers the depressed. It will nourish your nerves, enrich your blood and invigorate your muscles. It gives sleep to the sleepless, relieves dyspepsia and is a boon to nursing mothers.

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To advertise our shirt waist patterns, we will send to any address this handsome shirt waist pattern, stamped for shadow embroidery, complete with floss for working and lesson showing how to do the work, all for 99c. **IMPORTANT**—If you wish your parcel sent by registered mail, enclose 8c extra.

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**GOLD**  
**That Won't Wear Off**  
is rolled into the metal from which  
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**ONE-PIECE COLLAR BUTTONS**

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## Two of a Kind,

"It was several years ago," remarked the man of law, "that I first took an interest in politics. My object was not an entirely disinterested one, for I was dead broke. I had hung out my shingle a few months before, but although I waited day after day for a client, none came, and I saw starvation ahead of me unless I found some other means of securing a temporary income.

"The state election was just getting under way. There were two candidates for Governor, and as both of them were men of means, I saw a possible chance for me. I went forthwith to a tailor and ordered a suit of clothes, bought a silk hat, and while waiting for the clothes practiced the part I had cast myself for. When I was properly dressed, I presented myself to the Republican candidate, and by words and appearance convinced him that he needed me to stump the state in his behalf. He assigned me to the rural districts, and I flatter myself even now that my high hat and frock coat made a strong impression on the populace in those regions. Of course, my speeches had much to do with the returns being heavily in my candidate's favor, but as I look backward on that tour I am not so proud of them as I am of the clothes.

"I had some funny experiences during that campaign. Once when I was billed to speak in Tillamook, I saw something that I shall never forget. The weather was cold and raw, and a dozen or so of us were seated about the big stove in the one hotel, swapping yarns. In the crowd were two drummers, each of whom was trying to tell a better story than the other.

"Once when I was making the Mississippi Valley big towns," said the boot and shoe man, "I had an experience with one of the floods that every now and then overflow the whole country there. For miles and miles the lowlands were flooded, and many lives had been lost. The railroads were knocked out and the boats were all engaged in rescuing the sufferers. I had been making Illinois towns, and wanted to get over into Missouri. I could get as far as Mitchell, on the Wabash, but from there I could n't find any means of getting over to the Missouri side of the Mississippi.

"But I was n't going to be stopped by a flood, so I found a rowboat, put my cases in, and set out to row across. The river was a raging torrent, and was full of all sorts of drift. At that point it must have been twenty miles wide. When I was about four or five miles out, a big tree struck my boat and capsized me. Of course, my cases were lost, but I struck out and swam those fourteen miles to the other shore. It did n't look like a man could possibly live in that torrent, with all that drift shooting down upon him; but I did it. I swam those fourteen miles straight



## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

across that river, and was n't carried more than a mile down stream, either. It is a fact.'

"There was silence for a while. Then the grocery drummer spoke up:

"I had a great experience in the water, too," he said. "You know the Northern Pacific ferries across from Kalama to Goble. Sometimes, once in a great while, the Lower Columbia gets filled with blocks of ice from the mountains, and the ferry has trouble in making the slips. I was bound to Portland, but when we reached Kalama, about six o'clock at night, they told us that the ferry would n't attempt to make any more trips until the next day. That did n't please me a little bit. I wanted to reach Portland, and I knew that if I could get over to the other side, I could catch the train from Astoria. So I got a boat, just as you did, and set out. My, but the ice was awful. It came crashing into my boat, and I soon saw that I was in for it. Suddenly a huge cake hit me broadside, and down went the boat.

"There I was, capsized in the middle of the Columbia. I knew that it was only a question of a few minutes before a cake of ice would strike me, and that then it would be all off with me. And that is just what happened. I saw it coming, but could n't get out of its way, and it caught me right in the side of the head.'

"What did you do? How did you get out?" asked someone.

"Do? Get out?" he asked in reply. 'I did n't do; I did n't get out. I drowned.'

"The crowd began to laugh. The boot and shoe man's face flushed angrily. He jumped up and, walking over and shaking his finger under the grocery drummer's nose, shouted: 'I'll have you understand that I did capsize in the Mississippi and that I did swim fourteen miles in water that a man would n't think a fish could swim in. Do you hear?' Then he went back and sat down.

"This brought the grocery drummer to his feet. He walked over and, shaking his finger under the boot and shoe man's nose, said in the same angry tone: 'I'll have you understand that I did capsize in the Columbia, and that a cake of ice did hit me, and that I was drowned. Do you hear?'"

### \* \* \*

#### His Lucky Day.

Jinks—Well, what luck did you have at the races yesterday?

Binks—Great; best I've had this season.

Jinks—That so? Made a killing, did you?

Binks—Well, not exactly. You see, I went broke on the first five races, and did n't have a cent to put on the last, in which I had a sure tip on the winner. Well, I succeeded in borrowing five dollars from somebody, but the race was started before I got it down.

# MENNEN'S

## Borated TOILET POWDER

### Talcum

#### MARCH WINDS

are powerless to harm the skin and complexions of those who acquire the good habit of daily using Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder, the purest and safest of soothing and healing toilet powders. Mennen's is a satisfying finish of a delightful shave, the most essential item on a lady's toilet table, and in the nursery indispensable.

Put up in non-refillable boxes, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's genuine and a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

**GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.**

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets.



"JUST ADD BOILING WATER  
STIR  
AND  
SERVE"



*Naylor's*  
"Ready to Serve"

## CHOCOLATE POWDER

Made from PURE COCOA, SUGAR and CREAM.

QUALITY & PURITY UNEXCELLED.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

There was a sophomore who was very hard up in the early Fall, and pawned all his good clothes. A little before Thanksgiving he got a big check from home, and accordingly, like a wise sophomore, redeemed his wardrobe. When he got home for the holidays, his mother said she would unpack his trunk for him. The first thing his mother took out of the trunk was an overcoat, and on it was pinned, he saw to his horror, the pawnbroker's ticket that he had forgotten to remove. Hastily grabbing the ticket, he said: "Hello! They must have forgotten to take this off at the Smith dance, when I left it in the cloakroom."

A moment later his mother took out his evening trousers. They also had a ticket on them.

"Why, Frank," she said, "surely you did n't leave these in the cloakroom, too, did you?"

\* \* \*

A bright young man was engaged in a desultory conversation with a prominent financier of a most economical disposition, when the great man suddenly invited attention to the suit of clothes he was then wearing.

"I have never believed," said he, "in paying fancy prices for cut-to-measure garments. Now, here 's a suit for which I paid

fifteen dollars and fifty cents. Appearances are very deceptive. If I told you I purchased it for fifty dollars, you 'd probably believe that to be the truth."

"I would if you told me by telephone," replied the young man.

\* \* \*

"Listen!" said the man of middle age.

He was bending over the palmist, whispering excitedly in her ear.

"Listen!" he said again. "My wife is coming to you this afternoon to have her fortune told and if you want to make some money on the side—"

He laid a bank note on the stuffed owl's head.

"Tell her on no account to buy a motor car, because you read in her palm that she is doomed to be killed in an automobile accident."

\* \* \*

A young bride, after serving to her husband a Thanksgiving dinner that was so-so, said, as the mince pie was brought on: "I intended, dear, to have some sponge cake, too, but it has been a total failure." "How was that?" the husband asked in a disappointed tone, for he was fond of sponge cake. "The druggist," she explained, "sent me the wrong kind of sponges."



FRANCIS G. LUKE

## Money for the Ladies

WE collected \$600.00 for Mrs. Augusta L. Scott, Spokane Hotel, Spokane, Wash. \$200.00 for Mrs. A. G. Hamberg, Los Angeles, Calif. \$300.00 for Mrs. H. A. Moss, 1240 York St., Denver, Colo. \$140.00 for Mrs. Sarah E. Pease of Lordsburg, N. M.

We collect money for everybody, everywhere. We can collect some for you if you turn in your claims.

## Merchants' Protective Association

SCIENTIFIC COLLECTORS OF HONEST DEBTS

FRANCIS G. LUKE, General Manager

76 Commercial National Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah

"Some People Don't Like Us."

CHARLES C. NAVLET CO.'S NEW AND WONDERFUL

# Seedless Blackberry

The Handsomest, Finest Flavored, Earliest Ripening and Most Profitable Blackberry in the World

50c per Plant, 12 for \$5.00  
Delivered Free

Chas. C. Navlet Co.'s Seedless Blackberry is absolutely, unquestionably, superior in every way to any other Blackberry yet introduced. It commences to produce its luscious fruit fully four weeks earlier than any other Blackberry and is at its best when the other varieties are but just beginning to ripen. It is juicier and of a more delicious flavor than any other Blackberry. It is larger than the well-known Kittatiny, Crandall or Lawton, takes fewer berries to fill a basket, is far more attractive in appearance, finds a readier market and commands a higher price. If planted this spring and properly watered and cultivated, it will bear a small crop the first year—no other variety will produce fruit until the second year. It begins to bear fruit, if the season is favorable, between the 15th and 30th of May, and produces its heaviest crop in June and July. While not entirely seedless it is nearly so, and the few seeds it has are round and so small and soft that they are not in the least annoying. If you give it a trial we are sure you will think as highly of this wonderful Blackberry as we do.



## Price List of Other Berries

These varieties will be shipped by express, the purchaser to pay transportation.

<b>Blackberry Plants</b>	<b>Gooseberry Plants</b>
MAMMOTH. 15c each, \$1.00 per 10, \$7.00 per 100.	DOWNING. 20c each, \$1.50 per 10, \$10.00 per 100.
CRANDALL'S EARLY. 10c each, 75c per 10, \$4.00 per 100.	SMITH'S IMPROVED. 15c each, \$1.50 per 10.
KITTATINY. 10c each, 75c per 10, \$4.00 per 100.	WHITE SMITH. 15c each, \$1.50 per 10.
<b>Current Plants</b>	<b>Raspberry Plants</b>
CHERRY. 20c each, \$1.50 per 12.	GOLDEN QUEEN. 15c each, \$1.00 per 10, \$7.00 per 100.
BLACK NAPLES. 20c each, \$1.50 per 12.	CUTHBERT. 10c each, 75c per 10, \$4.00 per 100.
WHITE GRAPE. 20c each, \$1.50 per 12.	GREGG. 10c each, 75c per 10, \$4.00 per 100.
Loganberry Plants, 10c each, 75c per 10, \$5.00 per 100.	

## Bargains in

### California-Grown Plants

The following prices include postage.

- 12 Unlabeled Carnation Plants for 50c. The latest and choicest varieties, no two alike.
- 12 Choice Unlabeled Rose Plants for 75c. All bush varieties, all climbing varieties, or bush and climbing varieties mixed, our selection.
- 12 Unlabeled Chrysanthemum Plants for 50c. Magnificent varieties, all different, our selection.
- 12 Extra Choice Aster Plants for 35c. White, pink, lavender purple or mixed.
- 12 Giant Flowering Violet Plants for 25c. Your selection from the following matchless varieties; Princess of Wales, California, Marie Louise, Double Swanly White.
- 12 Giant Flowering Pansy Plants for 20c, 100 for \$1.00. The largest and most beautiful varieties in existence.

CHARLES C. NAVLET CO.'S

## Giant Flowering California Sweet Peas

Superior to all others in germinating power, healthy, vigorous growth, abundance of bloom, size of flowers, elegance of form, richness of color and fragrance. 25 distinct varieties. 3c per packet, 5c per ounce, 15c per quarter pound, 25c per half pound. Postage prepaid.

### TWO NEW SWEET PEA NOVELTIES

**Countess Spencer** A sensational new type. The largest Sweet Pea in existence. It is of entrancing form, open and well expanded. Its round standard and huge wings are slightly ruffled on the edges. It usually comes four blossoms on the stem, and the stems are long and stiff. Color, a lively rose pink. Price for sealed packet of 25 seeds **15c**

**Helen Pierce** A glloxinia flowered type. The color is a very bright blue, mottled on pure white. It bears three and frequently four blossoms to the stem, all of which face one way—a mark of high merit. The stems are unusually long, and the large flowers are of the perfect shell **15c** shape. Sealed packet of 25 seeds

One packet each of Countess Spencer and Helen Pierce will be given FREE as a premium with each 50c worth of Sweet Peas bought from our general list at 3c per packet.

Our handsomely illustrated Bargain Catalogue of California-Grown Flowering Plants, Farm Seeds, Flower Seeds, Berry Plants, Fruit Trees and Ornamental Trees will be MAILED FREE to any address upon request.

# CHARLES C. NAVLET CO., Inc.

The Largest Plant and Berry Dealers in California  
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

# FACTS

*not*  
FIGURES *of*  
SPEECH

*Here they are*

Owners' figures covering period *of* ten years, proving beyond all question the actual growth *of* Seattle values, per front foot. This lot is sixty feet frontage:

1897  
\$65,000

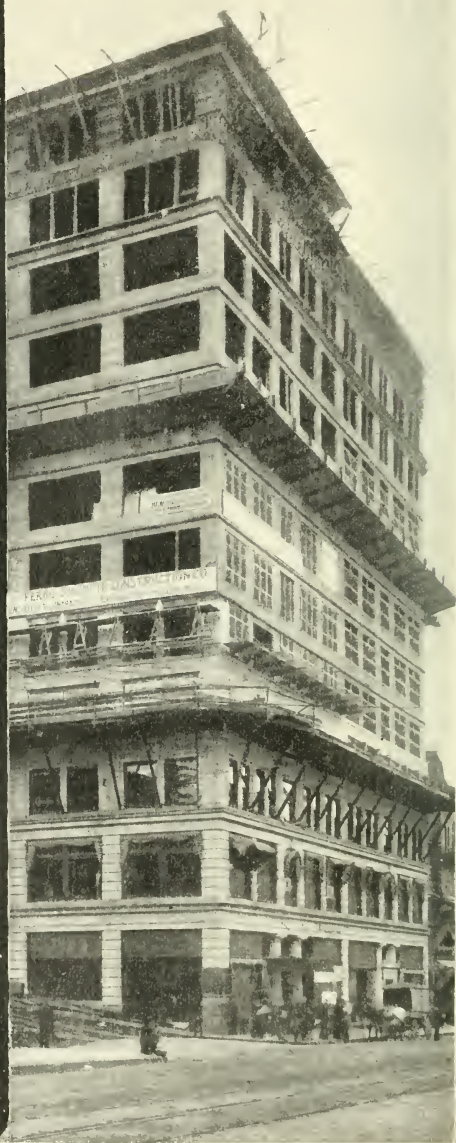
1900  
\$100,000

1903  
\$160,000

1907  
\$400,000

Seattle is the investor's mecca. Write for list *of* properties that are increasing in value more rapidly than this one.

GEO. A. VIRTUE  
SEATTLE  
WASH.



**A Matter of Terminology.**

She is from the South and does not perfectly understand all the idioms and peculiarities of language in use in the North. The result is that she finds herself frequently in a humorous or an embarrassing position, through no fault of hers.

The other day, when the Northwest was helpless in the grasp of a cold wave and a fuel famine, her husband by much maneuvering succeeded in getting a load of slab wood. It came just as he was starting down town, and as he went out the door, he remarked that he would send a tramp up to carry it into the basement. Now the signification of the word "tramp" in the North is different from that in the South, where it applies to anyone who wanders about doing odd jobs for a living.

In an hour or two the doorbell rang, and the young housekeeper found standing there a fellow in rather shabby clothes and with an ax and a gunnysack under his arm.

"Ah," she exclaimed, as she opened the door, "are you the tramp my husband sent up to tote in the wood?"

The man's face flushed, and, after a decided and apparent effort, he said: "No, ma'am, nobody did n't send me."

"Well," she replied, entirely unaware of

any slip on her part, "you can have the job anyhow. I guess one tramp is as good as another. Ring the bell when you have finished."

He turned and without a word went to work; but he charged her fifty cents more than the usual wage for the work.

**What to Say.**

To a fat person—How well you look! You must have lost twenty pounds since I saw you.

To a thin person—How well you look! You must have gained ten pounds since I saw you.

To a homely girl—How sweet you look today! That dress is awfully becoming.

To an old person—How fine you look! Really, you look ten years younger than you did when I last saw you.

To a sixteen-year-old boy—How big you have become! Only last year you were a little boy, now you are a man.

To a fifteen-year-old girl—Gracious, what a change! It seems only yesterday that you down your back; now you are a young lady.

To everybody—What each wants you to say.

\* \* \*

**The Question Among the Four Hundred.**

Who's who?

Are you?

*An Opportunity for Careful Investors*

# Newport Heights Acreage

## Cheapest Land in Southern California

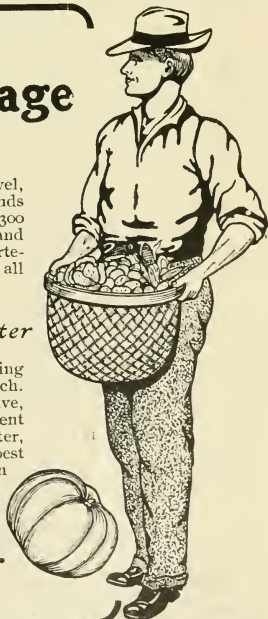
Newport Heights is a high plateau, almost perfectly level, with the lowest point over 70 feet above the sea. It extends back from Newport Bay for several miles and comprises 1300 acres of deep, rich, slightly sandy loam soil, very fertile and productive. It is subdivided into five acre tracts with artesian water, of the finest quality, in abundance for all irrigation purposes, piped to each tract.

### Deep, Rich Soil---Abundance of Water

We are the owners of this property and are now placing these five acre subdivisions on the market at \$1500 each. One-fifth to be paid in cash and the balance in six, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four month installments. Six per cent interest on deferred payments. Considering the soil, water, location and transportation facilities this is the cheapest acreage in Southern California. Pacific Electric cars run every hour from Los Angeles. Write to us for printed matter and more complete details regarding this valuable property.

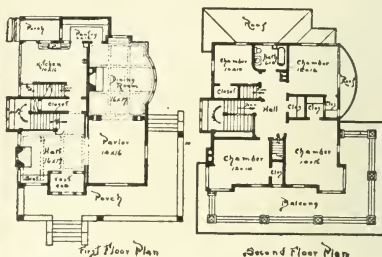
## The Townsend-Dayman Investment Co.

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**V. W. VOORHEES, Architect,**

22 to 25 Eitel Building

**SEATTLE, WASH.**

A yellow-haired descendant of the Vikings walked into the office of a prominent attorney the other day and said:

"Ay want you to make some papers out. Ay buy a farm in Powell Valley, and ay tank ay want a mortgage."

"Why do you want a mortgage," exclaimed the lawyer, "if you bought the farm? Dont you want a deed?"

"No, ay tank not. Sax years ago ay buy a farm and getta deed and odder fellar come along with a mortgage and tak da farm. Ay tank ay tak a mortgage."

\* \* \*

There is an old story of a simple Highland lass who had walked to Glasgow to join her sister in service. On reaching a toll-bar on the skirt of the city, she began to rap smartly with her knuckles on the gate. The toll-keeper came out to see what she wanted.

"Please, sir, is this Glasgow?" she inquired.

"Yes, this is Glasgow."

"Please," said the girl, "is Peggy in?"

\* \* \*

In a New Jersey suburb the town officers had just put some fire extinguishers in their big buildings. One day one of the buildings caught fire, and the extinguishers failed to do their work. A few days later at the town meeting some citizens tried to learn the reason. After they had freely discussed the

subject one of them said: "Mr. Chairman, I make a motion that the fire extinguishers be examined ten days before every fire."

\* \* \*

Walking about his estate, Mr. Dives halted a laborer who was digging a drain, and solemnly inquired if he were ready to die. The man admitted that he had n't thought of passing away, just yet. "But every time I breathe a man dies," solemnly remarked the millionaire in tones of terrible warning. "Gee!" cried the unmoved laborer, "why dont you chew a few cloves?"

\* \* \*

A lady was reproaching a bachelor friend for never having married, when her husband, a little bored, perhaps, said gruffly:

"He says he could have cut me out and married you if he had wanted to."

The lady started.

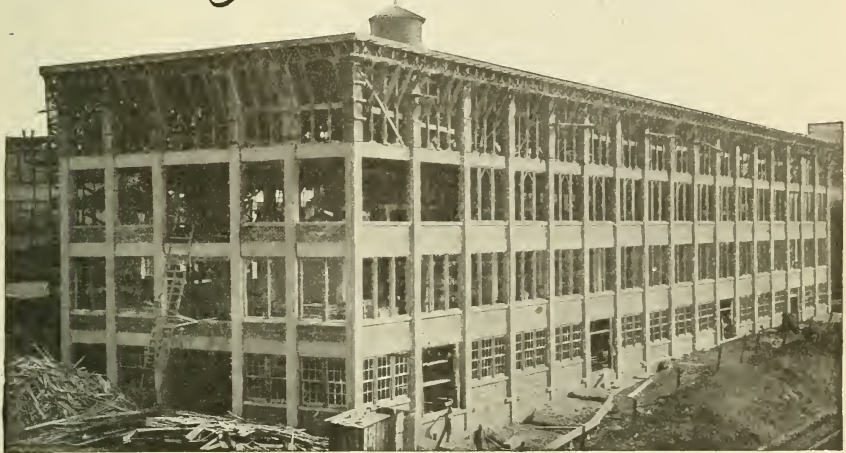
"Indeed!" she cried. "Why didn't he do it, then?"

"He says he owed me a grudge," the husband explained with a chuckle.

\* \* \*

A fat gentleman, in walking along the street the other day bumped into a huckster and knocked a half-dozen turpins out of the man's hand. "Bad luck to him," said the huckster, scowling at the receding figure, "bad luck to him! And they want to say they've made balloons dirigible!"

# KAHN SYSTEM of Reinforced Concrete



Showing one corner of the new plant of the E. R. Thomas Automobile Co., Buffalo, during construction. Built of Reinforced Concrete according to the KAHN SYSTEM.

Convincing proof of the merits of the Kahn System of Reinforced Concrete is found in buildings successfully constructed in every state in the Union and abroad.

The Kahn System is based on the use of the Kahn Trussed Bar, with rigidly attached, shop-prepared diagonals whereby the cost of installing is reduced to the lowest possible point and the highest degree of reinforcing efficiency is secured. Structures of reinforced concrete are monolithic in type—as enduring as though carved out of solid rock.

During the coming year we will continue the publication of the "Trussed Concrete Bulletin," and if you will write your request on your business letter head, we will be pleased to place your name upon our mailing list.

## Trussed Concrete Steel Company

14 W. Congress Street  
DETROIT

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## Alaska Excursions—Season 1907

"TOTEM POLE ROUTE"

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN  
Glaciers, Totems, Ice Floes, Grand Scenery

LEAVING SEATTLE AND VICTORIA

S. S. "SPOKANE," June 14, 28, July 12, 26, Aug. 9  
S. S. "QUEEN," July 16

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SAN FRANCISCO



**A Country Solon.**

We were sitting in the gallery watching the state legislators in their attempts at discharging the responsible duty which their fellow-citizens had placed upon their unwilling shoulders. More than anything else, it resembled a religious experience meeting. Here and there a member would rise to his feet, be recognized, and then proceed, in words more vigorous than eloquent or correct, to enlighten his colleagues on the subject at issue.

Suddenly, in the rear of the hall, a frouzy, bewhiskered representative of one of the interior districts arose and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I give my opinion on this here subject ten year ago, when it fust come up. I was agin the measure and I am yit. I never change my mind."

As he sat down, my companion turned and said to me: "That man is a character here. He's right, too; he never does change his mind. In fact, he never changes anything. They tell a story on him to the effect that he once went on a trip and was 'gone about three weeks. All that he took with him was one shirt and a hundred-dollar bill; and when he returned he had n't changed either.

"I know him pretty well, and one day I met him on the street in Portland. I shook hands with him and asked him up to the house.

"Come on," I said, "we'll go right up now. Where is your grip?"

"Grip?" he asked in surprise. "Why, great cats, I only come fer a week."

\* \* \*

In 2007.

They were seated in front of the open fire. The flickering flames made their faces glow and hid the strands of gray in their hair. She was doing most of the talking, but he proved himself a good listener.

"The man I marry," she was saying, "must have high qualifications. He must be healthy, honest, successful. He must have a good education and a high sense of family duty. He must be modest and gentlemanly. He must be even-tempered and a hater of profanity. He must have a true Christian humility, and must not talk back. He must"—she paused and looked at her companion, who seemed to be much confused and embarrassed. He twisted and wrung his handkerchief and moved uneasily in his chair.

Suddenly he looked shyly up at her, his face suffused with happiness, and said, with a becoming lisp, "Oh, Maud, this is so sudden."

\* \* \*

Grateful.

Cop (tapping a bench-sleeper on the feet)—Here, wake up, or I'll rap your head.

Weary William—I'll be 'bliged to yer. My head was kinder cold.

# DENTACURA

The  
Tooth  
Paste



The  
Ideal  
Dentifrice

**A** CHAIN of testimonials from dentists in practice attests the unequalled excellence of Dentacura Tooth Paste. It cleans the teeth, destroys bacteria, prevents decay. It is applied to the brush without the waste attending the use of powder. That you may know by experience its value, we will send you **free** a sample tube of Dentacura and our booklet, "Taking Care of the Teeth" if you write immediately. Dentacura may be had at most toilet counters. Price 25c. If your dealer does not have it we will send it on receipt of price.

DENTACURA CO., 209 Alling St., Newark, N. J.

# Electric Power

For  
Manufacturing  
Purposes

If you contemplate establishing any business requiring **POWER in PORTLAND** or its suburbs, it will be to your advantage to talk with us before placing your orders for machinery.

Advantages in the cost of producing power in Portland, in comparison with other cities of the country, enable us to make lowest rates and give the best service in the supplying of **LIGHT, HEAT or POWER.**

WRITE FOR BOOKLET "A"

**Portland Railway Light & Power  
Company**

Telephone Main 6688  
First and Alder Streets, Portland, Oregon





If you want  
**Pure  
Olive Oil**

Insist upon  
getting the

## San Fernando Mission Brand

Made at Fernando, California, from  
olives grown on the ranch of  
MACLAY RANCHO WATER CO.  
It is *absolutely pure* and the *best* that  
money can buy.

**PRICES**  
Quarts, in bottles, 90 cents  
By the gallon, in cans, \$3

Most good grocers have it, if you don't,  
send direct to us. **SAMPLE FREE.**

### N. E. VANDAM CO.

Distributors  
216 Winston Street  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



Hall's Hair Renewer has been sold for over sixty years,  
yet we have just changed the formula, the style of bottle,  
and the manner of packing. As now made, it represents  
the very latest researches, both at home and abroad. A  
high-class and thoroughly scientific preparation.

*Falling Hair*—As perfect a specific as can possibly be made.  
*Dandruff*—Removes dandruff; prevents further formation.

Ask for "the new kind"

The kind that does not change the color of the hair.  
Formula: Glycerin, Capsicum, Bay Rum, Sulphur, Tea,  
Rosemary Leaves, Boroglycerin, Alcohol, Perfume.

R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

#### A Well-Placed Kick.

"I tell you what," remarked the man whose time was spent chiefly in doing the social stunt, "I tell you what. The greatest evil in the social world today is the habit that women have of wearing veils. It has been the cause of more misunderstandings, disagreements and quarrels than any other one thing."

"You will have to prove that assertion."

"Well, I can prove it all right, all right. Just to show you, here is a woman who has on a thick brown veil which makes her features almost as distinct as those of a chocolate cream. She comes tripping along the street, bowing to right and to left. Something in her manner suggests to you that perhaps you have had the pleasure of her acquaintance, but, for the life of you, you can't tell who she is. As she draws nearer, you make up your mind that you do not know her, and to avoid being bold you shift your glance away from her. At that moment she bows to you, for she has easily recognized you, since you have no mask on. You make a frantic grab for your hat, bite your tongue, say 'Good evening' when it is ten o'clock in the morning, and spend the rest of the day trying to decide who she is.

"Well, the next time you meet her at a ball or reception, you find out, all right. And then you melt your collar trying to explain

how it happened. And you make all sorts of explanations except the true one, that it was all her fault. Am I right?"

"Right you are," came in chorus.

\* \* \*

#### A New Method.

Mrs. Bibber (at 3 A. M.)—Oh, here you are again, you drunken, besotted, low-lived—

Bibber—Hie! Now, mideaar, jush wait—hie!—minute. I can 'splain. I got zhis way jesh get you mad. Zhen I take down on zhish—hie—pho—pho—phon'graph whash you shay, an' I make fers'hon on it. Wait—hie! Alri—hie! Le'er go.

Mrs. Bibber—Oh, you brute!

Bibber—Zhas ri'. Le'er go.

Mrs. Bibber—I wont say another word.

Bibber—Alri'! Jesh you shay.

\* \* \*

#### The Retort Courteous.

Willie Poorpay—This chicken is on the bum.

Landlady—Well, you at least ought to be the last to find fault with an intimate companion.

\* \* \*

#### Lucky.

Jack—Well, I see that you won that suit for the large inheritance left you by your uncle. What are you going to do with all the money?

Jim—Pay my lawyers.

**Not Open to Conviction.**

"Huh!" exclaimed Mr. Henry Peck, laying down his paper, removing his spectacles and glancing toward his wife. "Some blamed fool of a doctor says in the paper here that a man's mental powers lie in his hair."

Mrs. Henry Peck continued her sewing and made no reply.

"That 's all bosh," Mr. Henry Peck went on, taking courage from the fact that his wife remained silent. "That is all bosh, I say. It is pure tommyrot, plain, unadulterated bamboozle."

"Is that so," snapped Mrs. Henry Peck sharply. "How do you know it is pure tommyrot, plain, unadulterated bamboozle?"

"Why, my dear," replied Mr. Henry Peck, meekly, "I know it is. In fact, I can prove it to you."

"You can? Well, go ahead," she said, defiantly.

"I will prove it by means of argument by illustration. He says that a man's mental powers lie in his hair. That cannot be. Why, just look at me; I'm bald-headed, and—"

"Yes," calmly remarked Mrs. Henry Peck, "I was looking at you when I made up my mind that what the doctor said was true."

**In Chicago.**

Smith—Look at that man. How peculiarly he carries his hands, clear above his shoulders.  
Smythe—Oh, yes; that 's Bigboot, just out from Chicago. That way of carrying the hands is all the rage there now.

Smith—How odd!

Smythe—Not at all, when you know the circumstances. It is so much easier to carry there all the time than to endure having someone say to you every minute, "Hold up your hands!" or "Hands up!"

**Courageous or Foolhardy?**

Jones—There goes Smith and his wife in his auto. He is the bravest and at the same time the most reckless man I ever knew.

Barnes—How is that? A daredevil driver of his machine?

Jones—Not at all. But, you see, his wife is an ardent church member and positively will not permit him to swear in her presence. And yet he takes her out every day in that auto.

**Into Innocuous Desuetude.**

She—What has become of that Mr. Best-seller we used to hear so much about? Is he dead?

He—No, not quite. He married a famous opera singer.

**A Good Influence.**

The presence of a pious wife has saved many a rocking chair from a severe cursing at 2 A. M.

# The Crave for Copper

By Edwin W. R. Lawrence.

You have seen the Lure of Gold, but have you heard the Call of Copper?

Do you know that last month Copper sold at 25 $\frac{3}{4}$  cents? Conceive what that means! Copper costs 10 or 11 cents a pound to produce. All about 11 cents is profit. Copper mine owners are now making nearly 15 cents a pound profit.

America's production of Copper last year was approximately one billion pounds; it sold for \$185,000,000, or about 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents a pound. The price rose steadily during the year from 14 to 22 cents. The profits were about \$75,000,000. At 15 cents a pound profit, dividends at the rate of \$150,000,000 per annum will be declared in 1907.

Small wonder that the quest for more Copper mines is feverish, that each new discovery of a Copper deposit is hailed with excited delight, and that investors are listening breathlessly to the Call of Copper.

I predict three things for 1907: First, that the Crave for Copper will send the price to 28 cents; second, that the increased production of Copper will amount to millions of pounds, yet will not set back the price below an average of 25 cents for the year; third, that one of the greatest increases of Copper output will come from Arizona, where United Verde, and its brother property, Jerome Verde, will be worked to their fullest capacity and extent.

Jerome Verde is now selling at the same modest price at which United Verde stock went begging on the streets of Jerome a dozen years ago. Senator Clark's United Verde mine has returned \$40,000,000 on an investment of \$3,000,000. That's something like 1300 per cent profit, or over 100 per cent per annum. United Verde is not for sale at any price. A small amount of Jerome Verde stock is for sale at 25 cents a share by the General Securities Company, Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Copper ore from United Verde runs from 6 to 9 per cent, and of Jerome Verde about 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. At the present price of Copper, even ore of a much lower grade can be mined and smelted at profit. What makes a great Copper mine is an enormous tonnage of ore reaching to a great depth. This is a salient characteristic of both the Verde properties. Some of the oldest Copper mines of the world are practically bottomless, for they have been operated for centuries without exhaustion.

He who finds a new and inexhaustible Copper deposit in this Age of Electrical Progress, when production still lags behind consumption, will have found a short path to wealth; and he who invests a little money in a good Copper property early this year need never regret his investment in years to come.—*(Advertising.)*

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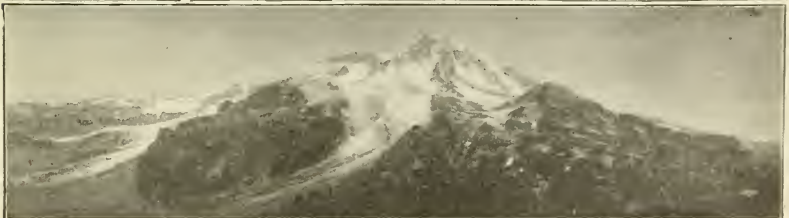
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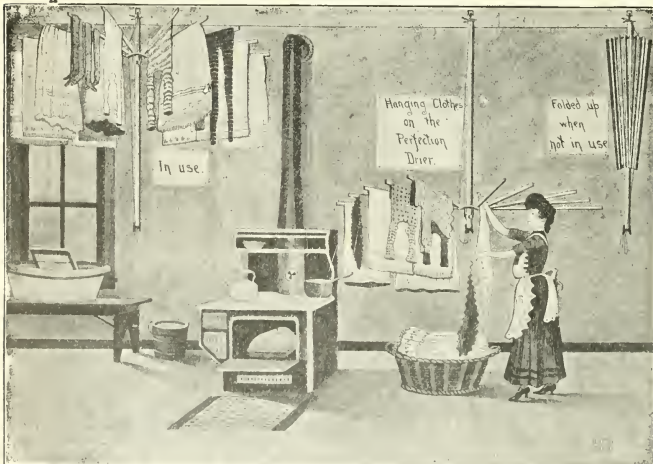
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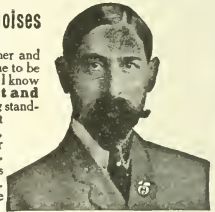
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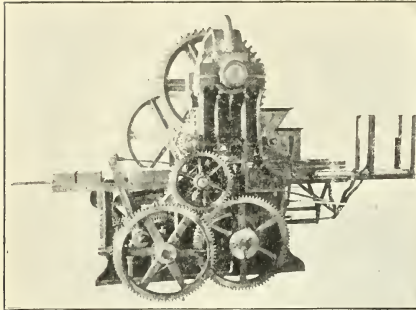
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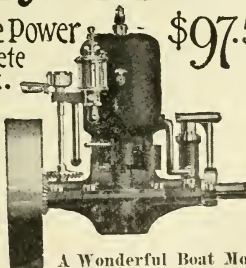
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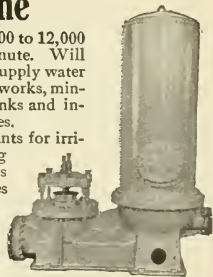
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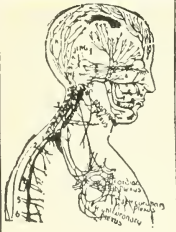
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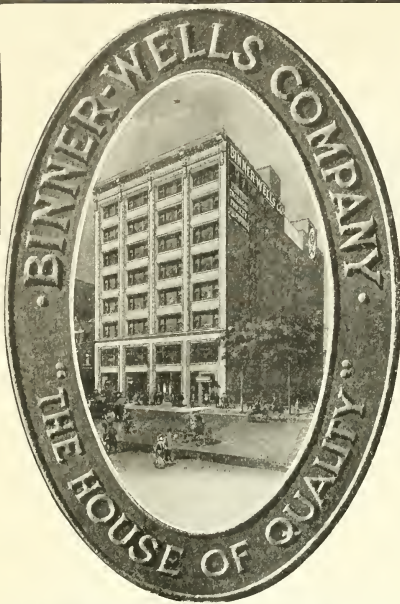
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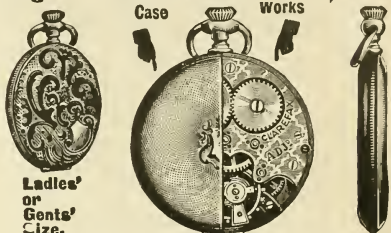
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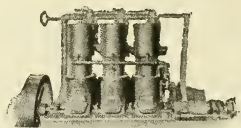
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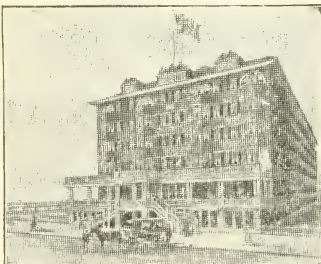
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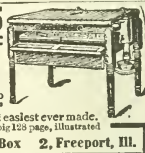


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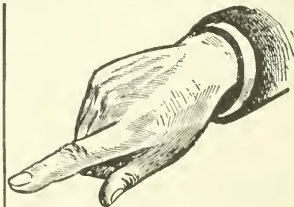
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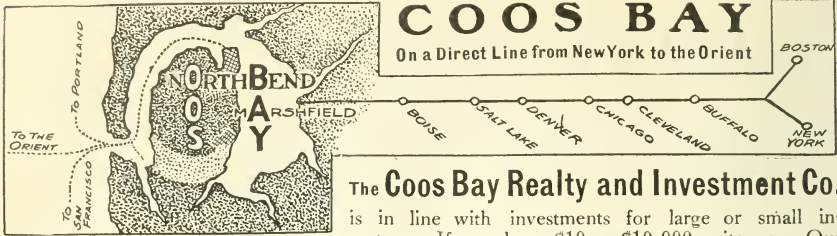
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# In California \$AN DIEGO'S SUPREMACY

(From San Diego Union)  
Thursday, Jan. 24, 1907.

**BIG SALES SINCE  
FIRST OF YEAR**

**Homeland Company's Business Has  
Aggregated About \$100,000**

**Extensive Developments At East  
Roseville Are Being Made**

The Homeland Improvement Company have, during the present month, devoted their attention to Ramon Heights, American Park and Homeland Villa properties, and they report that their sales since January 1 aggregate about \$100,000, and they expect great addition to business after February 1.

Their Los Angeles office is doing exceedingly well, making from eight to twelve sales a day, with very strong and constant inquiry for inside properties and choice subdivisions. The Phoenix agency of the company is also doing good business, and as the result of advertising in the eastern magazines, the San Diego office is receiving on an average fifty inquiries a day.

The company is laying out its new Homeland property at Pacific Beach. The property adjoins the beach running to the East and taking in the bay canyon on the promontory overlooking the bay. A contour automobile road is being built to the top of the promontory, and surveyors are busy laying out home sites on the plan of the Smiley Heights subdivisions.

Negotiations are in progress for the construction of a pumping plant at Rose creek at the spot where the City Water Company formerly contemplated obtaining the San Diego water supply. The water will be piped to a reservoir on the top of the promontory and hillside residences will be supplied from this source. One hundred and twenty-five thousand has been spent in the purchase of the land, and in the improvements under construction and in contemplation. The company is also preparing the East Roseville property for the market. East Roseville includes the tract formerly known as Hayes' Farm, and a part of Manasse & Schiller's subdivision of pueblo lot 203. There in a point here known as Peninsula Point, running out in the bay into deep water, and on this point tradition and history claim that Cabrillo, the Portuguese navigator, landed. Cabrillo established the first Spanish settlement at this time and it is intended to honor his memory by turning the point into an attractive park and naming it Cabrillo park. A contract has been let for the building of a pier from the park for a short distance out into the deep water. A club house is to be erected and East Roseville is to be made a center of attraction for yachtsmen, for rowing and swimming clubs and for outdoor recreative sports. An eight foot boulevard is being graded round the tract which will furnish a good automobile and driving course. A tennis court and golf ground are also laid out.

There will be ample facilities for transit to this suburb; the proposed street railroad to Ocean Beach will run through the tract, and it is also traversed by the old Point Loma boulevard. The company are negotiating for a launch capable of carrying fifty passengers to run from the foot of H street to Cabrillo Point, a distance of about two miles, and the intention is to maintain an hourly day light service to East Roseville.

In addition to the development of these two properties the company are subdividing and grading a tract of 40 acres in National City, overlooking Paradise Valley, and known as Eden Park. This property is to be beautified with trees, shrubberies and palms, and made as attractive as possible from a landscape garden point of view.

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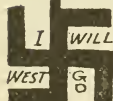
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GLACIER POINT CAMP AND SENTINEL HOTEL UNDER SAME MANAGEMENT

**S**ITUATED just to the right of Yosemite Falls, in a magnificent grove of black oaks, about half a mile from the Hotel, in the "IDEAL CAMPING SPOT" of all Yosemite. Table and service excellent. Bath house on grounds. Sanitary arrangements perfect. Particular attention is called to the location of this camp, it being situated off the main driveway, guests having the same privacy as in a camp of their own. In direct telephonic communication with the Sentinel Hotel, Glacier Point, the Livery Stables and all points in the Valley. Mail, express and laundry called for and delivered. Resident physician. Camp Yosemite coupons good at camp at Glacier Point.

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*The Most Beautiful and Richest Valley in all the West*

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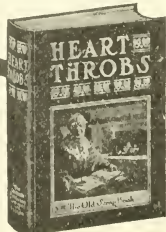
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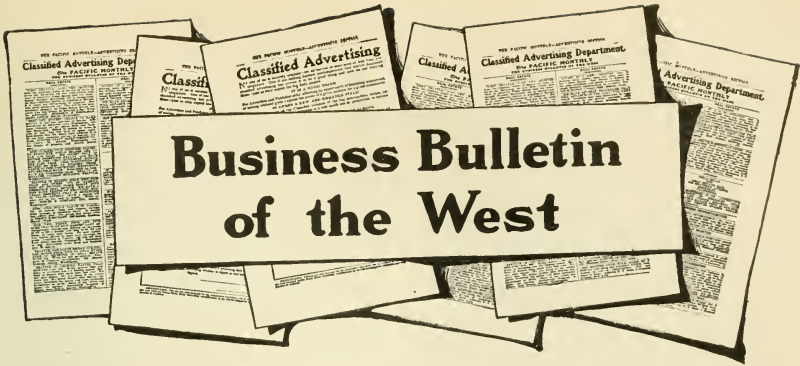
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# Business Bulletin of the West

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¶In our last communication we offered you not more than **ten shares** of the **AMERICAN BORAX MINES CO.** stock at **\$10.00** per share, par value **\$100.00**, part of the three hundred share allotment of that company.

¶As we stated before, the above named company owns sixteen (16) claims, free and clear of all bonded or other indebtedness, adjoining the **world-famed** Fraiser Borax Mines, located in Ventura County, California, and adjacent to the Columbia Borax Mines, another million dollar concern.

¶There is still some of this stock remaining unsold, and if you want **stock** that will pay you a **nice income**, in the way of **dividends**, we strongly advise you to buy this, as when the three hundred shares are sold, the Company's books will be closed, and it will then be impossible to buy this stock even at its par value.

¶The Company is incorporated under the laws of Arizona, the capital stock only 5,000 shares, fully paid, and forever non-assessable.

**¶REMEMBER NO INVESTOR THROUGH US HAS EVER LOST A DOLLAR IN STOCK OF COMPANIES THAT WE PROMOTED.**

¶With a thorough knowledge of the stock situation in general, and the **AMERICAN BORAX MINES CO.** in particular, we state in the most emphatic terms that the **AMERICAN BORAX MINES CO.** presents the greatest merit, and most certain opportunity for enormous and rapid profits of any other stock at the present time.

¶We wish to see every one of **our** clients secure a block of this stock, and share in the large profits that are to be made, and, although the stock will probably be over subscribed ere this reaches you, we **urge** you to send your order immediately upon receipt of this, and we will promptly report to you whether or not reservation can be made.

¶No application will be received for more than **ten shares**, and remember our advice, **if you can't buy ten shares, by all means buy one or two, as even this small amount might make you rich within one year.**

¶You can pay **one-fifth** cash, and the **balance** in four equal monthly payments. **MAIL YOUR SUBSCRIPTION AT ONCE.**

¶Any additional information desired, will be **cheerfully** given upon request.

**H. M. BENNETT CO.**

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**353 Huntington Building**

**Los Angeles, California**

Stocks and Bonds  
High-Grade Securities  
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Codes— { Western Union  
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ALFRED A. BORLINI, President.

E. L. McCLURE, Secretary.

# Alfred A. Borlini & Co.

INCORPORATED

Capital, \$100,000.00

## OUR SPECIALTIES

*High-Class Investments in  
Tonapah, Goldfield, Bullfrog, Manhattan  
and adjacent districts*

### We Handle None But the Best

OUR AIM: PROFITS FOR CLIENTS

## NOW OFFERING

Stock in the BULLFROG FORTUNA MINING COMPANY at 25 cents a share. Company own PICKUP and BIG CHIEFTAIN claims lying between and adjoining on its respective sides and ends the famous MONTGOMERY SHOSHONE, the AMETHYST and the LUCKY JACK properties.

This is not a mere prospect; the Company is actively engaged in developing the property. A shaft and winch now down 75 feet; tunnel in 166 feet; have already uncovered a 4-foot vein of High-grade Ore and two smaller ones of an exceedingly rich nature. 40 assays average \$43. Three railroads will be running into Bullfrog within a fortnight. This means cheap transportation and supplies, as well as increased milling facilities and consequent big returns for investors.

Allotment being rapidly subscribed. Our advice: Do not delay, but write and secure reservation before it is too late.

*The Bullfrog Fortuna has all the earmarks of becoming a Great Mine—  
Property, Location, Directorate and Management*

Write at once for booklet and secure reservations at once  
Get your name on our mailing list

Address

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Suite 33, 1300 Golden Gate Avenue  
SAN FRANCISCO



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Organizes Real Estate Syndicates on the  
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Being Formed

Each Syndicate Complete  
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**70** Per Cent of the Profits go  
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Without Expense to Them

Write for full information,  
also for illustrated booklets

The remaining 30 per cent  
goes to the Company, who  
pay all of the expenses

We offer the Small Inves-  
tor Profit-Making Opportu-  
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Make  
Money

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- W. J. DORAN - First Vice-President  
Vice-President Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co.  
Los Angeles, Cal.
- MORRIS H. WILSON - Second Vice-President  
Morris H. Wilson & Co., Real Estate  
Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles
- P. E. HATCH - Treasurer  
Cashier National Bank of Long Beach
- N. EMMETT MAY - Secretary  
Minton-May Co., Real Estate, Long Beach

References: Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co., Los Angeles; National Bank of Long Beach, Long Beach, Cal.

## UNITED SYNDICATES CO., Ltd.

Los Angeles Office: 686 Pacific Electric Bldg. 14 PACIFIC AVENUE, LONG BEACH, CAL.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF MAKING PROFITS FROM REAL ESTATE

# Pacific Coast Mines Bureau, Inc.

REFERENCE: State Bank and Trust Company of Los Angeles, California

**THIS COMPANY IS INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, WITH A CAPITAL STOCK OF \$50,000.00 DIVIDED INTO 5,000 SHARES OF THE PAR VALUE OF \$10.00 EACH; \$25,000.00 PAID UP, AND 2,500 SHARES IN THE TREASURY. ¶ THIS COMPANY IS ORGANIZED TO PROMOTE MINING AND INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISES; TO BUILD MILLS, SMELTERS, AND REDUCTION PLANTS; HANDLE REAL ESTATE; LAY OUT TOWNSITES; BUILD ROADS; AND TO DO EVERYTHING NECESSARY TO SUCCESSFUL MINING**

The business of this Company has accumulated so fast that it has become necessary to increase its capital; while very reluctant to do so, the Directors have finally consented to sell some of the Treasury Stock, to a selected list of investors.

The first allotment is limited to Five Hundred Shares, at par value, Ten Dollars each. Unless still other brilliant opportunities offer, or for some other good reason it becomes advisable, no more of the stock will be sold. And should there be at any time a second allotment, it will be offered at not less than ten per cent premium.

It is the purpose of this Company to pay dividends as earned on stock sold during the current month; that is, the investor during any month will receive such dividend the first of the following month.

A large surplus has already accumulated. The Company has established a fine business, an invaluable good will, and sundry other advantages, the fruit of years of well directed work; it owns some valuable mines, has real estate holdings, townsites, and stocks in gilt edge companies. In all this the investor will share.

This is an extraordinary and an exceptional opportunity. It is a chance to become a stockholder in a well known and phenomenally successful corporation of brokers, and lets the investor in on the ground-floor. The Directors reserve the right to withdraw this offer at any time without notice.

**The Company will sell one share and upwards, limiting the number of shares to be held by any one person, except those who become employees of the Company**

The Company is in need of office men, salesmen, mining engineers, foremen, mill men and miners; men who have energy, pluck, ability, and tenacity of purpose. Those who buy a block of Treasury Stock on the easy terms offered, and who desire employment are requested to address the Secretary of the Company, stating experience, position preferred, etc.

*Address*

## **Pacific Coast Mines Bureau, Inc.**

**214-15-16-17 Delta Building, 426 South Spring Street**

**LOS ANGELES, CAL.**



HOME OFFICE,  
ALASKA BUILDING  
SEATTLE

## ONE GOOD INVESTMENT IS WORTH A LIFETIME OF LABOR



**A** CERTAIN gentleman owned a large and prosperous store, but being suddenly stricken with sickness, his physicians ordered immediate change of altitude, and that he dispose of his business at once, thus removing all worries. Of course, to do this by ordinary means would involve great sacrifice and loss of money, so to a trusted clerk in his employ he put this unusual proposition: "I will sell the store to you, naming a fair valuation, and you are to pay me for it in monthly installments, which you will earn from the business." In this way the proprietor received a fair price for his store and was relieved from all worry. The clerk, in turn, received a great opportunity to grow wealthy because of his pluck in assuming the responsibility, and by conscientious work. **¶** His monthly installments were easily paid from the profits of the business. **¶** You say: "Yes, very fine, but opportunities like that are not flying around loose." Well, that is true, but nevertheless, we have just such an opportunity for you, only better, as we take the responsibility and you get the dividends. A certain big proposition has been placed in our hands and we are to act as fiscal agents, being instructed to close up this proposition at a very early date, write **NOW** and let us explain the full details of this unusual opportunity.

#### REFERENCES

Bradstreet  
R. G. Dunn & Co.  
State Bank of Seattle.  
Northwestern Trust & Safe Deposit Co.  
J. G. Leslie & Co., Real Estate  
Washington State Mining Association

*Rogers-Hesseltine Co.*

Investment Securities  
Seattle, Wash.

*A dollar sown with judgment will grow to twenty dollars at harvest time.*

SPRING 1924, SERVICE

# Miramonte Park

(Mountain View)

## The "CLOSE IN" Residence Suburb of Los Angeles, Cal.



*Street at Miramonte showing character of homes and improvements, full grown trees and beautiful mountain view.*

## 400 YARDS FROM THE CITY LIMITS

Beginning just 400 yards from the city limits, Miramonte is three blocks wide and extends for three-quarters of a mile along the celebrated Huntington Electric Railway system to the beaches, which affords frequent cars, twelve minutes running time and 5c car fare to the center of the new shopping district and the main business thoroughfares of Los Angeles.

## RAPID GROWTH—BEST IMPROVEMENTS

Miramonte is the southern gateway to Los Angeles and is a natural growth. The city limits could not stop the city's growth to the south. The demand for medium priced lots could not be supplied inside the boundry so the people went outside and built up Miramonte. More than two-thirds of the entire tract has been sold out.

Miramonte has wide streets and cement walks, heavy curbs, ornamental trees, large fruit trees, beautiful view of the mountains, its own water supply, telephones, electric lights, fertile soil, good drainage, building restrictions, postoffice, stores, church (not completed), large lots and alleys.

### YOU CAN BUY A LOT BY MAIL

Lots average 50x144 feet to a 12-foot alley. Prices, \$650 to \$1200. Terms 10% of purchase price down and \$15 a month payments, 6% interest on deferred payments, or, a discount of 10% allowed for "all cash."

Parties desiring to secure a lot now should send a certified check, draft or money order for \$25 to apply on the first payment and have a lot reserved subject to approval. The best possible selection will be made and 60 days time will be allowed for further investigation and to complete the transaction. The entire \$25 will be returned if the purchase is not completed.

Miramonte values are advancing steadily and a large profit can be realized next fall if you do not wish to build and live on the lot. Miramonte is a **Sure Money Maker** because it is desirable.

## RUFUS P. SPALDING, Owner

213 HERMAN W. HELLMAN BUILDING, CORNER FOURTH AND SPRING STREETS

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

## LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

# Koosbay Progress

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ALL who are now or may be interested in the development of the Coos Bay country should subscribe for

## *The Koosbay Progress*

a sixteen-page monthly paper which will clearly show up the natural resources and development by photographic illustrations, editorial writing and careful reporting of every enterprise under way

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# THE LAND WHERE THINGS GROW

There are homes for thousands in the Klamath Basin where the United States Reclamation Service is building an irrigation system to furnish water to 250,000 acres of land adapted to extensive farming.

It is land that will produce the most profitable class of crops, including sugar beets, celery, asparagus, potatoes, wheat, oats, barley, rye, alfalfa, timothy, vegetables and fruits. Several thousand acres under irrigation demonstrate its adaptability.

The largest body of standing soft pine timber on the Pacific Coast is the basis for great lumber industries, insuring home market for products.

Lines of railroad under construction will soon link this region with both Portland and San Francisco, and through these ports of the Pacific to markets of the world.

There is very little agricultural land open to homestead entry, but choice land can be bought at reasonable price in tracts of 160 acres or less.

An ideal section for the poultry grower, gardener, dairyman, stockman or feeder, with rare business openings.

## KLAMATH HAS SOMETHING GOOD FOR YOU

*For Further Information, write to*

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Hot Springs Imp. Co.  
J. W. Siemens  
Klamath Co. Bank

Frank Ira White  
Mason & Slough  
Klamath Com. Agency  
First National Bank

Klamath Co. Abstract Co.  
Wilbur White,  
of Klamath Falls, Ore.

or to  
C. H. Mckendree  
Chas. B. Pattee,  
Bonanza, Ore.

# FAMOUS ALBERTA WINTER WHEAT



This crop was grown in the famous CALGARY DISTRICT of SOUTHERN ALBERTA, CANADA, on  
**TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR IRRIGATED LAND**  
 and threshed out an average of 53 bushels to the acre and the wheat was sold for 55 cents per bushel.

### FIGURES DON'T LIE

Fifty-three bushels per acre, at fifty-five cents per bushel	- - - -	\$29.15
Total cost plowing, seed, seeding, water, harvesting and threshing, per acre,		<u>7.25</u>
<b>NET PROFIT PER ACRE</b>	- - - - -	<b>\$21.90</b>

ATTENTION—The *NET Profit of ONE Crop* paid almost the entire cost of the land. Other farmers in this district are doing equally as well on their irrigated land growing *Oats, Alfalfa, Clover* and *Sugar Beets*, and with *Mixed Farming*.

We have some good *combination farms* for sale, *i. e.*: part irrigated land at \$25.00 per acre, and part non-irrigable at \$15.00 per acre, that offer some of the finest opportunities in the world for the *Stock Business, Mixed Farming and Extensive Dairying Operations*.

*Remember: Water Costs Only Fifty Cents per Acre per Year*  
 AND USE ALL YOU WANT TO

This irrigation system is being built by the *Canadian Pacific Railway Company* and will cost when completed nearly *Twenty-Five Million Dollars*.

The Calgary District has a climate like Southern Colorado; has *good markets, schools and churches*.

For Further Information, WRITE TODAY to

*Canadian Land Department*

## FERRIER-BROCK CO.

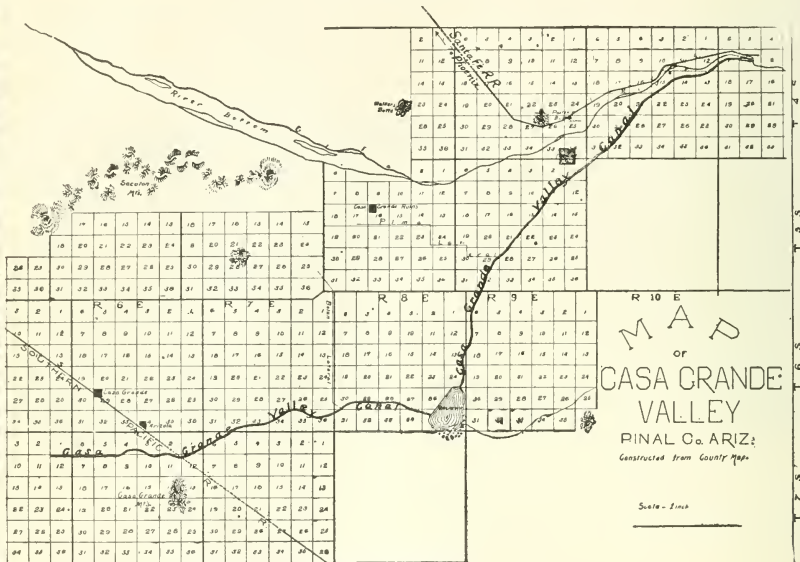
J. E. GREEN, *Manager*

Canadian Land Department

GENERAL PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

# Casa Grande Valley Arizona



**Central Arizona beats the world on Alfalfa raising. Just listen a minute:**

In one year on a ranch of 140 acres near Phoenix, Mr. D. D. Horning raised and stacked 700 tons of alfalfa, which sold for \$6700.00. You ought to see a picture that was taken of that big stack.

There are 200,000 acres in Central Arizona that have soil, water and markets to duplicate this yield. Of course it requires a good rancher, but all ranchers can be thrifty if they try real hard.

Anything that grows in the Pacific Southwest matures earlier in Casa Grande Valley.

The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railways are in the valley, only twenty-five miles apart. Markets east and west.

**25,000 Acres Now on Sale  
\$25.00 an Acre, Up  
Best opportunity in the West today**

For particulars WRITE NOW to

**J. ERNEST WALKER**

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**Box 505, Phoenix, Arizona**



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Where Resources are Boundless

## FERTILE FARMS — IN THE — GREAT WATER BELT

ONLY 60 MINUTES FROM LOS ANGELES

**C**HINO RANCH will soon have an electric line from Los Angeles. It now has all modern rural improvements. With the thousands of acres already settled, the Chino Valley has become one of the most prosperous agricultural districts of Southern California. With wonderfully responsive soil, favorable climate, accessibility to all markets, and abundant and never failing water supply, Chino Ranch is **MORE RICHLY ENDOWED BY NATURE** than any other section of California.

FARMS IN TEN-ACRE SECTIONS AWAIT YOU

### \$75 to \$150 per Acre

One-Fourth Cash, Balance 1 to 4 years at 6% interest

Chino ranchers are growing phenomenal crops of alfalfa, sugar beets, walnuts, deciduous and citrus fruits, berries, onions, potatoes, and are winning independence.

Write today for maps and booklets.

WRITE NOW

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Do not forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

# Oregon's Coast Harbor

180 Miles South of the Columbia River  
400 Miles North of San Francisco Bay

¶ Millions of tons of Coal--Millions of feet of the Best Timber in the world are tributary to it. ¶ The "Rivers and Harbors Committee" of Congress has recommended a new survey and estimate for a new project to give the greatest practicable depth of water on the bar. ¶ No other Harbor on the Pacific Coast has had *Less Money* expended upon it by the United States Government for Harbor improvements with *Greater Results* than at

## COOS BAY, OREGON

*For Further Information, Address*

Coos Bay Chamber of Commerce, Marshfield, Oregon  
North Bend Chamber of Commerce, North Bend, Oregon



# Brentwood Park

Brentwood Park will be a center of ultra fashionable homes; a gigantic residential reality. No place west of Chicago will there be anything like it. Brentwood Park is a reproduction of the Golden Gate Park, at San Francisco, commanding the most extensive ocean vista on the Southern Coast with all of its advantages, yet it is far enough inland to escape the harsh winds and fogs; more natural attractions than any other natural park in California; located in an absolutely frostless belt; flanked by the stately Sierras, the scenic Santa Monica Canon and that masterpiece of road engineering, the San Vicente Boulevard, one hundred and thirty feet wide.

Eighty thousand trees and shrubs, eight hundred varieties are now being planted in Brentwood Park. Graceful, winding walks, drives, and boulevards are all through the Park; a mammoth garden covered with a wreath of foreign trees, flowers and shrubs.

A great feature of Brentwood Park is the largeness of the lots. No lots less than one hundred feet frontage; ranging in depth from one hundred and seventy-five to four hundred and fifty feet.

Permits for a four-track subway, extending from the business center of Los Angeles under the city to its westerly limits, have been granted to the Harriman interests by the city. From the city limits to Brentwood Park the tracks will run over a private right-of-way in a direct line to Brentwood Park, increasing the present railroad facilities provided by the Los Angeles Pacific road, which passes the entire south end of our property. This will permit of a car service of seventeen minutes from Fourth and Broadway, the center of Los Angeles, to Brentwood Park.

Great activity is taking place in this location now. Don't delay if you wish to purchase. As an investment—nothing better and for home—unsurpassed.

The average extent of a lot, or more correctly speaking, villa site, is thirty thousand square feet and prices range from six cents to twenty cents per square foot. An opportunity is now offered to secure property in this finest of California private parks at prices way below their value. We expect within the year that prices will average fully one dollar per square foot.

Write us today for full particulars, maps, and plats, which will be sent free to all. Address,

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

# LOS ANGELES

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We have a large number of these Groves located near the City and accessible to the most complete Interurban Railway System in America.

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Beautiful 10 acre Orange Grove, well located, with \$2500 crop now on the trees. Price, including crop, if sold at once - - - - - \$10,000  
We have many others, large and small.

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Farm Lands in the valley of the YELLOWSTONE are equal to any on earth. Great crops of Alfalfa (3 crops), Timothy, Clover and all kinds of Grains and SUGAR BEETS. The newest, largest and best Beet Sugar Factory in the United States at BILLINGS now completed and in operation, making into Sugar the first crop of 70,000 tons. Land at \$50.00 and up on your own terms. Write

BILLINGS LAND & IRRIGATION CO., BILLINGS, MONTANA



## The most fertile land in a producing district that is famous the world over—Riverside County, California

Nearly 7,000 acres of rich, fertile, fully developed, crop-bearing land, practically the last unsold land in this beautiful valley of gardens. On every side are the famous orchards, ranches and farms that supply the world with the choicest products of the soil.

There is practically no limit to crops, everything can be raised here that can be raised in any temperate and semi-tropical country. A veritable mine of agricultural wealth.

### *Water*

An inexhaustible supply, delivered at all times to every acre in the entire district, by the finest irrigation system in the world, a series of cement ditches and viaducts, eliminating all waste.

HERE IS THE MOST PERFECT CLIMATE ON EARTH; ALLOWING THE FARMER TO WORK HIS LAND EVERY MONTH IN THE YEAR FOR CONTINUAL PROFIT.

### *Soil*

In every acre of this land, the soil is composed of that rich red loam that will profitably bear an endless variety of crops, guaranteeing sure profits to the farmer.

### *Railroad Facilities*

Located on the main line of one trans-continental railroad, with direct connections with all others, insuring quick convenient transportation for both passengers and freight. The S. P., L. A. & S. L. R. R. has erected a modern passenger and freight station at Fairhaven.

*Within 50 Miles of Los Angeles, only 9 Miles  
from the City of Riverside*

We desire to sell this land to buyers who will locate and begin to raise crops at once. The size of each farm will be laid out to suit the buyer, the prices we quote are now extremely low and we will allow very liberal time payments. Write today for complete information, maps, etc.

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## Lands in the Wenatchee Valley

Show greater profits, acre for acre, than any other lands in the United States, devoted to horticulture or agriculture.

WRITE FOR HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

D. D. OLDS, Wenatchee, Wash.

## Buy San Pedro Property

Peck's Grand View Tract  
No. 2

A brand new tract of 400 lots just placed on the market. Streets all being graded, oiled, cement curbed, water piped to every lot; building restrictions \$1500. Lying in the southwestern part of San Pedro. Prices and terms very reasonable.

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In the heart of homeland, where crops never fail. Let us send you our booklet on how to secure an income alfalfa ranch on easy terms. We help you pay for it. An unusual offer. Just cut this "ad" out and send it to us, and we will do the rest. The booklet is free.

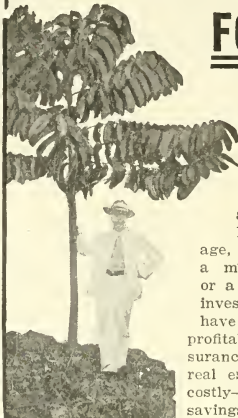
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**REAL ESTATE**  
611 SOUTH MYRTLE AVE.  
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# \$1500 A YEAR FOR LIFE



**I**F YOU WISH to save for old age or provide for healthy middle-age, you can not find a more conservative or a more reasonable investment than we have to offer—more profitable than life insurance—safe as city real estate, yet not so costly—better than a savings bank, for the return is greater.

One of Our  
15-Month-Old Trees.

We have full and complete literature, showing conclusive facts, logical figures and definite reference of good character, proving beyond any doubt that our proposition is bona fide, certain and profitable. Our booklets give "reasons," why those who can spare from \$5 to \$25 a month can provide for old age and protect themselves against the ravages of time, the chances of poverty and the misfortune of ill health by securing a competent income that will cover all necessary living requirements.

It is worth your time to ask for our booklets—do this today in justice to your future. It is not only the man who saves, but he who saves profitably. The demand for rubber can never be fully supplied—a rubber plantation is more hopeful than a gold mine—our booklets tell you the facts that have taken years to prove—write for them today.

This company is divided into only 6,000 shares, each one representing an undivided interest equivalent to an acre in our Rubber Orchard and Plantation. Our booklets will prove to you that five shares in this investment, paid for at the rate of \$25 a month, will bring you an average return of 25 per cent on your money during the period of seven years and an annual income of \$1,500 for life. This investment insures absolutely the safety of your future. The man or woman who owns five shares in our rubber plantation in tropical Mexico need have no fear for old age, no doubts about illness, no care nor anxiety for after years—you are safe—absolutely and certainly—our booklets will prove these statements—write for them today.

**Conservative Rubber Production Co.**

610 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

# FIVE BOOKLETS FREE



**DO YOU WANT THE BEST  
LAND IN**

# CALIFORNIA?

There are all qualities of land in California. The soil upon which the famous Paige-Mitchell Ranch is located is of the very best grade; no land anywhere is better and no land at the price is as good.

We are publishing five booklets, four of which give specific information regarding four very profitable products; the fifth booklet gives general information regarding Tulare County farms in general.

The Paige-Mitchell Ranch is four miles from Paige Station and six miles from Tulare City. We are selling it off in small tracts of 10 to 100 acres for various farming purposes. The booklets give absolute facts regarding the different crops suitable to this soil. They contain actual experiences of farmers and show how enormous profits can be made from this land; \$70 per acre on sugar beets, \$150 an acre on table and wine grapes, \$100 an acre on alfalfa, \$80 to \$150 an acre on fruit and vegetables. Dairying and stock raising on alfalfa farms are even more profitable. These booklets give the absolute facts and show how 20 acres of this land will pay better than 160 acres of average eastern land. We are selling the land very reasonably when its quality is considered. You can pay all cash or a quarter down and the balance in one, two and three years. If desired we will farm the land for you on shares and apply your profit to the purchase price. The climate of Tulare County is excellent, market facilities the best. Schools, churches and stores handy.

**Write for our Free Booklets today**

## CALIFORNIA FARMLAND CO.

OWNERS

74 Crosse Bldg., Los Angeles, California

# FREMONT HOTEL

LOS ANGELES

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**THOMAS PASCOE,**  
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## PHOTOGRAPHS

—AND—

## LANTERN SLIDES

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Its industries. Its scenery. Its deserts. Its mines. Its natives. Its curious and interesting features of every kind. A great collection. Write for catalogue.

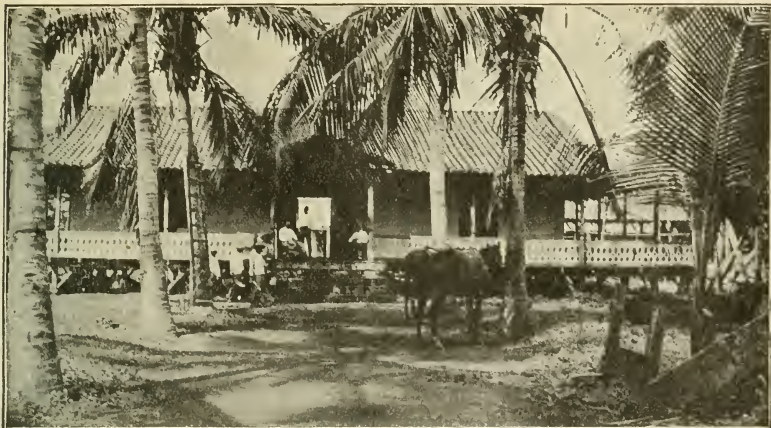
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127 West 6th Street,

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NOTE—We do the best of KODAK FINISHING





PLANTATION HOME IN COSTA RICA.

United States Consular and Central America Government reports show that rubber groves pay from \$400.00 to \$1,000.00 net per acre per year. Same authorities also show the San Juan Valley of Costa Rica to be the best natural rubber district of Central America to be very healthy, due to the regular cool sea breezes; and the land to be very rich and well drained. The freight rate to New York City is only \$12.00 per ton, while the crude rubber sells for from \$2000.00 to \$3000.00 per ton.

We sell ten, twenty and forty-acre tracts of the best rubber land, with perfect title, for \$15.00 per acre, on easy terms. When improved, which costs very little under our novel plan, this land will pay good interest on several thousand dollars per acre.

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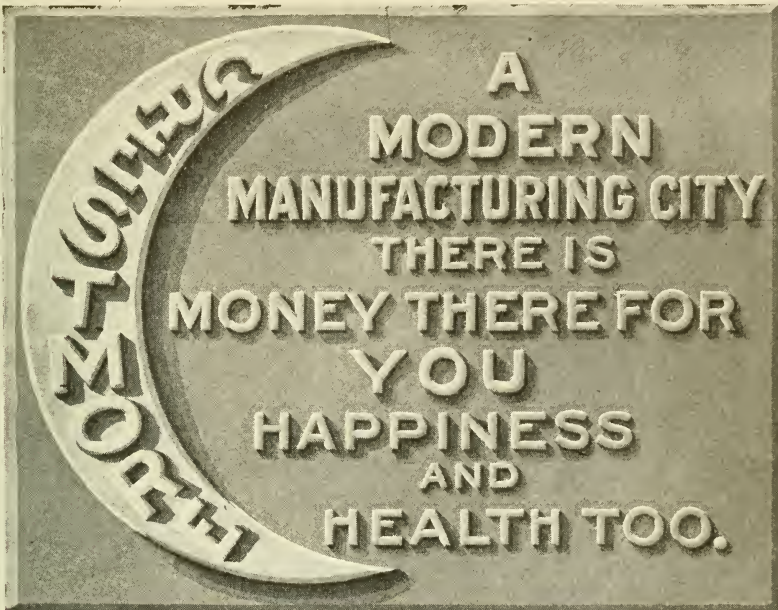
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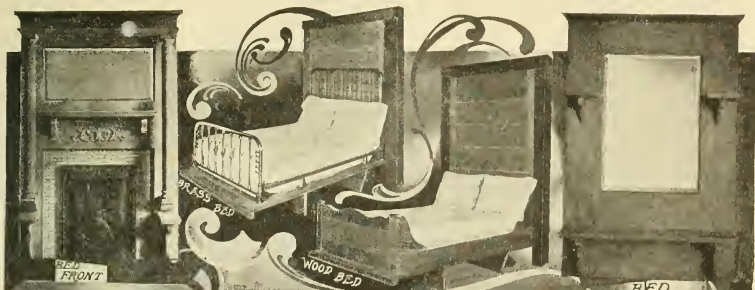
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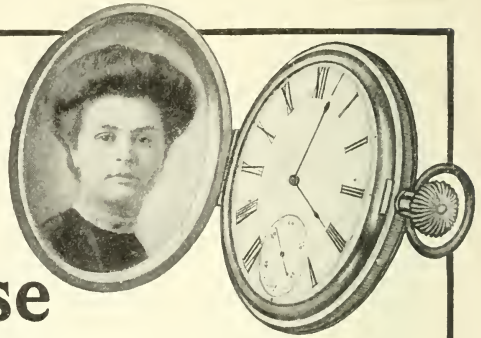


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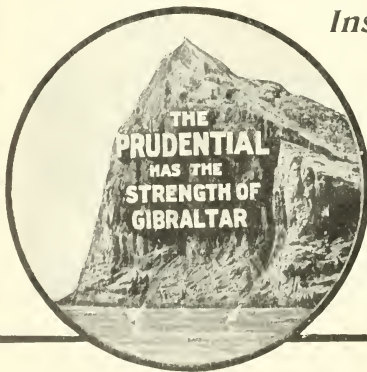
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## The Pacific Monthly Publishing Co.

Lafayette Building

313½ Washington Street, Portland, Oregon

From the Brooklyn Times, February 23, 1907

### BROOKLYN TIMES

The publishers of the Broadway Magazine find that a large number of people throughout the country do not understand the new policy of the magazine. Formerly a stage and theatrical magazine of a certain type, it has been rehabilitated entirely. It is now a clean, wholesome, snappy, well-illustrated, popular magazine for the home, and has no affiliations whatever with the theatrical life of New York. A careful glance through its pages will convince any reader of this fact.

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## The Pacific Monthly for May, 1907

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The May issue of the magazine will mark in several respects a still greater advance in the general character and literary strength of the publication—in illustration, fiction and special articles.

**THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM—OREGON'S BIG STICK**, by Lute Pease, is one of the leading features of the number. The writer tells how the persistence of a coterie of so-called "cranks", led by a "dreamer" (really very wide awake), eventually established the principle of direct legislation, practically revolutionizing the state government, and making Oregon perhaps the most politically progressive commonwealth in the world. How the people are making use of their new power. "Oregon confronts the pessimists of the republic, refuting the charge that the people, indifferent to principle but slaves to party, can always be handled like sheep by unscrupulous politicians." How Oregon is able to elect two United States Senators in twenty minutes "without boodle, or booze or even a cigar." Illustrated from photographs and drawings of the leaders in the direct-legislation movement.

**WESTWARD TO THE FAR EAST.** How the Trans-Pacific Steamer has Shifted the World's Commercial Highway, by E. W. Wright. This is a most interesting historical account of the development of trade on the Pacific, and of the famous steamships of the past and present carrying the American flag on the ocean of the West. Illustrated from photographs of famous Pacific Steamships.

**THE STORY OF THE OREGON RAILROAD** is the next of W. F. Bailey's series of striking articles on the railroads of the West. It describes the rise of Henry Villard, and the manner in which the O. R. & N. Co. developed from the union of the original Oregon roads with the ocean and river transportation companies. Illustrated from photographs of Henry Villard, Ben Holladay and J. C. Ainsworth.

**THE SUDDEN PASSING OF A MOTHER TOWN**, by Lanier Bartlett, is a sympathetic account of the destruction of the old Spanish settlement of Los Angeles to give place to modern improvements. Profusely illustrated from photographs.

## Announcement by the Editors

**Wm. L. Finley** contributes another of his remarkable bird series, "**JIMMY**," a graphic story of the Shrike or Butcher Bird, illustrated from seven beautiful photographs.

**HINDU INVASION, A NEW IMMIGRATION PROBLEM**, by Fred Lockley, will attract wide interest among readers who have given any thought to the subject of Asiatic immigration to the Pacific Coast. Illustrated from numerous photographs of Hindu laborers in British Columbia.

**THE QUICKENING OF NEVADA**, by C. J. Blanchard, of the United States Reclamation Service, is a striking and authoritative account of the new opportunities opened to settlers by irrigation in the Nevada desert.

Among the fiction features of this issue, **A SOLDIER OF PERU**, by Gerald Morgan, we consider one of the best short stories we have ever read.

Elizabeth Lambert Wood contributes an Oregon story, **MEDORA'S MILD INTENT**, and Adelaide Soule has a wonderfully dramatic tale, **THROUGH THE GLASS-BOTTOMED BOAT**.

Herman Whitaker's **THE SETTLER**, chapters 11 and 12, will carry the reader still deeper in the interest of this absorbing novel.

Porter Garnett's **WESTERN LITERARY TOPICS**, William Winter's **THE DRAMA**, and Charles Erskine Scott Wood's **IMPRESSIONS** can be depended upon to be as brilliant and valuable as ever.

**Charles B. Clark, Jr.**, the new Western poet, will be represented by another of his splendid bits of lyrical verse.

The cover design will be a three-color reproduction of Sidney H. Riesenberg's painting, **PIZARRO ON THE PACIFIC COAST**, and is one of the most striking and appropriate covers The Pacific Monthly has used.



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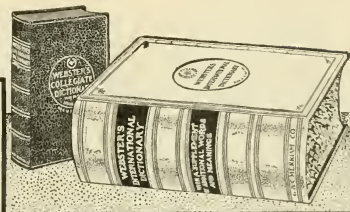
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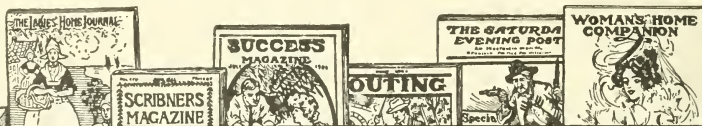
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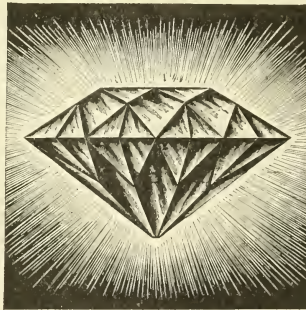
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A Company called the Murray Marine Steady-Floating Steel Structures Company, has been incorporated for 1,500,000 shares of the par value of \$10 each. To bring this great discovery before the governments of the world and to put the invention to its many practical uses, this stock is being put on the market at \$5 a share. Men high up in the financial world are investing. Statesmen and rulers are interested. Humanitarians add to the list of investors. The stock undoubtedly will be worth ten times its present value within 18 months. It represents the greatest profit-making investment of the century. Wire or write for further information and reservations of stock to the

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THIS IS AN INDUSTRIAL STOCK AND FREE FROM HAZARD





"I didn't know it was so hard," she pleaded."—See Page 421.

# The PACIFIC MONTHLY



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## The Story of the Shasta Route

By W. F. Bailey



THE process by which our great lines of railroads have reached their present condition of efficiency is one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the Pacific Coast.

The Indian trail, the fur traders' *travoix*, emigrant route, Government survey, stage line and the railroad in the order named have been the steps in the evolution of our channels of communication throughout the West.

That section of the Pacific Coast now traversed by the trains of the Southern Pacific Company, operating the Shasta Route between Portland and San Francisco, has been no exception to this rule.

Ethnologists as well as traditions tell us of migrations from the Puget Sound country to California and very probably as far south as Mexico. The Aztec tradition of a far northern origin of their race and a subsequent migration to the south is so well authenticated as to receive commemoration in the flag and coat of arms of the republic.

Even within historic times it has been customary for the Navajoes from Arizona to go as far north as the Columbia River on trading expeditions.

The fur traders were first represented, so far as we have any authenticated record, by a party of "free trappers" or "mountain men" under the leadership of Jeddediah S. Smith. This party belonged to the numerous unorganized trappers so interestingly depicted by Washington Irving in his *Life of Captain Bonneville*. In 1824 they wandered from their usual hunting-grounds in Utah and Wyoming to the west. Crossing the desert, they trapped along the St. Marys or Humboldt River with little success, finally reaching the Sierra Nevadas, which they crossed into the Sacramento Valley. Here they found an ideal hunting-ground. Game was plenty, the Indians inoffensive, and no trace of any competition.

Their supplies becoming exhausted, "Jed" Smith, the leading spirit among them, was selected to return to the rendezvous on Green River in Wyoming to procure additional stock of powder and lead, the only two

things indispensable to their calling that the wilderness did not furnish them.

This he did, starting back to California with a number of others attracted by his tale of "a land where it was always afternoon." This return was made by the way of the "Old Spanish Trail" from Santa Fé, N. M., to Monterey, Cal. While in the neighborhood of the Colorado River, the party was attacked by Indians and only Smith and two others escaped to continue the journey and rejoin the party of the previous year, which they did after almost incredible hardships. They found them on the headwaters of the American River. They had been so successful in their trapping that a return trip over the mountains and across the desert with their heavy loads did not commend itself, and then a market could be found much nearer to the north among the Hudson Bay posts. Consequently in the Fall of 1825 they traveled from the Sacramento to the Columbia. They, however, followed the coast, in ignorance of the much easier route through the interior valleys.

Three years later, in 1828, a second party of trappers are known to have made the trip, this being a "brigade" of the Hudson Bay Company under the captaincy of Peter S. Ogden, one of their most noted leaders. This party, accompanied by Smith, went up the Columbia and Snake Rivers to the headwaters of the latter, where Smith left them to rejoin his friends on Green River, Ogden and his party proceeding by way of the Humboldt to California, and in the locality where the other party had trapped they were equally successful, returning home by way of the Sacramento, across the Siskiyou and down the Willamette. This might be considered as the first known expedition over the Shasta route. It proving successful the years following, it became a well and favorably known trail of the trappers.

Emigrants were next in order and not a few of them reached their new homes over this route. The movement into the Northwest preceded that into California by several years, as was only natural. California was Mexican territory, the people as well as the language foreign, while the Northwest was peopled by English-speaking settlers and was United States Territory. When the tide turned toward California a great many did find their way into the mines by

the way of the Northern route and even through Oregon. In fact, "Oregon men" constituted a class not any too popular among the miners. As a rule they were clannish and little given to the good fellowship and dissipation so prevalent in the mining camps.

Before this, however, the route was fairly well known and used by quite a few emigrants. Baneroft gives an account of one party of settlers from Oregon who had come to San Francisco by ship. Purchasing a large number of horses and cattle from the Mexicans, they proceeded to drive them to their home in the Willamette Valley, reaching there in 1837 with over seven hundred head.

The Government Survey was also duly represented in its order. Lieutenant Emons of Wilkes' expedition traversed it in 1841, to be followed a few years later by "Pathfinder" Fremont and others of that ilk.

Then came the days of the stage lines. As early as 1850 there was a daily stage between Sacramento and Marysville, which, by the year following, had grown to five coaches each way every day.

In 1852 the California Legislature authorized one James L. Freaner to construct a wagon or stage road from Sacramento to the Oregon state line, and to reimburse him for the outlay he was to be permitted to make the following charges or tolls: For each road wagon 5 cents a mile; each mail wagon or stage, 8 cents; pleasure carriage, 6½ cents; horses, cattle or sheep, 1 cent a mile per head. These charges to be in addition to tolls over the bridges across the Sacramento and Pit or Klamath Rivers, which were to be extra. Freaner and four employes started to lay out the road, but were never seen again. Four years afterwards it developed that the entire party had been killed by Indians.

In 1860 the California Stage Company operated a line of stages between Sacramento and Portland, 710 miles, having sixty stations en route, using thirty-five drivers and 500 horses. The fare was \$45.00.

In 1867 the California and Oregon Stage Company was operating a line in connection with the railroads that were being constructed from Portland south and from Marysville north. This was continued until the two were connected in 1887, the gap be-



*Crossing the Divide, Mt. Shasta in the Distance.*

tween the two lines being connected by a daily line operated by this company.

The railroad period was ushered in by the arrival on the North Pacific Coast of Governor I. I. Stevens in 1853. He came in the three-fold capacity of Territorial Governor, Indian Commissioner and heading a Government survey for a Pacific railroad between the Mississippi River and the mouth of the Columbia.

Enthusiastic over his arrival and the consequent railroad talk, the Oregon Legislature granted charters for four different projects. One known as the Cincinnati Company, which proposed building a line from the town of that name to some coal fields adjacent. Another, the Clackamas Company, covered a portage railroad around the falls of the Willamette River near Oregon City. A third was the Willamette Valley Railroad, local lines in the valley of that name, and the fourth the Oregon & California Railroad, which was to be built from Eugene City, Oregon, on the south to a point on the Willamette River on the north. None of these projects materialized, there not being either population or funds in the territory to carry on the undertaking.

The first actual railroad construction on the Pacific Coast was the Sacramento Valley Railroad, between Sacramento and Folsom, Cal., beginning operation in 1858.

An extension of this road from Folsom to Marysville (forty-four miles) was commenced the same year by the California Central Railroad Company, the idea prevalent at that time being that eventually the Overland Trunk line would be built from San Francisco east by way of Niles, Stockton, Folsom and Placerville, and in the prospectus of the California Central Railroad Company, published in 1860, a map is shown on which appears this line, joined by another at Folsom, which runs north to Marysville, thence to Oroville up the Feather River and across the Sierra Nevada, which it skirts on the east side until it reaches the Columbia River.

Largely through the energy of Mr. H. R. Judah, a civil engineer who had been induced by the prospect of railroad construction to come from Florida to California, the California Central was duly built from Folsom to Lincoln, crossing the line of the Central Pacific at what is now Roseville.

Owing to the inauguration of this latter line, Mr. Judah surrendered his connection with the California Central, and with him went the energy and vim that had built the line.

Failure to realize anticipated earnings and a consequent financial stringency put an end to construction for the time being. Several efforts were made to extend the line, the first by the Yuba Railroad Company, chartered in November, 1862, and which did get the line built to within seven miles of the Yuba River, across from Marysville. In November, 1867, a new company, the Marysville Railroad, was chartered, which finally completed the line into the City of Marysville. In the meantime the California Central had met with many vicissitudes. Its earning power had been greatly overestimated and the expense of construction and operating just as much under-estimated, with the result that in May, 1862, it was sold at Sheriff's sale, to be bought in by the same interests as were building the Central Pacific Railroad. The purchasers were at sword's points with the Sacramento Valley Company, and for this reason, and also for lack of traffic, took up the rails between Roseville and Folsom, leaving the line from Roseville north to become the first section of the Shasta route constructed.

In connection with the California Central two extensions were projected, the one along the line of the originally planned route, Marysville to Oroville. To construct this the California Northern Railroad Company was incorporated in June, 1860, and completed the line to Oroville, twenty-six and five-tenths miles, in 1864. The other was incorporated at Marysville, October 13, 1863, to build a railroad from there to some point on the Columbia River. This was known as the California and Columbia River Railroad Company. A surveying party under the charge of S. G. Elliot started out to locate the line and did so as far north as Jacksonville, Ore., when the funds of the organization were exhausted and the engineering party disbanded.

Mr. Elliot, who seems to have been a man of great energy and resources, endeavored, unsuccessfully, to interest the residents along the proposed road with a view of their furnishing the necessary funds to complete the survey through to the Columbia River.

Among others whom he approached on



this errand was a lawyer from Ohio, named Joseph Gaston, at that time residing at Salem, Ore. Mr. Gaston was a natural promoter. He possessed great energy and enthusiasm, a man of action, coming of good stock, his cousin being Governor of Massachusetts, one uncle a member of Congress and another Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Being deeply impressed with the value of the proposed railroad, he entered into the project with a zeal that carried with it conviction not only to others but also to himself.

The completion of the survey was the first step. While in comfortable circumstances, he was not able to furnish the amount necessary himself, neither was he able to raise it. In its absence, a rather unique expedient was adopted. Among his neighbors was a Captain Barry, an ex-army officer and an engineer competent to conduct the survey. Between him and Gaston an engineering party was organized. For their salary they agreed to await the completion of the survey and the financing of the line, while for their expenses and subsistence Gaston agreed to arrange. This he did by getting the residents along the survey to entertain and transport the party while in their vicinity. In this he was entirely successful. Not only was the party fed and housed, but in most cases their entertainers dropped all other work and gave their time and assistance.

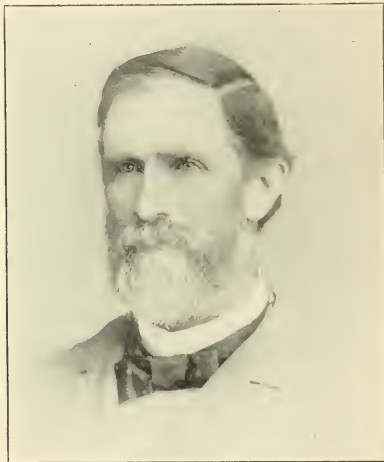
At the same time Gaston was using his utmost endeavors to secure the financial aid necessary to carry on the work. Through personal appeals, letters and circulars, he approached every one in the Willamette Valley whom he thought could help. So successful was he that, when the Oregon Legislature convened in the Fall of 1864, he was able to present Captain Barry's complete report of the survey in printed form. This gave a favorable view of the practicability of the proposition, showing it was entirely feasible to build a railroad from Jacksonville on the south to St. Helens on the Willamette on the north, it being considered advisable to make that point the terminus, although Barry's survey was extended through to Portland.

The report met with favorable consideration on the part of the Legislature. A bill was introduced and passed, granting what was considered ample aid from the state,

namely, \$200,000, to the company that should construct a railroad of not less than one hundred miles in length in the Willamette Valley.

The following November (1864) an organization, known as the Willamette Valley Railroad Company, was formed with a view of taking up the proposition. Neither Barry nor Gaston were interested in this and, lacking their co-operation and on account of the inadequacy of the grant, nothing came of it.

These gentlemen had other plans in view. In their joint interest Barry proceeded to Washington, D. C., and, with the assistance of Gaston and the Oregon members of the



*Joseph Gaston.*

House and Senate, was enabled to procure the passage of an act of Congress granting aid towards the construction of a railroad between some point in the Sacramento Valley, California, on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad to Portland, Oregon.

The California and Oregon Railroad Company, being already in the field with a line part of the way, was designated as the recipient as far as the Oregon-California state line, and an organization to be chartered by the Oregon Legislature was to receive it for the line thence to Portland.

This aid was to be in the form of the grant of alternate sections of land lying

adjacent to the line—twenty sections to the mile—and was to become available as each twenty miles of railroad was accepted by commissioners appointed by the President.

Having thus secured aid from the National Government, a further appeal was made to the Oregon Legislature and with his usual success. The Oregon Central Railroad Company was duly designated by it as the one to receive the land grant, and further a bill was passed by which the State of Oregon was obligated to pay the interest at seven per cent for twenty years on one million dollars of the bonds of the company.

This action of the Legislature took place in October, 1866, and when the company was incorporated and organized, as was done the month following, Mr. Gaston was elected secretary and authorized to solicit subscriptions for stock. Funds to build the first twenty-five miles were soon pledged, and all preparations made that were necessary for the commencement of actual construction.

At this stage of the work, S. G. Elliot, the engineer who had made the survey from Marysville to Jacksonville, reappeared on the scene with a proposition from the promoters of the California and Oregon Railroad, to give to each and every one of the incorporators of the Oregon and California fifty thousand dollars in the stock of the California Company in consideration of their turning over to them all the rights, franchise, land grant and state aid of the Oregon and California Railroad Company, and to permit his people to build the line.

Mr. Gaston and his friends, who constituted a majority of the incorporators, opposed the proposition, and it appeared as though nothing would come of it. Elliot, however, by playing upon the self-interest of the different parties interested, succeeded in creating dissension and finally an open rupture. The Gaston-Barry survey favored the west side of the Willamette, while Elliot was able to persuade those living on the east side that the line should be built on their side of the river.

Gaston and his friends refused to recede and, as they were in the majority and held all the assets of the company, there was nothing left for the Elliot faction but to accept defeat or to organize a new company. This they did and, with the evident intent of diverting the subsidies from the original

company to their own, they organized a second "Oregon Central Railroad Company."

Both parties proceeded energetically with their plans, which included the defeat of the other, one result of the rivalry being the scaring of the parties who had subscribed to Gaston's project, resulting in withdrawal of their pledges, leaving him without the funds on which he had been counting to construct his first twenty-five miles, twenty miles being necessary before he could avail himself of the land grant from the Government, as well as the aid from the state.

Out of the duplication of the name grew the custom of designating them as the West Side and East Side Companies, respectively. By the commencement of the year 1868 both organizations had their lines located. The West Siders had pledges from the City of Portland, the Counties of Washington and Yamhill, and private parties, subscriptions and guarantees to the amount of \$375,000, the City of Portland's being in the shape of interest on their bonds for twenty years.

The East Siders had also succeeded in raising a very considerable amount, largely by the sale of their securities in the East and in California. They issued announcements that they would inaugurate the work of construction on the line, Portland to California, at a point near East Portland, April 16, 1868, for which occasion they had arranged for an address by the Hon. W. W. Upton, a parade by the state militia, bands of music, etc., etc.

The West Siders, headed by Gaston, who, by the way, had been elected president of their company, were not to be outdone. Waiting until April 13, they put out posters inviting the public to attend the ceremonies to be held at "Carruthers' Addition," April 14, incident to the breaking ground for the ONLY BONA FIDE Oregon Central Railroad that was to be constructed, Portland to California. This came off with due *éclat*—and the West Siders threw the first shovelful of dirt for the first railroad in Oregon.

Two days later the East Siders carried out their program, their celebration being held on "Tebbit's Farm," near East Portland.

Construction work was now under way on both sides of the river, and it would be hard to decide which of the two companies found it most difficult to secure the necessary funds to carry it on.

Northern Pacific Terminal Co. of Oregon.  
Portland Terminals.  
Incorporated 1883.  
Southern Pacific Co. Tenant  
line.

Oregon & California Ry. Co.  
Portland to Oregon State Line  
including branches.  
The reorganized Oregon &  
California R. R. Co.  
Leased to Oregon & Trans-  
continental 1883-4.  
Leased to Southern Pacific Co.  
1888.

California & Columbia River R. Co.  
Incorporated 1863 to build line  
Marysville to Columbia River  
Project abandoned, lack of  
funds.

## Family Tree of the Shasta Route.

Portland and San Fran-  
cisco.

Operated by Southern  
Pacific Co.

Oregon & California R. Co.  
Columbia River to connecting  
line from California.  
Chartered 1853. Nothing  
done. Project abandoned.

Willamette Valley R. R. Co.  
Built line in the Willamette  
valley.  
Chartered 1853. Nothing  
done. Project abandoned.  
Oregon & California R. Co.  
East Portland to California  
Incorporated 1870.  
Absorbed by the Oregon &  
California R. R. Co. 1881.

California Northern R. R.  
Owned by N. E. Ridout.  
Sold to Northern California R.  
R. Co. 1885.

Central Pacific R. Co. of California.

California & Oregon R. Co.  
Leased to Central Pacific R.  
R. Co. and operated by them  
as Oregon Division.  
Completed 1889.

Central Pacific R. Co.  
Oregon State Line to Oakland  
Pier.  
Leased to Southern Pacific Co.  
1885.

California Pacific R. Co.  
South Vallejo to Sacramento,  
branch Davisville to  
Knight's Landing.  
Organized 1869.  
Completed 1870.

Northern Ry. of California.  
Oakland to Suisun and Wood-  
land to Tehama.  
Chartered 1870.  
Leased by Central Pacific R.  
R. Co. 1870.

Oregon Central R. R. (Eastside) Co.  
East Portland to State Line.  
Incorporated 1866.  
Sold to Oregon & California  
R. R. Co. 1870.

Western Oregon R. R. Co.  
Roseville to Corvallis.  
Incorporated 1868.  
Leased by Oregon & Califor-  
nia R. R. Co. 1879.

Oregon Central R. R. (Westside) Co.  
Incorporated 1866.  
Leased by Oregon & Califor-  
nia R. Co.  
Leased by Western Oregon R.  
R. Co.

Willamette Valley R. R. Co.  
Leased to Oregon & California  
R. R. Co. 1883.

Dayton, Sheridan & Grande Ronde R. R. Co.  
Dayton to Sheridan.  
Commenced 1879.

California Northern R. R. Co.  
Chartered 1860.  
Completed in 1864.

California Central R. R. Co.  
Roseville to Lincoln, Cal.  
Chartered 1858.  
Completed 1876.  
Sold to Central Pacific R. R.  
Co. (sheriff's sale) 1862.

Central Pacific R. Co. of California.  
Roseville to Sacramento.  
Part of original trans-conti-  
nental line built in 1869-9.

California & Oregon R. Co.  
Lincoln to Oregon State Line.  
Chartered 1865.  
Company reorganized 1868.

Yuba R. Co.  
Extension California Central  
R. R. Co.  
Chartered 1862.  
Consolidated with Central Pa-  
cific R. R. Co. of California  
1870.

Marysville R. R. Co.  
Lincoln to Marysville.  
Chartered 1867.  
Consolidated with Central Pa-  
cific R. R. Co. of California  
1870.

California Pacific R. Co.  
Incorporated 1865.

San Francisco & Marysville R. R.  
Incorporated 1857.

Sacramento & San Francisco R. R. Co.  
Incorporated in 1864.

California Pacific Extension.

The West Siders relied largely on local aid. While the subscriptions made them were all good, collections were slow and ready cash woefully scarce.

The East Siders were in fully as great straits. Elliot had gone East as their agent and had succeeded in placing a limited amount of their bonds, and had also purchased considerable construction material, including two locomotives, when information was widely disseminated by circulars, issued by Gaston, recounting "the unfair rivalry," including the duplication of names, with the result that Elliot found the bottom had dropped out of his market. He, however, got his material on the ground, but his two locomotives he was obliged, or rather, let us say, he found it expedient to sell to the Central Pacific.

These financial difficulties did not, however, deter them in their aggressive warfare on each other. The West Siders appealed to the courts to declare their rivals illegally constituted and to enjoin them from using the name Oregon Central Railroad Company, which they claimed was their property through their having been duly incorporated before the East Siders, and further to allow them damages for the trouble and loss caused by the illegal use of their corporate title. The state courts, to which application had been made, refused to give a definite decision on the first two of their allegations, and holding on the third that no damages had been proven. Failing in this, the West Siders induced a landowner, through whose property the East Siders had located their line, to refuse them a right of way, and when the attempt was made to secure it through condemnation proceedings to resist, setting up the plea in court that the East Siders, not being a lawfully constituted corporation, had no standing in court and therefore could not legally condemn land. Rather than meet this issue, the East Siders relocated their line, going around the property in dispute, thus foiling the plans of the West Siders.

The City of Portland as well as a preponderance of settlements were located on the West Side. The Gaston party had, to all appearances, the land grant and the aid from the state, and it seemed as though it was only a question of firing out the East Siders, when they would be compelled to

give up the fight, especially as the West Siders had public sympathy to a large and growing extent.

Elliot, the moving spirit of the East Siders, was not a man to give up. His affiliations were originally with the parties who were building the California portion of the line, and in this, the extremity of his company, he turned to them for assistance, which was duly forthcoming.

Through the efforts of these parties a new factor was introduced—one man whose prestige and fighting qualities were to completely reverse the situation.

In August, 1868, Ben Holladay put in an appearance in Portland. Up to this time he had been widely known as the proprietor of the overland stage from the Missouri to the Pacific, and which he had but recently disposed of at a very large figure. He also was largely interested in steamship lines out of San Francisco—both north and south—and rumor gave him credit of being the possessor of millions.

Soon after his arrival in Oregon it was announced that he had purchased a controlling interest in the East Side Company, and that consequently it had been raised from the verge of bankruptcy to where it had the backing of all of Holladay's millions. Holladay made no secret of his intention to down the West Side Company, to secure the subsidies which they so confidently claimed, and of rushing the East Side Company through to the California line and a connection with the California and Oregon Railroad, which his friends were building north to meet him.

His first move was to rid himself of his troublesome rival. To do this he availed himself of a serious oversight on their part. When the incorporators of the first Oregon Central Railroad Company organized, the requisite papers were presented to the Secretary of State, October 6, 1866, for filing in his office, as was necessary under the law to render their incorporation valid. Consequently Gaston presented them on the date named, had the Secretary endorse them and then asked the privilege of withdrawing them for the purpose of having additional signers whom he was desirous of having appear among the list of incorporators. The action of the Legislature, naming his company as the one designated by it to receive



Ben Holladay.

Benjamin Holladay—or, as he always signed his name, “Ben Holladay,” dropping the last two syllables—was born in Kentucky in 1826, of Scotch-Irish ancestry. His parents were tillers of the soil, and young Ben was brought up to the same pursuit. Quite early in his life his parents went to Missouri, but did not live long thereafter; hence the young man was thrown out upon the world to shift for himself. He was a likely young fellow and had the quality of making friends wherever he went, and was recognized as an indefatigable “ruster,” abounding in animal spirits, and pushing with great vigor any enterprise which he undertook to promote. He was married when about twenty years old, and settled down in Booneville, Mo., it is believed, and opened a little country store. Through the influence of friends he secured the appointment of postmaster by President Polk, and thus managed to “get on” fairly well until about 1847, when his home, including his store—his family lived in rooms over the store—was destroyed by fire, throwing him penniless upon the world with a wife and two children. The late John C. Bell, an honored Oregon pioneer of 1850, was a business man of the same town at that time, and started out at once after the calamity, and very quickly secured \$500.00 and offered it to Mr. Holladay, in order to aid him to supply the necessities of life. This he refused point blank, saying: “I’m no blanket-blank pauper.” Mr. Bell urged him most strongly to take the proffered sum, on account of his wife and children; that they were in distress, and that the amount tendered was not given because he was looked upon as a pauper, but as an evidence of the

esteem in which he was held by his neighbors. But he refused the money in spite of everything.

Not long after this event he managed to secure contracts, through the influence of Mr. Bell, who was well known both in Kentucky and Missouri, to supply the Government with beef. In this way Mr. Holladay accumulated money at a rapid rate, and when the great Overland Stage Line, which was originated by Mr. William H. Russell, of New York, about 1859-1860, and carried on for a year or so by Messrs. Russell, Majors & Waddell, failed in the year 1862, he, as chief creditor, took possession of the line. Mr. Holladay improved and extended it, until it reached Salt Lake City, a distance of twelve hundred and fifty miles from Atchison, its starting point. The total mileage of Mr. Holladay’s stage lines, including all branches, was two thousand seven hundred and sixty miles. It required six thousand horses and two hundred and fifty Concord coaches, besides a small army of men, to handle the business. For carrying the mails throughout the region traversed by his stages, Mr. Holladay received \$650,000.00 per year. In addition to this, Mr. Holladay had steamship lines up and down the Pacific Coast from Mexico to Alaska, and had many trusty lieutenants to transact his business. In 1865 he was a resident of New York City and was reputed by good authorities there to be worth easily \$5,000,000.00.

Mr. Holladay died at St. Vincent’s Hospital in Portland, Or., July 8, 1887, and was buried in the Catholic Cemetery on July 11. His second wife and two children survived him.

—GEO. H. HIMES.

the Congressional land grant and state aid, was taken early in November, while Gaston did not return his papers and consequently consummate his incorporation until subsequently, or on November 21.

Holladay's contention was that the Oregon Central Railroad Company (the West Siders) did not come into legal existence until the consummation of the incorporation, and that consequently the action of the Legislature of 1866, in designating a corporation that had no legal existence as the recipient of its bounty, was necessarily null and void.

In reprisal, the West Siders went to the United States Circuit Court, asking that their opponents be enjoined from the use of their (the West Siders') corporate title.

When the Legislature of 1868-69 convened, Holladay went to Salem, the state capital, opened up headquarters with a splurge and, by lavish entertainment and expenditures on a royal scale, ingratiated himself with the members. The result was all he could ask. The act of 1866, designating Gaston's company as the recipient of the subsidies, was declared invalid, and a grant made to the East Siders (Holladay's company) of practically the same character.

The West Siders appealed to the Secretary of the Interior to confirm them in their possession of the land grant by Congress, on the grounds that they had acted in good faith; that they had filed their acceptance of the terms of the grant within the year, as prescribed by the act of Congress; that they had expended large sums of money in the construction of their line, and that they were in a position to complete the required twenty miles within the two years designated by said act.

The decision of the Interior Department was against them. It was to the effect that there was no company in existence that had a legal right to the land grant in question, and that as no properly-constituted organization had complied with the act of Congress by filing its acceptance of the terms of the grant, that same had lapsed and could only be revived by new legislation.

Judge Deady, of the United States Court, gave as his decision that the East Siders had no legal rights to the name Oregon Central Railroad Company. This was little consolation to Gaston and his friends, in the face of losing their subsidies. In fact, it proved a

barren victory, for Holladay immediately proceeded to incorporate a new organization under the title of the Oregon and California Railroad Company, transferring to it all rights, property and franchises held by the East Side Company. He also was instrumental in having a further act of Congress passed, in 1869, reviving the land grant by extending the time in which acceptance of the terms of the grant could be filed for one year from the date of the supplementary act. This practically meant that the first company completing twenty miles would get the land, and it was a foregone conclusion that this would be the Holladay outfit.

The loss of their subsidies greatly impaired the credit of the West Side Company, so much so that S. G. Reed & Company, who had the contract for the construction of the line, threw up their contract, leaving Gaston and his friends in extremities, a land grant being regarded as an absolutely essential adjunct to the successful financing and operation of a railroad. Accordingly Gaston went to Washington in December, 1869, arriving there just in time to see his opponents confirmed in the possession of the land which, through his exertions, had originally been granted to the Oregon Central, this being accomplished by the Holladay interests through filing of the required papers covering the completion of the requisite twenty miles of track.

Still hopeful, he started in with his usual vim to secure a new grant for his company, meeting with partial success, Congress passing an act in 1870 granting the customary alternate sections of land—twenty to each mile—to aid in the construction of a railroad from Portland to McMinnville, Oregon, with a branch to Astoria, the Holladay influence being sufficient to prevent aid being given to his line south of McMinnville, with a view of heading off the construction of a competing line, the Astoria branch being thrown in as an added incentive to the West Siders to confine their projects to local territory.

While waiting for Congress to act, Gaston succeeded in arranging with Philadelphia parties for the extension of the Oregon Central for 150 miles, or about to Eugene City, Oregon. He also entered into negotiations with the projectors of a line from Winnemucca, Nev., on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, to the Columbia River, and

in connection with them made a further application for a land grant from McMinnville to Winnemucca. When this came up in Congress it was so changed through the Holladay influence as to the Winnemucca line tying up with the Oregon and California (the Holladay line) at some point to be determined later, instead of with the Oregon Central, Gaston's company. This rendered it unsatisfactory to the projectors, who were working with the Central Pacific interests, and resulted in the project being abandoned. Gaston had been so sanguine over its going through as to use it as an argument with his Philadelphia people, who, upon its being eliminated, refused to carry out the arrangement for the 150-mile extension.

Alarmed over the narrow margin by which they had prevented Gaston from upsetting their plans, and also convinced that he could not be bottled up as a local Oregon line, the Holladay interests decided that self-protection demanded their control of the Oregon Central. This was obtained by the purchase of outstanding obligations and subsequent pressure for their payment under threats of foreclosure proceedings. To avert this, Gaston and his associates were obliged to sell out to the enemy, upon assurance that all obligations would be met and the plans for the extension of the line carried out, Gaston, for himself, accepting service with the Holladay interests as freight and passenger agent of the line, which position he held until 1875, when he retired to again come to the front as the projector of a system of narrow-gauge lines in the Willamette Valley.

The effacement of Gaston left Holladay supreme in railroad affairs in Oregon. Under his administration the Oregon and California Railroad was constructed on south. Rails were laid to Albany in 1871, Eugene in 1872 and Roseburg in 1873. During the same time construction was going along on the Oregon Central, Cornelius being reached in 1871 and St. Joe in 1872. The funds for the prosecution of this work as well as for his enormous private expenditures were raised by Holladay largely through the sale of the bonds of the two companies to German and English parties.

As yet the two lines had but a comparatively small earning power. Their territory was but sparsely settled, and their business purely local. As a consequence the revenue

of the lines proved insufficient to meet the interest charges.

A slight divergence from the thread of our story is here necessary to introduce a new character, who was to become an important factor, namely, Henry Villard. Of German parentage, collegiate education, he reached Illinois as an emigrant in his teens, becoming a student of law, newspaper writer and war correspondent in the order named. His success in the latter capacity was marked, and he became a man of note. After the war he entered into the study of sociology. In 1871 he went to Germany on account of ill health, and while there made some investigations into German methods of banking with a view of their introduction in America. This brought him into contact with some of the holders of Oregon and California bonds, who asked his opinion regarding the securities and the cause of the failure to receive their interest. Through his advice a "protective committee" was formed of the holders of these bonds, of which he was a member.

At this time there were outstanding some eleven million dollars of the bonds of the two companies, the Oregon and California and the Oregon Central. The majority of this was held by the Germans. Under the auspices of the protective committee, an agent was sent to Oregon to investigate and his report was very unfavorable as to the prospects of the earning power of the properties. The roads were only 200 miles long instead of 350, as they had been given to understand; the gross earnings but about one-third of the interest charges and, in view of the restricted territory and limited population, there being but little probability of any material increase in earnings.

The question with the bondholders was, should they foreclose and take possession of the properties or would it be better to compromise with the Holladay management and, by pooling their interests, reduce the fixed charges to a point within the earnings. The latter course was decided upon. Owing to his familiarity with America and American customs, Villard was selected to conduct the negotiations for the committee. This necessitated a trip to Oregon by him. Proceeding to America, Villard was met, upon his arrival in New York, by Holladay. To the Westerner, Villard was "a fool Dutchman,"

and to the keen analytic German, Holladay, according to his published memories, was "illiterate, coarse, pretentious, boastful, false and cunning," and his reputed wealth fictitious, he being "in financial extremities."

The two opposite natures did not readily harmonize, and it was consequently agreed that further discussion should be postponed until Villard had made an examination of the properties. Accordingly Villard, accompanied by Richard Koehler, a German civil engineer, who was to aid him in investigating the two roads, proceeded to Oregon, being met at Roseburg by Holladay. An arrangement satisfactory to Villard was soon consummated, he accepting for his clients a lower rate of interest for the future, and new securities for that in arrears.

Villard then made a flying trip to Germany, where his report was approved by the protective committee. On his return to America he was met with advice from Koehler, who had remained at Portland as financial agent for the committee, that Holladay had failed to observe the agreement, that the first interest due under it had been defaulted and that Holladay alleged financial inability to carry it out.

This resulted in the Germans, acting through Villard, buying out Holladay, who, for a comparatively small consideration, surrendered control of his several transportation interests. This included the Oregon Steamship Line as well as the two railroad lines, the Oregon and California and the Oregon Central. With this there passed from the center of the stage one of the most interesting characters identified with the development of the West.

One may look in vain for his story in the numerous histories and biographies covering the Pacific Coast. Perchance a new Parkman or Baneroff may arise to do him justice. From his obituary notice in the Portland *Oregonian* of July 11, 1887, may be learned the following facts:

Born at Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, December, 1819, his youth was spent in driving cattle from Kentucky to Richmond, Va. Removing, at about the age of fifteen, to Western Missouri, he became interested in furnishing cattle and horses to the United States Government through the quartermaster's office at Leavenworth, Kan.

In 1850 he became imbued with the West-

ern fever. Purchasing a stock of merchandise, he hauled it overland to Salt Lake City, where he entered the mercantile business with marked success. Selling out to advantage, he moved in 1852 to San Francisco, where he became interested in many undertakings. From furnishing the Pacific Mail Company's steamers with fresh meat to stage lines and banking, all of which, by good judgment and energy, were made to increase his capital.

Through loans made to the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, the owners of the Overland Stage and Pony Express, he was obliged, on their failure, to take over their business. Holladay's Overland Stage became a household word, the only dependence of the Pacific Coast for its Eastern mail. When the construction of the Pacific Railroad was begun, Holladay, with his usual acumen, sold out, clearing up, according to general report, a million and a half from the transaction.

He then entered the steamship business on the Pacific Coast, for years being a very large factor in it from San Francisco to Central America on the south, to the Puget Sound country on the north. In 1868 he became interested in railroads in Oregon.

What with steamships, railroads, mining on a large scale, together with farming propositions in Westchester County, New York, which included the construction of a house alleged to have cost over a million dollars, he was a busy man. Unable to give interests the personal attention necessary, he became badly involved financially, so much so that in 1876 he "went broke," never again to occupy the prominent place he had filled so long, and to "cross the range" in the City of Portland, July 8, 1887.

Upon assuming control, in 1876, the bondholders elected Villard as president of the Oregon and California and Oregon Steamship Companies, leaving Holladay the nominal head of the Oregon Central. The new administration, while less spectacular than that of Holladay, was more businesslike. Politics were eschewed, construction resumed and an earnest effort made with considerable success to build up the population of the territory tributary to the lines. The Oregon Central was leased in 1879 to a new company, the Western Oregon, which latter had been formed to build the extension of the line from St. Joe, Ore., to Corvallis.





*Climbing Out of Sacramento River Canyon Near Mott.*

From a Photograph by C. R. Miller.

some fifty miles. In 1881 the Oregon and California Railroad Company was reorganized. The new corporation absorbed the Western Oregon and its leased line, the Oregon Central. The construction of the line from Roseburg south to the Oregon state line and a connection with the line coming up from the south proved a very slow and expensive proposition, far exceeding the estimate as to cost.

In 1883 the Villard interests had grown to such an extent that it was deemed advisable to form a "holding company" to act as guardian for the different lines. These included not only the Oregon and California, whose history we have been following, but also the Northern Pacific Railroad, the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, and the Oregon Steamship Company. This holding company was known as the Oregon and Transcontinental Company. It was intended it should own a controlling interest in the several operating companies, should finance them, dictate a uniform policy, prevent injudicious competition, etc. One of the first moves was to effect a lease to the Oregon and California of the Willamette Valley Railroad. This was a narrow-gauge, three-foot width, which had been built by Gaston under the corporate title of the Dayton, Sheridan and Grande Ronde Railroad. It was a local line, commenced in 1878, constructed, financed and operated by local interests. Failing to earn enough to meet its fixed charges, it had been reorganized as the Willamette Valley Railroad Company, the stock of which was largely held in Scotland.

This consolidated all lines south of Portland under the one name, Oregon and California Railroad, and this was in turn leased to the new holding company, the Oregon and Transcontinental. About this same time a company, called the Northern Pacific Terminal of Oregon, was formed. This was to construct the necessary freight and passenger terminal facilities at Portland, including a bridge across the river, to accommodate the business of the different lines centering there. Affording, as it does, an entrance into the city for the Oregon and California Railroad from East Portland, it is one of the constituent parts of the Shasta route.

Villard was now, 1883, the whole thing in transportation affairs in Oregon. Under his jurisdiction were all lines, both rail and wa-

ter. The Northern Pacific was being rapidly completed from St. Paul to the Coast. The lines of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company were reaching out in every direction, and the extension of the Oregon and California well advanced. Twenty-five thousand men were on the pay rolls of his various companies and their monthly disbursements four million dollars.

Caught in the collapse of the West Shore Railroad Company, an enterprise building a railroad from Hoboken to Buffalo, in competition with the New York Central, and which failed about this time, and in which he had largely invested, adversely affected by newspaper comments over the lavish expenditures in connection with the completion and opening ceremonies of the Northern Pacific, Villard found increasing difficulty in securing funds to carry on his numerous enterprises, reaching finally such a point, December, 1883, as to bring him and his holding company, the Oregon and Transcontinental, to the verge of bankruptcy.

The newspapers of December 16 announced his retirement from the presidency of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company and the Oregon and Transcontinental, to be followed the first of the year by his resignation as president of the Northern Pacific, and his practical effacement as a controlling factor. It is true he retained the presidency of the Oregon and California Railroad Company, this at the urgent request of his European friends, who remained staunch and loyal to him, but his power had gone for the time being, and in 1885, on account of alleged bad health, he resigned this.

The Oregon and Transcontinental Company being unable to provide for the interest due on the Oregon and California securities, January 1, 1884, an arrangement was effected by which the lease of the latter company was cancelled, the Oregon and California assuming all obligations and reimbursing the Oregon and Transcontinental Company for expenses incurred in building its extension from Roseburg south. Even though they were now freed from their connection with the Villard regime, they were not through with their troubles. Unable to meet interest charges due January 1, 1885, the line was thrown in the hands of a receiver. Richard Koehler was named by the court as such. It remained in his charge until July, 1886, when

the Central Pacific people purchased a controlling interest, advanced the necessary funds and the road was taken out of the receiver's hands and leased to the Southern Pacific Company.

The new owners resumed construction and the line was soon completed to the Oregon-California line, the rate of progress being forty-three miles to Riddle, Ore., in 1883; ninety-nine miles to Fort Lane in 1884, to Ashland in 1885, and completed in 1887.

Having thus followed the history of the line in Oregon, we will return to the California portion of it. We have already seen how the line from Roseville to Lincoln and Marysville was built and absorbed by the Central Pacific, under the corporate title of the California and Oregon Railroad Company, but operated as the Oregon division of the Central Pacific. The line from Marysville north to Redding was built by the "Contract and Finance Company," that had done the construction work on the main line of the Central Pacific, reaching there in 1878. North of there the work was done by the Central Pacific Company itself. The rate of progress was slow. Delta was reached in 1885, McCloud in 1886 and the Oregon line and a connection with the line from Portland December, 1887.

As previously stated, the Oroville line was completed by the California Northern Railroad Company in 1864. Failing to meet the interest on its bonded indebtedness, it was sold at mortgage foreclosure sale January, 1881, being bought in by N. E. Rideout. The price paid was \$40,000, although the original cost of road and equipment was nearly \$1,000,000. Rideout and his associates continued to operate it until 1885, when it was sold to the Northern California Railroad Company, who in turn leased it to the Southern Pacific Company in 1889.

The eighteen miles from Roseville to Sacramento was a part of the Central Pacific and, in fact, the very first part of that line that was constructed, it having been completed in 1864. It has the distinction of being the only section of the line between Portland and San Francisco that has remained in the hands of its original owners, considering the Southern Pacific Company and Central Pacific Railroad as one and the same.

Originally the line from San Francisco to

Sacramento was a part of the Central Pacific Railway of California, the original charter calling for the construction of a line from a point near San Francisco to the California-Nevada state line—that is, the state charter—National legislation covering a line from a point on the Pacific Ocean, near San Francisco, to a connection with the Union Pacific Railroad. Early in 1864 the rights of the Central Pacific Company, so far as the line west of Sacramento was concerned, were sold to the Western Pacific Railroad Company, who constructed the line *via* Niles and Stockton, and which later on was absorbed by the Central Pacific. The direct line, by way of Benicia, was of later date and of complicated origin.

A traveler over the ninety miles in question goes over portions of what was originally eight different roads. The line from Suisun to Sacramento is a part of the California Pacific. This company, formed in 1869 by the consolidation of the California Pacific, the San Francisco and Marysville, incorporated in 1857, and the Sacramento and San Francisco, incorporated in 1864, was originally operated as a San Francisco-Sacramento line in competition with the Western Pacific Railroad, the route *via* Niles and Stockton. Originally the line was made up of steamer from San Francisco to Vallejo, thence the rails of the California Pacific Railroad to Sacramento, commencing operations in 1870.

The cut-off from Davisville to Knight's Landing was built by the same parties, under the corporate title of the California Pacific Extension Railroad Company, the line being leased by the Central Pacific in 1876. This same company also built the line from Woodland to Tehama, one hundred miles, in 1883. In 1870 the Central Pacific of California, the Western Pacific, the San Francisco, Oakland and Alameda, the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley and the California and Oregon were all consolidated into the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and this in turn leased, April, 1885, to the company that has ever since operated it—the Southern Pacific Company.

Two years later, or in December, 1887, the through line between Portland and San Francisco was inaugurated, the first trains leaving their terminals December 17.

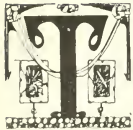


*California Murres, a Ridge Colony.*

## A-Birding on the Olympiades

By William Leon Dawson

Illustrated by the Author



HERE are few mountains, valleys, or plains which have not ere now re-echoed to the sound of the ornithologist's gun, and few remotest isles which have not long since yielded their tribute of ornithological spoil to supply the great museums of the world. At least so it would seem to those of us who trace with envious eye the records of men who flourished when bird-craft was young, and when its opportunities were not yet limited by the encroachments of civilization. To be sure, the advent of the camera as a means of sport has discounted in a measure the unique happiness of the pioneers, and has given us a glad sense that the work is all to do over again, in what we conceive to be a more effective as well as more de-

lightful way. It is then with a double sense of privilege that one stumbles upon a region which has not yet been deflowered by the gun, and which lies inviting to that gentlest and most efficient of weapons, the kodak.

Such a region the writer found this last Summer, just off our own shore, in the scattering fringe of islands which lie between Gray's Harbor and the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and with a small party cruised among them during July in an Indian canoe. These islands have no particular unity of arrangement as among themselves, only a general similarity of position with reference to the main shore. Since this shore is the Olympic Peninsula I propose for this western fringe of islets the name "Olympiades." However lightly cartographers may be disposed to re-

gard this suggestion, it will at least serve our present purpose.

The Olympiades comprise about one hundred and thirty islets and sea-bound rocks, none of which have attained any economic importance, save as they mark, or menace, the course of navigation. Only two of them are inhabited, Destruction Island and Tatoosh Island, and these by light-keepers alone. The islets are grouped either definitely or suggestively about the principal promontories of the coast, of which they are for the most part mere detached fragments marking a phase of land recession, and thus they fall naturally into nine general groups or systems. Of the total number some thirty

height, and one of the best ones is two hundred and fifty feet high.

Of course no one but a professional ornithologist would care to make the whole trip for the sake of the birds alone, but there are few laymen nowadays but will confess to at least a momentary interest in bird-life. Come with us, then, as we explore a typical rock midway of the group, and learn what manner of creatures these are which share the hospitality of our coasts.

The fog, it may be, shrouded the entire scene at daybreak, but as we launch out through the surf at 9 o'clock, it is clearing away, and only stray wisps of mist cling about the battlements of the promised isle



*Fuca's Pillar—Tatoosh Light in the Distance.*

islands are definitely occupied by sea-birds, and may be recognized as rookeries by the anxious flight of the winged inhabitants or by their whitewashed appearance.

In character the occupied bird-rocks vary from slender pinnacles which not even a sea-otter might scale, to rambling edifices with porch and roof-slope, chambers, ridges and towers, where any variety of sea-fowl may choose the exact environment which suits it best. Nothing is held suitable for occupancy over which the waters may break in time of storm; hence no islands are used for nesting purposes which rise less than forty feet above high tide. One hundred and twenty-five feet would be nearer the average

a mile offshore. As we approach, uneasy gulls and inquiring puffins pass near us overhead, the former drifting by as though casually, but quavering suspiciously; the latter including us upon the rim of great circles several times repeated, but checking their flights each time sufficiently to survey us with grave and careful curiosity. The cormorants begin to shift uneasily on their nests, while disengaged members of their groups join the increasing ranks of the scouts. Marauders are not so little known that the approach of mysterious strangers can be regarded calmly.

But the official greeting of the motley host is extended by the black oyster-catcher (*haematopus bachmani*), the self-constituted



*A Ledge Colony.*

guardian of all sea-girt rocks. He has had his eye upon us from the moment of launching, and when we are within a hundred yards, mindful of his brooding mate or the

secreted babes, he flies straight out to meet us and quavers a boisterious welcome, a welcome wherein anxiety is concealed by effusiveness. If the female is sitting upon eggs, she slips away too soon to be caught at home, and she spends the entire time of our stay arranging elaborate pantomimes for our misguidance. Now she bends with quivering wing and dips her head up and down, as though inviting attention to her charming nestlings. "Are n't they darlings?" (She means the heap of mussel shells just before her eye.) Or again she settles down upon a barnacle-covered rock and broods virtuously for half an hour—on barnacles.

Very diverting creatures these oyster-catchers are at any time. As large as domestic fowls, with sooty-black plumage, they are provided with stout feet and legs of a pale flesh color, and a strong, chisel-shaped bill of a bright vermilion hue. The yellow eyes are surrounded by rings of carmine which impart a droll appearance to these wags in feathers, and in the midst of most earnest floods of bombast they cannot resist tipping you sly winks, like auctioneers.



*White Rock; a Nesting-Place of the Glaucous-Winged Gull.*



*Cohort Rock, a Cormorant Rookery.*

Our island is nearly surrounded by rocky shoulders which are covered only at the highest tide, and upon one of these on the lee side we intend to land. Albeit there is little breeze there is a heavy swell running, and the Indians scull cautiously as we draw near. Just as we prepare to leap ashore with the cameras we are upborne swiftly by a quartering sea. "Wass!" (dont do it) the older man cries sharply, and we crouch in terror as the canoe seems about to be dashed in pieces upon the flooded reef. But the boat just clears on the recoil and we go down, down, while a swift pageant of mussels, barnacles, sea-urchins, and bright-hued anemones shoots past us sputtering and choking at the sudden exposure to air. When we do effect a landing we must scuttle for safety to a higher level before the next wave reaches, with a dull chng of satisfaction, our recent landing-place.

The Indians pull away to a safe distance and rock lazily upon the billows while we spend busy hours among the clamoring birds.

Pigeon guillemots (*cepphus columba*) come tumbling out of their rocky recesses at the lower levels, and with carmine legs awkwardly outstretched from their "hind corners," fall plump into the sea. After this detergent plunge they gather in a little anxious company a few rods out and give vent to whining hisses while we search for their nests. The eggs, two in number, are deposited upon the bare rock, or accumulated gravel, at the bottom of "wells" or fissures. The young when hatched are covered thickly with a jet-black down, but one oftener hears than sees them, for they have a passion for darkness, and peep plaintively from the security of narrow clefts and mazy rock-piles, from which their own mothers have to coax them, at meal time.

Meanwhile the air is filling with gull wings, and as we clamber over a barren sandstone ledge carved into a thousand fantastic hollows by the finger of time, we begin to see other signs of occupation than the hovering birds. The gulls are either Western (*Larus occidentalis*) or glaucous-winged



*At Close Quarters.*

(*L. glaucescens*) or both. The former occupy chiefly the southern half of the Olympiades, and the latter, in six times the number, the northern; but the island we have selected is midway, where these two forms mingle. The Western gulls range south in Winter, and it is chiefly the glaucous-wings which, of the larger birds, are most abundant about our northern harbors after the nesting season.

June is the proper nesting month, but we may still find a few belated or "second" sets, of two eggs each, instead of three as earlier in the season. But the young are everywhere. *Only*, they are not clamoring, as their parents are, for notice. They are all playing hide and you are to seek, if you will. The nestling plumage, pale yellow mottled with black, renders them nearly invisible upon the lichen-covered rocks, or among the bleaching grasses; and they are taught (or does it come without teaching? I will not say) to "freeze," without so much as the oscillation of an eyelid, at the announcement of danger. Now and again this mandate finds a youngster unprepared, or in bad position, so that by watching closely we may detect an unsatisfied chick marching silently away with uplifted wings, in search of better cover. Beyond the mere direction to remain motionless instinct serves them poorly, for they will try to clamber up the most im-

possible places; and once they miss footing, they go rolling and tumbling, until not infrequently the ocean gets them.

The Indians esteem young gulls as great delicacies—have, in fact, for centuries; so that the soul of this handsome bird is not confiding. In addition, therefore, to some which are easy of ascent, the most inaccessible islands are occupied by them. The birds in the accompanying picture were frightened by a pistol shot from what looks to be an impregnable station, but our guides assured us that the rock had been sealed by certain members of the Ozette tribe. Doubtless the fancy groceries of the white man have done something to lessen the demand for sea-chicken, but the island poultry-yards are still regarded very jealously in some quarters. When the Quinault Indians heard through friendly gossip with our guides of the coming of a "bird-man," they could form but one conclusion. The tribe was hastily summoned and the annual gull crop on Wiloughby Island was gathered—earlier than



*Nest and Eggs of Baird Cormorant.*





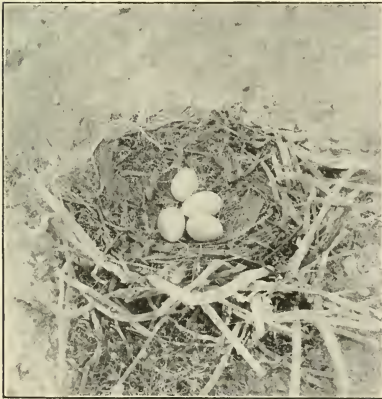
Nest and Eggs of Brandt Cormorant.

usual. It is doubtless time that this primitive appetite be restrained to the mutual advantage of the gull and the Indian.

Three kinds of cormorants, called indiscriminately "shags" by sailors, frequent these Olympic Islands. Although their choice of nesting sites is very definite and very different, their requirements may be met in a single isle, or, as in one instance that came under our notice, in a single ledge. The Baird cormorants (*Phalacrocorax pelagicus*

*resplendens*) are the smallest of the three and the most handsomely dressed, being clad in resplendent black with brilliant greenish and violet reflections. During the nuptial season, too, they bear large white flank patches conspicuous in flight, and have curling feather tufts behind the eyes, which give to the head an angular or horned appearance. These birds enjoy the widest distribution of any in the Olympiades, since they are able to utilize the slightest knobs and projections of the numerous abrupt walls and sharp rock slopes. The nest is composed of sea-weed and fine grass cemented, incidentally, but none the less securely, by the discharge of excrement. They thus constitute brackets against the whitened walls upon which the birds stand out like ebony statuettes in marble niches. Four eggs, as in the case of all cormorants, are deposited; and these when fresh are of a delicate greenish blue, heavily and irregularly overlaid with unassimilated white lime, like bits of sky with drifting clouds. The shag "stands" upon her eggs as often as she sits, for her legs are short and placed well back.

Brandt's cormorant (*Phalacrocorax penicillatus*), with plumage of a dull, brownish black, will be found on the top of our island, where danger of falling out of bed is re-



Nest and Eggs of White-Crested Cormorant.



Rhinoceros Auklet at End of Burrow.



*Nest and Eggs of White-Crested Cormorant on Willoughby Island.*



*Jack-Knife Rock—Detail of a Gull Haunt.*

duced to a minimum. Here upon the level ground, or rock, she builds a big, round nest of grass and moss and sea-weed. Neighbors are welcome, and in a populous colony the nests touch each other.

The white-crested cormorant (*Phalacrocorax dilophus cincinatus*) borrows no ideas from her sisters, but erects a nest of clumsy sticks, culled from the beach, and places it invariably upon a sharp ledge or commanding point of rock. The nest is scarcely lined, but into the center of the structure are incorporated bark, feathers, twine, sea-weed, bits of moss and similar soft substances.

The young of all cormorants are mother-naked when hatched, "their skin resembling a greasy black kid glove," and they look more like young alligators than birds. Those a week or so old are covered with a thick black down, and at this time the young of the different species can be clearly distinguished.

A shag rookery is, of course, foul from every conceivable source. The nests and



*Nesting-Place of Cormorants, Showing Eggs of Three Species: Left, Bairds; Center, White-Crested; Right, Brandts.*

rocks are white with excrement, and with this the callow young are more or less be-smear'd. Then about the nests lie fragments of uneaten fish, to which flies swarm in myriads. When frightened the young birds eject the contents of the crop, and to this charming mélange an occasional over-ripe egg adds attractions of its own.

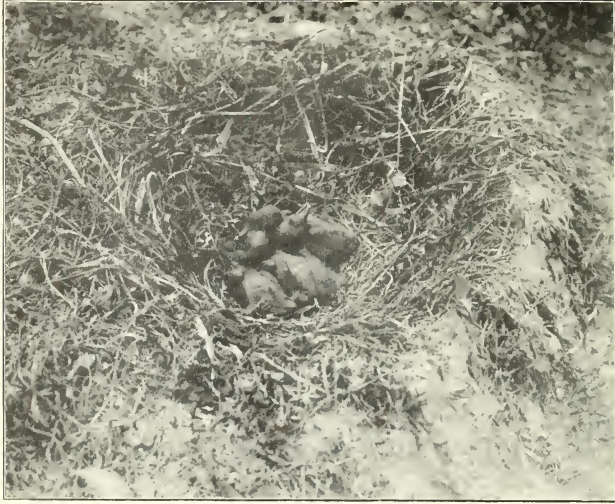
Upon the advent of danger the fledglings of the two last-named species have a habit of forsaking their nests and huddling together into community groups to act on the defensive. When brought to bay they thrust out the neck at the intruder and open the gullet until it almost makes one dizzy to look down, emitting the while a sound between a hiss and a bark, intended no doubt to be very frightful, but in reality merely dismal, or ridiculous. Most interesting also is a curious habit they have of causing the loose membrane of the throat to pulsate during excitement or anger.

A youngster I once encountered had a misshapen foot, and so knowing his weak-

ness, he did not attempt to escape with his companions, but from the parental threshold hissed and barked most valiantly every time I passed. He clamored for my blood so persistently that I indulged his appetite with a proffered hand. He seized it boldly, became suddenly embarrassed, nibbled a moment rather sheepishly and then desisted, obliged to admit that it was all bluff.

We were not able to pay sufficient attention to the first main flight of birds as we approached the island, owing to the distractions of the oyster-catcher; but if we had taken notice, we should have seen among the hurrying, anxious throng beves of California murrets (*Uria troile californica*), swifter of pace and more graceful in motion than either puffins or cormorants, hurtling about without apparent object other than to maintain their share of the general excitement.

Since the island does not disappear beneath our feet, they return to their ledges by ones and twos and dozens, settling with a noisy



*Young of Brandt's Cormorant.*



*North Rock: Occupied Mostly by White-Crested Cormorants.*



*Young White-Crested Cormorants.*

flapping, and assuming an upright posture, as becomes "rump-footed" birds. Usually wild, and sometimes exceedingly so, upon the water, during the nesting season they exhibit the least fear of men of any sea-bird of our coast, save the daffy petrel. It is not difficult to catch them in the hand, and one may occasionally stroke the feathers of a sitting bird unforbidden. Murres nest in a variety of places, but chiefly upon the bald tops of pinnacles or ledges. Here the females crowd together to the number of hundreds, many of them in actual contact with their huddling neighbors. This arrangement does well enough for eggs, but when the young are hatched they undoubtedly suffer more or less from confusion of mamas. In cautiously approaching the colony figured in the cut, the number of adults slowly melted from three hundred to thirty, among scores of wailing chicks. When I withdrew and the timorous ones came back, there was a ferment of readjustment. Lost chicks piped shrill inquiry of every bustling matron, and were received with spiteful jabs from bills as sharp as thorns. And when after much adversity the right mother was found, the

chick was promptly thrust between the legs, where the accommodations seemed ridiculously inadequate.

When the birds nest in sheltered situations, one pays a fearful price for close acquaintance. A murre rookery is not so bad, where the purifying rains have access to it, but the stench of a protected cave is simply overpowering. Eggs are sometimes so encrusted with filth as to be immovable, and fledglings are born into conditions which would shame harpies.

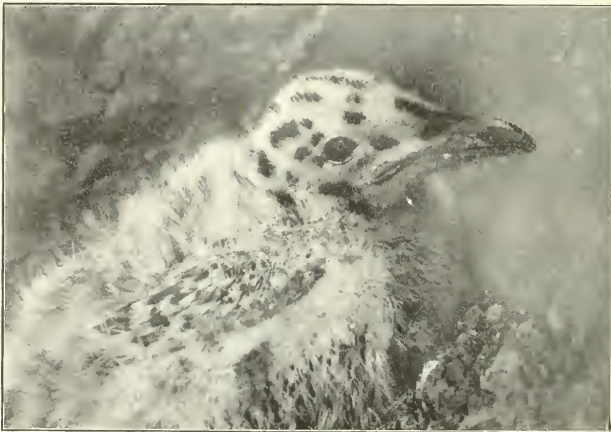
Not unnaturally, we have allowed our attention to rest first upon the noisy birds. The black oyster-catcher is still making fitful charges about the island, quavering his false alarms. The gulls overhead, tireless of wing and voice, are making a running commentary upon our every motion. The shags croak uneasily or abandon their nests with squawks of alarm. The murres mumble 'ow 'ow, or else explode in stentorous *kraeks* absurdly out of character with their mild eyes. But we have now to consider the three silent ones.

I never heard the tufted puffins (*Lunda cirrhata*) make a vocal sound, yet they are

here by thousands, some standing gravely at the mouths of their subterranean burrows, but more of them filling the air with the rustle of wings, or else resting in great companies upon the water a little way removed. "Sea parrots" they are sometimes called, but it is altogether on account of their strikingly compressed beaks, larger and handsomer than ever during the breeding season. One of the puffins we so completely surprised as she was preparing to quit the nest, that she dropped back into the grass and attempted escape by hiding. I pounced upon her instantly, but was very mindful of the possibilities of that terrible beak. She struggled desperately, and notwithstanding my utmost

uniform dull black color, as befits his dingy surroundings.

Unless curiosity prompted you to examine a puffin burrow, you might never know that the ground has other tenants as well. You thrust an exploratory spade into the soil about where you think the end of the big tunnel ought to be, and behold, with the first spadeful you bring up a tiny black chick, like the young puffin indeed, but with a body no bigger than your thumb. It is a baby petrel, and if you thrust your hand back quickly into the hole, you will find the mother bird cowering in the remotest corner. She cares not a mite for the chick, but thinks only of hiding from the intolerable light.



*Western Gull Chick About Ten Days Old.*

precaution, managed to get a little nip at my arm, the blood coming promptly in spite of protecting khaki. Sticks and weeds she snapped and broke furiously, but she soon became wise to the futility of these things, and would have nothing but fingers, of which we had, unfortunately, a limited supply.

Puffins nest chiefly in burrows dug in the ground, preferring for the purpose a sloping, grass-covered hillside. But a single egg is laid, originally white with delicate shell markings of lavender and dark brown, but soon becoming reduced to a dingy brown throughout by contact with the soil. A puffin baby is a mere ball of puffy down, the feathers being at least an inch long and of a

The adult Kaeding petrel (*Oceanodroma kaedingi*) is somewhat larger than a swallow, brownish and slaty-black in color, with a patch of clear white on the rump.

When taken in the hand a little experimenting shows that the creature will not readily seek flight nor escape by running. It simply jams its head up into the darkest recess of the fingers, and, like the ostrich, is content if only its eyes are accounted for. If placed upon the ground it pushes its way through the grass-stems until a promising nook is found, or dives into the first neighboring burrow encountered. Once one did rise from the hand and fly seaward with a hesitant, bewildered motion, a jerkiness simi-



Indian at Mouth of Rhinoceros Auklet Burrow.

lar to that of a butterfly. Others I tossed into the air and they too made off to sea, sheepishly, like waifs caught sleeping on a park bench when told to "move on."

The ground is honeycombed with the burrows of these diminutive sea-farers. I once exposed five of their tunnels in pursuing one of the puffins. Their abundance passes belief. In a single acre of Dhuoyuatzachtahl (Quillayute name meaning place-where-we-catch-petrels), allowing two birds to a nest, it is estimated that forty thousand birds are breeding. Yet so far as the petrels are concerned all is as silent as the grave. There is something uncanny about walking over this hidden city—full of life, yet silent as death—with never a wing-glimpse to betray its presence, although its crowded inhabitants hail from a thousand watery leagues. That is, in the daytime. At night the little folk wake up. The fathers come in from the sea to feed their brooding mates or the fledglings. The air is full of fluttering wings and there is a fine hubbub of traffic, as befits a me-

ropolis. I know, because I once spent a night with them.

The rhinoceros auklets (*Ceratorhinca monocerata*), like the petrels, come only at night to visit their mates, and to feed the solitary black puff-balls for whose sake they are willing for a little space each year to brave the terrors of land. These birds drive tunnels into the grass-covered clay banks, or delve into the midst of the thickest vegetation, if only the slope be steep enough. On this account therefore knowledge of their whereabouts is chiefly a matter of tradition.

Such, in brief, are the inhabitants of one of our Olympic bird-rocks, and when one thinks of the pathless wastes from which these birds are gathered, or of the countless ages during which these and their ancestors have called this rock home, one begins to feel something of the sense of mystery which shrouds all God's handiwork. A sense of mystery and a sense of purpose, too. The sparkling waters, the stirring breezes, the restless wings, the sweetly clamorous voices all rouse an in-

terest in life—life which is not human, indeed, but all the more fascinating for a season, in that it is superficially different. And to realize that this varied life with its un-failing joys of homing, mating, mothering, and primal freedom, has gone on for centuries, is in itself to resolve that its happiness shall continue unfettered, uneffaced, a joy unto itself and a joy to weary men, as its Maker intended.

Now this I say, because there be those

(undeveloped souls) who know no joy beyond the art of inflicting sudden death, and to whom the varied pageant of the bird-world is but an assemblage of winged targets with motion, it may be fast or slow, direct, tortuous or eccentric, but always destructible. And these are the enemies of society, not only because they do not love the birds as birds, but because they do not love us who love the birds, and because they care nothing for the wonder of things.



*A Bird in the Hand: a Rhinoceros Auklet Captured in a Burrow.*



# The Dead Coyote

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

The wind and sage and sun, my dog,  
Invite our wandering feet.  
Life throbs with maddening pulses;  
What gladness so complete  
As that which waits to thrill us  
Out in the day together?  
Life? Nay, we are immortal,  
Children of ages we—  
The bright hours of this morning  
Themselves eternity!

—A coyote beneath the cactus,  
Huddled and gray and still;  
Thy foe is he, betrayed by death,  
Helpless, unto thy will.  
What, no longer? Pity smites thee  
Seeing him caught so  
In the sun's cruel thrall?  
Wouldst thou wake him with thy pleading?  
Will those dim eyes, those ears unheeding  
Quicken to meet thy wistful call?

Ah, no, my joyous-hearted,  
Thou lurest him in vain!  
No more in nightly forays  
Will he fare forth again  
Across the moonlit valley.  
A glad outlaw of nature,  
Drawing joy with every breath;  
Thy foe in life; now, helpless creature,  
Thy brother recognized in death!

The wind and sage and sun, my dog,  
Still lure our wandering feet.  
Day sings her witching music;  
To live, ah, heart, how sweet!  
Yet life for us is fleeting,  
—Children of ages we—  
Come, snatch some mad free hours  
Ere death's eternity!

# A Little Line of Red

By Adelaide Soulé



HE had deceived everyone. When discovery was certain and flight foiled, he had hidden all that remained of the money. No one had suspected. Of that he felt sure.

For five years he had hugged to his breast the thought of that hidden gold. It had sustained him through torturing days and endless nights. Once free, he could get the money and start life anew.

And now he was free. The prison gates had opened.

Two days later, as he walked down a crowded city street, a heavy hand fell upon his arm. He looked up into a face he knew—the face of the man who had sent him to jail.

"I'll take that suit-case," said the officer quietly, but his fingers tightened on something half drawn from his pocket.

A look strangely like relief came into the face of the convict. He held out the bag without a word. The officer took it, but his hand did not leave his pocket. He did not understand this easy victory.

"You knew all the time?" asked the convict.

The officer allowed himself a grim smile.

"I didn't know where it was. I waited for you to get out and show me."

The convict nodded. "Well, you can take it back to them. Of course you won't believe me, but I was going to send it back."

"You meant to give it up?"—incredulously.

"Not at first. I meant to take it and go away. But I couldn't. You have made it easy for me. I know you are honest. Take it back to them and tell them I've started new. I'm going to be honest, too."

A little line of red mounted slowly in the officer's face. He stared at the other without speaking.

"You don't want me, do you?" asked the convict at length.

"No," he said, slowly, "I don't want you."

The man glided away in the crowd. The officer stood, the stolen gold in his hand, absorbed in thought. When he finally raised his head the convict was out of sight. He drew a long breath.

"I never meant to give it back," he muttered. "I thought I'd take half and let him keep the rest. Now I've got it all. But—I can't be worse than a convict."

Tightening his grip on the suit-case, he grimly turned toward headquarters.



# Created He Them

By Jack London

Author of "The Call of the Wild," etc.



HE met him at the door.

"I did not think you would be so early."

"It is half-past eight."

He looked at his watch.

"The train leaves at 9:12."

He was very businesslike, until he saw her lips tremble as she abruptly turned and led the way.

"It'll be all right, little woman," he said soothingly. "Dr. Bodineau's the man. He'll pull him through, you'll see."

They entered the living-room. His glance quested apprehensively about, then turned to her. "Where's Al?"

She did not answer, but with a sudden impulse came close to him and stood motionless. She was a slender, dark-eyed woman, in whose face was stamped the strain and stress of living. But the fine lines and the haunted look in the eyes were not the handiwork of mere worry. He knew the handiwork as he looked upon it, and she knew when she consulted her mirror.

"It's no use, Mary," he said. He put his hand on her shoulder. "We've tried everything. It's a wretched business, I know, but what else can we do? You've failed. Dr. Bodineau's all that's left."

"If I had another chance . . ." she began, falteringly.

"We've threshed that all out," he answered harshly. "You've got to buck up, now. You know what conclusion we arrived at. You know you have n't the ghost of a hope in another chance."

She shook her head. "I know it. But it is terrible, the thought of his going away to fight it out alone."

"He won't be alone. There's Dr. Bodineau. And besides, it's a beautiful place."

She remained silent.

"It is the only thing," he said.

"It is the only thing," she repeated mechanically.

He looked at his watch. "Where's Al?" "I'll send him."

When the door had closed behind her, he walked over to the window and looked out, drumming absently with his knuckles on the pane.

"Hello."

He turned and responded to the greeting of the man who had just entered. There was a perceptible drag to the man's feet as he walked across toward the window, and paused irresolutely half way.

"I've changed my mind, George," he announced hurriedly and nervously. "I'm not going."

He plucked at his sleeve, shuffled with his feet, dropped his eyes, and with a strong effort raised them again to confront the other.

George regarded him silently, his nostrils distending and his lean fingers unconsciously crooking like an eagle's talons about to clutch.

In line and feature there was much of resemblance between the two men; and yet, in the strongest resemblances there was a radical difference. Theirs were the same black eyes, but those of the man at the window were sharp and straight-looking, while those of the man in the middle of the room were cloudy and furtive. He could not face the other's gaze, and continually and vainly struggled with himself to do so. The high cheek-bones with the hollows beneath were the same, yet the texture of the hollows seemed different. The thin-lipped mouths were from the same mould, but George's lips were firm and muscular, while Al's were soft and loose—the lips of an ascetic turned voluptuary. There was also a sag at the corners. His flesh hinted of grossness, especially so in the eagle-like aquiline nose that must once have been like the other's but that had lost the austerity the other's still retained.

Al fought for steadiness in the middle of the floor. The silence bothered him. He had a feeling that he was about to begin swaying back and forth. He moistened his lips with his tongue.

"I'm going to stay," he said desperately.

He dropped his eyes and plucked again at his sleeve.

"And you are only twenty-six years old," George said at last. "You poor, feeble old man."

"Dont be so sure of that," Al retorted, with a flash of belligerence.

"Do you remember when we swam that mile and a half across the channel?"

"Well, and what of it?" A sullen expression was creeping across Al's face.

"And do you remember when we boxed in the barn after school?"

"I could take all you gave me."

"All I gave you!" George's voice rose momentarily to a higher pitch. "You licked me four afternoons out of five. You were twice as strong as I—three times as strong. And now I'd be afraid to land on you with a sofa cushion. You'd crumple up like a last year's leaf. You'd die, you poor, miserable old man."

"You need n't abuse me just because I've changed my mind," the other protested, the hint of a whine in his voice.

His wife entered, and he looked appeal to her; but the man at the window strode suddenly up to him and burst out:

"You dont know your own mind for two successive minutes! You haven't any mind, you spineless, crawling worm!"

"You can't make me angry." Al smiled with cunning, and glanced triumphantly at his wife. "You can't make me angry," he repeated, as though the idea were thoroughly gratifying to him. "I know your game. It's my stomach, I tell you. I can't help it. Before God I can't! Isn't it my stomach, Mary?"

She glanced at George and spoke composedly, though she hid a trembling hand in a fold of her skirt.

"Is n't it time?" she asked softly.

Her husband turned upon her savagely. "I'm not going to go!" he cried. "That's just what I've been telling . . . him. And I tell you again, all of you, I'm not going. You can't bully me."

"Why Al, dear, you said——" she began.

"Never mind what I said!" he broke out. "I've said something else right now, and you've heard it, and that settles it."

He walked across the room and threw himself with emphasis into a Morris chair. But the other man was swiftly upon him. The talon-like fingers gripped his shoulders, jerked him to his feet, and held him there.

"You've reached the limit, Al, and I want you to understand it. I've tried to treat you like . . . like my brother, but hereafter I shall treat you like the thing that you are. Do you understand?"

The anger in his voice was cold. The blaze in his eyes was cold. It was vastly more effective than any outburst, and Al cringed under it and under the clutching hand that was bruising his shoulder muscles.

"It is only because of me that you have this house, that you have the food you eat. Your position? Any other man would have been shown the door a year ago—two years ago. I have held you in it. Your salary has been charity. It has been paid out of my pocket. Mary . . . her dresses—that gown she has on is made over; she wears the discarded dresses of her sisters—of my wife. Charity—do you understand? Your children—they are wearing the discarded clothes of my children, of the children of my neighbors who think the clothes went to some orphan asylum. And it is an orphan asylum . . . or it soon will be."

He emphasized each point with an unconscious tightening of his grip on the shoulder. Al was squirming with the pain of it. The sweat was starting out on his forehead.

"Now, listen well to me," his brother went on. "In three minutes you will tell me that you are going with me. If you dont, Mary and the children will be taken away from you—today. You need n't ever come to the office. This house will be closed to you. And in six months I shall have the pleasure of burying you. You have three minutes to make up your mind."

Al made a strangling movement, and reached up with weak fingers to the clutching hand.

"My heart . . . let me go . . . you'll be the death of me," he gasped.

The hand thrust him down forcibly into the Morris chair and released him.

The clock on the mantle ticked loudly. George glanced at it, and at Mary. She was

leaning against the table, unable to conceal her trembling. He became unpleasantly aware of the feeling of his brother's fingers on his hand. Quite unconsciously he wiped the back of the hand upon his coat. The clock ticked on in the silence. It seemed to George that the room reverberated with his voice. He could hear himself still speaking.

"I'll go," came from the Morris chair.

It was a weak and shaken voice, and it was a weak and shaken man that pulled himself out of the Morris chair. He started toward the door.

"Where are you going?" George demanded.

"Suit-case," came the response. "Mary'll send trunk later. I'll be back in a minute."

The door closed after him. A moment after, struck with sudden suspicion, George was opening the door. He glanced in. His brother stood at a sideboard, in one hand a decanter, in the other hand, bottom up and to his lips, a whisky-glass.

Across the glass Al saw that he was observed. It threw him into a panic. Hastily he tried to refill the glass and get it to his lips; but glass and decanter were sent smashing to the floor. He snarled. It was like the sound of a wild beast. But the grip on his shoulder subdued and frightened him. He was being propelled toward the door.

"The suit-case," he gasped. "It's there . . . in that room. Let me get it."

"Where's the key?" his brother asked, when he had brought it.

"It is n't locked."

The next moment the suit-case was spread open, and George's hand was searching the contents. From one side it brought out a bottle of whisky, from the other side a flask. He snapped the case shut.

"Come on," he said. "If we miss one ear we miss that train."

He went out into the hallway, leaving Al with his wife. It was like a funeral, George thought, as he waited.

His brother's overcoat caught on the knob of the front door and delayed its closing long enough for Mary's first sob to come to their ears. George's lips were very thin and compressed as he went down the steps. In one hand he carried the suit-case. With the other hand he held his brother's arm.

As they neared the corner, he heard the

electric car a block away, and urged his brother on. Al was breathing hard. His feet dragged and shuffled, and he held back.

"A hell of a brother you are," he panted.

For reply, he received a vicious jerk on his arm. It reminded him of his childhood when he was hurried along by some angry grown-up. And like a child, he had to be helped up the car-step. He sank down on an outside seat, panting, sweating, overcome by the exertion. He followed George's eyes as the latter looked him up and down.

"A hell of a brother *you* are," was George's comment when he had finished the inspection.

Moisture welled into Al's eyes.

"It's my stomach," he said with self-pity.

"I dont wonder," was the retort. "Burnt out like the crater of a volcano. Fervent heat is n't a circumstance."

Thereafter they did not speak. When they arrived at the transfer point, George came to himself with a start. He smiled. With fixed gaze that did not see the houses that streamed across his field of vision, he had himself been sunk deep in self-pity. He helped his brother from the car, and looked up the intersecting street. The car they were to take was not in sight.

Al's eyes chanced upon the corner grocery and saloon across the way. At once he became restless. His hands passed beyond his control, and he yearned hungrily across the street to the door that swung open even as he looked and let in a happy pilgrim. And in that instant he saw the white-jacketed bartender against an array of glittering glass. Quite unconsciously he started to cross the street.

"Hold on." George's hand was on his arm.

"I want some whisky," he answered.

"You've already had some."

"That was hours ago. Go on, George, let me have some. It's the last day. Dont shut off on me until we get there. God knows it will be soon enough."

George glanced desperately up the street. The car was in sight.

"There is n't time for a drink," he said.

"I dont want a drink. I want a bottle." Al's voice became wheedling. "Go on, George. It's the last, the very last."

"No." The denial was as final as George's thin lips could make it.

Al glanced at the approaching car. He sat down suddenly on the curbstone.

"What's the matter?" his brother asked, with momentary alarm.

"Nothing. I want some whisky. It's my stomach."

"Come on now, get up."

George reached for him but was anticipated, for his brother sprawled flat on the pavement, oblivious to the dirt and to the glances of the passers-by. The car was clanging its gong at the crossing, a block away.

"You'll miss it," Al grinned from the pavement. "And it will be your fault."

George's fists clenched tightly.

"For two cents I'd give you a thrashing."

"And miss the car," was the triumphant comment from the pavement.

George looked at the car. It was half way down the block. He looked at his watch. He debated a second longer.

"All right," he said. "I'll get it. But you get on that car. If you miss it I'll break the bottle over your head."

He dashed across the street and into the saloon. The car came in and stopped. There were no passengers to get off. Al dragged himself up the steps and sat down. He smiled as the conductor rang the bell and the car started. The swinging door of the saloon burst open. Clutching in his hand the suit-case and a pint bottle of whisky, George started in pursuit. The conductor, his hand on the bell-cord, waited to see if it would be necessary to stop. It was not. George swung lightly aboard, sat down beside his brother, and passed him the bottle.

"You might have got a quart," Al said reproachfully.

He extracted the cork with a pocket corkscrew, and elevated the bottle.

"I'm sick . . . my stomach," he explained in apologetic tones to the passenger who sat next to him.

On the train they sat in the smoking-car. George felt that it was imperative. Also, having successfully caught the train, his heart softened. He felt more kindly toward his brother, and accused himself of unnecessary harshness. He strove to atone by talking about their mother, and sisters, and the little affairs and interests of the family. But Al was morose, and devoted himself to the bottle. As the time passed his mouth hung looser and looser, while the rings un-

der his eyes seemed to puff out and all his facial muscles to relax.

"It's my stomach," he said, once, when he finished the bottle and dropped it under the seat; but the swift hardening of his brother's face did not encourage further explanations.

The conveyance that met them at the station had all the dignity and luxuriousness of a private carriage. George's eyes were keen for the ear-marks of the institution to which they were going, but his apprehensions were allayed from moment to moment. As they entered the wide gateway and rolled on through the spacious grounds, he felt sure that the institutional side of the place would not jar upon his brother. It was more like a Summer hotel, or, better yet, a country club. And as they swept on through the Spring sunshine, the songs of birds in his ears, and in his nostrils the breath of flowers, George sighed for a week of rest in such a place, and before his eyes loomed the arid vista of Summer in town and at the office. There was not room in his income for his brother and himself.

"Let us take a walk in the grounds," he suggested, after they had met Dr. Robineau and inspected the quarters assigned to Al. "The carriage leaves for the station in half an hour, and we'll just have time."

"It's beautiful," he remarked a moment later. Under his feet was the velvet grass, the trees arched overhead, and he stood in mottled sunshine. "I wish I could stay for a month."

"I'll trade places with you," Al said quickly.

George laughed it off, but he felt a sinking of the heart.

"Look at that oak!" he cried. "And that woodpecker! Is n't he a beauty!"

"I don't like it here," he heard his brother mutter.

George's lips tightened in preparation for the struggle, but he said:

"I'm going to send Mary and the children off to the mountains. She needs it, and so do they. And when you're in shape, I'll send you right on to join them. Then you can take your Summer vacation before you come back to the office."

"I'm not going to stay in this damned hole, for all you talk about it," Al announced abruptly.

"Yes you are, and you're going to get your health and strength back again, so that the look of you will put the color in Mary's cheeks where it used to be."

"I'm going back with you." Al's voice was firm. "I'm going to take the same train back. It's about time for that carriage, I guess."

"I have n't told you all my plans," George tried to go on, but Al cut him off.

"You might as well quit that. I dont want any of your soapy talking. You treat me like a child. I'm not a child. My mind's made up, and I'll show you how long it can stay made up. You needn't talk to me. I dont care a rap for what you're going to say."

A baleful light was in his eyes, and to his brother he seemed for all the world like a cornered rat, desperate and ready to fight. As George looked at him he remembered back to their childhood, and it came to him that at last was aroused in Al the same old stubborn strain that had enabled him, as a child, to stand against all force and persuasion.

George abandoned hope. He had lost. This creature was not human. The last fine instinct of the human had fled. It was a brute, sluggish and stolid, impossible to move—just the raw stuff of life, combative, rebellious, and indomitable. And as he contemplated his brother, he felt in himself the rising up of a similar brute. He became suddenly aware that his fingers were tensing and crooking like a thug's, and he knew the desire to kill. And his reason, turned traitor at last, counseled that he should kill, that it was the only thing left for him to do.

He was aroused by a servant calling to him through the trees that the carriage was waiting. He answered. Then looking straight before him discovered his brother. He had forgotten it was his brother. It had been only a thing the moment before. He began to talk, and as he talked the way became clear to him. His reason had not turned traitor. The brute in him had merely orientated his reason.

"You are no earthly good, Al," he said. "You know that. You've made Mary's life a hell. You are a curse to your children. And you have not made life exactly a paradise for the rest of us."

"There's no use your talking," Al inter-

jected. "I'm not going to stay here."

"That's what I'm coming to," George continued. "You dont have to stay here." (Al's face brightened, and he involuntarily made a movement, as though about to start toward the carriage.) "On the other hand, it is not necessary that you should return with me. There is another way."

George's hand went to his hip-pocket and appeared with a revolver. It lay along his palm, the butt toward Al, and toward Al he extended it. At the same time, with his head, he indicated the nearby thicket.

"You can't bluff me," Al snarled.

"It is not a bluff, Al. Look at me. I mean it. And if you dont do it for yourself, I shall have to do it for you."

They faced each other, the proffered revolver still extended. Al debated for a moment, then his eyes blazed. With a quick movement he seized the revolver.

"By God! I'll do it," he said. "I'll show you what I've got in me."

George felt suddenly sick. He turned away. He did not see his brother enter the thicket, but he heard the passage of his body through the leaves and branches.

"Good-bye, Al," he called.

"Good-bye," came from the thicket.

George felt the sweat upon his forehead. He began mopping his face with his handkerchief. He heard, as from a remote distance, the voice of the servant again calling to him that the carriage was waiting. The woodpecker dropped down through the mottled sunshine and lighted on the trunk of a tree a dozen feet away. George felt that it was all a dream, and yet through it all he felt supreme justification. It was the right thing to do. It was the only thing.

His whole body gave a spasmodic start, as though the revolver had been fired. It was the voice of Al, close at his back.

"Here's your gun," Al said. "I'll stay."

The servant appeared among the trees, approaching rapidly and calling anxiously. George put the weapon in his pocket and caught both his brother's hands in his own.

"God bless you, old man," he murmured; "and"—with a final squeeze of the hands—"good luck!"

"I'm coming," he called to the servant; and turned and ran through the trees toward the carriage.

# O'Grady of the Buttons

By E. D. Biggers



HE people of Allorzan still whisper the tale of O'Grady, although six years have passed since he came to sow that section of the coast with celluloid badges, and ended by planting the seeds of a revolution. In the capital city, Limona, where American enterprise is not unknown, you may exchange an insignificant sum for a glass paperweight with O'Grady's picture on the back. But if it is his story rather than his photograph that you desire, you should make the acquaintance of Mr. James Mulacy, retired merchant-prince and rubber king. For Mulacy was one of the chief actors in O'Grady's comedy of the buttons.

From the lips of this actor himself I heard the tale, as we sat together one evening on the coolest gallery of his beautiful home. On our right lay Limona, wrapped in the deep mystery of a tropic night, radiant as a bride beneath the flaming Southern Cross. Behind the town a thick, sheeny foliage of changeable tints waved a stealthy green against the grayish background of the mountains. On our left shimmered the sea, gently murmuring its world-old slumber song to the drowsy town.

Limona was indeed a city of dreams. From the windows of white adobe houses came the slow, langorous music of guitars. The clear laughter of gayly-dressed señoritas and the deep, answering guffaws of valorous, white-clad beaux drifted up from the narrow street. A hundred glowing cigarette tips pointed clearly the course of that human tide, Limona's nightly parade of fashion. On and on it moved, past the bandstand on the *plaza*, past the doleful jail and the jovial fountain, on to that center of light and noise and sticky merriment, the ice cream parlors of Señor Rosario. As Mulacy sat watching, the hard lines of his bronzed face softened.

"Little children," he said, "forever runnin' to the ice cream man's store with their

pennies. I've often wondered what they did of an evenin' before a certain Irishman of blessed memory struck this shore. He was a handsome lad, with the inspired idea of initiatin' Limona into the joys of the pineapple sherbet. 'Tis not surprised I'd be if some day they put up a marble statue of me on the Square, with one of me hands restin' on an ice-cream freezer, an' the other on a fizz fountain. For 'twas me introduced the ice-cream soda into Allorzan."

"You never mentioned it before," I said, somewhat reproachfully.

In the eyes that glowed under Mulacy's gray, overhanging brows, I fancied I caught the passing gleam of silent laughter.

"There are bits of me wide an' varied career I've not touched on in the three days I've known you," he remarked. His voice was low and pleasing, like the soft, cooling swish of the surf on the shore.

"Yes, 'tis true," he went on, "I was the original sherbet king of the republic. In the rear of me store I made ice accordin' to the latest chemical process, an' up in front I exchanged me clever concoctions in the drink line for the heathen gold of the country. The day of me grand openin' people came from miles down the coast, an' fought to separate themselves from their money. The man who bought the first soda at me stand is still pointed out to visitors. Ah, 't was very popular I was in those days, more so than I've ever been since I shook the ice-cream graft for the rubber trade. I also sold candy on the side, the makin' of it bein' another trick I'd learned by workin' for a confectioner in me youth. Me chocolate caramels were good, an' very effective in debate. You handed one to your opponent, an' he at once lost interest an' stopped talkin'. 'T was then you ran over him roughshod. When the cold, rainy season came on, an' the interest in me ice cream began to flag, I had a brilliant inspiration. I sent to the States for a cash register, an' 'twas a great hit.



Long after they'd ceased wantin' 'em me customers bought sodas, for the joy of hearin' me ring up their sales.

"The second year of the ice-cream business I got a letter from Danny O'Grady. I'd met O'Grady three times—in Constantinople, in London, an' in Cairo, an' liked him better each time. He was a big, nimble lad, with a face clear-cut an' clean, like it belonged on a statue in a museum. Black as night his hair was, an' he had cool, gray eyes that had dared a good many men of a good many lands, an' never flinched yet.

"Like O'Grady, the letter wasted no words. 'I've an idea an' the cash to back it,' it runs, 'What I need now is a very flatterin' photograph of Marcos Errada, President of Allorzan. Please let me have one without delay, an' in three weeks I'll thank you in person.'

"I sent the picture, too busy with the ice cream to wonder. A month later I was sittin' one morning on the beach, lookin' over some letters that had come in on the *Palma*, a fruit steamer of the old line. I heard a yell an' glancin' up, I see a white man, followed by two niggers with a trunk, comin' towards me from the boat. 'Twas Danny O'Grady, as big an' brown as ever.

"'Is this the sandy bower where you read the news of the world you've left behind,' he laughs, 'An' I pictured you on a palm-decorated gallery, with lovely señoritas feedin' you lemon sherbet.'

"'Come along up to the ice-cream emporium,' I says, as soon as I had shaken him by the hand, 'there's room for the trunk—on the roof. An' I think I can find you a bunk in the ice factory, which you'll find cool an' refreshin' to the jaded mind, though the smell of ammonia is strong!'

"The niggers luggin' Danny's bit of baggage went ahead, an' we marched in procession up the bakin' street, with half of 'Limona glidin' at our heels.

"'To what,' I asks, 'does this humble city owe the honor of a visit from O'Grady, traveler in diversified lands an' knight of the Golden Graft?'

"'To O'Grady's need of the fleetin' dollar,' he says, 'an' to the abundance of that same in this little toy republic of yours. Are the citizens generous by instinct,' he says, 'or do you have to use a stonecutter's outfit to separate them from their cash?'

"'In Allorzan,' I says, 'money's a burden an' a nuisance. Steal a man's purse, an' he gives you a vote of thanks.'

"'I'll take out naturalization papers tomorrow,' laughs Danny.

"'What's in the trunk?' I says, curious though warm.

"'If I told you here,' says Danny, 'you'd call me a fool, an' desert me. If I wait an' get you in the environment of your silly fizz fountain an' other reminders of your own asininity, you'll be more likely to listen to unreason.'

"'We came to my store, a two-story frame buildin' on the main street, an' entered. Half the procession stopped outside the door, but the others, curious as American women at a divorce trial, came in, which was n't a bad thing for trade. Estes Desmay, who dealt out sodas to the señoritas of the burg by day, an' made love to 'em by night, gaped at us over the heads of the crowd, while he put sweaty, foaming glasses into their yellow hands.

"'Cornerer of the fizz market,' says Danny, as we followed the boys with the trunk up to me livin' room above the store, 'for shame to poison hitherto blameless stomachs with the deadly dope of freedom's land.'

"'Once in Cairo,——' I began, but he was busy payin' the niggers from the ship. They got a good sum, which pleased me as well as them, for I knew they lacked the strength of mind to get by the soda fountain in the room below. Then I sat on the bed, an' Danny sat on his trunk, an' we looked at each other.

"'The play is pretty,' I says, 'but it lacks plot. Are you goin' to throw in a few helpful words an' stir 'till thicker, or are you goin' to continue sittin' on your baggage an' lookin' wise?'

"'Fear not,' Danny says, 'I'll let you into the secrets of me heart. I've got to. I need a boardin' place too bad to act conservative.'

"'Not long ago,' he runs on, 'the United States of America, a land we visit occasionally an' call home all the time, was devastated by the celluloid-button craze. All your friends wore buttons on their lapels, with the picture of the man they wanted to be president, or thought they did. Sometimes 't was a portrait of a fighter who'd won glory an' medals by emulatin' the constitu-

tion an' followin' the flag. Whether it give the heroes of politics an' war pleasure or not, I dont know, but I suppose 't was a variety of flattery, in its way. Anyhow, one day in New York I happened on a magazine tellin' about Marcos Errada, who just now holds the office of President over this collection of hot-house plants the newspapers call a republic. The article parted with little real information, except to remark that Marcos is a vain, silly popinjay, much feared by his people. 'T was then the idea began to jump up an' dance around in me head. A kind friend in the ice-cream business supplied me with Errada's photo, I supplied meself with the few hundred I had in the bank an'—the results are in the trunk.'

"He unlocked it an' puttin' in his hand, drew out a lot of celluloid buttons, which he threw on the bed beside me. I picked one up. 'T was a bit large, about an inch an' a quarter in diameter, an' on the back was a long pin for fastenin' it to the coat. 'T was decorated by a bunch of black whiskers surroundin' a face, an' underneath in Spanish I read:

"MARCOS ERRADA,  
"OUR BELOVED PRESIDENT.'

"What does it mean, Danny? I gasps.

"It means,' says Danny, 'that if anyone springs that old chestnut about "Button, button, who's got the button?" in your neighborhood, you're to give them me business card. Forty thousand I have here, which is the population of Allorzan accordin' to the American Consul's latest report, not countin' the poorer niggers to whom cash is a novelty. Forty thousand, Jimmy, at two pesos—a dollar in real money—each. That's me price. What does it mean, you ask? It means that when I've transferred the celluloid contents of this trunk to the pajamas of Allorzan, I'll be rich beyond the wildest dreams of any ice-cream magnate in the business.'

"It sounds all right,' I says, 'in New York. Here 't is different. You may not be in on the secret, but the people are not dead in love with the hero of your little caricatures. He 's disliked, hated, reviled—behind his back. 'T is not at all proud they 'll be to wear his face on their manly chests.'

"You dont look far enough ahead,' says Danny, 'that's the trouble with you. The

natives here are mere children, an' they'd be ticked to death with these toys if the picture was that of the devil himself. An' if I strike any who are lackin' in childish instincts, why, I've other arguments up me sleeve. Refusin' to buy an Errada button will be looked upon as—what? Treason to the government—secret plottin', perhaps,—disparagement of a glorious administration, at any rate. By merely hintin' at this I can make any citizen of Allorzan dig down for the pesos so cheerful he 'll tear a hole in his pocket.'

"I looked at O'Grady, very long an' very close.

"Danny, me boy,' I says, 'I've misjudged you. For many long years I've underrated you. Can it be that beneath that shoek of hair there beats a brain? You're a great man, an' I'm proud to lend you me ice factory for a bedroom.'

"The incident of the buttons,' says O'Grady, lockin' the trunk, 'is closed for the day. Tomorrow I begin me house-to-house canvass in the interests of personal decoration. An' now, if all the places where real drinks are sold have not been driven to the wall by your infernal temperance spa, I'll be pleased to give you New York's regards over a bottle with an American label.'

"'T is a sayin' of Mulacy, seer, that he who invents a new plaything for the amusement of this palm-adorned nursery is as popular as the battle-scarred hero of twenty revolutions. 'T was only necessary for Danny to exhibit his pretty button, an' he became the idol of the week. The heavens rained pesos upon him. In ten days the entire population of Limona, men an' women, made up the list of Danny's satisfied customers. Every child old enough not to mistake it for a wafer an' swallow it, was the proud possessor of an Errada button. 'T was then Danny took up his trunk an' headed for the towns down the coast.

"Errada was back in the mountains on a vacation when O'Grady arrived, an' he returned to town too late to meet the man who was blithely scatterin' his face over Allorzan. I was anxious to know how the old boy took it, an' interviewed Estes.

"Of a truth he is pleased,' says Estes, "'Carrambos, in other lands am I appreciate." he say. "Now will I even more popular become through the work of this Amer-

icano so kind." Yes. He is pleased—verree much.'

"When O'Grady come back three weeks later, he had an empty trunk an' eighty thousand pesos.

"After I've changed this business-college currency into the real article,' he says, 'I'll have forty thousand, eold. Jimmy, me boy, I've made a small fortune in celluloid. All that remains to be done is to give me respects an' this heavy, bronze button, which I had made for the occasion, to President Errada. Then I'm off to a live land to join the hated millionaires in their revels. By the way, what does Old Whiskers say to me little boom?"

"Of a truth he is pleased,' I says, quotin' Estes, 'tis the chance of your life, me boy. The treasury of Allorzan is nothin' but an eyesore an' a trouble to the country.' I says, 'an' you've got a duty to perform. Errada heard you was comin' back, an' he's arranged to receive you in state this afternoon. Danny, you've flattered him 'till he's ashamed of himself—you've patted him on the back 'till he's weak from loss of breath. Now go up there this day,' I says, 'an' whatever you do, hold the palm of your hand toward high heaven.'

"Danny went. When he come home from the interview he was closely attached to the smile that wont depart. I called him into the ice factory.

"Do you die at daybreak?" I says, 'or are you Secretary of State?"

"Glorify be,' shouts Danny, 'I've had the time of—'

"Sit down on that cake of ice,' I says, 'an' cool off. Excitement's not manly. Begin at the beginning.'

"That I will,' he says, 'I goes up to the big, white, churchy-lookin' house where Errada lives, an' they took me into the glitterin' theater-lobby he calls his reception room. I see him sittin' in a Morris chair on a platform. He's a little man, with a face composed mostly of black whiskers an' two yellow, shiftin' eyes. His hands are thin an' white, an' all the time jerkin' nervous, like they're feelin' for somebody's throat. The tin soldiery of the country was lined up along the wall, lookin' cross-eyed at the tinsel decorations on their chests. Errada got off his perch an' give me a handshake.

"O thou disseminator of buttons," he

says, or words to that effect, "high honor indeed thou hast brought to me so humble, and to my country O! so glorious. Much gratitude do I procure," he says, "to see my picture pinned to many thousand dirty shirts, under which beat hearts to my careful administration true and loyal."

"Peerless potentate," I says, examinin' the medal exhibit on his bosom for a vacancy, "what I have done is but a triflin' expression of regard from one great people to another. I have here," I says, "a bronze model of the buttons I have disseminated. 'T was made especially for your Excellency. Be assured it is the loola of the lot," I says, "an' I now ask permission to pin it to the chest where already gleam a hundred medals won on I do not know how many fields of battle an' of art," I says.

"Of a certainty, it is beautiful," he says, encorin' the handshake, "an' for it there must of necessity be a price verree great. No more than that you should mention it," he says.

"I did a back-breakin' bow.

"Do not, I beg of you," I says, "speak of so sordid a thing as gold. This button is but a poor token of me admiration for a ruler among rulers," I says, "an' a king among men."

"So be it," he laughs, "from our minds we will the gold obliterate. But before you go, my Secretary will hand you for five thousand dollars in your money, a check. Accept, I plead with you. For the honor you have made me, it is my small return."

"He looked at me close.

"In your own land," he says, "have you ever in politics mingled?"

"In me own land," I says, "'t is only the social outcasts fall so low as politics. There 't is a hard, bitter business, an' not the happy, devil-may-care game of chance it is in Allorzan. No, I have never in politics mingled," I says, "I was afraid of gettin' me fingers caught in the machine. But if it was a question of managin' this overgrown menagerie an' greenhouse," I says, "if it came to helpin' hold the reins of government over Allorzan," I says, "I think I could win the heat an race."

"In your country, glorious though strange," he says, "there is a great man of whom I have heard. Secretary of the Interior is he called. Allorzan has no Secre-

tary of the Interior. Leave out a few unspeakable swamps an' some towns most desolate, and Allorzan has no interior. But that from the glory and honor of the office would detract I do not think. I therefore confirm you Secretary of the Interior of Allorzan, at a salary of four thousand *pesos* in the month."

" "Wise ruler of a mighty people," I says, "friend of thy friends an' rescuer of the oppressed," I says, "thanks." An' after some conversation about me duties, I come away.

"When the Knights of Pythias parade that was escortin' me to the gate was half way down the drive, I heard a girl's voice above me an' looked up. In a second-story window I see a comic-opera chorus singer on a vacation. Whiter cheeks or blacker hair I've not met on me travels, an' her eyes—'t was her eyes give me the first symptoms of our old family failin'—heart trouble. One flash from them she sent me, an' I stood stock-still, embarrassin' the whole procession. Jimmy, did you ever look into a girl's eyes that said, plainer than talkin':—"You've been a long time comin', me dear?"

"I have not," I says, quite sharp-like, 't is a kind of wireless message I've not been on the lookout for. An' if I was, I'd set up me receivin' station in God's own country."

"I felt I wanted to kiss her," Danny goes on, "though there was a cigarette between her lips. Who was she, do you think?"

"She was Paquita Errada," I says, "niece of Marcos an' daughter of Manuel Errada, who ran this republic some years ago. He was about the only President of Allorzan who died in office. Paquita's the beauty of the Spanish Coast, an' the pet of this hot-house country you scorn. An' if I was you, I'd lie awake nights devisin' ways an' means of forgettin' that I'd ever seen her."

"Danny sat lookin' at the ammonia pipes for a few minutes. I could see the hard lines around his mouth twitchin'."

"Jimmy," he says, at last, "the people here aint bubblin' over with affection for President Errada, are they?"

"Not to any great extent," I answers.

"An' Paquita's father was popular, was n't he?" he asks.

"Died loved an' respected by all who knew him, as the papers say," I told him.

"Danny thought again.

"I knew an Irishman once," he says, "met him in Manila. Afterwards he made himself President of just such a little pocket republic—as this is."

"Danny, you fool," I says.

"Such eyes—like stars," says Danny.

"The next day I was surprised an' flattered by a visit from Señorita Errada herself. Very cute an' pretty she was, with all the proud airs an' flounces of the Spanish lady in the stories.

"Of your wonderful drinks I have heard," she says to Estes, "I will have one ice-cream soda, strawberry flavor."

"While she was drinkin' it O'Grady come in an' she give him the misty eye over her glass. Danny took off his hat.

"Señorita of the window," he says, "we have seen each other before."

"You are Señor O'Grady," she says, "and for the honor you have made my uncle, you have my thanks. The drink is very good," she goes on to Estes, though still lookin' at O'Grady, "tomorrow I may wish another. Who knows?"

"An' with a flash an' a swish, she went out. Danny stood gazin' after her.

"She's royalty itself," he says, "an' too good to drink her soda sittin' on a revolvin' stool, like a New York lady waitin' for her change in a department store. If she comes again, she must be served at a private table behind that screen."

"I'll start a roof garden for her benefit," I says, "if it'll keep her comin' here. With her as a customer, Mulaey's Ice Cream Parlors will soon become the resort of Limona's four hundred."

"Sure enough, the next day she come waltzin' in. Estes served her behind the screen, while Danny sat beside her lookin' into her eyes an' smilin', 'till her white cheeks turned the color of the strawberry flavor in the glass.

"You'll scare her away," I says, but he did n't. She come every day for a month. An' though Danny was never slow at such work, I was a bit surprised when I started behind the screen one day with a strawberry soda Paqueta'd ordered an' forgot, an' saw her head on Danny's shoulder. I coughed, but they did n't hear me, an' I went back to the fountain so excited I drunk the soda meself, though 't is a variety of liquid re-

freshment I've hated from the day of me birth. Soon the lovers come out. Paquita's eyes were even brighter than usual, an' her cheeks were wet. Danny looked as big an' proud as though he'd just set Ireland free. At the screen-door, the work of me own hands, built to bar the bugs an' insects of Limona from me parlors, they paused for good-byes. There, with the door held open between them, an' the crowded atmosphere of the tropics whizzin' in, they made farewell, while the little flies that was wise to the situation helped themselves, an' then went out an' invited in friends. At last I spoke—gentle an' polite, but firm. Blushin', they slammed the door. Danny sat down on a stool an' began to study the names of flavors on the fizz fountain.

"I've somethin' on me mind," he says.

"Take it off," I says, "'t is too warm for a hat, anyhow."

"Your're a fool," he says, an' left me.

"The next day he rushes into the ice factory with enunciations of joy.

"The *Palma* leaves for New York at noon," he says, "an' so do I."

"Glory be," I says, "an' have you resigned from the Cabinet? Danny O'Grady, that I've known long an' well, have you give up a graft like that?"

"Nonsense," says Danny, "I've not quit. I've got a vacation. Me onerous an' only duty of drawin' me pay can wait 'till I get back. I've business in the States. An' I'm takin' me trunk along—empty.

"Danny," I says, "be careful. I almost wish the play'd end here."

"The ice-cream graft," says Danny, "has made you effeminate, an' taken away your ambition. As for the play you mention, this is only the intermission between the acts. I'm goin' to run out a minute for a drink. An' when the curtain goes up again, you want to buy a seat in the front row. For you old friend O'Grady's goin' to turn out the hit of the piece."

"The populace gathered on the shore an' wept to see Danny go. But he mounted an empty keg an' cheered them with a few well-chosen words predictin' his quick return.

"When he did come back, two weeks later, the big trunk was carried to me livin' rooms. by the niggers, as before. Once more Danny an' I sat facin' each other, an' once more there was cause for talk an' explanations.

But I'd increased in wisdom durin' the interval.

"An' whose face adorns the buttons now?" I asks.

"Danny takes a bit of celluloid from his pocket, an' hands it to me. 'T was the same as the Errada button, only on it there was a picture of a handsome lad, an' underneath, in black letters,—'DANIEL O'GRADY.'

"I left off two words," says Danny, "I had to. In the land of the free an' the home of the boss, I could have put them in. But here we have to be more secretive concernin' our hopes an' aspirations. So I left "For President" off."

"O'Grady," I says, solemn-like, "you're takin' a risk—a big risk. These people aint your color an' blood. They may carry your banners an' drink your beer now, but how do you know that when you blow the whistle for the great hand-to-hand struggle, they'll love you in the same old way? As in the States," I says, "red fire is cheap, but votes come high."

"I'm riskin' nothin' at all," says Danny, "I'm merely testin' the ice. If it'll hold me, I'll skate on to glory. If not, I switch around. This is just a little boom, so to speak. If I was back home, I'd buy a few newspapers an' order 'em to talk about me. In this uncivilized land, I have to resort to the primitive celluloid button. Tomorrow I begin to hand 'em around free of charge—like campaign cigars. What citizen of Al-lorzan, wearin' me face an' Errada's side by side on his chest, can fail to compare the two to the disparagement of the whiskered one?"

"The following mornin' Danny went out into the highways an' byways of Limona, an' gripped the populace by the hand. With the warm, confidential smile of the New York ward politician, he pinned his picture to their shirts. Pleased to get the Errada button for two *pesos*, the citizens were naturally overcome with delight to get Danny's for nothin'. They called him blessed, thankin' him in stiecky, unpleasant ways. By noon he had distributed over two thousand, an' when he came in to lunch, his face resembled a picture in an art gallery labeled 'Joy.' A hot-foot messenger from the President rudely disturbed the hilarity.

"'Is it that Señor O'Grady lives here?' he panted.

"It is," says I.

"President Errada orders the giving away of the medals to cease," he says, "and at once he would the American señor see."

"Danny went, an' come back lookin' black.

"The old boy's on, I'm afraid," he says. "he's knocked most of the gilt off the reception room, broke his Morris chair, an' spoiled several good mirrors. When I arrived he was kickin' holes in the plaster, which saddened me to see.

"*"Dog of an American,"* he puffs, "is it that you would have your face worn beside that of Marcos Errada, great liberator of a great people? *Carrambos!* At once must the buttons cease to be given. Those so soon given must on no account be worn. *Por Dios!* Would you, too, an idol become? Traitor! From my Cabinet you go away." An' O Jimmy—I weep to say it—he took away me job—me good old two-thousand-a-month graft."

"'T was sorrowful to hear," I says, "but 'in other lands, other grafts are waitin'", as the poet sings. You'll be packin' up your little fortune, Danny, an settin' out on the old, old trail?"

"As I said before," Danny answers, "the soda trade has ruined you. Danny O'Grady's not one to leave his post, even after the post's been taken away. Neither is this said O'Grady one to fear a sawed-off President man kickin' holes in plaster. No, sir, I've pinned me faith to me buttons, an' me buttons to Allorzan's shirts, an' I will not turn back. I love the finest girl in the world an' she loves me. We're goin' to run this pleasant palm-garden together."

"You're a man in love," I says, "an' far be it from me to try an' reason with such. 'T would be like attemptin' calm, serious, sensible conversation with a drunk man. Go ahead," I says, "an' beat Errada to a pulp. You have me moral support. Some men," I says, "long for gold. Others want power. It amuses them to say "Fall on your face!" to a fellow man, an' then watch him ruin his complexion. You're in this class. Go ahead. Spend your paltry forty-five thousand for a revolutionary gold-brick, if you want to. I'm with you—a silent pardner. But not openly. 'T would affect the ringin' of me cash register."

"I've thought of that," says Danny, "an' 't is neither me wish nor intention to blight

the glorious ice-cream parlors of Mulaey. Me business in the next few weeks will consume much secrecy. I'll be gettin' rooms at the hotel."

"He did. Durin' three months I saw him seldom, but often enough to notice the tired, worried look of him. He took long trips down the coast; but the Hotel de Palmillas was his hang-out.

"Of a night," says Torcaba, the innkeeper. to me one time, 'many dark men to his room go up. From far they come, and a long time they stay. Verree low is their talk, which I can not hear. What they plan, I know not. But I can guess. I tell nothing. To Señor O'Grady, so brave, I am a friend. To the señor, O! so generous, I am true."

"One day, a month later, Estes an' I happened to be alone in the store. He was cleanin' glasses on a new-fangled washer I'd got from the States. 'T was his custom thus to amuse himself in his leisure hours; an he managed to break more glassware that way than he did by droppin' things on the floor, though his score by both methods was large. All at once he turned his little beady eyes on me, an' leaned over the counter.

"Ah, Señor," he says, "there is something I must tell you. I can be still no longer.' He was like a kid who knows the secret of a Christmas present, an' can't hold in. 'To Señor O'Grady you are a friend. Of my talking there can be no harm.' An' he began to unbutton his shirt.

"Hold on," I says, "this is no place to undress—"

"But just then I catches a glimpse of what amuses me. Estes had thrown back the left side of his shirt, an' there, next to his yellow skin, I see a picture of Danny O'Grady, on a celluloid button. It was right under the Errada button on the outside.

"Five, ten, twenty thousand men," says Estes, "this moment near their hearts that picture wear. In a few day the great Señor O'Grady marry Paquita Errada, lovely daughter of a beloved President now alas! dead. Then the foreign señor give a word. Errada, traitor, wretch, spy, he have no friend. He flee—die maybe. Most unworthy ruler of a country so grand. Handsome Señor O'Grady and the then Madame O'Grady will over Allorzan govern. So, and the people will rejoice. Brave Señor

O'Grady, his precious life so to risk for our trodden-under people.'

"So, thinks I to meself, the comedy is nearin' its close.

"Two nights later I was sittin' in me room 'over the store, lookin' through some papers from the States, when Danny O'Grady comes in.

"Light the red fire, blow the horns, an' distribute free samples of ice cream,' he says, 'for day after tomorrow your old friend Danny's goin' to be unanimously elected President.'

"You look happy,' I says, 'an' 't is glad I am to see it. So all 's goin' well?'

"Smooth sailin',' says O'Grady, leanin' against a bookcase. 'Nearly every man in the country's me friend, an' wears me button next his heart. At one word from me, the entire populace will rise up an' change their shirts inside out. I've spent me money wisely an' well, an' exceptin' Errada's personal bodyguard, I've bought the soldiery of the republic complete. 'T was a dull season, an' I got them at a bargain. The office-holders of the government are with me to a man, for I've promised to kill off the one highest up an' advance everybody a notch. Tomorrow Paquita an' I will be married by a priest who belongs to me party. The next day, when Errada goes for a drive, me soldiers an' I meet him, an' pleasantly request him to run away, or be killed. He gives an exhibition of sprintin'. Without delay I take me family an' move into the ex-ruler's vacant flat. Then I call for paper an' ink an' issue a proclamation modestly referrin' to meself as President of Allorzan. In the evenin' the governors an' big men from down the coast drop in to dinner, just to show there's no hard feelings, an' they're willin' to pay me the rent. An' there you are. 'T is very simple.'

"That it is,' says I, 'Danny, you're a great boy. If Ireland was made up of lads like you, Buckingham Palace would be situated in Dublin. An' what are the proposed reforms of the new administration?'

"Among others,' says Danny, 'a new Secretary of State—yourself.'

"'T is an honor,' I says, 'but I'm very busy with the ice cream. If 't will not interfere with me holy mission of coolin' parched throats by the approved W. C. T. U. process, I'll be glad to assume the re-

sponsibilities of the office. But if there's work connected with it, give it to a native.'

"Maybe you'd rather be Secretary of the Interior,' says Danny, 't would be an appropriate job for a confectioner. But take your choice. There's a small favor we're goin' to ask of you. The hotel is bare an' uncomfortable, an' 't would go hard to have to be married there. Besides, 't would attract attention. You have a nice, home-like room here, an' we thought—Paquita an' I—she could come in for a soda, you know—'

"Aha,' says I, laughin', 'so her thirst for me drinks has returned. 'T is many months since I've been honored with her trade.'

"Yes,' Danny says, 'your place is too public. I've been meetin' her on the beach of an evenin', an' makin' love under the stars, with the centipedes crawlin' down me back. But tomorrow her old longin' for your sodas return. She comes here, an' beside the Snares an' Penalties—I think 't was that he called 'em—of your hearth, we are made man an' wife.'

"The soda fountain,' I says, 'has from primeval times been a great matrimonial agency. 'T is proud I am that a small, lovely girl an' a tall, handsome boy have honored me humble fizz counter by meetin' an' lovin' beside it. 'T is prouder still I am that they want to begin the battle of life—I mean of married life—in me parlor.'

"You're kind, an' cynical,' says Danny, 'like all bachelors. I have important affairs to attend to, an' must go. Good night, Mr. Secretary of State.'

"Good-bye, Danny,' I says, '—big Danny O'Grady, that's goin' to be a President.' I adds, soft-like, to meself. Ah, I was proud of the lad that night.

"I was prouder of him the next day, when he swung into me room glorified in a new tweed suit, with joys an' exultations in his eyes. Paquita came soon after, lookin' fresh an' sweet in her lacy Spanish finery. The priest was late.

"While we was waitin', the bridal party looked at the books on me center table. I'm a proper chaperone at all times, an' I proved it then by pretendin' to find sights both interestin' an' strange in the colorless sky that was blazin' over Limona.

"The man of the church, why comes he not?' says Paquita.

"There was a racket outside, an' I ran to the window. Gathered about me house I see the gold-lace, cut-out-of-a-Sunday-supplement soldiers of Errada's body-guard. Just then the President himself rushes up the stairs, an', very red an' warm, hops into the room.

"'American dog!' he howls, 'two American dogs!' he goes on, countin' me in, then 'traitoress!' he adds, too polite to leave out a lady. 'All your vile plans I have learn. But this morning, Nicabo, the baker, grossly insult my soldiers. In the court-yard I ordaire him whipped. On the bare back I ordaire him beaten. He throw off his shirt and there—on the inside—my men find this—this button. Many guesses have I had, but not before did I know—for truth, Nicabo, he tell all. How you have plotted, he relate. Tomorrow you die. My brave men are without. They will take you away. Tomorrow they stand you up and shoot you. You, Señor O'Grady of the buttons, you, mixer of weak drinks for women, and you, traitoress to your people. Like dogs, you will die.'

"'Very well,' says I, 'so be it. But have a care, little skinny President of an imitation country,' I says, 'We are citizens of a great nation that sometimes rises up an' bites. Remember the *Maine*.' I says, he bein' a variety of Spaniard. 'I warn you, I am a peaceful merchant,' I says, 'a harmless perspirer in the ice-cream marts of trade. Me business here is to amuse the natives,' I says, 'hy lettin' them hear me cash-register bell ring. I do not mix up in revolutions, or in other schoolboy pranks. I concern meself with fizz,' I says, 'an' not with fizzles.'

"'Carrambos, American bluff,' says Errada, 'is it that your land protects its people who would governments overthrow? Cease to speak. The game is done.'

"'Yes,' says Danny O'Grady, who had a sneerin' smile on his face, 'the game is done. The climax of the show is reached. Tomorrow we were to end it in a blaze of calcium light an' glory. But you, little yellow President man, you are in a hurry. You are like the suburban resident with a train to catch. You want the play precipitated. Very well, we will precipitate it. This afternoon, at a word from me, Limona will rise up. Then you will hustle for your suburban train. Or maybe—who knows—you will die—like a dog.'

"Errada took out a pearl-handled revolver. 'If you move, I kill you,' he says, 'my soldiers are below—ever faithful. One word—' an' he began backin' off towards the window.

"Danny's hands were in the side pockets of his coat. I saw the right one move slightly, an' knew what was comin'. He'd taught me the simple trick in Constantinople—how to aim an' fire without takin' the gun from the pocket. Errada gave a yawp an' tumbled over, like a little brown monkey you'd bowled down with a cocoanut.

"We rushed up to him. His face was a mass of ugly wrinkles, resemblin' the-skin of a dried lemon, an' his eyes were squeezed tight together. Then like a flash they opened, an' he raised his fancy-studded pop gun. In a second he'd shot Danny O'Grady through the heart.

"I heard Paquita scream, an' saw the red blotch on Danny's shirt, at first no bigger than one of his buttons, growin' larger an' larger. Then I lost me grip of meself. I knocked Errada's pistol from his hand, an' started in to beat him, slow-like an' careful. Me brain was dazed, an' I told meself, in a vague way, that I'd kill him after while. But before long I remembered that he was President of a country, an' let him up.

"He was weak, an' battered, an' mad. 'T was then for the first time I see that the bronze button Danny had brought him from the States was bent an' twisted out of shape, like a bullet had hit it. 'T was to O'Grady's present Errada owed his mean, withered life.

"'You shall be punished,' he grunts, 'one of your party is already dead. For this added outrage you shall suffer.'

"An ugly roar come up from the street. I took hold of Errada by his thin, narrow shoulders.

"'Listen,' I says, 'an' I will tell you things both interestin' an' important. There's a long vista of excitement stretchin' ahead of you. You've killed the leader of a revolution, but 't is a big, strong, lusty revolution, an' you can't kill it. It may be news to you,' I says, 'but aside from your tinsel body-guard, you've scarce a friend in the country. I hear the roar of the happy, care-free peasantry outside,' I says, 't is once the citizens of Allorzan have done a bit of cheerin' without havin' a good look at the score-board first,' I says. 'No, dont call your pink-tea brigade. They're busy, an' can't



come. I'll give you some advice. 'T is free. Stop talkin' about killin' other people,' I says, 'go to some quiet spot an' figure out how you can escape bein' shot yourself. Sprint home, bolt the door, pull down the curtains, an' hide in a closet. Let them find you there—prayin',' I says.

"Then I loosed me grip an' he runs to the window. What he sees there does not please him, for he comes back to the stairs very pale. We went below together.

"'Cheer up,' I says, 'get all the enjoyment possible out of your job. For nobody knows who'll have it tomorrow.'

"There was a back door leadin' out of the ice factory, an' t' was by this he escaped. I went to the front of me store. A hundred free an' bare-footed citizens of the republic filled the street. At the slammin' of me screen, they turned their brown, dust-stained an' anxious faces towards me. In the distance I see the paper-doll soldiers mendin' their gold-lace equipment.

"'Supes of the show,' I says, 'disperse! No more scenes will be laid in Mulacy's Ice Cream Parlors. Danny O'Grady is dead. 'T was Errada shot him. Ah, me lads, I'm dependin' on you to make it hot for your beloved President.'

"Their looks were sad to see as they moved away. I went back upstairs. Paquita had dragged Danny to the bed, an' her white cheek was lyin' close to his, which was bronzed an' cold-lookin', an' newly shaven for his wedding.

"'Ô, my bold, reckless one,' she moans, 'ah, my brave, handsome one.'

"Seein' me, she stands up, brushin' the tears an' the wisps of black hair from her eyes. Very straight an' very proud she looked, like a lady who'd stepped from some old Spanish painting.

"'In the harbor,' I says, 'is a steamer which leaves for New Orleans tonight. If you wish, I will row you to it.'

"'The señor is good,' she says, 'but I fear my uncle not at all. He is a coward. Many friends have I in Limona, their shelter will gladly be offered.'

"Then she turned, an' reachin' inside Danny's bosom, drew out the button that had been the badge of his party. All red an' bloody it was, so that I turned me head away. But she held it very tight in her hand.

"'Good-bye, Señor Americano,' she says—to me, I thought. But 't was so low an' soft an' sorrowful, I've since made up me mind 't was meant for the other—for him—on the bed. An' still very proud, an' very much like the lady of the painting, she marches out, never once lookin' back to the place where Danny O'Grady lay.

"For two days more Errada ruled in Al-lorzan. 'T was then old General Serrara, Governor of the Province of Caridad, came to Limona, an' the entire population got behind him an' pushed him into the Morris chair of the Presidency. Errada slipped through their fingers, like the eel he was, an' ran away to the mountains. Up there a skillful patriot got a bullet past the decorations on his chest."

# The Reform Wave at Sagewood

By Ared White



MR. PINEHILL came out the front door of the North Star with the stumbling awkwardness of one who has sat for many hours, blinked severely until his eyes became adjusted to the unaccustomed light of day and looked lazily about him. The dull-gray Idaho dawn was just beginning to yield to the pink vanguard of an approaching sun. The town of Sagewood, a collection of plain houses and business structures, erected for service and with no thought of architecture, stood out more solemn than ever at this early hour. Out in the distance there was a thin cloud of yellow dust where some herders were getting a band of cattle early on the road for the Sagewood shipping yard. Off in another direction a quartet of coyotes were yapping a dismal farewell chorus to the banished night. Otherwise, there was quiet, with a landscape of low, flat hills clothed in the somber gray of dried sagebrush, with here and there a vain, little plume of dark green scrub-oak, or a broad flat tinted in the rich yellow of ripening grain.

Mr. Pinehill noted these things abstractedly, stretched himself with abandon and turned for a stroll down the one street of Sagewood. A week ago he could not thus have indulged himself. That was because the Puzzler had not then arrived in Sagewood, and before the Puzzler came there had been no one Mr. Pinehill could trust with the important duties of running the North Star in his absence. The Puzzler was an individual of perplexing personality to Sagewood, who had dropped in from no place in particular, won Mr. Pinehill's confidence and that of his patrons in a week, and this without having made a dozen statements on any particular subject. Mr. Pinehill's early morning walks commenced four days after the Puzzler became associated with the North Star in the capacity of presiding dignitary at farolayout Number Three.

Mr. Pinehill had left his desk this September morning with anticipations of a most pleasant jaunt, intended for the most part to relieve the heavy feeling which being shut up all night with many responsibilities visited upon his mind. He was, too, in a particularly felicitous mood, for the layouts had panned heavy during the night; the only department to run behind being the cardroom, and this only a few hundred that a plunging Greaser from the Big-R ranch had taken during a run of marvelous luck.

Something, however, of far greater consequence, had taken place during the hours of darkness and of this Mr. Pinehill became duly aware before he passed the front of the North Star. It was heralded on a broad, white placard posted right in front of his place; on a water-barrel, one of the factors in Sagewood's fire department. The flash of white cardboard catching his eye, Mr. Pinehill paused, and read:

*NOTICE—Citizens of Sagewood are hereby advised that a public meeting will be held in the First Methodist Church on Tuesday evening Sept 9 at 7:30 o'clock for the purpose of selecting a city ticket of citizens whose platform at the coming November election will be the advancement of decent citizenship and the moral elevation of this town. Our city has reached that stage when its officials should be men of the highest integrity who will enforce the laws. It is in response to a wide sentiment which I find to this effect that this call is issued by me.*

REV. JOHN SWABB,  
Chairman reform com'te

"Well, I'll be pitched," said the manager of the North Star, gently to himself, as he read the announcement. For a moment he struggled with his desire to swear. But he succeeded in keeping the bargain he made with himself when he took the management of the North Star, that so long as he re-

mained in that position he would allow himself no other iniquities. Without taking his eyes from the card, he called aloud:

"I say there, you fellows inside, come out here and see what's up!"

They came as one man, and on the instant, as the voice of Mr. Pinehill and the startling nature of his summons demanded. From the wide doors of the North Star they poured, dealers and players alike; wide-eyed to behold the cause of Mr. Pinehill's interruption of their pursuits. Magill, the veteran faro-dealer, lead the outward rush without waiting to make the three draws necessary to complete an important deal upon which large sums had been staked. Following the line of Mr. Pinehill's intent gaze, they saw the placard and read it.

"Well, I'll be pitched," asserted Magill, giving use, perhaps through unconscious assimilation, to Mr. Pinehill's favorite exclamation. He augmented, however, that plain, unpicturesque invective by consigning himself over and over again to purgatory.

Burnett, the roulette man, was the first to venture any explanatory comment on the missive. He did not take it seriously.

"It aint nothin' more than some joke by that red-headed dub that runs the *Sagewood Weekly Record*," he asserted, and this theory was given color by the position of the notice directly in front of the North Star.

The Puzzler stepped closer to get a more careful view of the card, and because he made little use of words and because things that are rare are looked upon as valuable, whether they be opinions or gems, there was a pause for his verdict. The Puzzler had been designated such by Mr. Malarkey, the elderly wizard of Sagewood and proprietor of the North Star. Sagewood, being unable to fully solve the newcomer, had promptly adopted the appellation. Of course, Mr. Malarkey thought *he* understood the Puzzler perfectly, and Mr. Pinehill, priding himself on his knowledge of human nature, was sure of it. The newcomer was fifty and looked it; wore straggling gray hair, and a drooping mustache set on his angular face so that all traces of youth, from nose to chin, were obliterated. The eyes were sober and sad, in this respect harmonizing with the rest of the face—that of a man who had known the world well and had not grown fond of it. To the close observer, his silence was not that of

a man who has nothing to say, but of one who has sized up silence as a thing of service. That he had that greatest of requisites in Sagewood, nerve, no one could swear; yet no one doubted it who ever saw him quell some objecting player with a calm, significant look. Of his antecedents or past, nothing was known, or cared, for that matter. It was said he came from Boise and had fought a losing battle with rum, but this was not investigated, for around the North Star and its rival, the Sagehen, a man's present usefulness and peculiar code of honor were the only things of consequence.

"It aint no joking matter," drawled the Puzzler when he had ended his studious reading of the card. "That sign means business, gentlemen, from top to bottom."

He paused to bit off a piece of tobacco from a big, black plug that was always with him, and once more concentrated his attention on the reform announcement.

"The only flaw I can see in the whole cussed thing," he added, after a minute, "is the bad punctuation." Saying this he proceeded to put right the imperfection to his own satisfaction by stepping back a few paces and placing, with fine precision and skill, a 45-calibre period after each sentence. And thus the Puzzler secured for himself the further confidence of those present and attracted the denizens of the neighboring Sagehen, who came running on the scene of supposed bloodshed, only to discover that a new reform movement was launched for the purpose of wiping them off the map of Sagewood.

Mr. Pinehill, early concluding the notice was no joke, went to his office in the North Star to take counsel with himself. Like a bolt from the blue sky came this announcement of intended reform. Its success meant to him loss of place, possibly return to hard work on the range. His fancy drifted through the blue smoke of his cigar to the day of his arrival in Sagewood, a dozen years before, when the place was a lodging-house and two saloons, perched along the isolated Oregon Short Line shipping yards. Slowly the city had grown, but surely; and he had seen it come to be a thrifty settlement, duly recorded on the map of Idaho.

His own evolution had been less drawn out. He had come to Sagewood a rider of the range and would have been yet on the range had it not been for that wild night, eight

years before, when he took sides with old Malarkey in a gun play, wherein three dissatisfied victims of fickle Fortune had essayed to clean out the place. The day following, when Malarkey, pleading old age, had offered him the management of the place, he had fought long and hard against the tempting offer and had yielded; from which moment he forgot the ways of the range, where he was "Flint" Pinehill, and became learned in the arts of the gamester where he was Mr. Pinehill. And as the years had passed his hand had been on the pulse of Sagewood, and he thought he knew all Sagewood's varying moods. This reform question he had always regarded as the harmless fad of a few inconsequential old people, coached by the well-meaning Pastor Swabb.

Sagewood had already come to possess municipal paraphernalia. It boasted a Mayor, Justice of the Peace, Town Marshall and other equipment for the preservation of law and order and the protection of individual rights. This same equipage, it is true, had seldom been used, except for the undoing of some whiskey-laden Bannock or Black-foot from the Reservation; for while Messrs. Malarkey and Pinehill and their confrères submitted to the inevitable intrusion of law, they never permitted the control of it to get out of their own mercenary hands.

It did not take Mr. Pinehill long to decide that the situation was one requiring close attention and effective handling.

"I tell you when this reform germ gets afloat there's no telling where it is going to end up," he said to Malarkey, who had just come blustering into the room after discovering the auspicious placard.

"Let them get up their ticket," snorted old Malarkey, pounding the table with a bony hand. "It aint going to do them no good. Th' Mayor's th' whole thing, I tell you, and with him on our side, we can run things to suit ourselves. And we've got him on our side," he added, after a pause. "We can nominate and re-elect Dad Adams, and since he hires half the cowpunchers in this here country, there'll be no trouble about that."

Mr. Pinehill was not so sanguine; he was thinking. That Dad Adams should be stricken by the reform germ was not improbable to his mind. He recalled having seen the Mayor going to church the Sunday before. He had thought nothing of it at the time, but now—

it had dire significance. And with Adams in the reform camp, who was there to pit against him? This was the question that might have to be coped with. Mr. Pinehill arose and nervously paced the floor. He ran over the list of possible eligibles and there was not one who was not either too notorious to get the popular vote, or too suspicious to be trusted by Mr. Pinehill and his associates. It was after many tense minutes that his face suddenly brightened, and he stopped in his walking.

"There's no other way," he said, enigmatically, and not addressing Mr. Malarkey.

Not heeding the other's demand to be informed as to his meaning, Mr. Pinehill passed from the office into the gaming-room and stood for many minutes studiously regarding the unconscious Puzzler.

"It's the only thing to do," he said to himself. Then he lit his pipe and went on out into the morning air to resume the interrupted stroll.

The evening of the reform meeting took half Sagewood to the little adobe Methodist Church, down near the railroad tracks. And the meeting was a rousing success; those who attended proving plastic as clay under the righteous eloquence of Pastor Swabb. By nine o'clock a full ticket was listed, the important place of mayoralty candidate being assigned to Deacon Hartshorn, a stiff-backed, orthodox person of dyspeptic tendencies and a small income derived from keeping the books at the Sagewood shipping yards.

Simultaneously, a meeting of a different sort was being held in the poker-room of the North Star. Old Malarkey was presiding, and a score of his patrons were there discussing the situation and keeping two Chinamen busy hustling refreshments from the bar. It was evident they were waiting for something and this something was Mr. Pinehill, who was engaged in a reconnoissance of the reform camp. Not until he reported developments could definite steps be taken to meet the situation.

"There'll be nothin' to this reform business," Malarkey was saying, easily and confidently. "We'll just elect th' old man Mayor again, and I'd like to see a Town Marshal as would close us out of business unless th' Mayor told 'im to, and what's more—"

Old Malarkey's philosophy was rudely ended by the sudden flying open of the door.

It was Mr. Pinehill arriving from the firing line. He looked half excited and half mad as he dropped into an awaiting chair.

"It's happened," he said tersely and dejectedly.

"What's happened? out with it, boy!" piped Malarkey, querulously, and his words found a dozen echoes.

"Dad Adams at the reform meeting—I saw him through the window and he was pounding his hands together, excited like, same as the rest, at something that preacher was saying."

A bursting bomb could hardly have created a more profound sensation in the anti-reform camp. Malarkey gave way to copious profanity and paced the floor. Several impressive ones followed his lead; a few vented their feelings along original lines. Full tribute was paid to the fact that desirable candidates were not any too plentiful thereabouts.

"What th' devil we going t' do for a candidate?" growled the verbose Malarkey.

"Oh, I've looked to that and got the right kind of man to head our ticket," said Mr. Pinehill, in a voice that betrayed, nevertheless, no great amount of confidence in his own words.

"Well, speak up, who is it?" bellowed Malarkey, pausing for the reply.

"It's the only man," responded Mr. Pinehill, "that we can put through, and that we can trust. He's our kind, I tell you, and he's got the advantage of not being any too well-known hereabouts. Gentlemen, I take pleasure in putting before you, for your consideration, the name of Mr. Redmond O'Shea, the puzzling gentleman from—God knows where."

There was silence. The caucus ceased its various demonstrations of distress and consternation and stood as one man, its whole attention arrested by this announcement. Presently, one by one, they filed out into the gaming-room and did what Mr. Pinehill had done a few weeks before. They gazed at the unsuspecting Puzzler as a turf plunger might size up a pacer before putting a fortune on him. Then they returned, quietly, to the caucus-room. Malarkey, as usual, was the first to render an opinion.

"I believe," he said amiably, "that there's something in what you say; they dont know him; he looks about right and he's certainly

the right stuff." The others promptly agreed.

"I move," said Goode, the misnamed proprietor of the Sagehen, "that Mr. Pinehill be delegated a committee of one to wait on the choice of this here meeting and notify him of our action."

That motion carrying without dissenting voice, Mr. Pinehill stepped out to Number Three table and motioned the Puzzler aside.

"We have decided," he said, in a matter-of-fact way, "to run you for Mayor of Sage-wood on our ticket. Do you accept the nomination?"

"What does the job pay?" he asked, carelessly. Mr. Pinehill noted that his face lit up immoderately, nevertheless.

"A hundred and a quarter a month, with chances to earn on the side," replied Mr. Pinehill.

"That's a lot better 'n I'm getting here. Tell th' boys I'll take the job if I can get it," he said, and abruptly turned back to his duties.

"No more of that," said Mr. Pinehill, quickly. "You have made your last deal at faro—at least while you are a candidate. Your salary goes on just the same, though, during the campaign, if you want it."

Mr. Pinehill put a new man at layout Three and returned to the caucus room with the message of acceptance.

"And did you have an understanding with him about his policy after 'lection?" inquired the cautious Goode.

"What th' devil do you s'pose his policy would be and him a workin' for th' North Star?" growled Malarkey in reply, and the incident escaped further attention.

That night Mr. Redmond O'Shea pored, until well into the night, over a letter which he addressed to a modest home in Bois , and in which he set out concisely that he was about to overcome his greatest of enemies,—himself—and lead a temperate and respectable life as Mayor of a city, whither those that were dear to him might come and no longer find shame in kinship.

Sagewood, during the next month, experienced the exhilarating emotions of its first real political campaign with "reform" and an "open town" as the issues. Frequent rallies were held in the church by the one side, while the other worked tooth and nail in the streets. The deacon harangued often and at length; the Puzzler remained silent.

The cause of reform had a marked lead two weeks before election day and there was no disputing the fact. Then an odd thing occurred. The thin-chested deacon lost his berth at the shipping yards through a clerical error which cost his employers many dollars; and then it was that deacon's real calibre asserted itself. Lacking the moral courage to face difficulties, the deacon thought to make doubly secure his election. Under cover of darkness he found his way to the rear of the North Star and bribed a Mongolian to bring Messrs. Malarkey and Pinehill into his presence. When they came he delivered himself of his mind with much stammering and many blushes. While he thought well of the reformers' chances in the forthcoming election, he was willing to make compromises—in exchange for votes. Messrs. Malarkey and Pinehill retired to talk the matter over between themselves. Mr. Pinehill was rather inclined to consider the offer. Mr. Malarkey would have none of it.

"As it stands, we're not any too sure of winning," said Mr. Pinehill, "and I think we ought to canvass the situation and think over what the deacon said."

"I'm of a mind," responded Mr. Malarkey, "that a sneakin' traitorous little snivel as would turn down his own side aint to be trusted nohow."

By mutual agreement they gave the deacon no answer, permitting him to stand waiting in the dark until he got weary. And that very same night they put the deacon's visit in circulation as campaign material. It caused consternation in the reform camp next day, but it was too late to make a change. The capable Swabb promptly branded the story as a campaign lie and went on with his work for the deacon's election. But there was not the same heart in the fight. The hard-working pastor felt that the cause of reform had suffered a bitter blow.

Election day dawned bright and auspicious. The voters flocked to the little school-house, and a heavy vote was polled. Malarkey's adherents were festive and demonstrative. The reform party kept quiet, waiting stoically. It was midnight before the unskilled election clerks finished the count. The Puzzler was elected by a clear majority of fifty votes. Onrageous yells, the building of bonfires and the promiseous rattle of small arms proclaimed the defeat of reform.

While Pastor Swabb and such of his followers as took the thing to heart repaired to the church to pray for the sins of Sagewood, Mr. Pinehill, thrilled with the exultation of victory, went to notify the one man in Sagewood who was not at the polls—the victorious Puzzler. Followed by half the population of Sagewood, he headed for the place where the Mayor-elect was most likely to be found, and, leaving the noisy crowd at the door, he entered the office of the North Star.

The Puzzler was there. He sat sprawled in a chair, looking from eyes that were blank and starey, and speaking in a voice that was thick and incoherent. Mr. Pinehill did not have to look twice to know that the Mayor-elect of Sagewood was hopelessly drunk. He stepped quickly out the door, bolted it behind him and hastened to address the expectant gathering.

"The new Mayor is suffering from a—er—bad bilions attack and begs to be excused for tonight," he explained, with laudable diplomacy, and invited everyone to the adjoining bar. As soon as he could get away unnoticed, he went back to the North Star's office and spent the night in sobering-up Sagewood's new administrative head.

"Was jes—hie—havin' little farewell party with m'self—cause 'in 'nother man after this—and never take—hie—'nother drop," muttered the stupefied Puzzler, when he was able to speak. Mr. Pinehill mentally classified the statement as drunken babble and gave it not a second thought.

It was ten o'clock of the next morning when Mayor O'Shea came blinkingly forth into the bright day. The street was already dotted with talking groups and his appearance was the signal for intermittent cheering. Side by side with the beaming Mr. Pinehill he passed along the boarded sidewalk, looking neither to right or left and seemingly intent in study. He barely noticed the affront which the passing school teacher offered by drawing her skirts close to her as she swept disdainfully past the man who had defeated the cause of reform in Sagewood. A hundred yards further and his course was interrupted by an admiring group of his adherents who rushed him, lifted him to the water-barrel in front of Sagewood's one real estate office, and called loudly for a speech.

The Puzzler looked soberly about him. His face was set and frigid. He stood in

silence for a full minute before he spoke.

"Fellow citizens," he began, swallowing hard. "this is my first speech in Sagewood and it may be my last. I aint much of a speaker and aint had much to do with polites and this is the first office I ever held. But I got my own ideas about how things should be done, and I wont change them. As an American citizen, I aint always been right up to snuff, but no matter what Red O'Shea might 'a' been, Mayor O'Shea intends doing the right thing. And I want to say right here, that as Mayor of this here town, the laws 'll be enforced according to Hoyle."

Laughter greeted this sally. Sagewood saw in the new Mayor's words a droll humor and enjoyed it.

"Now, up in Boisé there's a Mrs. O'Shea and two Miss O'Sheas that aint never been particular proud of the head of the family, and for good cause. But that's past, and they're coming here now to live. As Mayor of this town, I'm going to enforce the laws, every one of them, even if I have to call on the Governor to call out the militia."

His hearers were sober-minded now and there was a low murmuring of puzzled exclamations. They were not sure yet whether or not to take him seriously.

"After this," added the Mayor-elect evenly, "there wont be no gambling in Sagewood—the saloons will be closed on Sundays, and every man as is found drunk or disorderly will be locked up the same as an Injun, and if the Town Marshal wont—"

A yell of derision interrupted him. The gathering was determined, now, as to his mood. The roulette man from the Sage-

hen began crowding his way angrily to the front.

"You d——d traitor," he shouted, "you've tricked us and we'll—come on boys——"

Mayor O'Shea held up his hand for silence. "You never said anything to me about my views and I never told them and——"

The rumble of discontent was growing louder. The Mayor-elect scented the approaching storm. He raised his voice above the noise and finished rapidly.

"I can see trouble blowing up and I'm going inside for awhile—and seeing as how his job as manager of the North Star aint any further use to him since there wont be no North Star after this, I hereby appoint Mr. Pinehill Town Marshal at a salary of a hundred and a quarter a month and——"

The Mayor-elect never finished. There was a rush at his angular form led by Goode, of the Sagehen, and O'Roone, the roulette man. O'Shea leaped from the barrel and ran into the real-estate office, dodging behind the counter and out the back door. Goode, O'Roone and a dozen others were hard on his heels. In another moment they would have had him. And then something even more unbelievable on this day of surprises in Sagewood occurred. This something was six feet of determined-looking humanity, surmounted by a cool eye and a brace of leveled weapons which brought the pursuers up with a crush.

"As Town Marshal of the City of Sagewood, I'll be forced to injure the first individual as tries to pursue his nibs, the Mayor," said Mr. Pinehill, severely.

Reform in Sagewood had set in.

# “Ham and” and Pete Malarkey

By W. E. Brindley



It was ‘ham and’ that caused all the trouble for Pete Malarkey.”

The train had been jogging along as if journeying were a delight to it, to be drawn out as long as possible, and the day was stiflingly hot, the car dusty, and the scenery disgustingly monotonous. I had fallen into a half doze when the voice of the man in the next seat ahead aroused me. No need to tell me that “ham and” meant ham and eggs.

The speaker, who occupied the seat next to the window, was long and muscular; that much I could see from his back. His companion was sleek and had a broad, stooped pair of shoulders. Both, I judged, were middle-aged, and they wore large-checked clothes of the style commonly affected by traveling-men of the ordinary type.

The broad-shouldered man who sat on the aisle side turned his head, revealing a stub-nosed profile.

“‘Ham and’? he said, with just a shade of curiosity. ‘Of course I knew most of the story, but how ‘ham and’?’”

“Well, you see, it was this way. Pete goes into a bum little restaurant down on the south side, way down on Sixty-fourth Street”—I located the city as Chicago—“and sits him down to eat his dinner like a white man. It was a dinky little place, as I was saying, and they did n’t even have a bill of fare. It was pretty near seven o’clock, too, and it so happened that nearly everything was gone.

“Well, a mighty nice-looking girl comes up to Pete and says, ‘Roast-beef-roast-muttoner-hamand,’ and Pete says, ‘I’ll take some roast beef medium, in a hurry.’

“Well, pretty soon she comes back and says, ‘All out of roast beef.’ ‘Roast mutton, then,’ says Pete, and in a few minutes she came back again and said they were all out of roast mutton, too, but there was plenty of ‘ham and’.”

The brakeman stuck his head through the door, holding the knob in his hand, and bel-lowed, “Ree-ee-no.” The speaker stopped a moment and I leaned forward, with my elbows on the back of his seat. As I did so, I touched his shoulder, and he smiled to his companion, but made no comment when I muttered an apology and moved back, inwardly cursing myself for my over-great zeal to hear the tale.

“And Pete could n’t stand ‘ham and.’ I know that.”

It was the sleek, broad-shouldered man who spoke, and I thanked him to myself for having picked up the narrative and given it a boost.

“No, Pete could n’t. Well, when the girl says there’s nothing left Pete growls a bit, and the girl gets scared and ducks back to the kitchen. And Pete, feeling pretty sore, picks up his hat and starts for the door. Well, by the time Pete gets the door-knob in his hand, the proprietor sees him, he having been reading the sporting page instead of paying attention to business. Well, the proprietor figures mighty quick that Pete is trying to dodge paying his check, so he just leans over the counter and grabs Pete by the shoulder, and at that Pete swung around and hit him one in the jaw.”

The sleek, broad-shouldered man was sitting up straight now, and I leaned forward and bumped the fellow who was doing the talking, with my elbow again, but he did n’t seem to notice it.

“Well, Pete hit the fellow pretty hard, but he was up in a minute and out from behind the counter in a hurry. He let drive at Pete, but Pete ducked, and then let him have it in the stomach, and the guy went down and out.

“Now, however it happened that there was a ‘cop’ passing just at that time I dont know, but there was, and he blundered in to investigate. The restaurant man was just getting up, and swearing awful hard, and there was quite a crowd around, and everybody said



Pete did it, so the 'copper' naturally run him in."

The brakeman stuck his head into the car again, and bellowed: "Al—bee—marrull!" and the man who had been doing the talking looked at his watch, then got up and took down his hat and umbrella from the rack above. I was afraid he was going to get off at Albemarle, but he did n't, and went on with the tale.

"Well, you know how much good it does a man to argue with a sassy policeman. Pete argued, and even tried to buy the man off, but the 'cop' hustled him down to the station, which was only a few blocks away. Then he took Pete to the desk sergeant and told him about the row. When he was doing it, the restaurant man came in, and, a minute later, along comes the girl that had waited on Pete. The restaurant man said Pete had tried to get away without paying for his meal, and at that the girl spoke up and said it was a lie, that Pete did n't have any meal to pay for on account of there being nothing in the house that he would eat. You will admit that that took nerve on the girl's part, for it was ten to one she'd get fired for doing it.

"Well, to make it short—the restaurant man swore out a complaint, and they took Pete down stairs and locked him up in a cage. The girl, being somewhat sympathetic, got permission to go down to see him, and told him that she would be around in the morning and see him through, and how sorry she was, and all that. And about this time a reporter for one of those yellow papers came down.

"Pete told me afterwards that he did n't know that the chap was a reporter, and he seemed mighty polite, and Pete was feeling blue anyway, so he just told him all about it. And when Pete said he was figuring on getting married in the morning—"

"Married! Well, I'll be—!" The sleek man was thoroughly awake now, and so was I.

"Sure. He was going to be married by Father Kelly at nine o'clock. Well, as I was saying, when Pete tells his friend, the reporter, this—only he does n't know that the fellow's a reporter—the reporter got interested and wanted to know all about it. And Pete told him, the girl listening all the while—the restaurant girl, I mean. And finally they both left, and Pete spent the night in jail. Of course, if he had known

about it and thought about it, which he did n't, he might have telephoned somebody to come and go his bail, and he might have gotten out of there. But, as I say, he did n't, and he figured that a night in jail would n't hurt him any, except that probably it would make him a bit late for the wedding, for the judge would n't be likely to get down till nine o'clock, and nine o'clock was the hour for the big event.

"Well, in the morning they brought Pete his breakfast, and then they led him into the police-court room, which was in the same building as the police station. There were a couple of plain drunks ahead of Pete and he had to wait while the judge was giving them ten days; and while he was waiting his turn and talking in the meantime to the restaurant girl, who had come in as she said she would, to stand by him, who should come sailing into the court-room but Rose Dolan, and —"

"Not the girl he was going to marry?" the fat man ejaculated.

"The same, and in her hand she's carrying a copy of a newspaper, and she tears up to Pete and says, 'What have you got to say to that?' And there on the front page, in letters three or four inches tall, it says:

"DESERTS SWEETHEART FOR GIRL WHO BEFRIENDED HIM.

"PETE MALARKEY WILL NOT MARRY PRETTY ROSE DOLAN AS SCHEDULED THIS MORNING"—and a whole lot more rot.

"'It's a lie, the whole of it,' Pete says, as soon as he can get his senses, and with that Rose grabs the paper from him, and throws it in the face of the restaurant—"

"Van Buskirk!"

As the brakeman called the name, the story-teller jumped to his feet, jammed his hat on his head, grabbed his grip and umbrella, and with a hasty "Good-bye, Billy. See you in Chicago next week," hurried down the aisle.

The train stopped, and then I leaned over the back of the seat, grabbed the sleek man by the shoulder, and shouted to him, "What happened then?"

The man writhed out of my reach and snarled, with a sudden show of temper that surprised me, "You can search me. Ask him."

If I had stopped to think, I might have seen the foolishness of it. But I did not.

There was no time to think. I grabbed my suit-case, instinctively, and bolted for the rear door.

Almost as soon as I stepped off I heard the conductor's "All aboard!"

Then, I gave a hurried glance about for the story-teller, started for the station, to see if he had gone in to see about his baggage, and then the train pulled out.

I made a run for it, but our coach was the last, and the train beat me. As I stopped, breathless, a tall form swung out from the front platform of the coach I had occupied, and a long arm waved good-bye to me.

Then I swore, and called myself various kinds of a fool.

"Thinkin' of stayin' over a day, stranger?"

The speaker was a raw-boned, hard-handed man, the keeper of the "Palace Hotel," I had no doubt.

"No," I said, "I'm going on on the next train."

The hotelkeeper laughed.

"Number four 's the only train that goes East," he said. "You 'll just naturally have to stay over until this time tomorrow. Better stop up to my place."

We walked up the single street of the dried-up little town.

"I thought Fred Ostrander was going to drop off this trip," the hotel-keeper volunteered. "He makes this town tolerable often. Last time he come, he says to me, 'Business is pretty dull, is n't it?' And I allowed I reckoned it was, and he says, 'Next time I come through, I'll leave you a customer.' Funny fellow, Fred is, a great joker as you ever see. When I see him wave his hand I thought something was up, but I did n't know what it could be."

"Was he the tall man on the platform that waved as the train pulled out?" I asked.

"Why, yes. He got off to pass the time of day, and he says to me, when he seen you start down the aisle, 'Tell him Pete threw Rose down and married the restaurant girl.' I just thought to tell you."

We turned in to the dingy little hotel.

"Great story-teller, Fred is," said my landlord, as he held open the screen door. "I've heard him tell stories that was way ahead of anything I ever read in a book, for downright interestingness."

"Quite so," I said.

# The Settler

By Herman Whitaker

## CHAPTER IX—(Continued).

One glance reassured her. His unruffled calm, the ironic humor of his mouth all expressed his mastership of the late situation. Satisfied, she mounted beside him when he had hitched the ponies and settled in against him with a sigh of relief. Not that she had so easily forgotten her late trouble. The injured droop of her mouth, the serious face moved him to vast sympathy and anger. He longed to smooth the knit brow with kisses; to take her in his arms and soothe her as a little child. For a second time that day her mouth stood in hazard, but bracing himself against temptation, he tried to wean her from her brooding by ways that were safer if less sweet.

"Anyone," he said, twinkling down upon her, "would think you'd lost your best friend—"

"—instead of my worst," she anticipated.

"Glad you put it that way." He nodded his satisfaction. "And since you do, why waste regrets? Jest wipe him clean off the slate."

"It is bitter to learn that you have been deceived," she answered. "More bitter to feel yourself misread. Most bitter—" her voice dropped to a whisper, "—to learn it in such a shameful way."

He did not say "I warned you." Only his big brown hand closed on her's with a sympathetic squeeze that almost expelled the pain in her heart. She did not withdraw it; rather she drew in closer, and thus, hand in hand, they rattled south over the vast green prairies which now were all shotten with the iridescence of myriad flowers. The trail wound through seas of daisies, blue bells, white tuft. Slender golden-rod trembled in the breeze; dandelions and tiger-lilies flaunted their golden beauty under turquoise skies. It were, indeed, difficult to remain sad with such company in such surroundings; for not content with mute sympathy, he strove

to divert her thought by talk of the animals or plants which they saw or passed; astonishing her with his wide knowledge of curious traits in their nature or history. So, gliding from subject to subject, he weaned her from her trouble and, by easy stages, came to speaking of himself, modestly introducing the subject with a letter.

It was from the office of the traffic manager of the trunk line, acknowledging a bid for tie and trestle contracts for the projected branch through Silver Creek. While Cummings, Hines and their confrères were fulminating against the railroad pantheon, Carter had ridden over the spruce ranges of the Riding Mountains, had secured options on cutting permits from the provincial government, had driven down the old survey and then submitted an estimate which caused the construction department of the railway to gasp its astonishment.

The chief engineer even carried the estimate to the traffic manager. "Ties and timbers, this fellow Carter comes within a few thousand feet of old Sawyer's estimate," he said. "Moreover, he is ready to deliver the goods. Gives references to the Bank of America, which is to finance his enterprise. Who is he?"

One would hardly expect the traffic manager to have remembered, but he had; and thus it came about that the postscript of the letter was in his own big sprawl. He regretted the fact that construction had been put off for another year, "but," he added, "I have placed your bid on my own files and shall see that it receives the earliest consideration when we are ready for construction."

Helen exclaimed her satisfaction. "I'm so glad. I never knew that—you could do this kind of work. Why did n't you tell me? I'm so interested. Will it be a large contract?"

Her eyes testified to her words and as, obedient to her wish, he ran on giving details, they grew larger and more luminous. A touch of awe dwelt in their hazel depths.

Feeling always the attraction of his fine physique, respecting his strength of will, clean character, he now commanded her admiration on another score. Was he not proving himself "fit" in the iron struggle of an economic age? And she, delicate bloom, crowning bud of the tree of evolution, being yet subject to the law that, of old, governed the cave maiden in her choice of a mate, felt the full force of this last expression of his power.

As never before, she responded to his thought and feeling. When, after a sudden lurch, he left his supporting arm on the rail across her waist, she did not draw away; nay, she yielded to a luxurious sense of protection and power, leaning in against his shoulder. That day all things had conspired in his favor—even her pique at Molyneux—and now the rapid movement, caressing sweep of the wind, riot of color and sunlight, all helped to influence her judgment in a situation that was rapidly approaching.

It lay, the situation, in a deep pool, ten feet below the bank of Silver Creek. As before noted, Death and the Devil, those lively ponies, were, as Carter put it, "worth watching" any and all the time on the dead level, and the fact that he held a loose line on them running down trail into the valley proved how very, very far he had departed from his usual imperturbable mood. Small wonder! for the hazel glances he had sustained this last hour would have upset the coolest head. But if his condition was perfectly natural, so also was the innate devilry that caused the ponies to bolt the trail and plunge over the aforesaid bank.

Helen could never tell just how it happened. After two seconds' furious bumping, she felt herself lifted, bodily. Followed a crash as they fell. That was the impact of the buggy wheel upon Carter's head. The arms loosened as she took the icy plunge, then came a half-minute's suffocating struggle while the current was carrying her out to the shallows. Wet, draggled, she stumbled shoreward; then, as the water cleared out of her eyes, she turned and plunged wildly back. Face downward, Carter was floating over a two-foot shallow and another second would have carried him over into a longer and deeper pool.

As for him, returning consciousness brought him sensations of something soft un-

der his splitting head; that was Helen's bosom. Of arms about his neck; lips that wildly kissed his and which opened with a glad cry when he moved.

"Oh, I thought you were dead!"

For one blissful moment she allowed him to gaze in at the clear windows of her soul; then remembering the unusual but effective restorative she had used in the case, she flamed out in sudden colors, the banners of discovered love. Never was maid in such a predicament! Was it fair to expect that she would let fall a head that had been damaged in her cause? She could only wait until, having fed his eyes full on her sweet distress, he reached up and pulled her blushing face down upon his own. The sun, the wind, the rippling water, alone witnessed her surrender. After a while a grizzled badger peered at them from his hole, pronounced them harmless and so came forth upon his errands. A colony of gophers laid aside serious business to note, heads askew, loves that differed so little from their own. A robin cried shame upon them from a willow near by. But they were not ashamed. An hour slid by without either thinking of such sub-lunary matters as damaged heads or wet clothing; at the end of which Death and the Devil, having accomplished the complete destruction of the buckboard, came back to look for their master—probably associating him with the evening feed of oats—and fell to cropping the grass along the creek.

Then she spoke, softly, blushing again. "You must think me shameless, but—I did, I really thought you were dead."

"Aint you glad I'm not?" She never noticed the "aint," this young lady who had originally sized him as an underbred person, and he mightily appreciated the sudden tightening of her arms. "But what must you think of me?"

He told—all. Of his resolution the moment he saw her on the Lone Tree platform; of his hope, fears, dark despair, the hell he had suffered on Molyneux's account. A soft hand cut short this last revelation, and immediately they fell again into one of love's deep silences, an eloquent pause that endured until the westering sun threw long shadows across the creek. Then, rising, he caught the ponies and arranged saddles with blankets and straps from the broken harness, while she looked on with soft attention.

Mounted, they paused and looked back at the stream, ruby red under the dying sun, the clay bank, the bordering willows, then they kissed each other, soberly, and rode on. Dusk was blanketing the prairies when they drew up at Flynn's cabin, yet it was not too dark for Mrs. Flynn's sharp eyes to pick their secret.

"It's the new school ma'am ye'll need to be looking for," she told Flynn. "Why? Man, did n't ye see him look at her, an' her that lovely red, her eyes pretty as a mother deer's, an' her voice, soft an' cooing as a dove's. Flynn, Flynn! ye've forgotten your own courting."

One fine morning, two months later, Molyneux's drivers spun out of his stable enclosure and rattled south at a pace that did not keep up with their driver's impatience.

These two months had certainly been the unhappiest of his life. A man's opinions, philosophy, must, if they have vitality at all, be formed upon the actions of those about him, upon the phenomena which life presents to his reason. This, however, does not altogether annul the force of these ideals, of conduct for himself and others which were learned at his mother's knee. Always they persist. Granted that loose life may smother the plant so that it produces neither fruit nor leafage, the germ is still there; the assuredty that beyond the rotten pale of fast society lies a fair land where purity, chastity, goodness, the virtues one firmly incarnates in the person of mother, sister, or girl friend, do grow and flourish. Under the foulness of the most determined rouné lies the ineradicable belief that had Lot sought righteousness among the women of Sodom, that wicked city had never been destroyed. One clean, wholesome girl will shake a man's faith in base-ness; torture him with a vivid sense of his own backslidings; and now that passion's scales were fallen from his eyes, Molyneux appreciated at their full worth the naive mixture of innocence and womanly wisdom, the health, strength and wholesomeness of character that set Helen apart from his light acquaintance.

"Fool! fool!" he had told himself again and again. "She is worthy of a king—if one could be found worthy of her. And you had a fair chance! Oh, you fool!"

Nor had he failed to write a letter of apol-

ogy. He did that in the first agonies of repentance, six weeks ago and, receiving no answer, had taken the ensuing weeks to screw his courage to the point of asking pardon in person. But now that it was there, he was possessed of a wild exhilaration that took no thought of refusal. She could hardly fail to pardon a suppliant for crimes that were instigated by her own beauty! and one so becomingly repentant! Full of the consciousness of his own virtuous intention, it was quite easy for him to credit Helen with the magnanimity that would be its reciprocal feeling; and this once established, himself pardoned, in thought, he passed to day dreams. Her smile, the sweet tilt of her pretty nose, her glory of golden hair, her every physical and mental charm passed in mental review, beguiling the tedium of the trail till the schoolhouse thrust up over the horizon.

Then his mood changed. Its squat, obtrusive materiality thrust into his consciousness, shattering the filmy substance of his dreams, and as he noticed the closed windows, shut door, doubt replaced elation: depression, the black antithesis of his late mood, settled down upon him.

As he sat, staring, a voice hailed him. "Been riding ahint of you this half hour, but you never looked back. Fine haying weather, aint it?"

Startled, Molyneux turned to find Jed Hines surveying him with an irritating smile. His expression plainly revealed that not only did he know Molyneux's errand, but that he was viewing it under the light of humorous secret knowledge.

So Molyneux felt it, but, restraining an impulse to remodel the expression, he said, nonchalantly as he could, "What is the matter here? School closed?"

Hines nodded. He had all of the Canadian's traditional hate of the remittance man; Molyneux, in especial, he detested because, perhaps, by his superior shrewdness, he gave less cause of contempt than the race in general. That he had paused to speak; taken time and trouble to overtake Molyneux, was proof sufficient that he had unpleasant news. He would, however, take his own time in delivering it; prolong the torture to the limit.

"Midsummer holidays," he laconically answered.

Molyneux ignored his curtness. "Miss Morrill at Graves' place, do you know?" Jed's grin widened. "You haint heard then?"

"Heard what?"

Jed gazed off and away over the prairies. "No, you wont find her at Graves'."

How Molyneux longed to spoil the grin, but a deadly sickening fear constrained him to further courtesy. "Where is she then?"

"Nowheres around here."

"Do you know?"

"You bet!" The grin gave place to malignant satisfaction. "Yes, I know—that is, I kin guess, though I would n't, if I thought it would do you any good. As it wont—I'll tell. Let me see—she's been married jest one week. Jedging by averages, I reckon as you orter find her in Carter's arms."

If he had expected his news to produce a disagreeable impression, he was not disappointed. Its visible manifestation landed full in his face. He dropped, flat on his shoulders. Not lacking a certain wolf courage, primitive ferocity of the cornered rat, he sprang up, lunged at Molyneux and went down a second time. Then he stayed, watching until Molyneux had turned his buggy and driven away.

"I never saw the devil!" he muttered, shaking his fist, "but your face jest then came mighty near the preacher's description."

#### CHAPTER X.

##### *The Ideal and Some Realities.*



ONCE upon a time a man wrote a book that proved how easily a cultured Eastern girl might fall in love with and marry a Western cowboy. It was a beautiful story, about people who were beautiful or picturesque according as they were good or bad, but it ended just where, in real life, stories begin. After the manner of fairy tales, the author assured us that the girl and her cowboy lived happily ever after. Now I wonder if they did?

A year later a big bull-fly thudded at the screen door of Carter's cabin in vain efforts to enter and take toll of Helen's white flesh. By the gentlemen who ordain the calendar, a year is given as a space of

time between points that are fixed, immutable as the stars. Sensible folk know better. Years vary, are long or short according to the number, breadth and depth of the experiences their space covers. The year had marked Helen. She was fuller-lipped, rounder; enveloped by the sensuous softness of young wifehood. Sitting at table with her white blouse tucked in at the neck for coolness, she had never looked prettier. But granting these attributes of her changed condition, a keen observer would have missed that gentle brooding, ripe fruit of content which exhales from the perfectly-mated woman. As, time and again, her glance touched Carter, sitting opposite, she would sigh, ever so gently, yet sigh; the direction of her glances told, also, that her discontent was associated in some way with his shirt sleeves, rolled to the elbow and his original methods in the use of his knife and fork. Grasping these implements within an inch of their points, he certainly secured a mighty leverage, yet undoubtedly lost in grace what he secured in power, besides pre-empting more elbow-room than could be accorded to one person at a dinner party.

"Tut! tut!" she observed after timid and tentative observation.

"Oh, shore! There I go again!" His quick answer and the celerity with which his hands crawfished back to the handles told of many corrections, yet, five minutes later they had stolen out once more to the old familiar grip.

She sighed again. It was not that she had or still wished to hobble her frontiersman; to harness him to the conventions. Her feeling flowed from a larger source. Believing him big of brain and soul as of body, she would have had him perfect in small things as he was great in large, that her ideal should be so filled and rounded out as to leave no room for sighs. To this end she had, from the first, attempted small polishments, which he had received with whimsical good humor that took no thought of how vital the matter was with her. Had he realized this, he might have made a determined effort instead of the slack practice which flows from easy complaisance; but not realizing it, he made no headway. In these last months she had gained insight into that philosophical axiom: It is easier

to make over a dozen lovers that one husband. Unlike the girl in the aforesaid beautiful story, she had begun reconstruction at the wrong side of the knot.

Not that this unwelcome truth would or could, of itself, have affected her love in quality or quantity. At times she agonized remorsefully over her tendency to criticism, tutoring herself to look only for the large things of character. Again, when, of nights, she would slip to his arms for a delightful hour before retiring, she would wonder at herself; every last vestige of discontent evaporated with her murmured sigh of perfect happiness. These were great moments—for both. Lying so, she would look up in his bronzed face and listen while, in his big way, he talked and planned, unrolling the scroll of their future; listen patiently until he became too absorbed, when she would interrupt with some kittenish trick to draw him back into the delightful present. Pretty little tricks! loving little tricks; that one would never have dreamed lay hidden under the exterior of the staid young school-ma'am.

But these, after all, were moods, and there had been other and real cause of discontent. First, the railway gods had again broken faith with the settlers and every cent that Carter could raise or borrow had been required to meet rents on his timber concessions. Though not in actual want, they had had to trim expense, reduce their living to the settler scale. Having all of a pretty woman's natural love of finery, Helen could see no way of restoring her depleted wardrobe. Moreover, there was the choring, washing, milking of cows, feeding of calves, inseparable from pioneer settler life—a burden that was not a whit the less toilsome because self-assumed.

Carter would have spared her all that; was, indeed, angry when, coming in late one night, he caught her toiling at the milking. "I did n't know it was so hard," she pleaded, holding up her swollen wrists. "But I could n't bear to see you come in, tired, at dark, then go on with the chores while I sat in the house."

He had made her promise not to do it again. But she did, and his protests, vigorous at first, slackened until, finally, the choring had come to be regarded as hers as a matter of course.

Even the climate was against her, conspir-

ing against her peace of body if not of mind. The previous Winter had been the bitterest in a score of years, temperatures ranging from forty to seventy below zero, with a yard of snow on the level, fifty-foot drifts in the bluffs, and hundred-mile winds to drive the cold and snow through the thickest of log walls. For days she had sat, in her furs, by the red-hot stove while the blizzard roared about the cabin, walling it in fleecy snows; sat listening to the agonized shout of wind-lashed trees, the squeal of poplar brake, the smash of rent branches, the thundrous storm voice that was speeded only by distant crashes as the lords of the forest went down to stiff ends. North, south, east, west, had veered those terrible winds, freighting always their inexhaustible snows. The trails were blown from earth's face; solitary blotch, their cabin rose like a reef from an ocean of whiteness; and they, castaways, were practically divorced for days and sometimes weeks from all communication with their kind. Hardly less terrible had been the calms, the vast frozen silences, as of interplanetary space, that followed the blizzard, ruling the snowy steppes. They filled her with a terrifying sense of the illimitable, those silences; vivid as though she, a lonely soul, were traveling through vast voids of time and space. She shrank under them, afraid.

Followed a mosquito year in a mosquito country. Fattened by the heavy snows, stagnant sloughs held water till late in the Summer and so bred the pests by myriads of myriads. Of nights the tortured air whined of them. By day their cattle hung about the corrals, cropping the grass down to the dust, or if they did wander further afield, came galloping madly back to the smudges. For two months any kind of travel had been impossible; clouds of the pests would settle on hands, face, neck, quicker than one could wipe them off. Milking and choring had to be done under cover of a thick reek to an accompaniment of lashing tails, with frequent and irritating catastrophes in the way of overturned pails. The arid odor of smoke clung to everything, hair, clothing, flesh, the cabin was little better than a smokehouse until the heat had mitigated the pests while adding its own discomforts.

It was a dull life enough for men whose

tasks were broken by periodical trips to market; it was martyrdom for house-fast women. Always around the shanty hummed the eternal winds of the plains. Wind! Wind! Wind in varying quantity from a breeze to a blizzard, but always wind! Its melancholy dirge in the chimney left a haunting in the eyes of men. Its ceaseless moan prepared many a plainsman for the madhouse.

With bright hope at heart to gild the future, she might have endured both discomfort and drudgery, but the postponement of construction work on the branch line had killed immediate hope. With dismay she realized a certain coarsening of body and mind; a thickening of finger joints, roughness of skin, an attenuation where milking had turned the plump flesh of her arms into gaunt muscle. And to her the thought of that far-off Summer day recurred with increasing frequency,—would this equilibration with environment end by leaving her peer to the scrawny, flat-chested women of the settlements? She who had excelled in the small arts, music, painting, modeling in wax and clay? Her past, in such seasons of depression, seemed now as that of some other girl; a girl who had worn pretty dresses, and been admired and petted by father, brother and friends. Of all her gifts, her voice, a sweet contralto, was only left her; and of late it had naturally attuned itself to her sadder moods. So she had felt her life shrink and grow narrow, until, looking down the vista of frozen Winters, baking Summers, they seemed, those weary years, to draw to a dull hard point, the wind-swept acre with its solitary grave. Conditions had certainly combined to produce in her a subconscious discontent that might flare up into open revolt against her lot at the touch of obscure and apparently insignificant cause; they reinforced and made dangerous the irritation caused by his little gaucheries.

As aforesaid, her dark moods alternated with spasms of remorse; fits of melting tenderness in which she condemned herself for her secret criticisms of him. Peeping through their bedroom window only the preceding night, the moon had caught her bending over his sleep. The tender light absorbed his tan, softened the strong features without taking from their nobility; deeply

shading the hollows it gave his whole face an air of clear-cut refinement. Its wonderful alchemy foreshadowed the possibilities of this life, lying so quiescent beneath her eyes. For a long hour she held the vigil while thought threw flitting shadows athwart her face; then, stooping, she had softly kissed him under cover of her clouding hair.

It was a momentous caress, registering, as it did, her acceptance of a lowered ideal; marking her realization of the friction which follows all marriages and is inevitable to such as hers. Yet it had not removed the cause; that remained. It is easier far to overlook a great sin than a daily gaucherie; to rise to vast calamity than to brook the petty irritations which mar and make life ugly. The cause remained, surely! To see her, quiet and pensive, at table, this day, who would have dreamed that the morrow would see the thin edge of the wedge driven in between them?

"There's to be a picnic in the grove by Flynn's lake tomorrow, Nell," he said, as he rose from dinner. "Let's take a day off."

"All right!" she agreed, and the kiss with which she rewarded the prospect of even such a slight break in the dullness of life, may easily be regarded as the first tap on the wedge.

How quickly personality responds to atmosphere! When, next morning, Helen climbed into the buckboard beside Carter, she was frankly happy as a woman can be in the knowledge she is looking fit for occasion. Cool, clean and fresh in a billowy white dress of her own laundrying, excitement and Carter's admiring glances intensified her naturally delicate color. As they rattled over the yellow miles, doubt and misgiving vanished under the spell of present happiness. She returned him eyes that were lovingly shy as those of their honeymoon; was subdued, sedate, sober, or burst out in small trills of song as the mood seized her. Not until she was actually upon the picnic ground did she realize the real nature of this, her first appearance at a public function since her marriage.

A clear sky and a breeze that set yellow waves chasing each other over the far horizon had brought out the settlers in a fifty-mile circle—even the remittance men—who had been wont to spell amusement in the red letters of the London alphabet—were there.



Like most country picnics, it was pseudo-religious in character, with a humorous speech from the Methodist minister figuring as the great attraction. Amusements ran from baseball and children's games for youth, to love-making in corners by shame-faced couples.

Leaving Carter to put up his team, Helen carried their basket over to where a crowd of officious matrons were arranging tables under the trees, and so gained first knowledge of what was in store for her. The latest bride, she was the center of attention; target for glances. Approaching a group of loutish youths, she felt their stares; flushed under the smothered laugh which greeted her sudden change of direction. Girls were just as unmannerly. Ceasing their own rough flirtations, they gathered in giggling groups to observe and comment on one who had already achieved that which they contemplated.

Nor was she more comfortable among the matrons. While teaching school, the halo of education had set her apart and above them, but now they wished her to understand that her marriage had brought her down to their level. They plied her with coarse congratulations; embarrassed her with jokes and prophecies that were broader than suggestive. Time and again she looked, for rescue, at Carter, but he was talking railroad politics in an interested group; did not join her till lunch was served, and afterward was hauled away to play in a baseball game, married men *v.* single.

So she had but a small respite. With his departure the women renewed their onslaughts as though determined to beat down her personal reserve and reive her nature of its inmost secrets. No subject was too sacred for their joking—herself, her husband, the intimacies of their lives. There was no satiating their burning curiosity; her timid cheeks, monosyllabic answers, served only to whet their sharp tongues. Shocked, weary, cheeks burning with shame, she sat on, not daring to go in search of Carter and so brave again the fire of eyes until, midway of the afternoon, she looked up to see Molyneux and Mrs. Leslie approaching.

It was the crowning of her humiliation. With the exception of a duty call on her return to Silver Creek and which Helen had

not returned, it was the first time that she had seen Mrs. Leslie for more than a year. "As you think best," Carter had said when she had debated the advisability of renewing the friendship. "You would n't care to meet Molyneux again, would you? He's sure to be there." And, departing from his usual sane judgment, he made no further explanations; said nothing of his drive in the dusk with the lovesick woman, knowledge of which would surely have killed Helen's friendly feeling. Lacking that knowledge, she had pined for the one woman who could give her the social and intellectual companionship her nature craved; pined with an intensity of feeling that was only equaled by her present desire to avoid a meeting.

If they would *only* pass without seeing her! she prayed, bowing her head in shame. But Mrs. Leslie had seen her from afar. "Poor little thing!" she had exclaimed to Molyneux. "Alone, among these harpies. Come, let's rescue her." And, whatever her motive, the kiss she bestowed on the blushing girl was warm as natural. "Why, Helen!" she said. "Whatever are you doing here? Come along with us."

"We are going to organize a race for three-year-old tots, Mrs. Carter," Molyneux explained. "We really need your assistance."

His deferential air as he stood, bareheaded, before her, the languid correctness of his manner, even the aristocratic English drawl pierced that atmosphere of vulgarity like a breath of clean air. The easy insolence with which he ignored the settler women was as balm to her wounded pride. She recovered her poise; her drooping personality revived from the coarse attacks.

"I should like to—very much," she answered, and, a little timidly, went on: "I was waiting for my husband."

"Dutiful child," Mrs. Leslie laughed. "Well, he is so busy, running up the batting average for the Benedicts that he has forgotten you. Come along!"

"We might go round—" Helen began, tentatively. She would have finished "his way," but glancing over at the game, she saw that in his interest he really had forgotten her. "Very well!" she substituted; and, rising, she strolled off between the two, passing within a few yards of her husband. Busy with his game, he did not see, nor would have known what company she was keeping

but for Shinn, a near neighbor of Jed Hines and fellow of his kidney.

"Your wife," he remarked, "seems to be enjoying herself!" His sneer caused a titter among both players and spectators, but before it subsided Carter came back, with a careless glance after Helen. "is more 'n I can say for your'n."

The titter swelled to a roar that caused Helen to turn. Mrs. Shinn, poor drudge, had not strayed twenty feet from her cook-stove in as many squalid years, as every one knew well. Grinning evilly, Shinn subsided while, after carelessly waving his hand at Helen, Carter returned to his batting. If he disapproved of her escort, not a lift of a line betrayed the fact to curious eyes—not even when he drove around and found her still with Molyneux and Mrs. Leslie.

They were both silent on the homeward drive. In Helen's mind Carter was associated with the coarse and sickening humiliations of the day. As never before, she felt the enormous suction from below; she battled against the feeling with the desperation of the swimmer who feels the whirlpool clutching at his heels.

Her mood was defiant, and if, just then, he had taken her to task for her truancy, she would have flamed up in open revolt. But he did not.

"You are tired?" he said, very gently, when the ponies had run them far out from the press of teams and rigs. She appreciated that, yet when he slipped an arm about her waist she moved restlessly within its circle.

The wedge was well entered.

*(To Be Continued.)*

## Acquiescence

By Adelaide Wilson

She made morn hers,  
The mystic shade  
That lingered on each purple mountain fold,  
The slowly reddening dawn, seemed promises  
Of all the richness that her life should hold.  
—That dawn should fade!

The noon was hers,  
In the brave light  
Her life spread out all shadowless and grand,  
Clear-eyed she kept her solitary way,  
Completed each high deed her youth had planned.  
—Yet cometh night!

Then fell the eve,  
Through grasses low  
A wandering night wind sang its song of rest,  
The dying light held naught for her but loneliness,  
And to her weary heart death seemed best.  
—Yea, better so!





THE KLIKKITAT RIVER, WASHINGTON.

# Sitting Bull Brought to Taw

By Fred A. Hunt

(Moss-Agate Bill)

PART II.



THE morning of October 22, 1876, had been appointed by Sitting Bull and his staff of head-warriors and chiefs as the time of the pow-wow and Council Rock as its location.

The soldiers under General Nelson A. Miles, Colonel Fifth United States Infantry, commanding the District of the Yellowstone, were early on the alert, for if a truce should be arrived at whereby Sitting Bull should become a pacific, in lieu of a most turbulent one, it would be a most desirable achievement, and one that would redound to the credit of the military, but if the wily, old fox would try and slip away from them, they wanted to be in position and condition to give him battle.

The name and reputation of Sitting Bull did not inspire confidence; in fact, he had been designated as a poultice drawing all the bad Indian humors to a head. Hence, the soldiers breakfasted on October 22 equally prepared for war or arbitration.

The troops, therefore, marched in the customary formation to Cedar Creek and up the beautiful valley of that creek toward the allotted meeting-place. The accompanying diagram will serve two purposes—that of affording some understanding of the way the soldiers moved to avoid surprise and to facilitate their easy mobilization in any requisite form for attack, and to show why General Miles's command could not be surprised and defeated by any sudden and precipitate onrush of the enemy. Had the British troops in the Boer war been thus handled, and the country adequately scouted prior to the movements of the British troops through it, the disgraceful record of incompetence and disaster could never have attached to the military record of the British arms in South Africa.

While a little detachment of scouts was proceeding up Cedar Creek Valley, upon some high crags to the left were discerned some Indians, manifestly observing the soldiers' movements while trying to keep themselves concealed. One of the scouts, named Cushing, spurred his pony into a canter and, holding out his hands at arms' length, with the palms to the front, sang a cowboy chanson. This, in the old frontier days, was the symbol of pacific intentions; the open hands displaying the absence of any weapon and the infeasibility of quickly seizing one, and the song—well, I assume it was presumed to have the charm that soothed the savage breast (or the milling cattle), although the fearful and wonderful ditties that shivered the surrounding atmosphere would have anything but a quieting effect upon a civilized auditor. But it was the custom of the frontier and thoroughly understood by Indian and white man alike, and a failure to respond, pacifically, was esteemed a token of hostility on the part of the persons thus sung to. A couple of the Indians on the summit of the crag whipped their ponies, that came charging down its precipitous sides more like mountain sheep than horses, and joined the scouts; the others that had been on the crag disappearing from view.

After a short discourse the two Indians were taken back to General Miles, who charged them to tell Sitting Bull that he wanted him to meet him and have the projected council; whereupon the Indians galloped up the valley. In a very brief time the troops reached the Council Rock and there one of the most beautifully barbaric sights conceivable presented itself. Hundreds of Indians, gaudy in their best bib and tucker of war-bonnets and beaded habiliments, mounted on their fleet war-ponies

(always the best pony of the proprietor's cavallard was the war-pony), dashed hither and thither, emitting their cries and shouts, forming a veritable kaleidoseope of color and animation. It was possible that this pretty picture was not alone for chromatic display, but was a review of the force at Sitting Bull's disposal for the purpose of deterring General Miles with his little band of soldiers from seeking any recourse to arms to enforce his point of view. If so, it signally failed of its design.

Soon, a circle of magnates of the Indians and General Miles and his officers were seated 'neath the shadow of the rock and the diplomatic contest was on. It was evident that Sitting Bull was "sparring for wind," but why was not ascertained until long afterward, and then it was shown that the discovery of the spies on the crag and the ultimatum for a council had precipitated the Indians' plans, which were to pack up their impedimenta and "skin out" across the Yellowstone, and the dilatory tactics at the council were to afford the squaws ample time to pack their saratogas—and other camp equipage and belongings, from time immemorial the squaws having been the lackeys, cooks and valets of the noble Red Man.

Of course, the usual smoke preceded the talk, and among the participants in the council were: Sitting Bull, John Bruguière (interpreter and court chamberlain), Rain-in-the-Face (alleged to have killed General George Armstrong Custer), Mahomie or The Ice, Wolf Robe, Belly Ache, Jumping Frog, Man-Kills-Enemy, Arrow-in-Eye, etc. But at last Miles's patience became exhausted and he terminated the Indian circumlocution with the statement that, "I will either drive you out of this country or you will me. I will take no advantage of you under flag of truce and give you fifteen minutes to get back to your lines; then, if my terms (sur-render) are not accepted, I will open fire." Sitting Bull and his confrères returned to their lines and the entire force, plying their quirts vigorously, galloped up the valley.

Intense quietude reigned for a little space during which dense clouds of smoke, underlaid by a thin line of horizontal fire, came down the valley. The Indians had issued their ultimatum and their defiance by firing the high, dry grass, the smoke of which (the wind blowing from them to the troops)

would seriously inconvenience the latter, and behind which curtain the Indians could shoot at the troops in safety and comfort, undetectible save by the flash of their rifles. The quiet was broken by the General's commanding the bugler to blow the general and the troops were on the advance. Looking toward the left Miles descried two Indians, and he directed a couple of scouts to "bring those fellows in." The scouts departed and soon two shots announced that because of the failure of the Indians to come in they had passed in—their checks.



*Colonel Nelson A. Miles, Fifth United States Infantry, Commanding District of the Yellowstone.*

Then the firing became general; the troops advancing in skirmish line clear across the valley lying between the creek and the foothills, and slowly but surely driving the Indians before them until they debouched into the bluffs, and across the site of their camp of the preceding evening, and then commenced one of the characteristic fights in the hills with the elusive and active Indians. Sealing the bluffs, the Indians would scatter along the summits and then, jumping off their ponies (which would stand any and everywhere their lariat was dropped), would ensconce themselves behind rocks.



From Copyrighted Photograph by F. A. Rinehart.  
*Belly Ache—A Prominent Sioux Warrior in Sitting Bull's Band.*



From Copyrighted Photograph by F. A. Rinehart.  
Chief Hollow Horn Bear, Sioux Warrior.

stumps, trees or elevated spots and do target practice at the soldiers. The soldiers would be formed into battalion or company front in skirmish line and, in an irregular line, would advance, also taking advantage of any elevated shield to protect themselves while loading and firing. One advantage the troops had was in the superior range of their Springfield .45s—one of the best weapons ever put in the hands of a soldier—the Indians being principally armed with Winchesters. At close range the latter were deadly, especially on account of the readiness wherewith bullets could be unremittingly pumped out of them, but at long range the Winchesters would only raise a little puff of dirt midway between the contestants, while the Springfield was putting holes through the men behind the Winchesters. Bellicose ethics of the present day are to puncture an opponent without hurting him (as though the men were to be subsequently strung like beads); those of the Indian wartime were not only to perforate an antagonist, but to have the missile in its perforation carry with it as many pieces of the other fellow's entrails as possible; the object in the middle of the last century was to either kill the enemy or to permanently disable him, not to knock him gently down and

have him come back at you. Embalmed beef these days slays its tens of thousands and the jacketed, small-calibre bullet its thousands.

One Indian had a Mississippi rifle and that sent its half-pound of lead singing through the air like a flock of humming-birds. He was a good shot, too, and the boys could readily tell when that slug was coming hurtling through the air by the heavy detonation of the rifle. He selected a likely spot away from the main bunches of Indians and there would leisurely pot-shot at his pleasure and convenience. He fired several times at General Miles, who was mounted on his white horse, and came so disagreeably close to him that his officers begged him to mount a more inconspicuous charger. This he did, but explained to the officers that he liked his men to know he was amongst them. They knew that, anyhow, for Miles in action had a voice like a megaphone and his language was idiomatic and forcible.

Despite Winchesters and Mississippi rifle and the undoubted bravery of the Indians, they were forced back by the little detachments of troops (the whole command numbered only 398 rifles), each member jocular, debonaire and with the capability of acting on his own initiative that is found nowhere save in the American soldier.

Napoleon said that each of his soldiers carried a field marshal's bâton in his knapsack. The American soldier has that in his knapsack and the brains of a Napoleon in his head.

The detachment worked its way onward over the plateaus and when near the base of the bluff they would "rush" the bluff, and off would go the Indians to another bluff, and so on; the Indians stubbornly retreating, the soldiers more stubbornly advancing. So closely pressed were the Red Men in several cases that they left the dead behind them—a most unusual thing for them to do, and the fear of which has more horror to the Indian than death itself. Not but what the gentle savage had a proper regard for the safety of his skin. If it had not been so it is hardly probable that in the guerrilla-like warfare of the Battle of Cedar Creek the soldiers would have whipped three times their number.

Many individual encounters happened in





*Colonel James Worden Pope (Now Assistant Quartermaster-General United States Army), Who Was in the Cedar Creek Fight.*

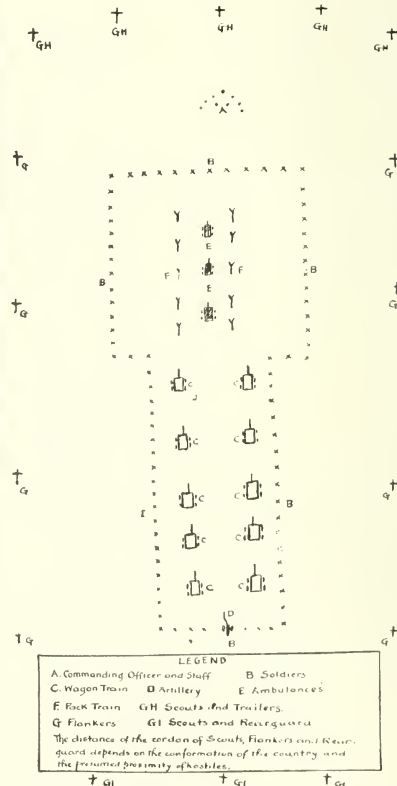


*Brigadier-General G. W. Baird (Retired), Formerly Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of the Yellowstone.*

the escalating of the slopes of the bluffs; these duels not being so much the effect of inclination on the part of the Indians as necessity.

Comment is made in this article on the halting character of the Indians' negotiations. After the firing began the Indian village hastened toward the Yellowstone and the Indians fought to cover their rear and by retarding the advance of the soldiers prevent the capturing of the village. So if any posse of soldiers came too near the escaping squaws, pappooses, ponies,

dogs and impedimenta, the Indians fought still more obstinately. So, during that day and in the forenoon of the next, the resolute advance was made, only on the second day the Indians were not so inflexible; the village having made a forced march and crossed the Yellowstone during the night. And, after a brief fight on the morning of the 23d, the soldiers found their foes vastly more scattered in their massed antagonism and readier to retreat. It then became more of a running fight until the Yellowstone was reached, when it was found that the most of their antagonists had already crossed, and the others readily crossed under the protection of the phalanx of Win-



*Diagram of Military Marching Formation in Hostile Indian Country.*

chesters fired from the bank, leaving the soldiers helpless on the hither bank. They could not have crossed in the face of the heavy fire, even had they known the fords; but they didn't know the fords. After the crossing of the last of the Indians they amused themselves by derisively gesticulating at the troops; most of the gestures being more pointed than polite.

What permanent benefit was derived from this battle? may be asked. Very much, for the victorious force that had immolated

Custer's battalion was met by a far inferior force and whipped and inexorably driven for forty-two miles; despite many desperate efforts by the Indians in coteries, led by their head warriors, to check the advance. One of these charges led by Gall was so vicious and impetuous that the detachment attacked had to form a square to adequately resist and repel them.

And Sitting Bull, for the first time in his chieftaincy, became a Running Bull, pursued by a victorious foe.

## A Shell

By Alyse Hunt

A little rosy-tinted shell,  
 She found one day upon the sand,  
 And held it in her dainty hand  
 Up to her ear to hear it tell—  
 (In murmurs) of old Ocean's swell;  
 Then cast it down. Straightway I fell  
 Upon it. It was contraband  
 Of love, that rosy-tinted shell  
 She found one day upon the sand.  
 O hapless shell foresworn! The spell  
 Of her sweet presence none withstand.  
 No more you sing the moaning strand;  
 Of her alone you sigh—too well  
 O little rosy-tinted shell.



*Schooner Alice Just Anchoring in Puget Sound, Fish-Laden.*

# The World's New Cod Banks

By Paul Gooding



**O**FF the bleak shores of Alaska and Siberia and afar on the vast and lonely stretches of the Bering and Okhotsk Seas, just within the shadows of the midnight sun, the world is drawing on its last and greatest store of codfish. For centuries the world, with little thought of the morrow, has fed on the swarming codfish banks of the Atlantic; but the day of famine in that ocean is near at hand, and an insistent call has been sent across the continent to the Pacific.

Even Gloucester, the greatest storehouse for salt codfish in the United States, has joined in the cry, as it has apprehensively noted its constantly decreasing receipts from the sea, and it has sent a carload of its expert fishermen to help gather the harvest of the Northern seas. Although loath to admit

it, the Massachusetts town has taken such a fancy to the wares of the Puget Sound and California codfish packers that it purchases Pacific codfish in carload lots, packs them in its own warehouses, and finally ships the product to all the nations in packages branded as originating from Gloucester.

It is with gloomy forebodings that the Atlantic codfishermen observe the decline of the codfishing industry of the Eastern ocean. As each year further evidence is given of the ultimate total destruction, at the present rate of diminution, of a business that has yielded its followers more than \$500,000,000, the Atlantic packers enlarge their purchases of Western cod. Within a few years, says a leading Puget Sound codfish packer, it is probable that the Gloucester and Boston operators will establish branch packing-houses on the Pacific Coast, as the Atlantic



*Schooner Entering Anacortes With Season's Catch.*

halibut men have long since done. As the prejudice of the Easterners against Pacific cod vanishes, their interest in the Pacific product will grow; and it is certain that long before another decade passes many of them will be operating fishing fleets in Bering and Okhotsk, and will prepare the catches for market on Puget Sound. Limited as their experience with Pacific codfish has been, the Gloucester and Boston merchants know full well the food value of the fish when it is properly packed, and it may be partly because of the popular Eastern bias, founded upon wretched curing in the early days of the Pacific codfishermen and numerous false and injurious reports, that the Gloucester dealers relabel their imports from Puget Sound.

The decline of the Atlantic codfish industry is likely soon to lead to the formation of a \$5,000,000 combine at Boston, and if this is done, Gloucester's days, so far as codfishing is concerned, are numbered, in the opinion of W. F. Robinson, a former Gloucester resident and now the largest codfish packer on Puget Sound. This combine would make Boston its headquarters and it would quickly get

the lion's share of the codfish now entering Gloucester. The day may not be far distant, then, when the great fleet which makes this thriving port its headquarters will change its course to Boston Bay.

The Pacific Coast is not troubled by impoverishment of its codfish banks, nor are any of its codfishing ports threatened with a fate such as the Boston combine may force upon Gloucester. In the Pacific Ocean there are fish for all. Countless millions of codfish disport unmolested on beds larger than many of the states of the Union.

Among the most prominent banks are the Baird, Slime, Portlock and Albatross. The Baird has an area of 9,200 square miles. Many new and equally as productive grounds doubtless will be discovered by the Governments of the United States and Japan within the next five years. In the open sea the fishing has not been extensive, but it is growing, and each year the vessels stand farther off from shore. At present some of the craft fish within five to twenty miles of the shore, and even this close, where often the water is only five or six fathoms deep, seizures are large. Now, for the most part, only the



Unloading and Washing Codfish—This Always Draws a Crowd of Interested Spectators.

outer schools of the codfish grounds are exploited, while hundreds of miles to sea are enough fish to warrant a fleet as great as ever set sail from the fishing ports of Massachusetts, Maine and Newfoundland.

At this time the codfishing fleet of the Pacific comprises only thirty vessels, yet, in 1906, these landed 15,000,000 pounds of fish, or within 3,000,000 pounds of the total credited to Gloucester for 1905. These vessels, it is true, are much larger than the Gloucester schooners, but they were handicapped by the immense distance they had to cover and consequently their inability to make more than one trip for the year. When it becomes the universal custom to establish stations on the Alaska coast and operate a "toothpick" fleet, the output will be trebled. In a limited way the majority of the San Francisco companies are using this method now, and Puget Sound packers contemplate following suit. By this system the fishing boats land their catch at the stations, where it is stored for shipment to the packing centers when the carrying schooners arrive. Steamers may be used for this purpose in the near future; in fact, the Alaska Codfish Company, of San Francisco, staffed this innovation with the steamer

*Newport* last Summer, and similar action is contemplated by one Puget Sound firm.

Bright is the future of the Pacific Coast codfishing industry, but dark and romantic is its past. It was when the Civil War was raging that a member of the crew of the brig *Timandra*, Captain Turner, accidentally discovered the cod, when he and companions were fishing off Shumagin Islands, near the southwestern end of the Alaska Peninsula. From that day until ten or fifteen years ago adventurers, traders and men of many professions tried their hands at codfishing and curing, with the result that the market was overstocked with as abominable cured codfish as one might expect from savages.

Fortunes were sunk year after year and other legitimate and more-paying enterprises were neglected. As C. P. Overton, manager of the Union Fish Company, says of one firm of these early plungers, who frequently dabbled in many kinds of business, "they dealt in all other kinds of salt fish, cornered the honey market, dipped into sealing, South Sea Island trading, salmon fishing, freighting, running a coasting passenger steamer, and anything else that promised a dollar, including 'Okhotsk Sea Cod Liver Oil' and 'Dr.



*In the Packing Department.*

Fisherman's Lotion for Man and Beast." The last venture of this firm, says Mr. Overton, was codfishing mixed with mining, and finally both partners died, leaving behind them, like many others of their class, naught but debts. Others of their sort mixed codfish with hay, junk and lumber. One by one these erratic merchants disappeared into oblivion, after each had cut a swath in the business for a year or two and helped to bring into ill repute the fish which today is winning its way around the world. Every time a temporary demand created a good market, codfish "merchants" sprang up like mushrooms, and when a crash came there was a corresponding collapse of codfish houses. Few there were who eventually did not lose all the money they made in prosperous seasons. Captain Turner himself, who, of all men, should have been entitled to make a fortune out of his crew's discovery, soon abandoned his venture after disheartening loss. Captain Wentworth, notwithstanding he operated the bark *Legal Tender*, found no profit in the business and endeavored to forget his misfortune by trading with the South Sea Islanders. One firm became so poverty-stricken that they were unable to

keep their vessel in repair, and one day when on its way to the banks it broke asunder, the crew escaping with their lives after many privations and sufferings. Nick Bichard, a Jersey Islander, who kept a ledger account in his head, and seldom knew what he owed, mixed half a dozen different kinds of merchandise with codfish, and finally died of heart failure after all his possessions had been absorbed by codfish.

In those rough-and-ready times no attempt was made to meet the requirements of a fastidious or even fairly-discriminating patronage. The most ancient of vessels, the dirtiest salt, the worst sort of storage sheds and the most careless curing and packing seemed to be acceptable to these pioneers. It is said that some of their cured codfish was so tough that it was serviceable as rough leather. Even a starving dog would have hesitated before eating some of the fish that had been stored for three or four years, waiting for a rising market. With such treatment as this, it is not strange that Pacific codfish has received a hard name; but there is no occasion for prejudice on that score now.

Since the first codfish was hauled from the

Pacific, San Francisco has been the principal headquarters of the codfishing industry. Today the four packing-houses there secure two-thirds of the total Pacific Coast catch. In 1906 two dozen cargoes were landed at the drying yards by eighteen vessels, the total receipts approximating 2,500,000 fish. The remainder of the year's catch was taken by the Puget Sound schooners, Anacortes getting about 670,000 fish and Seattle 550,000. The grand total "take" for 1906 was almost 4,000,000 fish, or virtually one-twelfth of the codfish hooked from the Pacific since the commencement of the business. For the last eight years the codfish catch has increased annually, except in 1903, and within the next two years the annual take should amount to at least 5,000,000 fish. There are now engaged in the industry nine companies and others are in process of formation.

Of all the codfishing ports, Anacortes seems destined to become the Gloucester of the Pacific. It has taken the lead in up-to-date methods, and its fleet of vessels makes heavy catches each year. W. F. Robinson, president of the concern, which brought a carload of expert Gloucester fishermen to

Anacortes a year ago and manned its vessels with them, has developing plans which, if they are realized, will materially benefit and advance the codfishing industry of Puget Sound. Familiar with the business since boyhood, Mr. Robinson grasps, as few of his profession in the West do, the wonderful possibilities of the Pacific Coast codfisheries. It is his belief that Anacortes is the logical headquarters for the Pacific Coast codfish business, one of his reasons being the comparative proximity of the town to the fishing grounds. He has found that the pathway of the Pacific cod in the markets is getting smoother each year, and he is inclined to think that it will not be long until Gloucester packers establish branches on Puget Sound. Captain J. A. Matheson, operating two schooners from Anacortes, is a veteran Gloucester fisherman who was first to enter the codfish business on Puget Sound. His initial shipment was made to Boston in 1891. Moored at his dock now is the little schooner *Lizzie Colby*, which he built at Essex, Massachusetts, in 1882, and dispatched around Cape Horn. The codfish business at Anacortes now, like elsewhere on the Coast at this time, is confined to packing; but when



Weighing the Catch.





*Methods of Packing Codfish.*

the March winds begin to blow the fishing fleet will be rigged and furnished for its long journey northward, and before the April showers are over it will be well on the way to the banks, almost 2,000 miles distant.

Fully to appreciate a voyage to the Bering or Okhotsk cod banks, one should accompany the hardy fishermen as they sail hopefully on to the far-away haunts of the cod. Months will be spent on the fishing grounds, and it is therefore necessary to make complete preparation for this long stay. In this both packer and fishermen have their work to do. The packer must see that his vessels are seaworthy and are provided with equipment and stores. The fisherman must furnish his personal outfit, consisting of oil-cloth and woolen clothing, boots, tobacco, etc., all of which will cost from \$30 to \$100, according to the taste and available cash. Everything else is put aboard by the packer, and the cost to him, for each vessel, may reach \$10,000. The very best food is put aboard and with it a cook, who receives from \$75 to \$90 per month, and sometimes an assistant cook. The crew numbers from twenty to thirty-six, depending on the size of the vessel. The schooners range from 110 or

115 to 125 feet long, with a tonnage running from 225 to 250 gross tons. Their speed varies from eight to ten knots. Each carries a great quantity of salt, which costs about \$5 per ton in San Francisco.

When everything is aboard, all the fishermen, who have been notified many days previously when the hour of departure is likely to be, hastily bid good-bye to their families and friends and scurry to the Far North as fast as wind and sail can carry them. From Anacortes the journey usually consumes about two weeks, and unless storms arise it is uneventful. As a rule the boats do not experience overwhelming seas, but sometimes the lives of the fishermen are seriously threatened by storms and occasionally a vessel is driven ashore and pounded to pieces. Two of the Winter fleet of 1905-06 were wrecked in this way, and although the elements were undoubtedly to blame, a superstitious "high liner" attributed the wreck of the schooner *Mary Ann* to the failure of the crew to shanghai a black cat which dreamily watched the departure of the vessel from a Seattle dock. On other crafts in that season men suffered intensely from cold and several were washed overboard. One man was frozen to



*W. F. Robinson, a Leading Pacific Coast Codfisherman.*

death in his dory and another wandered helplessly over a tempestuous sea more than a week. The wretched weather encountered by the San Francisco fleet at that time reduced the usual catch for the Winter by about 50 per cent.

Arrival on the banks is the signal for great activity. It is there that men lead the "strenuous life," and the eight-hour system is unknown. When the fish are biting well, day and night are as one to the isolated toilers. Every man works as long as he chooses and casts his hooks where he wills. The more fish he gets the more money he receives, and it is therefore customary to work as long as the cod bite.

After a schooner reaches the banks, it is anchored, moving only when it is advisable to find new feeding grounds. Into its hold thousands of fish are poured day after day for three or four months, and sometimes longer. Often the crews work all night and at other times wander about over miles of water in a day without getting a bite for hours. Codfish bite on the changes of the tides, but they cannot be depended on to do so regularly, and they may bite on one tide one day and refuse to disturb a hook the next day. Some days they decline to eat at all, particularly when they are spawning.

Nowhere in the world is early rising more pronounced than on a codfishing vessel. As soon as 2:30 and 3 A. M., on the Anacortes fleet, the cry of "breakfast" is raised, and by 4 o'clock every man is over the rail and in his dory. Where the crew is large there are first and second tables. When all have eaten, the mate stands by and gives the order to heave the dories. Each man is given a dory and handlines equipped with two hooks each. The line is fifty fathoms in length and is kept on a reel. For bait, halibut, sculpin, flounder or the tongues of codfish are used.

Once in their dories the fishermen go where they please and return when they wish. If fish are plentiful and hungry a boat may be filled in two or three hours. A good average day's catch is 250 to 300 fish. If forced to cover a great deal of territory in seeking fish the men often go from two to five miles from the vessel and as many miles apart. If a heavy southeast wind is blowing the captain cautions them to remain south of the schooner to avoid being



*Scrubbing Codfish After the Return From the Banks.*



*A Crowd of Fishermen From Gloucester—W. F. Robinson Is the Large Man in Center.*

blown far from headquarters, as would likely result if fishing was conducted well north of the schooner. If the weather is very severe, fishing is carried on from the deck of the vessel. It is seldom, however, that the fishermen will not trust themselves to their staunch dories. These are made of Massachusetts pine and are eighteen feet over all. Of ordinary fish they will hold from 200 to 240, but if the fish are large, 125 will fill them.

Codfishermen are paid so much per thousand fish. The mates receive the best scale, because they have greater responsibility. The first mate is allowed from \$35 to \$40, the second mate, \$28 to \$32.50, and the fishermen \$25 to \$27.50. Some of the experts occasionally earn from \$20 to \$25 per day and return at the end of the season with \$250 or \$300 clear. On some of the schooners, in 1906, prizes were offered for the three top-liners on each vessel, and two of the winners caught more than 12,000 fish apiece. The total catch of both schooners was heavy and their return to their home port, about four months after departure, with nearly 1,500,000

pounds of fish furnishes a valuable commentary on Pacific Coast codfisheries when compared with the showing made by scores of Atlantic schooners which straggled home in 1906, after eight or nine months at sea.



*A Typical Codfisherman in His Dory.*

with not more than 200,000 or 250,000 pounds each.

On board the schooners at sea there is something doing every hour. It is there the dressing crews hold forth. These work for wages, but if they get an opportunity to fish they are allowed the same scale as the ordinary liners. When the loaded dories arrive they are emptied by the fishermen, who use pitchforks for this purpose. The dressing gang consists of first and second splitters, who act as foremen; headers and entrail cleaners. The headers cut the heads of the fish partly off on each side, then break them over the edge of the cleaning tubs and finally twist them entirely off. The fish are then ripped down the belly, when they pass to the "gutters." These men remove the entrails, then throw the fish to the splitters, who cut out the backbone for two-thirds of the length of the cod.

After this butchering the cod are tossed into tubs of fresh salt water, where the blood is washed off. From these tubs they are thrown into others, where they are rinsed. They are then piled on deck to drain, whence they are cast into the hold to be salted. They are well sprinkled with the preservative and then piled "face" up and left for a time to give the salt opportunity to draw out the water. The cod gradually become cured in a week or ten days, leaving a large quantity of brine, which is pumped out. About one pound of salt is used to cure four pounds of fish. The average weight of the Bering Sea cod is ten pounds in the water, or four and one-half pounds dressed, but many are caught which weigh from fifty to sixty pounds. Cod are said to thrive particularly well on the banks whose floors are composed of black or gray sand or gravel, and they also flourish where broken shells are scattered.

When the finny harvest has been gathered and the word is given to weigh anchor for their far-away homes, there is great rejoicing among the fishermen. Every man has a good word for his neighbor and a spirit of fraternity is manifested from captain to cook's assistant. Before the anchors are hauled in the dories are swung aboard and carefully fastened to prevent them going over the rail in a storm. The dories appropriate most of the space on deck from stern to bow, but the fishermen, who look at life

hopefully and philosophically, think naught of this, whether homeward or outward bound. Snugly ensconced in the forecabin they dream of codfish on their way to the banks, and on their return they find satisfaction in recounting the interesting experiences of the season and in figuring how much they will receive from the packer when they line up in front of his cashier. On board foods as wholesome as can be found anywhere on land, and in a variety that a landsman would not expect to find at sea, are provided. Even butter is on the bill of fare, and sugar, meats, beans, coffee, tea and many other things accompany it.

Upon arrival home, all hands turn to and unlash the dories and put them on the dock. Into these a large quantity of salt water is poured, and with brushes in hand the fishermen thoroughly clean the fish. Following this bath the cod are placed in tanks, where they are covered with brine and left until ready for drying and packing. Scrubbing the fish is a very animated operation and always attracts water-front strollers and loungers. After the fish are unloaded some of the fishermen remain to work in the packing-house, while others, if only one trip per year is made, take up other occupations until it is time to sail for the banks again.

The catching of the fish is only a small part of the business, albeit it is the most important consideration. In the packing-houses men, women, boys and girls work at intervals for months after the return of the fleet. Whenever the packer gets an order he sends an urgent call for those on whom he can depend for help. As the fish are taken out of the brine they are placed outdoors on "flakes," or racks, if there is plenty of sunshine; if not, they are dried artificially in the packing-houses. In California most of the drying is done in the open, but when it is necessary to resort to artificial methods the packers are well prepared. At Redwood City the Alaska Codfish Company has the largest artificial drying-yards on the Pacific Coast. At West Belvedere the Union Fish Company has its yards. Care is taken by the packers to keep out of the fog belt. The fish flakes are slenderly built affairs with passageways between. On these the cod are placed face up, so that at a little distance the loaded racks have the appearance of a section of the broken surface of the Great Salt Lake.

according to one fanciful tourist. In California the heat of the sun is sometimes almost great enough to scorch the cod. Forced by lack of sufficient sunshine between October and May, the Puget Sound packers resort chiefly to indoor curing.

From the fanroom the fish are taken to the skinning and cutting-room. The skin is stripped by men and the packing is done principally by women and girls. In preparing them for shipment the cod are cut into strips and neatly arranged in bricks, tablets or in whatever form is in vogue or in demand. Choice pieces are often packed in pasteboard boxes, resembling candy packages. Good wages are earned in this department, many of the women making from \$10 to \$15 weekly. All the hands do their work neatly, with the result that a brick of codfish looks as nice as a brick of creamery butter.

The skins and other waste are manufactured into fertilizer and glue.

The market for codfish is world-wide, and it is extending. Europe is a heavy buyer, and notably Portugal, Italy and Spain. The United Kingdom, Canada, British West Indies and Brazil take large quantities. Brazil appears to import as much as all the rest of South America combined. The newest factor in the market is Japan. That country is actively engaged in exploiting the codfish banks included in the fishing rights it secured from Russia, and, according to M. Koganemaru, who was commissioned by the Mikado's government to investigate the Pacific Coast cod-fishing industry, it is the intention of the Sunrise Kingdom to make the most of these concessions. In the Okhotsk Sea Japan has a great opportunity, and it may even invade America with salted codfish.



# The Japanese Question

By James D. Phelan

Former Mayor of San Francisco

*"The essential thing in any state is the character of the average man or woman, and I am proud to be your fellow-citizen and to have as citizens men of the type of people I have met in California."*—[President Roosevelt in a speech at Hornbrook, California, May 20, 1903.]



IT may be an astonishing statement to make, and yet it is nevertheless true, that the first intimation the citizens of San Francisco had that there was a Japanese school question came from the preliminary announcement of the President's then forthcoming message. A law had been enacted, without comment, by the California Legislature providing for the segregation of pupils in the primary and grammar grades of the public schools, and this was prompted by the parents of young children, who did not desire them to sit in school beside, and to associate with, so-called "Japanese boys," who are strapping young fellows, very often above the ordinary school age and who work in houses as domestic servants and in other employments. They are not children; they are men. I am informed indirectly through the Board of Education that such comingling had led to serious evils.

The policy of separating young girls and boys from both mature Caucasians and Mongolians is no doubt wise. At the same time, the Japanese have not been deprived of the privileges of a public school education, as they are given in the primary and grammar grades competent teachers in a separate schoolhouse. In the High Schools and University they mingle with the other students on terms of equality. What is there in this that should have excited the ire of the President? He, no doubt, entertains a high opinion of the fighting qualities of the Japanese, who have demonstrated their courage and capacity in war. He had adjusted their international troubles at the Peace Conference at Portsmouth, and no doubt felt like assuming a parental interest in their welfare. But

there is nothing in the treaty with Japan which entitles them to an education at the expense of the taxpayers, and it is asserted that American children in Japan are denied the equal privileges of education in Japanese schools.

Behind it all, however, is the constitutional question that the states have exclusive jurisdiction over their educational systems and that the Federal power, including the treaty-making power, cannot infringe upon that right. The remedy is a simple one, and it has been suggested to fix a school age for children in the primary and grammar grades. This would exclude "Japanese boys." There is perhaps no serious objection to young and clean Japanese and Chinese children hearing their lessons in a common-school room, and it should be easy for the principal of a school to require cleanliness and good deportment; and yet this is a matter of taste for each state to determine for itself. But the President, carried away by his native enthusiasm, has gone farther than the facts justify. His message is well calculated to convince the Japanese that they have been the victims of some gratuitous slight and they may possibly feel resentful if it is not remedied; that is to say, if California still provides separate schools for Japanese, which it could no doubt lawfully do, the President would find it difficult to gracefully recede from his position; but as California will probably provide an age limit for pupils and admit them to all schools in common, that solution would probably be a satisfactory one. Suits, however, have been brought in the Federal Courts to test the present law.

But the President has gone beyond the school question and requested Congress to

pass a law providing for the naturalization of Japanese. If there were such a law, Japanese immigrants would be entitled to citizenship and ultimately to the right to vote. Public sentiment in California has, in answer to the President, demanded that the Japanese coolies should be excluded from the United States and that the Chinese exclusion law be made to apply to them; so we have returned to the old Chinese question, which seemed to have been settled by Congressional action and by the acquiescence of the Chinese as expressed by treaty. It will have to be shown that the Japanese are more desirable than the Chinese in order to make a case in their favor. The preponderance of opinion seems to be that the Chinese are alike non-assimilable; equally good, if not better, as laborers and mechanics; that they are more exact in their business transactions and more tractable as members of a community; and, therefore, it is held that the objections against the Chinese hold with equal, if not greater, force against the Japanese.

It is needless to discuss at length why the Chinese have been excluded. It is sufficient to say that they are non-assimilable; that they do not blend with the white race, whereas European immigrants make a homogeneous people. Furthermore, their civilization is lower than ours and their competition would reduce the standard of living; and, if unrestrained, they would come in such great numbers as to ultimately drive out the native population and convert such a state as California into a Chinese colony. In fact, in some parts of California this has already been done by the Japanese. I quote from the report of the California Commissioner of Labor, and I believe that one concrete fact, such as I here exhibit, contains the whole question and reveals the real danger:

An investigation made at Vacaville, in the center of the Vaca Valley, in Solano County, shows that the Japanese came into that valley about fifteen years ago, and commenced working at very low wages. Their numbers increased until they not only displaced about all the white labor, but almost entirely ran out the Chinese. They then began to rent orchards, paying cash in advance thereby, undermining the Chinese, who generally paid with a share of the crops. The Jap outbid the Chinese until he ceased to be a factor. This condition developed until the Japanese control by lease or purchase half of the fruit farms in the valley. \* \* \* They culti-

vate indifferently for immediate results, to the serious detriment of the property. \* \* \* Large shipping firms give the Japanese credit and backing, and aid them in obtaining leases, on account of their ability to control labor. \* \* \* The white farmer can scarcely obtain such aid on account of his lack of assurance of sufficient help. It is generally conceded that ninety per cent of all the people met in walking or driving on country roads are Japanese. One of the prominent fruitgrowers estimates that more than one-half of the lands of the valley are in the hands of the Japanese. \* \* \* Land values have shrunk one-third in the past fifteen years. \* \* \* The Japanese stores are doing more than fifty per cent of the general merchandise business, and more than ninety per cent of the farm supply business. \* \* \* A prominent Japanese merchant estimates the Japanese population employed in the valley—of about 15,000 acres—at 3,000, of whom about 900 are permanent residents of Vacaville and the immediate vicinity, and 1,400 of the interior valley.

There is no question but that their labor is very desirable and that there is an insufficiency of white labor, and if it were possible to consider the labor problem by itself, there might be many reasons urged by farmers why, in order to promote the development of the soil, the Japanese should be admitted; but you cannot consider the labor problem by itself. If two thousand laborers go into a fertile California valley and build houses and cultivate the soil, they become the permanent residents of that valley, and by their presence exclude an equal number of whites. Ultimately, they will replace all the whites and, instead of a white man's country, we will have a Japanese settlement. It is the old story of the South—but aggravated by the aggressive character of the Japanese.

And yet, we look to the patriotism and intelligence of our own people for the preservation of the republic and the maintenance of its institutions, won by the blood of our soldiers in the field and of our sailors on the sea! We have erected a republic of men and we cannot segregate a labor class and regard them simply by their capacity to work. The character of the citizenship of the republic where *the majority rules* must be its first consideration, and more than the production of wealth is the equitable distribution of it. From our knowledge of the Japanese, who will say that in case of a con-

flict between the Mikado and the President that the Japanese, although living on our bounty and profiting by our liberal laws, would ally themselves on the side of the United States?

But more dangerous than an attack from without is the silent invasion of these alien people under the protection of the laws. They will occupy the land, if unrestrained, without striking a blow. There is no more ardent American than President Roosevelt and no man has a higher appreciation of intelligent and patriotic citizenship; and yet he has allowed himself to stumble into a grave blunder. He was sound on the Chinese question, and I am certain, from the character of the man and the public knowledge of his convictions on all great questions, that he must logically withdraw his recommendation for the naturalization of Japanese and consent to an exclusion law. It can be done today, before the Japanese now coming into this country at the rate of one thousand persons a month, have become too formidable; and I believe that Japan, having Corea and Manchuria to develop, will co-operate in the policy of keeping the Japanese at home. They are a proud and sensitive race and their self-esteem has not been diminished by the late war waged against a

rotten autocracy, in which they were not unreasonably successful. Our diplomatic agencies should take up the work with delicacy, yet with vigor, and thus forestall irritating, yet inevitable legislation. It is the part of statesmanship to prevent unnecessary conflicts and the lesson of our great race problem in the South should warn our public men to be wise with speed and not be carried away by senile sentiment which has led so many benevolent persons to assume a careless advocacy of "universal brotherhood"—

The steady patriots of the world alone  
The friend of every country but their own.

Shall we preserve the United States of America as a republic, depending for its success on universal suffrage and majority rule, which requires patriotism, intelligence and a high standard of living; or shall we attempt the hopeless task of assimilating Asiatics and welding them into a homogeneous people? That is the question.

As I believe the latter experiment would destroy the republic, I favor a Japanese exclusion law. We have wisely regulated the influx of Chinese, which at one time threatened to displace the white population on the Pacific Coast. The same danger now confronts us.

[After Mr. Phelan had written the above, an amendment was inserted in the Immigration Bill reading as follows: "That whenever the President shall be satisfied that passports issued by any foreign government to its citizens to go to any country, other than the United States or to the Canal Zone are being used for the purpose of enabling the holders to come to the continental territory of the United States, to the detriment of labor conditions therein, the President may refuse to permit such citizens of the country issuing such passports to enter the continental territory of the United States from such other country or from such insular possessions or from the Canal Zone."—  
EDITORS' NOTE.]



# Cowboy and Coyote

By Charles B. Clark, Jr.

Ridin' home when light is failin'  
And the draws are dim and still,  
I can hear the coyote wailin'  
In the shadows by the hill—  
    *"Ah-ee-c-c! Ah-ee-e-e!"*  
With a lonely sort o' feelin'  
Through the dusk it comes a-stealin'  
    Down to me.

You 're my pet abomination,  
    You old skulker of the dark,  
But we 're pards in isolation  
    And our tastes are sim'lar—hark!  
    *"Ah-ee-e-e! Ah-ee-e-e!"*  
Though your cry is weird and skeery  
Yet there 's somethin' in it cheery,  
    Wild and free.

We dont care what stocks are mopin'  
    Or how much the trusts have sinned,  
While we 're free to range the open,  
    See the stars and feel the wind—  
    *"Ah-ee-c-c! Ah-ee-e-e!"*  
We aint plagued with arts and graces  
In these big, forsaken spaces,  
    You and me.

# Jack London—His Relation to Literary Art

By Porter Garnett



RESOLVED to sell no more muscle, and to become a vender of brains. Then began a frantic pursuit of knowledge."

Thus wrote Jack London in "What Life Means to Me," one of several essays under that title which appeared in the *Cosmopolitan* in 1906. How well he has succeeded is evidenced by the fact that, today, he is one of the most widely read and widely discussed authors in America, and easily the foremost in importance among the writers of the West, to which, unlike so many others of our *literati*, he belongs by birth and breeding. In the short space of six years (his first book, *The Son of the Wolf*, was published in 1900) he has produced no less than fifteen volumes, of which a complete list is as follows: *The Son of the Wolf*, *The God of His Fathers*, *A Daughter of the Snows*, *The Cruise of the Dazzler*, *Children of the Frost*, *The Kempton-Wace Letters* (with Anna Strunsky), *The Call of the Wild*, *The People of the Abyss*, *The Faith of Men*, *The Sea Wolf*, *The War of the Classes*, *The Game*, *Tales of the Fish Patrol*, *Moon Face*, and *White Fang*, to which are shortly to be added *Before Adam* and *The Iron Heel*. This is a remarkable showing, but it becomes phenomenal when the fact is taken into consideration that London is in his thirty-first year.

It is the purpose of the present article to deal with the work of Jack London in its relation to literary art, but it is well-nigh impossible to separate his manner from his matter—his style from his philosophy, for it is in his character as a philosopher, or rather as an interpreter of the philosophy of others, rather than in his character as an artist that London compels attention. With the exception of a few of his stories, and

these chiefly among his earliest work, his chosen line of endeavor lies along a well-defined groove. He may be said to have specialized in the interpretation of life from evolutionary doctrine and in the exposition of socialistic philosophy, to which he is unalterably committed and which he ever urges with the indomitability (a favorite word of his, by the way) which is as characteristic of his personality as it is of his literary manner. It is this indomitability of temper that has won him his success, and it is destined inevitably to carry him on to still greater achievement.

In order to illustrate my comments upon London's work it will be necessary to make a number of somewhat lengthy quotations. The first of these, which at once voices his creed and shows him at his best as a writer of English prose, I take from *The Kempton-Wace Letters*, in the production of which he collaborated with Anna Strunsky. For those who have not read the book I must explain that the letters purport to be written by Dane Kempton, a poet, and Herbert Wace, an instructor in economics, and consist of a discussion of Love from the idealistic viewpoint on the one hand and from the scientific on the other. The book is an interesting exposition of the opposing arguments and contains what is unquestionably the best literary expression to which London has attained. The passage follows:

There are two kinds of men: The wonderers and the doers; the feelers and the thinkers; the emotional and the intellectuals. You take an emotional delight in living; I an intellectual delight. You feel a thing to be beautiful and joyful; I seek to know why it is beautiful and joyful. You are content that it is, no matter how it came to be; I, when I have learned why, strive that we may have more beautiful and joyful things. "The bloom, the charm, the smile of life" is all too wonderful for you to know; to me it is

chiefly wonderful because I may know. \* \* \* I came into the world before you, and I made the way for you. I was a hunter of beasts and a fighter of men. I discovered fire and covered my nakedness with the skins of animals. I builded cunning traps, and wove branches and long grasses and rushes and reeds into the thatch and roof-tree. I fashioned arrows and spears of bone and flint. I drew iron from the earth, and broke the first ground, and planted the first seed. I gave law and order to the tribe and taught it to fight with craft and wisdom. I enabled the young men to grow strong and lusty, and the women to find favor with them; and I gave safety to the women when their progeny came forth, and safety to the progeny while it gathered strength and years.



And then, when of my blood and sweat and toil I had made room, you came, high priest of mystery and things unknowable, singer of songs and seer of visions.

And I did you honor, and gave you place by feast and fire. And of the meat I gave you the tenderest and of furs the softest. Need I say that of women you took the fairest? And you sang of the souls of dead men and of immortality, of the hidden things, and of the wonder; you sang of voices whispering down the wind, of the secrets of light and darkness, and the ripple of running fountains. You told of the powers that pulsed the tides, swept the sun across the firmament, and held the stars in their courses. Ay, and you sealed the sky and created for me the hierarchy of heaven.

These things you did; but it was I who made you, and fed you, and protected you. While you dreamed and sang, I labored sore.

And when danger came, and there was a cry in the night, and women and children huddling in fear, and strong men broken, and blare of trumpets and cry of battle at the outer gate—you fled to your altars and called vainly on your phantoms of earth and sea and sky. And I? I girded my loins, and strapped my harness on, and smote in the fighting line; and died, perchance, that you and the women and children might live. \* \* \*

And while your brows were bright, and you visioned things of the spirit, and rose above time and space to probe eternity, I concerned myself with the work of head and hand. I employed myself with the mastery of matter. I studied the times and seasons and the crops and made the earth fruitful. I builded roads and bridges and moles, and won the secrets of metals and virtues of the elements. Bit by bit, and with great travail, I conquered and enslaved the blind forces. I builded ships and ventured the sea, and beyond the baths of sunset found new lands. I conquered peoples, and organized nations and knit empires, and gave periods of peace to vast territories. \* \* \* I solved methods of government and invented systems of jurisprudence. Out of my toil sprang forms and institutions. You sang of them and were the slave of them, but I was the maker of them and the changer of them.

You worshipped at the shrine of the idea. I sought the fact and the law behind the fact. I was the worker and maker and liberator. \* \* \*

You were more beautiful. But not only was I more useful, but I made the way for you that there might be greater beauty. You did not reckon of that. To you the heart was the seat of the emotions. I formulated the circulation of the blood. You gave charms and indulgences to the world; I gave it medicine and surgery. To you famine and pestilence were acts of providence and punishment of sin; I made the world a granary and drained its cities. To you the mass of the people were poor lost wretches who would be rewarded in paradise or baked in hell. You could offer them no earthly happiness or decency. Forsooth, beggars as well as kings were of divine right. But I shattered the royal prerogatives and overturned the thrones of the one and lifted the other somewhat out of the dirt.

Nor is my work done. With my inventions and discoveries and rational enterprise, I draw the world together and make it kin. The uplift is but begun. \* \* \* You may laugh at me and my work, but you shall not be absent from the feast nor shall your voice be silent. For, when I have conquered the

globe, and enthralled the elements, and harnessed the stars, you shall sing the epic of man, and as of old it shall be of the deeds I have done.

Here we have the key to London's philosophy, and, at the same time, an example of his literary skill. But London's style must not be judged by this excerpt, for in nothing else that he has written has he attained the felicity of expression of the above. He has presented the same ideas elsewhere and, indeed, has used some of the same phrases; but nowhere else is his style so well balanced and so well sustained. The passage stands out from all that he has written and may rightfully be regarded as expressing the height of his present powers. If such an example were characteristic of him the verdict would have to be that he is a writer of unusual ability, but his normal manner falls below the standard exhibited here, and in some of his recent magazine work there are evidences of degeneration.

I have always contended that it is possible, by a sort of qualitative analysis, to judge a writer's literary perception by reading a single page, or, for that matter, a single paragraph of his or her work. Thus it is possible to tell from such a brief extract that one author is artistically deaf, dumb and blind; that another has the sure literary touch. It is also possible to detect in such a "sample" the hand of the writer of skill and insight that has lost its cunning, as it is possible to detect the occasional felicitous accident of the writer who, normally, is without grace or quality. The bad writing of a good writer is never the same as the bad writing of a bad writer; the badness of one is a lapse, the badness of the other is absolute; it is the essence of him; it is the groping—pathetic when it is not ludicrous—of him who has ears yet hears not, who has eyes yet sees not and who has pen, ink and paper and insists upon advertising his own deficiencies. Now in reading London, whether it be in his rôle as a controversialist, an expounder of socialistic doctrine, a teller of tales, or a writer of descriptions, it is manifest that he writes well. There can be no question on this point whatsoever. He has his moments of transitory dullness—lapses, but he never writes with the badness that is absolute and hopeless. It is likewise true that his writing rarely

approaches the distinction exhibited in the foregoing extract from *The Kempton-Wace Letters*, but the ineptness which I have pointed out in previous articles to be common to so many of our Western writers is never his. He has by nature a forthright diction which, by several years of earnest cultivation, backed by that indomitability expressed in his determination to fight with his brains instead of his brawn, he has got under what seems to be almost perfect control. He has had less schooling than many who cannot begin to write as well as he, which may be set down, I take it, to the facts that his perception is clearer and his brain better ordered than theirs. In the same way he has mastered a vocabulary of remarkable scope and there is abundant evidence in his work of skill in choosing the exact word. His mind seems to assimilate readily all that is poured into it, and from his reading, which has been very wide, he has drawn not only a mastery of compact and forceful literary expression, but many of the less subtle graces of refinement.

Whether it be in polemical discussion, in statistical exposition, in description or in sheer narrative, the dominant character in London's writing is force, which reflects his personality. He is a worshiper at the shrine of Action, and Action he interprets through the medium of Force. Even when most artful, as in the creed of Herbert Wace, it is force rather than subtlety or suggestion by which he gains his effect. Yet not always is he as temperate as we here find him. Here, there is undoubtedly rhetorical excellence, but, in the last analysis of even this admirable passage, the effect is dynamic rather than artistic. It appeals to Reason and to the larger emotions; it stirs the æsthetic sense only faintly. Through everything that London has written Force stalks with indomitable stride.

According to the rhetorics, Force is one of the three elements of style; the other two are Elegance and Simplicity. But, in spite of the rhetorics, Simplicity, Force and Elegance do *not* constitute style. What these factors do constitute is simply good rhetorical prose, and good rhetorical prose, notwithstanding the banalities of our novelists, is by no means uncommon. Books on scientific subjects are full of it. But style is an illusive quality which can be analyzed but

not synthesized. It is a leaven that is made up in varying proportions of beauty, nobility, dignity, delicacy, reserve, rhythm and, above all, and through all, taste. The refinement of force is nobility, of elegance beauty; the expression of these produces charm and it is by charm that we measure art. Now charm, which I have said is the measure of art, is diffused through London's writing in widely separated particles. It gleams here and there from the seething flux of his literary manner and when his work is complete, and the future analyst shall make the final assay, he will no doubt find traces of it in the bottom of the crucible.

London sometimes plays the 'cello of passion and even the viola of sentiment, but never the violin of the supernal sense. His temper is best expressed by

Braying of arrogant brass, whimper of querulous reeds.

He has more of the brass band in his idiom than of the string quartette. The analogy suggests a quotation from Arthur Symons's *Christian Trevalga* in his intensely human and supremely artistic *Spiritual Adventures*. Says the musician Trevalga: "When I play the piano I am always afraid of hurting a sound. I believe that sounds are living beings flying about us like motes in the air and they suffer if we clutch them roughly." Let us imagine, instead of a musician tender of the sounds he drew from his instrument, a writer tender of the words he uses. There are many such, Symons himself, for example, and only last month I spoke of one that I found in the stream of current fiction. This one was Mary McNeil Fenollosa, the author of *The Dragon Painter*. And yet how does this accord with the strenuous literary method of Jack London? In some one of London's books I was rather surprised to find a quotation from Symons. His acquaintance with the work of this most charming of modern idealists seemed strangely anomalous. From my own argument in the foregoing it might be supposed that the spiritual content of Symons's poetry was as foreign as pfaflans to the author of *The Iron Heel*. But the paradox is simple of explanation. London constantly shows an objective appreciation of the very things with which he has no subjective affinity. He has not the æsthetic consciousness. His mind reacts to Beauty, but his cosmos does not

include the *Desire* of Beauty. Nowhere in his works does he show that he understands the artist mind. He has drawn characters such as Humphrey Van Weyden and Maud Brewster in *The Sea Wolf* who have artistic sensibilities; but these sensibilities are interpreted only as they appear when brought into violent contact with the brute force of humanity as expressed in the character of Wolf Larsen. The characters of Humphrey Van Weyden and Maud Brewster are objectively conceived, that of Wolf Larsen subjectively. London does not comprehend the artist subjectively any more than he comprehends the sybarite subjectively. The quotation from *The Kempton-Wace Letters* will bear out this statement, I think. It is as impossible for a man with such a code as we have seen London's to be to understand, or, I should say, to feel, or to sense such a code as that which is expressed in the following. I quote from a fugitive article by Ambrose Bierce:

If truth is so valuable, why do not all truthful men succeed? Because not all truthful men have brains. Not all men of truth and brains have energy. Not all men of truth and brains and energy have opportunity. Not all men of truth and brains and energy and opportunity are lucky. And finally, not all men of truth and brains and energy and opportunity and luck particularly care to succeed; some of us like to ignore the gifts of nature and dawdle through life in something of the peace we expect after death. Moreover, there is a difference of opinion as to what constitutes success. I know an abandoned wretch who considers himself prosperous when happy; do you know anyone who considers himself happy when prosperous?

I have just finished reading *The Iron Heel* in manuscript and I do not hesitate to say that when the book is published (this is written on February 1), as it shortly will be, it will create a profound sensation—and that is the precise phrase. It may not be a popular success, but it is calculated to stir up discussion among publicists and clergy whose methods of reasoning (economic in the case of one, metaphysic in the case of the other) it arraigns with vigorous and cogent argument. If for any reason—and the very cogency of the argument makes it quite possible—his attacks are not met with serious attempts at refutation, there can be no doubt that *The Iron Heel* will make a

profound sensation among the publicists and clergy, though they be silent, against whom the attack is leveled.

The basis of reasoning in *The Iron Heel* is along the line of collectivist theory. He makes use of the co-operative commonwealth idea of Lasalle and argues from the absolutism of Karl Marx urging his doctrine of responsibility. It is this brand of socialism that London cleverly interprets in the form of fiction. *The Iron Heel* takes its name from the oligarchical government which is supposed to have sprung into existence in America in 1913, by which means the Plutoeracy seeks to offset the increased power of Labor organized by Socialism. The beginnings of the Oligarchy ("The Iron Heel") are related in the Everard manuscript, which is discovered some seven centuries after it was written in 1932 by Avis Everard, a convert to Socialism and the wife of Ernest Everard, one of the Socialist leaders of the period, a character for which the author has patently used himself as a model. The manuscript is treated as an historical document with copious foot-notes by the commentator of seven centuries hence. Of course there is nothing new about this method of working out the theories of Socialism in the theater of the future; it has been done by H. G. Wells, Walter Besant, Edward Bellamy and others, but London's method is different from theirs. It is highly adroit and interesting, in spite of the fact that the first half of the book is given over to the exposition of socialistic philosophy only slightly relieved by a thread of narrative. The story culminates in a vortex of horror, a description of massacre in the "Chicago Commune."

This brings me back to the consideration of London as a literary artist. Nowhere are his extreme methods, his over emphasis, his "force" more absolutely exemplified than in the following passage:

It was not a column, but a mob, an awful river that filled the street, the people of the abyss, mad with drink and wrong, up at last and roaring for the blood of their masters. \* \* \* It surged past my vision in concrete waves of wrath, snarling and growling, carnivorous, drunk with whiskey from pillaged warehouses, drunk with hatred, drunk with lust for blood—men, women and children in rags and tatters, dim ferocious intelligences

with all the god-like blotted from their features and all the fiend-like stamped in, apes and tigers, anaemic consumptives and great hairy beasts of burden, wan faces from which vampire society had sucked the juice of life, bloated forms swollen with physical grossness and corruption, withered hags and death's heads bearded like patriarchs, festering youth and festering age, faces of fiends, crooked twisted misshapen monsters blasted with the ravages of disease and all the horrors of chronic innutrition—the refuse and the scum of life, a raging, screaming, screeching, demoniacal horde.

Here we have unquestioned power, but such writing as this bears the same relation to literature as a shriek does to singing. Compare this passage, or those portions of *The Sea Wolf* and *Love of Life* and a number of the Klondike tales in which London has sought to depict the horrible, with the starving of the Barbarians in *Salammô*, for example, or with the description of the shipwreck in that neglected masterpiece of adventure, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*. The method of London is a sort of deliberate hysteria; the methods of Flaubert and Poe are the methods of the artist. In a few words they accomplish a more compelling sense of horror than does London with all his ravings. I remember at one point in the Pym narrative where Poe, after a description of a horrible episode (which, compared with the turgid style of the extract from *The Iron Heel*, would appear absolutely "sketchy" were it not so consistently artistic), uses the words "but I forbear." It is just this that London never does. He never forbears. He exhausts his ammunition, and produces about the same effect that actors of a half-century ago produced when they chewed soap and ranted with foaming lips and rolling eyes.

As a general rule the architecture of London's stories is well contrived. If he does not attain the effect of charm he almost invariably holds the reader's interest. This chaining of the interest is an important part of the writer's art; it alone will carry him far along the road toward popular success, and in this phase of the craft London has been highly successful. He is at his best in the arrangement of his story in *The Call of the Wild*. In *White Fang*, however, which is a thematic inversion of *The Call of the Wild*, one finds toward the end a

dwindling away of interest and art. This is also true of *The Sea Wolf* and *Before Adam*, which sag decidedly toward the close. London always succeeds, however, in bringing his stories well together at the end and elineshes them with skill and force. It would seem that his diagram of interest for a long story is well devised, except that in his resolutions he allows himself to sink a bit too low after the highest point in the scale is reached. One of the most remarkable things about *The Iron Heel* is that therein he has apparently thrown to the winds all preconceived notions of story-writing and challenges the interest of his readers by indulging for the first hundred pages (the manuscript is about two hundred pages in length) in philosophical exposition, and yet, in spite of this doubtful and treacherous method he succeeds in holding the interest of the reader. The latter half of the book is a whirl of action, which culminates in wave upon wave of turmoil and horror. At the very end, after a chapter not inappropriately entitled "Nightmare," one is just given time to catch one's breath before the story comes to an abrupt close. The inherent interest of the story and London's large audience of fiction readers—an advantage that he has over other champions of Socialism—will undoubtedly give greater currency to this preaching of the doctrine than to any other book of the kind excepting, perhaps, the novels of H. G. Wells and Upton Sinclair's much-exploited *The Jungle*.

A great deal has been said of late about outside influence appearing in London's work. There have been charges of plagiarism made against him, based upon his stories *Love of Life* and *Before Adam*. In both cases he has defended himself satisfactorily, although in neither case was there a crying need for defense. It is London's method—and a wise one—when undertaking a subject to read very widely on that subject from the works of others. His refiltration of the ideas of other men, whether they be the socialistic concepts of Karl Marx or the prehistoric setting of Stanley Waterloo's *The Story of Ab*, cannot be regarded as the act of a deliberate plagiarist, that sneak-thief and petty-larcenist of literature. *Before Adam*, about which there has been raised such a to-do, is not original nor any of the other things that were claimed for it

in the editorial note which preceded the first installment in *Everybody's*. It bears a strong family resemblance, of course, to Waterloo's *Story of Ab* and to Wells's *A Story of the Stone Age*, but, as London himself says, this could hardly be otherwise in such a restricted field as the epoch of primitive man treated as a document in evolution. The most original—because it is not concerned with biology—and the most artistic treatment of a prehistoric theme is a short story by the French author Rosny, the name of which I cannot recall.

*Before Adam* is ingenious, but beyond that there is not much to say of it except that, in the matter of style, it is about the poorest thing that London has done. "Pictures, pictures, pictures" are the words with which he begins this transcription of dreams, but the limning of a long series of pictures, aside from being an extremely difficult thing to do well, is decidedly not in London's line. As a piece of humor, *Before Adam* is not without its merits, conscious and unconscious. The author has attempted a hypothesis without a sufficient number of established facts, and the result is the same as if he should attempt to construet a curve without a sufficient number of established points. Needless to say neither an hypothesis nor a curve can be produced by this method, and, when the facts or points are not established—"but I forbear."

It might well be that, because the anthropoid characters in *Before Adam* belong to an recurrent branch, as it were, from the direct line of our own descent, we might feel a sort of atavistic sympathy with their doings and beings; but, curiously enough, London has brought the dog-wolf and the wolf-dog of *The Call of the Wild* and *White Fang*, those bestiaries of the North, much closer to us than he has brought the creatures of our own flesh and blood in his pre-historic fantasy; closer than human characters of our own epoch that he has drawn.

Regarding his skill in character drawing there is an interesting side light to be found in one of his recent magazine stories. Therein he has taken one of his characters from real life. Now the man that served as a model for this character I know as one knows one's best friend, and I am in a position to say that London's interpretation, beyond a certain superficial description of

his appearance, is "as false as an obituary." This seems to point another limitation of London's powers in the realm of realism, which, strictly speaking, is not his realm, in spite of such studies therein as *Love of Life* and *The Game*. He is a dreamer without being an artist. He dreams a Wolf Larsen or an Ernest Everard, but he cannot put his friend in a book.

London's earliest work, his short stories of the Klondike, are noteworthy for their marked individualism. They show the beginnings of the command of idiom displayed in his later work, together with a certain immaturity and youthfulness of outlook which expresses somewhat the sentiments of a boy filled with ambition to go into the Bad Lands and hunt Indians. In many of these stories, such, for example, as *A Hyperborean Brew* and *The Wife of a King*, there is a rich vein of humor, and in many others admirable character-drawing aided by a deftness in the use of dialect. They are full of action, interest, and an unmistakable freshness, and with these qualities they were quite in harmony with the public taste for the elemental which was at its height when they were published. The reaction toward romanticism had not then made itself felt to an appreciable degree, although the tide has now set strongly in that direction, as witness the newer tendency in Kipling.

In *The People of the Abyss*—an unadorned but forceful and interesting relation of the author's experiences while investigating conditions in the slums of the East End of London—there occurs a description of Coronation Day which exhibits the writer in one of his more literary moods. The passage in question, appearing as it does in the midst of a welter of misery and filth described with uncompromising detail and in the direct manner of an eye-witness to and a participant in the hardships of the poor, is like a lily—a tiger-lily in a cess-pool. Here it is:

The line of march was double walled with soldiers. The base of the Nelson column was triple fringed with blue-jackets. Eastward at the entrance of the square stood the Royal Marine Artillery. In the triangle of Pall Mall and Coekspur, the statue of George III was buttressed on either side by Lancers and Hussars. To the west were the red coats of the Royal Marines and from the Union Club to the embouchure of Whitehall swept the

glittering massive curve of the First Life Guards—gigantic men mounted on gigantic chargers, steel-breastplated, steel-helmeted, steel-caparisoned, a great war-sword of steel ready to the hand of the powers that be.

But hark! there is a cheering down Whitehall; the crowd sways, the double walls of soldiers come to attention, and into view swing the King's Watermen in fantastic mediaeval garbs of red, for all the world like the van of a circus parade. Then a royal carriage filled with ladies and gentlemen of the household, with powdered footmen and coachmen most gorgeously arrayed. More carriages, lords and chamberlains, viscounts, mistresses of the robes—lackeys all. Then the warriors, a kingly escort, generals bronzed and worn from the ends of the earth come up to London Town; volunteer officers, officers of the militia and regular forces. Spens and Plumer, Broadwood and Cooper who relieved Ookiep, Malthias of Dargai, Dixon of Vlakfontein; General Gaselee and Admiral Seymour of China; Kitchner of Khartoum; Lord Roberts of India and all the world—the fighting men of England, masters of destruction, engineers of death! \* \* \* Pell-mell, peers and commoners, princes and maharajahs, equeries of the King and Yeomen of the Guard. And then the colonials, lithe and hardy men; and here all the breeds of all the world. \* \* \* And here the conquered men of Ind, swarthy horsemen and sword-wielders, fiercely barbaric, blazing in crimson and scarlet, Sikhs, Rajputs, Burmese, province by province, and caste by caste.

And now the Horse Guards, a glimpse of beautiful cream ponies, and a golden panoply, a hurricane of cheers, the crashing of bands—"The King! The King! God save the King!"

In this the effect produced is almost wholly a dynamic effect. A striking visual effect is achieved by the laying on of splashes of raw color, but it is its pulsing rhythm with something of the relentless periodicity of the great march movement in Tchaikowsky's Sixth Symphony that gives the passage its power. Contrast it with Gautier's superb description of the triumph of Pharaoh in *The Romance of a Mummy*, with all its lavish beauty, its picturesque immensity, its delicacy, cadence, and charm. The one is literary journalism, the other great literature.

In the minds of many the Gantiers and Beauty are out-moded and it is the Londons that speak with the new—the modern voice. The man who regards literature as an art is "anemic" and "spineless" say the Apostles



of the New. "Give us 'the man with good red blood in his veins,' who 'reflects his times,' " is their cry.

It may be held that, in *The People of the Abyss*, a relation of observed social phenomena, and *The War of the Classes*, a treatise on Socialism, there is little or no opportunity for the display of literary grace, and yet we have only to turn to *The Anatomy of Negation* or *The Philosophy of Disenchantment*, a digest of pessimistic philosophy by Edgar Saltus, or to Poe's *Eureka* to be convinced that exposition is not inimical to stylistic expression.

The conclusion that these considerations brings us to is that London's stylistic deficiencies are due not to a deficiency of perception, but to an arrested development on the idealistic side of his nature. Idealism he has, but it is limited in expression to the prosaic. The poetic quality which gives to prose of the highest order its chiefest grace crops out here and there in his work, but it is invariably overwhelmed and smothered by the onrush of his vigorous prose. I have said that he has not the subjective sense of Beauty; he is too much of the veritist, too much the analyst, and too little the poet.

Yet it must not be concluded from this that it does not lie in London's power to master metrical expression. Should he be minded to apply that determination and indomitability by virtue of which he has attained a characteristic expression in prose to learn the mere mechanics of verse structure, he could undoubtedly in time produce sonnets and sestinas that would be perfect in form. There is no doubt, also, that they would possess the savor of poetry as his prose now and again possesses that savor, but that they would be poetic in essence is not within the bounds of possibility.

I shall quote two passages from *The Call of the Wild*—which, taken all in all, is London's masterpiece in spite of the fact that the fallible majority so regards it—to illustrate what I have called the savor of poetry that occurs ever now and then in his writings. Take, for example, this:

He loved to run down dry watercourses, and creep and spy upon the bird life in the woods. For a day at a time he would lie in the underbrush, where he could watch the partridges drumming and strutting up and down. But especially he liked to run in the dim twilight

of the Summer midnights listening to the subdued and sleepy murmurs of the forest, reading signs and sounds as a man may read a book, and seeking for the mysterious something that called—called, waking or sleeping, at all times for him to come.

Or this, which is more beautiful, more poetic still:

In the fall of the year they penetrated a weird lake country, sad and silent, where water-fowl had been, but where then there was no life nor sign of life—only the blowing of chill winds, the forming of ice in sheltered places, and the melancholy rippling of waves on lonely beaches.

Here is poetry, absolute poetry and poetry perfectly expressed. But it is not an injustice to London to say that such isolated jewels as these are accidents, the accidents of an idealism of which the development has been arrested—clogged like a stream by the boulders of prose which by sheer brute strength he seeks to heave up the Parnassian mount—a hopeless task.

It will be held by his followers, who admire London no more sincerely than I do, although, I am afraid, more blindly, that this analysis of his idiom is beside the mark; that his work is to be judged more for the message it delivers than by the hyper-refinements of literary expression. And this I grant to be perfectly true. London will take his place in the encyclopedias as a philosopher and a propagandist rather than as a literary artist. He has applied his energy to the enunciation of his doctrines of civilization and life through the medium best suited to his subject, and the result of this application is a style which has force, directness, clarity and contour. Viewed in its extent, his writing exhibits only the profile of language; it lacks modelling and perspective, but it is touched not infrequently with a sort of rude grace and in a few rare instances gives us a fleeting and tantalizing glimpse of the exquisite and the beautiful. The display of originality in many of his stories is more than sufficient to offset whatever lack of this quality may appear now and then in his work. His sincerity, his keen perception, his skill as a weaver of tales, and his mastery of a vigorous idiom have given him a high place among writers of his time, and America as well as the West may well be proud of him.



*Joe Smith.*

# How Seattle Got the Recall

By A. M. Parker



THE recent adoption in Seattle of a Charter Amendment providing for the recall of city officials by popular vote marked the close of one of the most unique of political campaigns, inasmuch as the measure (which was carried seven to one) was put through by the citizens themselves, independent of the City Council, and the result was achieved without an organization, without calling a single mass meeting, and at a total expenditure of less than fifteen dollars.

Such a campaign was possible only from the fact that the citizens of Seattle have the right to propose amendments to their charter by petition. This right was reserved to the people by the Freeholders' Charter of 1896, but though prior attempts had been made, this was the first time in the history of the city that an amendment had actually been placed on the ballot on the initiative of the people.

About a year before the last city election in Seattle, half a dozen citizens determined to start a movement to amend the city charter by inserting a provision similar to the Los Angeles "Recall." Three years before Los Angeles had adopted the Recall and within that time had carried it into effect. A case testing the validity of the measure was even then pending in the California Supreme Court.

The Seattle amendment is not identical with that of Los Angeles. Because of differences in the fundamental law of the two States a technical variation was made. The Seattle law is drawn as a measure to amend the length of term of city officials,—the term ending in two years or when recalled.

The amendment provides that the constituents of any elective city official (Mayor, Comptroller, Treasurer, Corporation Counsel, Councilman) may call a special election to choose a successor to that official when there is filed with the City Clerk a petition

of voters entitled to vote for a successor equal in number to 25 per cent of the total vote cast for all candidates for that office at the last city election. A new candidate is named and the official recalled is placed on the ticket also, unless he files a written refusal. Ten days are allowed the Clerk in which to verify the petition. If insufficient it may be amended within ten days. The election must be held in from thirty to forty days after a sufficient petition is found. Anyone competent to make an affidavit may circulate a petition.

The text of the amendment is as follows:

The term of all elective officers of the City of Seattle shall be two years (except Councilmen-at-Large, which shall be four years), unless removed by a method hereinafter provided. In case of the removal of any such officer by the method hereinafter provided, the successor of said officer shall hold office for the remainder of the unexpired term unless the said successor be removed by the method hereinafter provided.

The procedure to effect the removal of an incumbent of an elective office shall be as follows: A petition signed by voters entitled to vote for a successor to the incumbent, equal in number to at least twenty-five (25) per centum of the entire vote for all candidates for the office, the incumbent of which is sought to be removed, cast at the last preceding general municipal election, demanding an election of a successor of the person to be removed, shall be filed with the City Clerk; provided, that the petition sent to the Council shall contain a general statement of the grounds for which the removal is sought. The signatures to the paper need not all be appended to one paper; but each signer shall add to his signature his place of residence, giving the street and number. Any person competent to make an affidavit may circulate such petition. The person circulating each such paper shall make oath before an officer competent to administer oaths, that the statements therein made are true and that each signature to the paper appended is the genuine signature of the person

whose name purports to be thereunto subscribed. Within ten (10) days from the date of filing such petition the City Clerk shall examine the register and therefrom ascertain whether or not said petition is signed by the requisite number of qualified voters; and, if necessary, the Council shall allow him extra help for that purpose; and he shall attach to said petition his certificate showing the result of said examination. If, by the Clerk's certificate, the petition is shown to be insufficient it may be amended within ten (10) days from the date of said certificate. The Clerk shall within ten (10) days after such amendment, make like examination of the amendment to the petition, and if his certificate shall show the same to be insufficient, it shall be returned to the person filing the same without prejudice to the filing of a new petition to the same effect. If the petition shall be found to be sufficient, the Clerk shall submit the same to the Council without delay. And thereupon the City Council shall order and fix a date for holding said election, not less than thirty (30) days or more than forty (40) days from the date of the Clerk's certificate to the Council that a sufficient petition is filed.

The City Council shall make or cause to be made publication of notice, and all arrangements for holding of such election, and the same shall be conducted, returned, and the results thereof declared, in all respects, as are other elections. The successor of any officer so removed shall hold office during the unexpired term of his predecessor. Any person sought to be removed may be a candidate to succeed himself, and unless he requests otherwise, in writing, the Clerk shall place his name on the official ballot without nomination. In any such election the candidate receiving the highest number of votes shall be declared elected.

At such election if some other person than the incumbent receives the highest number of votes, the incumbent shall thereupon be deemed removed from the office upon qualification of his successor. In case the party who receives the highest number of votes should fail to qualify within ten (10) days after receiving notification of election, the office shall be deemed vacant. If the incumbent receives the highest number of votes he shall continue in office.

All parts of the charter of said City of Seattle in conflict with this amendment are hereby repealed.

Nearly a year before the city election, William E. Parker, Chairman of the Recall Committee, submitted the proposed

amendment to the City Clerk in order that that official might, as provided in the charter, secure from the Corporation Counsel a ruling as to its legality before the petition should be put in circulation. The amendment was held to be legal, but more than three months passed before the opinion was rendered and nearly two months more elapsed before the Clerk transmitted it to the committee. This long delay proved a serious handicap as it consumed more than half the time in which the petitions could be circulated, if they were to be filed three months before election, as provided in the Charter.

Meantime, soon after the news was published that a petition for a recall amendment was pending in Seattle, the press published a dispatch from Los Angeles under the head line

#### "RECALL UNCONSTITUTIONAL."

An investigation of this proved the item untrue. The recall election held under the amendment had been held void on a technicality, but a ruling had not been made on the constitutionality of the amendment.

The popularity of the "recall" was apparent as soon as the petitions were launched. The movement was purely non-partisan. The promoters had no grudges to pay. They were not seeking office. They were actuated purely by the desire to make representative government more responsible. When asked by the press and by individuals "Who is back of this movement?" members of the committee invariably replied "*All good citizens.*"

No other classification was possible, for petitions were circulated by Republicans, Democrats, Populists, Socialists, attorneys, clergymen, teachers, students, newspaper men, compositors, mechanics and business men. Petitions were placed at four newspaper offices, at the Y. M. C. A., at bookstores and at several barber shops and drug stores. The Secretary of the Building Trades Council asked for twenty petitions.

One member of the Council, T. M. Daulton, a Democrat, circulated a petition, and petitions were circulated by two candidates for the Council at the next election. One of these, a Republican, was elected by the largest majority given any Councilman.

No attempt was made to form an organization. The members of the Recall Committee



*William E. Parker.*

placed the petitions with their friends and their friends' friends. From all parts of the city, from total strangers, came requests for petitions, and offers of financial assistance. Men whom the Chairman had never met, had never heard of, called him up over the phone, and asked the privilege of assisting. Petitions were mailed to them and after the signatures were secured and the affidavits attached they were, in some cases, returned by mail. So it is possible to say that the Seattle Recall petitions were secured by fifty men who never met together, who have not yet seen each other, and who do not know each other's names.

Because of the disinterestedness of the promoters of the movement it called forth very little active opposition. None of the newspapers opposed it and all gave it some mention. But the success of the movement depended so largely upon publicity that it is doubtful if ultimate success would have been possible but for the very liberal space given it by the *Seattle Times*.

Not only did this newspaper give the amendment editorial support but it kept the public constantly informed as to the progress of the movement, several times publishing the amendment in full as well as the addresses and telephone numbers of those having it in charge and lists of places where petitions could be found.

The readiness with which petitions were accepted for circulation was an indication of the readiness with which signatures were to be secured. Several persons secured a hundred names without meeting with a single refusal. All classes of citizens, professional men, business men and working men readily endorsed the movement.

What little opposition developed came from two widely different sources,—from the extreme Socialist and from the "stand-patter." The man who "stands pat" wants no new deal, because he thinks he holds the highest cards, while the extreme Socialist opposes any improvement of the present order because he wants it overthrown.

Such was the outlook for the "Recall" during the early part of the campaign, but when the time came prescribed by the charter for filing the petition, it was found that not enough names had been secured. No money had been raised to make a canvass and busy men had undertaken the task.

Many petitions had not been circulated at all, some had been lost, and four of them, when nearly filled, had disappeared under circumstances that gave rise to the suspicion that they were stolen. Nearly three thousand signatures were needed and to guard against error it had been planned to secure four thousand. With only three months in which to prepare the petitions instead of seven, as had been expected, not half this number had been secured.

Procedure under the charter had now to be abandoned, but it was still possible to complete the petition by proceeding under a State law passed in 1903. This law granted to all Washington cities of the first class the right to propose amendments by petition and the law was more liberal in its terms than the charter, as the petition required was smaller and it need be filed only thirty days before election instead of ninety.

The reason that procedure from the first had not been made under the State law was because its meaning was uncertain. The language of the charter, "Twenty per cent of the voters registered at the last city election," admits of only one construction; but the meaning of the expression "qualified voters equal in number to fifteen per cent of the vote cast at the last city election" depends upon the construction of the word "qualified," and this had not then been defined by the courts.

To be a "qualified voter" in such a sense as to entitle one to sign a recall petition must one be registered or must one merely be qualified to register? The Recall Committee took the latter view. At first the Corporation Counsel was inclined to agree with the committee, but later he ruled that the signer must be registered when the petition was presented.

Two months later, just the day after the City Clerk finished checking up the "Recall" petition and declared it sufficient, the State Supreme Court made a ruling on this law and sustained the contention of the Recall Committee. On a case which went up from Spokane, the court held that a "qualified voter" is one competent to register, and that to challenge a signature some showing must be made as to its incompetency. This decision, however, came too late to help the "recall."

Under the Corporation Counsel's ruling

not a single name already on the petitions would be counted unless it should be registered in the thirty days prior to the filing of the petition. Practically a new petition had to be prepared. After nearly a year of agitation, after several months of hard work, it looked as if mere technicality might defeat the measure, even though it was daily growing in popularity.

At this juncture, "Joe" Smith, a well-known political reporter, who had followed the progress of the "Recall" from its inception, and who saw the necessity at this time of a vigorous canvass, came to the aid of the committee and undertook to complete the petitions at the City Hall, where the voters were registering. Accordingly, he resigned his position on one of the newspapers and spent eight hours a day in the Registration Office soliciting signatures.

In spite of all the publicity that had been given the Recall, Mr. Smith found it necessary in nearly every instance to explain the amendment and its political bearing before getting the petition signed, but with all delays on the first day he secured 175 names, one-half of those registering. This percentage steadily rose till a week later ninety per cent of those registering were signing the petitions.

Throughout Mr. Smith's canvass most of the city officials were inclined to ridicule the "man with the big petition," but when the tremendous enthusiasm with which the petitions were being signed became apparent, some of them added their signatures. About half the members of the City Council, several county officials, prominent business men, bankers, and corporation attorneys, fell in with the procession and the "Recall" was assured.

Fifteen per cent of the total vote at the prior city election was 2,209. Single-handed, in a week and a half, "Joe" Smith had secured 2,050 names, each one duly registered and therefore qualified. Walking into the office where the affidavits were being made on the day he completed this task, he threw down the bundle of petitions with this remark, "I have delivered 2,500 lectures on good government in nine days."

Meantime, the other petitions were being gathered in. Though they had been numbered and a careful record kept, many were never found. One hundred petitions had been

placed, fifty were returned wholly or partially filled. Though a few persons had secured from 100 to 200 names, these petitions averaged only thirty names each, making with those secured by "Joe" Smith a total of about 3,600 names.

One more formality had to be observed. Each separate paper was required to have an affidavit as to the genuineness of the signature, sworn to by a qualified voter. Several men sacrificed half a day's work to make the trip down town to insure the accuracy of this last essential item. Attorney "Tom" Alderson made the entire fifty affidavits for the committee and took the acknowledgments. The papers were then placed together and the "Big Petition" was ready.

At a special meeting of the City Council called to consider this petition the Corporation Counsel was asked as to its legal standing. He stated that whether the Council took action or not, the Clerk, if he found a sufficient number of eligible signatures, would be obliged to put the amendment on the ballot—that an action in mandamus would lie to compel him to do this. The Council, with no dissenting voice, passed a resolution to the effect that the amendment should go on the ballot and be advertised with the other amendments. This covered the last technical point—the thirty days' advertisement necessary to make valid a ballot on an amendment.

Several other amendments were voted on at this election. This was placed last on the list—"No. 8" and the word "Recall" did not appear on the ballot. "An amendment to fix terms of office" was the description.

During the campaign the "Recall" received the endorsement of the Municipal Ownership party and all their speakers mentioned it. "Vote for No. 8" called forth the heaviest applause in all their mass meetings. It was plain that the measure would carry.

The vote, however, was an astonishment even to its friends. It carried in every precinct in the city, and in one, "Joe" Smith's home precinct, the vote was unanimous. In an election so hotly contested that the Mayor was elected by a plurality of fifteen votes in a total of 17,708, the "Recall" had 9,312 votes for it and only 1,271 votes against it—a proportion of nearly 8 to 1—the strongest vote given any amendment, though several others roused deep public interest. This

amendment had, in fact, an actual majority of the total vote cast—a circumstance unprecedented in the history of charter amendments in Seattle.

To deepen the irony of this vote, at the same election an amendment proposed by the Council providing for an increase of the salaries of elected officials was lost by 1,000 votes.

The expense account of the "Recall" campaign was as follows:

Printing and binding 50 petitions.....	\$ 7.50
Printing and binding 50 additional petitions.....	4.00
Postage and stationary.....	2.50
Total.....	\$14.00

The moral effect of the "Recall" in Seattle has been even more immediate than its promoters had anticipated. Citizens have not been slow to recognize the increase of power they enjoy. Business and professional classes, as well as the entire press, have shown a readiness to propose action along this line with respect to important questions which have come before the Council.

A conspicuous example of the effect of the measure is seen in the recent submission to popular vote of the question of municipal ownership of street railways. During the city campaigns both parties made platform

declarations that the question should be submitted. The Municipal Ownership party elected only two Councilmen and only two other members were in sympathy with the project. The remaining eleven were personally opposed to it. Yet the ordinance to submit the question received only one adverse vote—that of a Councilman who audaciously told his colleagues that they were voting affirmatively only out of "fear" of their constituents. Seattle has no other precedent of three-fourths of the members of the City Council voting against their personal bias to fulfill a campaign pledge.

The "Recall" existed in our Government before the Constitution. Under the Articles of Confederation the States had the right to recall members of Congress at any time during their term of office and to choose others in their places. And even before the Articles were drawn up, the Pennsylvania delegates who sat in that Continental Congress that framed the Declaration of Independence and who refused to sign it, were recalled by the State of Pennsylvania and other delegates were sent, who, at a later date, affixed their signatures to that immortal document. The "Recall" is one of the manifestations of a present tendency to return to some of the more democratic institutions of revolutionary days.

*Editors' Note.*—Publication of the article, on Direct Legislation in Oregon, with an account of the working of the Initiative and Referendum Amendment to the Constitution of this State, has been deferred to the May issue of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY. The subject is of such great general interest and presents so many points of importance to every reader interested in the problem of the boss and the machine in American politics that we have deemed it advisable to treat it more thoroughly than had been our original intent.



# Recent Plays in New York

## The Fad Movement

By William Winter



THE drift of theatrical enterprise of late seems to have been persuaded by mischievous Maria's misleading counsel to Malvolio: "Put yourself into the trick of *singularity*." Several players of authority and distinction have brought forth extravagant compositions, some of them vicious, some of them fantastical and foolish, all of them bizarre. The purpose, obviously, has been to attract remunerative attention by resort to unusual and surprising expedients. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have appeared in an obnoxious play relative to the old story of Herodias, *Salomé* and *John the Baptist*. Richard Mansfield has devoted his fine genius to the exposition of Mr. Ibsen's wild and whirling satire called "*Peer Gynt*." Miss Ellen Terry has presented a trivial and stupid farce by Mr. G. B. Shaw, called "*Captain Brassbound's Conversion*," and likewise a dreary, ugly photographic picture of common life in Holland, translated from a Dutch author, under the name of "*The Good Hope*." One of the new plays recently current is illustrative of the adventure of persons who ascend in a balloon—its culmination being its heroine's resort to a hot footbath as a remedy for a cold. A revival has been made of "*The Sunken Bell*" (translated from "*Die Versunkene Glocke*," by Gerhart Hauptmann), first made known on the American stage in 1899, which is "a congregation of vapors"; and a new drama has been displayed, concerning the much-confused historic chronicle of Joan of Arc. "*The Bell*" and "*Joan*" are included in the repertory of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, and those popular players also possess an unfragrant piece called "*The Daughter of Jorio*," by the dramatist who calls himself "*Gabriel D'Annunzio*," and whose name is *Rapagnetta*. This queer craze for foreign fabrics, some of which are noxious while others are only

moonstruck and grotesque, is one of the signs of the time—a time of ferment and social disquietude. There are, in the English language, scores of excellent plays, unknown to contemporary playgoers, but good actors are required for effective interpretation of them; and good actors are not numerous at present, nor are the business policies of the Theatre throughout our country, favorable to dramatic art.

The presentation of "*Salomé*" in the form of a musical play, at the Metropolitan Opera House, offended the moral sense of the community to such a degree that the directors of that institution, in deference to public opinion, prevented its repetition and have compelled its withdrawal. One incident of that performance was the production of a dummy head—*John the Baptist* having been decapitated, in a well, to the sound of grewsome, horrible, blood-curdling music—and to that ghastly object, which was exposed on a platter, Mme. Olive Fremstad, the representative of *Salomé*, addressed a musical apostrophe, meanwhile fondling and kissing the supposed fragment of cadaver. In the play of "*John the Baptist*," as performed at the Lyric Theatre, by Mr. Sothern, Miss Marlowe and their associates, direct indecency was partially avoided; but *Salomé*, in explicit language, offered her "body" to the dilapidated prophet, and much stress was placed upon a dance, performed by Miss Marlowe, called the *Dance of the Seven Veils*, in the course of which saltatory feat the actress divested herself of much of her raiment—the purpose being too obvious to require explanation. Miss Marlowe in her embodiment of *Salomé*, adroitly contrived to cast around the essentially carnal, crafty, and cruel character a glamour of child-like simplicity, pretty coquetry, ingenuous sportiveness, and feminine fascination; so that her audience received scarce a hint of its duplicity and essential iniquity. The play of "*John the*

Baptist" is a translation from a German original by Herman Sudermann, called "Johannes." The Salomé story has long occupied a somewhat conspicuous place in more or less erotic literature and in pictorial art. The most inventive, subtle, conscientious and discreet literary treatment that has been accorded to the theme, in English, is found in two unactable plays, such as are commonly designated dramatic poems—one called "Herodias," the other "Salomé," written by J. C. Heywood, and published in 1867. Mr. Heywood was, at one time, private secretary to the famous orator and statesman, Edward Everett; at another time a reviewer of the acted drama, for one of the New York newspapers. He was a man of singularly handsome, romantic, mysterious aspect, and of reserved and distinguished manners. He died in Rome, October 25, 1900, aged eighty-one. For many years he had been a private chamberlain to the Pope. Those two plays of his, as also another, called "Antonius," which is a sequel to them, are out of print, and probably have been forgotten. They show more of poetic feeling than of poetic faculty, but, for the reader who would like to observe a really ingenious portrayal and beguiling management of credible ideals of Herodias and Salomé, they provide an instructive study. For the moment that subject has disappeared from our theatre, but its recurrence seems inevitable; for it is too nasty to be neglected by the money-grubbing speculator in public entertainment. It is not pleasant to speak of such things, but the necessity of discussing them has not been created by the reviewer of the current drama. The responsibility rests with those persons who obtrude tainted plays, and who thus compel record and examination of the products of mental disease.

In the play of "Jeanne D'Arc," by Mr. Percy Mackaye, son of that eccentric genius, Steele Mackaye, Miss Marlowe has given a picturesque, sympathetic, touching performance, making actual and impressive her ideal of a spiritual young woman who hears celestial voices, sees angelic visitants, and exists in a rapt, ecstatic, prophetic condition. One peculiarity of the play is that its best scene occurs out of sight, a scene, namely, in which the inspired Jeanne confronts another, and fraudulent, female vision-

ary, Catherine de la Rochellesaults by name, and, in the presence of the King of France, overwhelms her opponent, and completely puts her to shame, as an imposter and a liar, by sheer virtue of intrinsic spiritual conviction and predominant individual character. The audience beholds preparation for that tremendous interview, and is presently apprised that it has occurred; but the actual display of it, which would have been true drama, and would have required poetic power and resource of imagination, is omitted. The fabric lacks not either some alacrity of fancy as a literary composition, or some pictorial merit as a spectacle; but, being episodic in construction, sluggish in movement, and dreary in effect, it is dull and feeble as a play. In its use of apparitions it is almost ludicrous. Angelic spooks are everywhere—in windows; in trees; in walls; in braziers; in fireplaces; in shrubbery; whenever wanted and on all occasions; so that the sense of awe, which should attend the emergence of phantoms from another world, is lost in smiling familiarity. The spectre, in a play, in order to awaken any response of emotion, must be vague, shadowy, mysterious; a presence seen, yet felt more than seen; a something that is nothing; in effect, a vapor of the mind; a misty shape, faint, indistinct, and awful; slow drifting in "the glimpses of the moon." There is a valuable meaning for students of dramatic art in an observation made by the great tragedian Maeready—one of the wisest men that ever touched this subject—to the effect that a horror can be better conveyed by the feeling exhibited in the face that looks at it than by an exhibition of itself. In Michael Angelo's painting of "The Creation" (by which, says Maeready, in Lady Pollock's charming memorial, "I was quite shaken"), the solitary figure of Adam is displayed—his gaze being riveted on the disappearing, indistinct shape of the Creator; but the terrible sense of utter loneliness and desolation is imparted, not by the retiring Divinity, but by the emotion in the man's face. John Philip Kemble, on the English stage, wisely discarded—and was the first to do so—the actual appearance of "the blood-boltered Banquo" at the "solemn supper," and to make Macbeth reveal in his countenance, thus making evident the ghostly presence of his victim, the terror and frenzy resultant

on his vision of the gory spectre in the empty chair. A wonderfully fine use of spectral forms was made by Henry Irving, in the play of "Robespierre"—the ghosts being mere shadows, drifting in the air, scarce seen at all, even by the haunted man himself. In "Jeanne D'Arc" the dependence has been placed on stage carpentry.

Mr. Hauptmann's play of "The Sunken Bell," in which Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have exerted their powers with a devoted sincerity that is almost pathetic, is a representative type of Symbolism, an order of mental ingenuity that may be agreeable in books but is inappropriate and tedious on the stage, where nothing should ever be said or done that is not perfectly perspicuous. Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck—sometimes, foolishly, called "the Belgian Shakespeare"—has largely contributed to that branch of literary fabrication, as also has the British writer, Mr. William Sharp, recently deceased. Mr. Hauptmann and Mr. Maeterlinck, *arcades ambo*, deal in those *arcana celestia* which have no place in drama. In "The Sunken Bell" each character is supposed to be a symbol of something, and the several somethings work out a story about an idealist who has left his wife and children, in order to follow a bewitching elfin mountain beauty, and comes to grief in consequence. It is all vague and dubious, exploited with long-winded speeches of disordered verse and tangled metaphor (some of which are delivered by Mr. Sothern with a moving fervency worthy of a better cause), illustrated with scenic tableaux, and wound up with a denotement of universal misery—everybody concerned in it being disappointed and wretched; the idealist drinking three quarts of symbolic fluid and consequently falling dead; and the mountain charmer (handsome and winning, in the person of Miss Marlowe), pairing off with a bald-headed frogman, who lives in a well.

Miss Ellen Terry's return to our stage has afforded to the public the gratification of seeing a great actress who happens to be a fascinating woman and whose command of the dramatic art is so absolute that, no matter what kind of play she appears in, she charms everybody. The Dutch piece called "The Good Hope," translated from an original by Mr. Herman Heijermans, con-

tains a short series of commonplace pictures, through which Miss Ellen Terry, as the impoverished widow of a Dutch fisherman who has perished at sea, moves with her customary ease, presenting the image of an affectionate but pig-headed mother, variously disturbed and distressed by the conduct of her wayward sons, and at last made utterly miserable, because, under her counsel and compulsion, they have sailed in a fishing-smack that was known to be rotten, and have been drowned. The piece is a curiosity of theatrical literature, made, in imitation of Mr. Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," for the purpose of casting merited obloquy upon commercial scoundrels who send forth upon the ocean vessels that they know are unseaworthy, and from the loss of which they expect to obtain profit through insurance. Such crimes, doubtless, are committed, and the denouncement of them, and of their nefarious perpetrators, could not be too emphatic: but neither ethical import nor the enthusiasm of moral indignation constitutes a play. The Ibsen method of play-writing, which has been adopted by Mr. Heijermans, and which various English and American crank writers are endeavoring, with misguided and unholy zeal, to foist upon the English-speaking stage, is to select sporadic episodes in a story, usually sordid and common, of dull and often dirty experiences in domestic life, and to present those episodes in a series of long-winded colloquies—the result being a display of fools, knaves, bores, wantons and diseased mental and physical cripples, such as might well cause a complete loathing of human nature and a profound regret that it ever was created. The one gleam of sunshine in Miss Terry's return to us is her delicious performance of Nance Oldfield—in which her native humour, pathos, refinement and poetic distinction assert themselves in spontaneous grace and beauty.

It is a relief to turn from gazing on fads and follies to survey the endeavors of players who rest their appeal on rational Literature and Acting. The number of them is not very large. Mr. David Warfield has been exceedingly prosperous with "The Music Master"—a piece that utilizes the central idea and the spirit of the old play of "Belshazzor," which was derived from the French drama of "Paillassé," by Messrs. Fournier

and D'Ennery, and which has been known on our stage for more than fifty years. Mr. Warfield's acting has the lovely artistic virtue of simplicity. Miss Henrietta Crosman also has prospered, performing in a sprightly, farcical comedy, called "All-of-a-Sudden-Peggy," written by an Englishman, Mr. Ernest Denny, and devised to exhibit, under droll conditions, the engaging character of a blithe, wild, ardent, impetuous, thoroughly good Irish girl, who gets into a tangle of amusing circumstances by acting in a heedless, precipitant manner in a social environment of severe English respectability. Miss Crosman was trained in Augustin Daly's company, and she has made a career for herself by cleaving to the ideal of the dashing heroine of old comedy. Her present impersonation is replete with sparkle and with fine, woman-like feeling. The good Irish comedian, Edward Harrigan, has revived his droll and touching play of "Old Lavender," and that also has refreshed the public mind. Activity in the theatres is prodigious and incessant: the results are not just now particularly impressive upon intellectual observation or especially valuable

to the community. But the sacred fire is only dimmed, not extinguished.

An important event—perhaps the most important event—of the theatrical season, is the indictment, by the Grand Jury in New York, of the persons composing an organization known as the Theatrical Syndicate or Trust. Those persons—namely, Charles Frohman, Al. Hayman, Marc Klaw, Abraham L. Erlanger, J. Fred. Zimmerman and Samuel F. Nixon—have been indicted for conspiracy in restraint of trade. It has long been believed, and it has now been charged, in legal form, that some of the "business" methods of the Theatrical Syndicate are illegal. It is the opinion of many, if not of all persons best qualified to judge that the Theatrical Syndicate has been, for years, oppressing the theatres, practically throughout the United States, doing harm to the theatrical profession and the cause of dramatic art, and, therefore, injuring the welfare of Society. It is hoped that the ultimate result of the indictment of its members for criminal conspiracy will be the execution of Justice and the re-establishment of legitimate competition in the theatrical world.

## The Rise of Simon Guggenheim

By William MacLeod Raine

**S**IMON GUGGENHEIM, lately elected to the United States Senate from Colorado, has the unique distinction of being the richest member of that wealthy body. In his own person he is a multi-millionaire. At the head of the American Smelting & Refining Company he has back of him the immense resources of the smelter trust, which controls the ore production of North America. In every way he is a shining example of the royal road to statesmanship.

For it is not seriously claimed that he has

any qualifications other than his wealth for the high office to which he has been elected, any more than it is seriously denied that he used his wealth to purchase the Senatorship he desired almost as directly as if it had been a mine or a smelter. His manner of accomplishing this offers material for an illuminating story of latter-day politics. Like most tales of its kind it is part and parcel not only of the political but also of the business history of the commonwealth where it occurred.

As far back as 1901 a Government commission investigating trusts and industrial combinations put a tentative probe into the



*United States Senator Simon Guggenheim.*

affairs of the American Smelting & Refining Company. E. R. Chapman, banker and broker, who has been connected with the financing of the company, testified that it was organized to avoid "the evils of competition." The following questions and answers passed between him and a member of the commission before which he was giving evidence:

Question. In this case of the American Smelting & Refining Company can you tell us what percentage of that business is controlled by the company, or was at the time it was organized?

Answer. I cannot give you the percentage. It was practically all of the smelting industry except that controlled by the Guggenheims.

Question. So that the proposed consolidation with the Guggenheims, if it were carried through, would mean practically a monopoly of the business of the country?

Answer. Yes.

The consolidation mentioned was in effect arranged for a year or two later, the Guggenheims, with their large interests in the West and in Mexico, getting control of the resulting combination.

"But," says Mr. Guggenheim, "there are different kinds of trusts. Some are good and some are bad. The Smelter Trust is one of the good ones. We treat our employees well; we deal fairly by the people."

It is only fair to Mr. Guggenheim to say that he is personally a pleasant gentleman of philanthropic tendencies, and that the sense of business honor cherished by him and his brothers is far above the average of Wall Street. The late Nipissing affair, in which they refunded the underwriters of the concern \$1,500,000, contrary to the usual custom of the Street and without being compelled legally to do so, is an evidence of this.

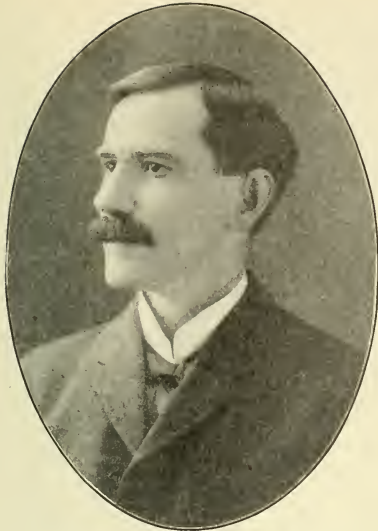
The founder of the family fortunes was Meyer Guggenheim, who came sixty years ago from Switzerland to Philadelphia. He was a man of exceptional ability along financial lines and his seven sons have inherited this instinct. Three of these sons, one of whom was Simon, came to Colorado eighteen years ago to look after the family interest in some mines at Leadville. Soon they began to embark in mining and smelting, with a success so instant and so wonderful that it amazed experts. The combination effected with the American Smelting & Refining Com-

pany that put them in control of this great industry was a logical result of their business shrewdness and financial acumen.

But when Mr. Guggenheim says that his is one of the "good" trusts he makes a statement that is open to rebuttal. The Democratic platform in the recent campaign made this charge:

Colorado feels the heavy hand of the Smelter Trust; the products of our mines no longer have access to an open market; they are absorbed and settled for by the Smelter Trust at such prices and upon such terms as the arbitrary will of those who control this great corporation dictates. This trust has suppressed competition and closed mines at its will; it is now insidiously engaged, through the power it has acquired, in an effort to secure within its grasp the producing mines of the continent. The prosperity of this state so largely depends upon the prosperity of our mining industries that we cannot willingly submit to their monopolization by a trust controlled and managed from Wall Street.

Within the past three years the last independent smelter in the state, with the exception of a small one at Salida, has been crushed by the Trust. The result is that mineowners have to accept such a schedule of prices for their ore as it pleases this company to offer. It would be impossible here to go into the subject adequately, but a glance at some figures is enough to show what a strangle hold the Trust has on the mining of the West. For four per cent copper (a fair average in Colorado), the Smelter Trust paid, prior to October 30, 1906, \$5.00 per ton. On October 31 and subsequent thereto, it paid, and still does, \$12.00 per ton. The market price of this ore per ton is \$19.20. In other words, the percentage paid the mineowner of the assay value of his ore was twenty-six per cent prior to October 31, 1906, and sixty-two per cent since that date. The Smelter Trust was then taking nearly three-fourths of the value of the ore for treating it; it is now content with a little over one-third. The fact that it could increase the price paid to the owner 240 per cent in a single day, the value of copper being practically the same, shows what arbitrary control the Trust has over the rate schedule. In point of fact, the mineowner must accept what is offered him or shut down his mine.



*State Senator Alexander, Who Refused to Be Whipped Into Line.*

The same result substantially can be shown of other ores. In the case of lead running twenty per cent the smelter price is \$11.80 per ton for ore worth in the market \$24.00. It would be absurd to contend that the difference between these figures is the actual cost of smelting. But the owner is helpless. He must take the price offered, or he must shut down his mine. At present the cost of smelting can be ascertained only approximately, and in order to remedy this condition a bill to create a smelter commission for the purpose of investigating this cost has been introduced into the Legislature but has not yet been reported upon. A well-informed miner told me that \$3.00 ought to cover the cost of smelting even when ores are somewhat refractory. So much for Mr. Guggenheim's "good" trust.

It is not charged that Mr. Guggenheim paid one cent to any member of the Colorado Legislature since the day he was elected. Nor is it charged that he has directly bribed the body that elected him. What he did was both more insidious and less gross, more dangerous and less lawless. He practically absorbed the machinery of his party, bought it lock, stock and barrel, and then, having se-

cured absolute control, ordered himself elected to the position he coveted.

The conditions existent in Colorado during the past few years have made possible Mr. Guggenheim's purchase of a seat in the United States Senate. It would be distinctly unfair to this state to say that its people are more corrupt than those of other regions. But a combination of circumstances has harassed and perplexed them to the end that they are temporarily more tolerant of evils than the residents of some other states. The truth is that Colorado has suffered from a surfeit of politics. When the financial panic of 1893 occurred Colorado was primarily a silver-producing state. The decline in the value of that ore, together with the evil effects of a speculative boom in Denver that left that city heavily mortgaged, jointly contributed to leave the state stranded high and dry after the crash. The result was eminently beneficial, since it resulted in the development of the other great and varied resources of the Centennial State. But temporarily affairs were so bad that people looked to radicalism in politics as a panacea. All kinds of hare-brained theorists flour-



*State Representative Merle D. Vincent, Who Proved Superior to Party Pressure.*

ished. Class lines were sharply drawn, but not so sharply as later when the bitter war between the Western Federation of Miners and the Mineowners' Association was fought out to the bitter end. This, too, was injected into politics, and in the contested election between Peabody and Adams for the Governorship equity and justice were entirely forgotten. Large corporations took advantage of the unusual perplexity of the people to fasten their tentacles on the political machinery of both parties. A class of professional politicians who were subservient to the "interests" filled the offices, and even the gubernatorial contest in the Legislature was made the occasion of a bitter fight between rival corporations, accompanied by wholesale bribery.

While affairs were in this condition Mr. Guggenheim found his opportunity. As the manager of a large "interest," Mr. Guggenheim's campaign contributions had always been large. He now undertook to make them so large as to outweigh any claims of party service, any question of fitness or ability, that might deserve consideration in the matter of the Senatorship.

The death of former Senator Edward O. Wolcott left a vacancy that aspiring Republicans were quick to see. Joel F. Vaile, Wolcott's law partner and the attorney for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, was a very receptive candidate. Thomas F. Walsh, millionaire miner, would have liked to represent Colorado in the Senate. The same may be said of nearly every prominent Republican in the state. Yet not one of them appeared in the field as a candidate. The reason was simple. When they began to set their preliminary "booms" in motion each in turn discovered that Simon Guggenheim had taken a mortgage on the seat and expected to foreclose at the fitting time.

The opportunity of the Guggenheims came a couple of years ago when the party machinery found itself confronted with a deficit which it saw no way of wiping out. Came then Mr. Guggenheim smilingly to the front, check book in hand. Tully Scott, State Senator from the Cripple Creek District, on the floor of the Senate named the amount of the price which Mr. Guggenheim paid for the option:

I am advised that pending the so-called contest for the Governorship two years ago,

and when the corporation managers were in some distress, Mr. Guggenheim was called into a room in this city to meet twelve others, who proposed that in consideration of the immediate payment of \$50,000 by Mr. Guggenheim, to carry on the contest, that these twelve would pledge him their support for the Senatorship, accompanied by the statement that he could not doubt the certainty of his election with that support; that after securing the individual pledge of each in the presence of the others, Mr. Guggenheim consented and paid the initial payment on his purchase in advance.

It was this contract, entered into between the American Smelting & Refining Company, party of the first part, and the managers of the local party to which Lincoln belonged and Roosevelt still does, parties of the second part, that eliminated from the field every candidate against the representative of the trust. Instead of entering a contest open to all, it was made clear to them that the Senatorship belonged to Guggenheim, *because he had bought it from the party managers.*

Mr. Guggenheim's managers were skillful politicians who left nothing to chance. It was all very well to have the promise of the leading Republican politicians that Mr. Guggenheim should have the toga when it fell from Senator Patterson's shoulders, but it was just as well to be on hand in order to see that no accidents occurred. Therefore, Mr. Richard Broad and the other lieutenants of the smelter organized a machine that proved to be invincible. It was a machine within a machine, and the beauty of it, from the Guggenheim point of view, was that since it supplied the sinews of war it controlled the situation. The understanding was that other corporations were to keep their hands off in consideration of being relieved of the brunt of the campaign expenses. It was said that the Gould interests did not at first appreciate the point, but that the American Smelting & Refining Company, which does a great deal of traffic over the Denver & Rio Grande, was soon able to convince them.

Agents of Mr. Guggenheim went out to every city and county in the state and took an active part in the primaries. It became generally understood that Guggenheim was the "barrel" and that any legislative candidate on the Republican ticket who did not



pledge himself to the smelter magnate's support would have a hard path to tread. The checks that went from headquarters to the different county committees were the personal checks of Simon Guggenheim instead of the usual ones that came through the state committee. No pains were spared to impress local organizations with the fact that just at present Guggenheim *was* the party and his wishes must be respected. Appeals for campaign funds were referred to Guggenheim, and the first query that met the solicitor was, How does your legislative candidate stand with regard to the Senatorial contest? If by any chance he were still opposed to him, the second question came on its heels: Will he stand by a caucus decision?

The great majority of the legislative candidates, knowing that Mr. Guggenheim's election would be taken extremely ill by the people, were personally opposed to his election. But the logic of events was against them. He was the source of campaign funds. He was the accepted candidate of the state machine. Also, it is charged by the Democrats, who were prepared, they say, to prove it had they been given a chance, that he was disposed to be generous to any candidate who did not feel able to stand his own election expenses. Therefore, most of those who would rather have supported somebody else fell into line.

That Guggenheim's election would follow a Republican victory was understood so well throughout the state that the Democratic party in its platform made specific charges to that effect:

We directly charge that the Republican party has entered into a compact under which the sovereign power of the Legislature of this state to elect a United States Senator is delegated to the executive committee of the American Smelting & Refining Company.

After the Legislature had met State Senator J. H. Crowley introduced a resolution calling for an investigation of the charges made against the trust method of conducting its campaign, but the majority immediately smothered the resolution.

Mr. Guggenheim has never showed any aptitude for public life, and during the campaign that eventuated in his election he did not address a single public meeting, nor say

a word as to his attitude toward the questions under discussion. His party made the issue a Roosevelt one, carried the state solely on the President's record, and immediately proceeded to give the lie direct to its Roosevelt platform by electing to the Senate a man who apparently stands pledged to everything antagonistic to the President's policy.

At the present moment the American Smelting & Refining Company is under fire for having received rebates from railways. Interstate Commerce Commissioner Clark, sitting a few weeks ago at Pueblo, unearthed the fact that preferential rates are being granted the company upon a secret letter written by the freight and traffic agent of the railway in question. Is it conceivable that Mr. Guggenheim, elected by legislators who have specifically pledged themselves to support the President in securing an extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, will fight for the enlargement of those powers that aim to control the lawless trust of which he is the head?

After the Legislature had been returned Republican the smelter trust candidate did not for a moment relax his vigilance. He felt that a very little slip might still defeat his carefully laid plans. Too much publicity of the wrong sort would have been dangerous. Therefore, Mr. Guggenheim saw to it that the press of the state had nothing to say that was not inspired. Here and there newspapers spoke out boldly and plainly, but for the most part the subject was handled with gloves.

As soon as the Republican members of the Legislature reached the city they were rushed into a caucus called by John Vivian, the state chairman, who had been very active in the interests of the owner of the party. This caucus was called at 2 o'clock, December 31, 1906, three days before the Legislature convened. Many of the members had reached the city only that morning and had been immediately taken charge of by the Guggenheim management. In that caucus only two men out of seventy rose superior to party pressure and refused to be whipped into line. One of these was State Senator Alexander, who voted for Governor McDonald. The other was Representative Merle D. Vincent, who took the ground that the cau-

cus was illegal, since it had been called without sanction of the proper authority and at the wrong time.

These two men, both of them young and fearless of the party whip, had hoped to organize the opposition into fighting shape, but after the tame surrender of the majority at the caucus it was plain that nothing could prevent Guggenheim's election.

Alexander was stricken ill shortly afterward, so that he was unable to be present at the election, which was held on January 15, the earliest day permitted by law. Of the entire Republican majority present only one man refused to stultify himself by voting for a man whom all knew to be notoriously unfit. This single exception was Vincent. Alexander took occasion, however, to send a clean-cut letter to his friend Vincent, reiterating his unflinching adherence to the course they had mapped out.

If Senator Alexander had been of the kind that lives by bread alone he would have been early swept from his moorings along with the others. In former days he had been close to Richard Broad, who has for years been drawing a large salary from the smelter. He and Vivian were close friends, and the latter had been supported by Alexander in his successful contest for the state chairmanship of the party. The young State Senator might have expected to rise high in the party management by a judicious complaisance. Instead, he chose political extinction and broke with his friends. Vivian, signally failing to rise to *his* opportunity, could not induce Alexander to desert his pledges. Great pressure was brought to bear upon him. The very night before the caucus a man high in the party councils went out to his home and pleaded with him to remember his future and support the caucus candidate. Alexander said then, as he has said since again and again:

"I had a thousand times rather be assigned to a life of toil and obscurity than be a party to what I believe to be a great public wrong. The deeds of men and parties must square with the words they speak. We cannot praise Roosevelt with our tongues and condemn him with our ballots and expect to retain the confidence of the people. To elect this man is a direct insult to the President whose name we have used to help us carry this election. I shall not vote for him in

order to obtain a profitable peace that can bring no peace of mind."

He was a sick man, but the foes of the people gave him no rest till they had worried him into a condition that confined him to his bed. But Vincent was not a sick man, and his colleagues who wore the corporation yoke had to listen to the ringing challenge of a man that could neither be whipped nor cajoled into a conformity he deemed disgraceful to himself and his constituents.

The routine of the election would have been quite formal and devoid of interest except for the minority of one. Vincent spoke eloquently for over an hour, pleading with his fellow Republicans to remember their pledges to the people, promising them that the state would sustain their action if they dared to vote like free men, and urging them to avert the dishonor to the state that was impending. He rebuked scathingly the methods employed by the Guggenheim managers to achieve their end, maintaining that in principle these did not differ from the ones used by Addicks of Delaware and Clark of Montana. His was the only speech of the day in the House that won the slightest applause from the gallery, and he was interrupted time and again by bursts of cheering that had to be stopped by the Speaker's gavel.

Roosevelt has stood out against the methods that this man employs to get into office. You and I boasted of the square deal he had given us, and claimed him as our own and indorsed his methods and his character upon every platform in every town, in every city and in every county of Colorado. I ask you, are you going to repudiate that action here today? Are you going to lie down to this organization of five men—and you and I know why they are doing it—and be hobbled and handcuffed and gagged?

Open letters have been written to Mr. Guggenheim by the representatives of the great industries of this state, and they have been treated with contemptuous silence. Men have sought to obtain his views upon issues that are interesting the public, and he stands absolutely silent to every endeavor to obtain them. He has stated to you, privately, no doubt, what he was going to do. Has he said it to the public? Could you look at him, listen to him, and think of the United States Senate at the same time?

You cannot elect him without bolting your platform; you cannot elect him without re-

pudding it in spirit and in letter. You cannot elect him without hurling it into the face of the people who voted for you and me, "We got this up to get votes, that is all." And who is it that wants this man's election? Is it you? Is it the people of Colorado? I tell you that five men, purporting to act for the Republican state central committee, have bargained the election to this man in return for contributions to the party and they ask you to ratify it.

Let me say to you, Mr. Speaker, that the greatest evil in this age is the indifference to and disregard of the law manifested by individuals and by big business interests. Men have become intoxicated with material prosperity and have grown indifferent to honest methods—the square deal that you and I boast of to our people. They have conducted and operated their business in violation of the law. And I say to you that to send a man representing that class to the United States Senate is equivalent to serving notice on our President that we care nothing for him nor what he represents. It is equivalent to saying to him: "You will carry out your enforcement of law without our aid. We are going to send you a man who is the most conspicuous invader of law that lives in Colorado.

And after Vincent had taken his seat every Republican present in the Senate and every Republican in the House, save one, voted to send Simon Guggenheim to Washington to represent Colorado because he was rich enough to make contributions to the party so large that they constituted in effect a purchase of its highest gift. How much the smelter trust paid to secure this is a secret jealously guarded, but it cannot have cost much less than half a million dollars.

The Colorado campaign for the Senatorship just concluded is an object lesson to all the Clarks and Addicks of the future in safe methods of securing the toga they desire. The old method was a crude one, contrary to law and uncertain at the best. Mr. Guggenheim has shown conclusively that the business-like method is to swallow the party machinery whole and ride into Washington with a consciousness of virtue that is not to be shaken. For, though a protest against the seating of the Senator-elect has been lodged at the National Capitol, it is very doubtful if the protestants will succeed in carrying their point. The work was altogether too fine for that.



Sunset on Salton Sea.

# Salton Sea, the Unruly

By L. C. Hill

Supervising Engineer U. S. R. S.

February 16, 1907.

*The closing of the break in the Colorado River, which was concluded on the afternoon of February 11, was a remarkable achievement. In the handling of rock and earth a record was made which is likely to stand for many years to come. The time actually consumed in making the closure, dating from the dumping of the first rock, was fifteen days and two hours, during which interval 77,000 cubic yards of material, ninety-five per cent of which was rock, the balance gravel and clay, was handled.*

*The difficulties which confronted the engineers will be better appreciated when it is recalled that the Colorado River with a flow of 22,000 second-feet was rushing madly through a break 1,100 feet long in soft earth banks. In mid-channel the depth of the water was thirty-four feet. The maximum amount of water contended with during the construction of the dam approximated 40,000 second-feet. In a period of a little more than two weeks a structure of rock, gravel and clay has been built across this channel.*

*The top of the dam is now four feet above the level of the water. Its vertical distance from the top to the base is sixty feet. The dam will be raised five or six feet higher in order to be safely above highest known water, and it is to be padded on the up-stream side with clay until it shall become entirely impervious. When completed it will contain about 140,000 cubic yards of material, eighty per cent of which will be rock,*

the balance gravel and clay. This additional material is being added now at the rate of 5,000 cubic yards each twenty-four hours.

The foundation of this dam is silt almost as fine as ashes and as easily eroded. The entire equipment of the Southern Pacific has been at the command of the engineers during the period of the work. At times even the locomotives on passenger trains in transit have been diverted to haul rock to the scene of action, and quarries hundreds of miles distant have been contributing material to close the break. A great railroad corporation with abundant rolling stock alone could have achieved this feat, and success even then would not have followed if the work had not been intelligently directed by competent engineers. Temporarily at least the Colorado has been conquered, but like the Mississippi River in its delta region it will bear watching always.

The people of Imperial Valley are naturally greatly rejoiced at the successful work of the engineers of the Southern Pacific Railway.—[Note received from Mr. Hill after the following article was written.]



AN insignificant cut in the soft banks of a shifty and erratic river, turning a stream of yellow water through natural and artificial channels across an uninhabitable desert into a depression lying below sea level—here you have the cause of the problem of the Colorado River.

While it can serve no good purpose at this late date to criticise the thoughtless—it was worse, it was criminal—act which today places the homes of thousands of our citizens in the shadow of impending ruin, it is necessary briefly to detail the circumstances in order that a clear conception of cause and effect may be obtained.

In 1901 work was begun upon a project for the reclamation of a large area of desert situated in the eastern portion of San Diego County, California, now known as Imperial Valley. This project for many years had been the dream of promoters, but owing to the almost universal failure of other schemes of this order it proved difficult to finance.

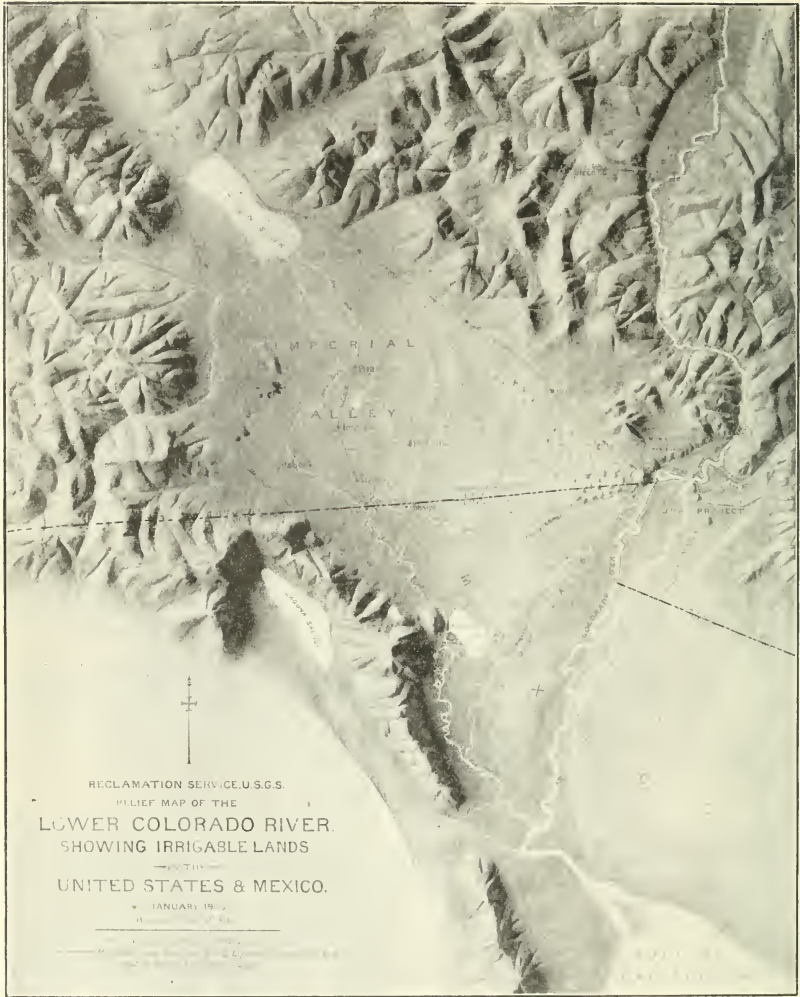
The organization of the enterprise consisted of the Sociedad de Yrrigacion Y Terrenos de la Baja California, the California Development Company and various mutual water companies. The Mexican corporation was necessary, as part of the work was in that country. It was granted liberal concessions from our neighboring republic in the shape of rights-of-way and the right to divert water from the Colorado River. As the latter grant apparently violates a treaty still in force between Mexico and the United States, a very interesting question of international law may have to be thrashed out before everything is settled. Mexico has a

string to her concession and a valuable consideration, as she is to receive half the water diverted whenever land owners in that country demand it. It was further provided that a Mexican engineer should be employed by the company to see that the dangerous work of cutting the natural levees of the river was properly carried out.

Numerous subsidiary corporations were formed, such as a company to promote settlement and a company to handle the securities of the other companies. Through these devices and intricate methods of finance the profits of the parent company disappeared



Head of Overflow in New River Near Packard, Mexico.



*Relief Map of the Lower Colorado Region.*

and the operations were so obscured that it is almost impossible to get accurate information as to actual resources and expenditures. According to the prospectus issued by the corporation it was proposed to construct irrigation works in Mexico and California for the purpose of selling water to the land own-

ers in both countries. The Mexican corporation delivered water at so much per second-foot to the water companies, which in turn sold water rights for the irrigation of lands in Imperial Valley. The main canal was excavated early in 1901, beginning a few hundred feet north of the international



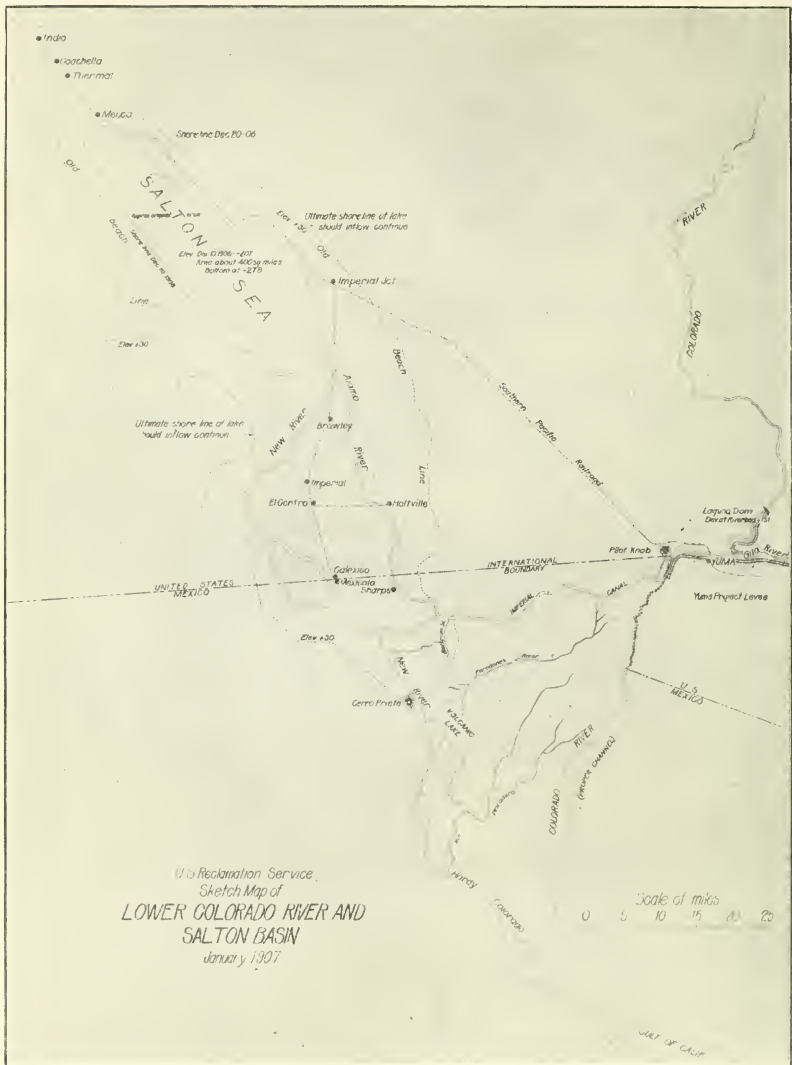
*Effects of Erosion in New River, Destroying Valuable Farm Land.*

boundary, for a distance of seven miles to the old channel of the Alamo or Salton River in Mexico. For the remainder of the distance nearly to the Imperial Valley this old channel was used as a main canal. Water was furnished to 1,500 acres in that year. In 1902 the acreage was increased to 12,000 acres, and in 1904 the area actually irrigated amounted to 79,000 acres.

The marvelous transformation which followed the application of water to the arid lands of this valley attracted settlers from every part of the country. Towns sprang up and flourished, railways extended branch lines to carry the enormous crops which the teeming earth brought forth, and an era of unexampled prosperity seemed about to dawn upon the sunken desert. Land values went soaring; there was a huge business in water rights, and the bond issues of the corporations were readily floated in the East and on the Pacific Coast. Plans were formulated—on paper—for the rejuvenation of one million acres and the promoters were counting prospective profits amounting to many millions. In the light of our present

knowledge the whole affair reads like another South Sea Island bubble. We now know that it was planned on a scale far beyond the capital of the corporation to construct and maintain. The ditches were cheap, the structures flimsy, and operation was costly and unsatisfactory. Water rights were sold far in excess of the capacity of the main canal and the merry game of "frenzied finance" was played to the limit. These excessive water rights soon became a source of trouble. The owners called for water and it was not forthcoming. In October, 1904, the company found its difficulties further increased by a serious shortage of water caused by the silting up of the main canal near the heading. The attempt to relieve this trouble caused the calamity which now threatens ruin to the Valley. In order to increase the inflow into the main canal, a short cross-cut was excavated to the river on Mexican soil. An opening was made in the banks or natural levees, where the declivity was greater than above, and a larger supply of water was thus obtained.

The present trouble dates from that in-



significant cut in the Colorado's banks, and it is past understanding that the results which followed were not foreseen. No controlling works were provided and this temporary expedient finally brought about a

catastrophe which now spells bankruptcy to the company and total loss of property to the settlers. It is said that Mexico was not informed of this new heading, and it is to be hoped that this is true, for it was a criminal



piece of work. At the point where the opening was made the Colorado River rides high above the valley on a dike of its own making. To the westward the country slopes rapidly from the river towards Imperial Valley, the gradient being fully three and one-half times greater than that of the river channel to the Gulf. The opening was in banks of silt almost as fine as ashes. With the first great flood in the Winter and Spring of 1905 the opening was enlarged by erosion, and on June 1, 6,700 second-feet were flowing into the Imperial Valley. On June 23, with the river discharging a flood of 90,000 second-feet, the canal received 10,000 second-feet. As the flood receded the discharge into the canal increased rapidly, and on September 22 and 23, 1905, not less than 97 per cent of the entire river was flowing westward and northward into the Salton Sea. Numerous attempts were made to close the break, but all were ineffectual, partly by reason of lack of funds, but largely because the magnitude of the task was not then appreciated. Perhaps it should not be the source of wonderment that the men whose criminal carelessness had brought all this

trouble on the valley were not able to appreciate the task before them. Had its magnitude been understood at first and the same energy applied at that time which was subsequently displayed there is every reason to believe that the Colorado River would have been controlled. Every hour's delay in beginning the work and every hour devoted to those early and ill-considered attempts at closure have multiplied the labor and cost of the work which must now be done.

About a year ago a more determined effort was made and a brush-and-mat dam, supplemented by piles, was laid across the line of intake. It had scarcely been completed when the great flood of November, 1905, swept over it and completely destroyed it.

With the destruction of the brush dam, the old California Development Company passes from the scene of activities for the present. The prospective millions are gone also. Unable to meet and overcome the obstacles before it, the company turned over control to officials of the Southern Pacific, which corporation advanced money and undertook to do the work. It had much at stake. The rising waters of the Salton Sea



*The Alamo River, a Channel Just Above the Holtville Railroad Bridge, Showing the Cut Channel Which Almost Washed the Bridge Out.*

had forced repeated removals of many miles of track and now threatened to compel the construction of forty miles of expensive new road. The ruin of the valley meant enormous loss of freight receipts, for, although in the infancy of its development, the wonderful crop yields had made this region the third largest shipping point in Southern California. Although under no responsibility for the maladministration which had reduced the people of the valley to a condition of panic, the interests of the Southern Pacific were too great to permit it to view with equanimity the disaster which was impending. It came upon the scene at a most unpropitious time and its task was a staggering one. In its mad flight down hill to the Salton Sea, the mighty Colorado had become a devouring fiend. Racing with incredible speed across a desert composed of sedimentary deposits which dissolved like sugar, it cut and scoured. In a few months part of New River had been transformed into a cañon forty to eighty feet deep, 1,500 feet wide and sixty miles long. In a year the river had excavated four Panama Canals.

It engulfed a town, destroyed a railroad and swallowed 40,000 acres of land. In places the down-rushing waters tumbled over precipices forty feet high, veritable Niagaras, or dashed madly between high precipitous walls in a succession of foamy rapids. At such points the river cut back rapidly, sometimes at the rate of three-quarters of a mile a day. It was this back-cutting which caused the settlers most concern and which constitutes the greatest present menace to their homes and property. The waters of the Salton Sea will not rise for several years to a point where any considerable area now in cultivation will be submerged. Ruin will come from the rapid deepening of the canal which supplies their small ditches.

The situation had now become gravely acute. The rising of the water in the Salton Sea compelled continual changes in the location of the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks and forces upon the management an appreciation of the enormous damage that will result unless the river is permanently restored to its old channel.

At Pilot Knob, four miles above the



*Looking Out Toward the Main Channel of the Colorado River, Showing the Steamboat Standing at the Entrance of the Diverting Channel, at the Headworks of the California Development Company's Dam in the Colorado River, Just Below the Old River Bed.*



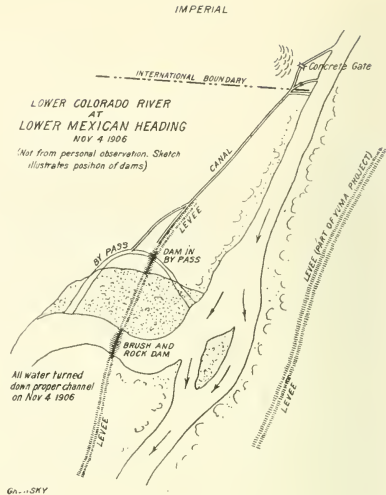
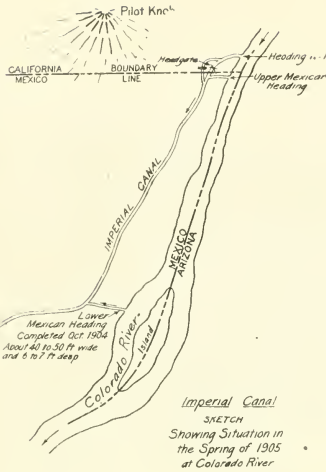
*Preparing Brush for the California Development Company's Dam in the Colorado River, Just Below the Old Bed of the River.*

break, permanent concrete headworks were constructed, and to the south of the new channel of Colorado River at the Mexican intake, and along the line of the proposed dam there were erected some large wooden gates, through which it was intended to divert the entire flow of the Colorado during low water. A line of railroad was built from a point near El Rio past Pilot Knob to the Mexican intake, and a line of piling driven across the new channel about a thousand feet below where it left the old channel. Levees were built from either side of the river as the water fell lower and lower. At points about 500 feet apart in the river and along the located line of the trestle two bulkheads were built, one composed mostly of rock and brush, on the south side, and the other almost entirely of fascines, on the north side. A mat 100 feet long, up and down stream, was placed on the bottom between these abutments, the piles of the trestle pinning the mat to the bottom. Over part of this mat a second mat was placed.

Immediately after the construction of the railway across the river, the operation of building the remaining 500 feet of dam between the two abutments was begun. Steam

shovels loaded forty-yard automatic dump-cars at quarries four miles away, and trainloads of these cars were run out on the trestle and dumped into the river upon the mat. Gradually the river rose until, on October 10, the difference in elevation of the water above and below the dam was six feet, and practically the whole river was flowing through the gates.

The engineers in charge had detected cutting in front of and below the gates, and in anticipation of their failure had built a trestle across the river above the gates, with the intention of dumping in enough rock to partially close the gates and relieve the situation there. At 3:15 on Thursday, October 11, a large part of this gate, known as the Rockwood gate, went out. The river rapidly scoured a deep channel, lowering the surface of the water above the dam until there was only a difference in elevation of about three feet. Work was immediately begun on repairing the trestle below the gates, which had been injured both by the increased flow and by the timber carried away from the gate. From all the available quarries within a radius of from 300 to 400 miles rock was hurried to this point and dumped rapidly



from the lower trestle. At the same time the trestle which had been started above the gates was strengthened, and as soon as it was in shape cars were run out on that and rock dumped in. In the meantime part of the material that had been dumped between the two abutments in the river, and over which the overflow had taken place, was removed, and gradually the channel through the Rockwood gates was filled up.

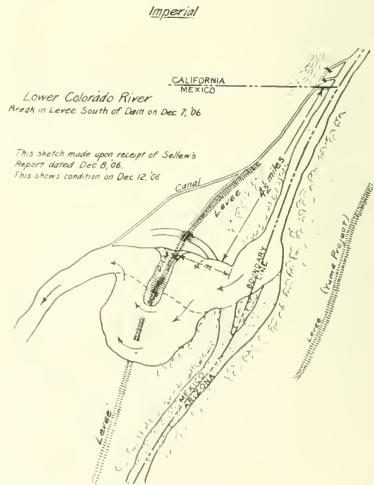
When this was entirely filled, so as to throw the entire flow of the river over the central portion of the dam, the filling of this portion was again resumed. Large blocks of granite weighing several tons, as well as smaller material, were hauled out as rapidly as trains could bring it, and gradually the gap was closed. The river during all this time did not go below over 9,000 second-feet, adding to the difficulty expected.

On November 1 there was a difference of eleven feet in the elevation of the water below and above the dam, and about one-half the water in the Colorado was going down its old channel. By November 4 the dam was high enough to turn the entire flow of Colorado River to its old channel.

The jubilation of the settlers was pronounced, but unfortunately it was not of long duration. On December 7 a heavy flood broke through the levees immediately south of the dam and the Colorado once more re-

sumed its way to Salton Sea. After an appeal to the President of the United States for Federal assistance, and the assurance that Congress would be asked to make an appropriation to that end, the Southern Pacific resumed its battle with the Colorado.

It is not doubted that the last break will be closed. Millions of money and the well-



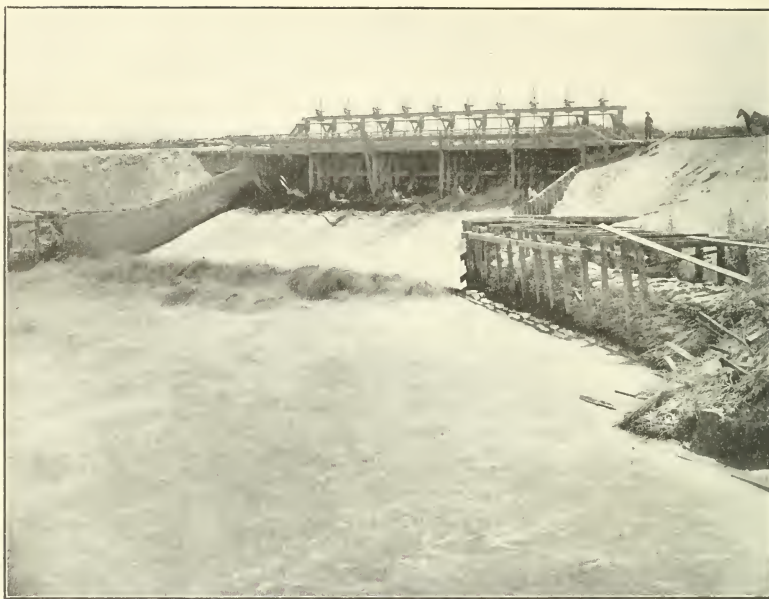


*Looking Down the Proposed Diverting Channel at the Headworks of the California Development Company's Dam, Showing the Channel Which Is Supposed to Carry the Water in the Colorado River Around the Works While the Dam Is Being Built. The Rockwood Gate Before It Went Out.*

directed energy of thousands of men utilizing the facilities of a powerful railroad corporation can accomplish much. There is a limit, however, to the amount of money and effort which any corporation will expend on work so formidable and uncertain.

A careful study of the situation on the ground affords no hope that the present plans, even if successful, will give permanent relief to Imperial Valley. It should be evident to the veriest tyro in engineering that the problem of the Colorado cannot be solved by makeshift structures of brush and rock or cheap levees. The permanent works upon which the future of the Imperial Valley alone can rest safely cannot be erected near the international boundary or in Mexico. We might as well look the situation squarely in the face. There has been too much inclination in the past to shut our eyes to facts. The unvarnished truth is that Imperial Valley will never be free from the horror which hangs over it today until the Colorado River is checked by a structure,

with both ends in solid rock, and its banks protected for many miles by the most perfect levees ever made. Nor will these plans wholly suffice to solve the problem. Far up in the fastnesses of the mountains where the Colorado heads, the crest of the destructive floods must be held back in enormous reservoirs, the largest in the world. Such reservoirs exist, many are controlled by the Government, and on two of these the Reclamation Service is now erecting storage works. One of these, the Tonto reservoir, with a storage capacity of 1,300,000 acre-feet, will control the flood flow of the Salt River in the largest artificial lake in the world. In Colorado are two favorable sites for storage, Brown's Park on the Green River, capacity 2,500,000 acre-feet, and Gore Cañon on the Grand River, capacity 1,500,000 acre-feet. Other known reservoirs are Yampa, 400,000; Gila, 200,000; Verde, 100,000; Lower Colorado, 300,000, and Uncompahgre, 100,000 acre-feet. In the light of our present knowledge, these reservoirs are



*The Frail Structure Upon Which the Life of Imperial Valley Depends Today. Heading of the Alamo River at Sharp's Heading, Seven Miles East of Calexico, Mexico. The View Shows the Big Drop From the Imperial Canal Into the Alamo River.*

essential features of any comprehensive Colorado River project which aims to cover all areas susceptible of irrigation from this river, including lands lying in Colorado, Utah, Arizona and California. By conserving and utilizing the annual floods which now menace the valley, the ultimate reclamation of more than 1,000,000 acres of land is assured. For several years the Reclamation Service has been engaged in preliminary surveys of various reservoir sites, in making borings for bed rock, and in measuring stream flow. These data are immediately available whenever actual construction is decided upon. The engineers have had a realization of the economic importance of a full development of the valley of our American Nile. The valley of the Nile supports its tens of thousands, while that of the Colorado, though equally fertile, is scarcely inhabited. A proper adjustment of the physical conditions of this region, so that its desert shall be made the garden of the world and the home for thousands of people, offers the real problem of the Colorado. It is a

problem well worth the best thought of the engineer and surely deserves the consideration of every citizen of this country whose interest in our National welfare extends beyond the limits of his own front yard. Solve this successfully and a million acres of desert will become the richest agricultural land in the world, sustaining in comfort and prosperity not less than half a million people.

The work of the Reclamation Service now under way for the irrigation of lands in and around Yuma constitutes an important unit in any comprehensive project to reclaim Imperial Valley and adjacent areas in Mexico. Laguna dam, ten miles northeast of Yuma, is admirably located. Its site is where the river has cut through a natural dyke of granite, so that both abutments of the dam are in solid rock and the river can never cut around them. This structure, which is now in process of construction, is the first of its kind in this country. It is of the East India weir type, and similar to those constructed by the English engineers in Egypt and India, where they have successfully withstood floods



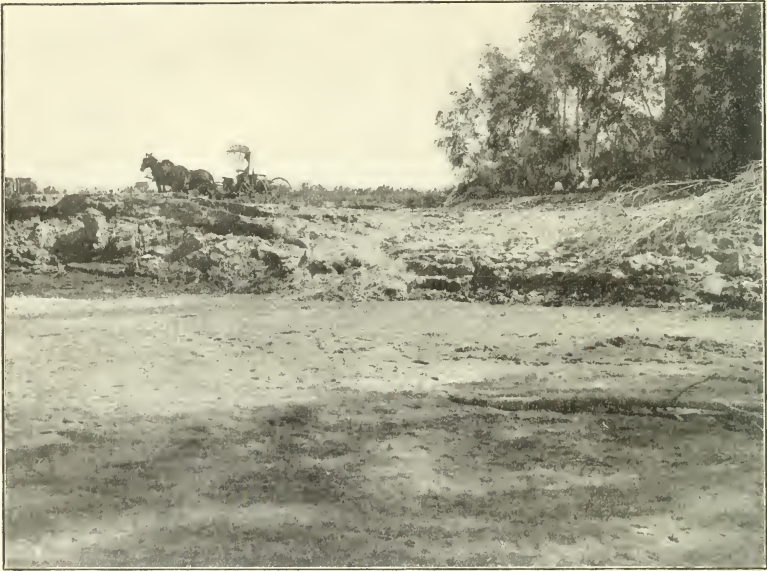
*Closure of the Gap Made by the Failure of the Rockwood Gate.*

ten times greater than were ever known on the Colorado. The dam will be 4,780 feet long, with a maximum width of 257 feet and a maximum height of nineteen feet. It will raise the water level about ten feet. This structure is of stone and concrete, and every portion is what is known as "permanent." The down-stream slope will be one vertical to twelve horizontal, faced with a concrete paving; the up-stream slope is one vertical to two horizontal. A level apron, composed of very large stones, will extend down stream fifty feet beyond the toe of the dam, to prevent erosion in the stream bed. Three parallel longitudinal core walls of concrete will extend the entire length of the dam to cut off any percolating waters and to hold the rock in place. A row of triple lap-sheet piling, driven below the upper core wall, will cut off percolation from the reservoir. The structure will cost over \$1,000,000. Its contents will be 332,000 cubic yards, and its weight about 600,000 tons.

The enormous quantity of silt which the Colorado carries in solution has always been the source of serious trouble in the operation of canals. Measurements taken recently

show that at flood stage the river carries past the dam site 1,500,000 tons of silt every twenty-four hours. Every year it brings down the mountain sediment enough to cover one foot deep an area comprising 153 square miles. The sluiceways in the Laguna dam are unique features and are designed to overcome the silt problem. On the Arizona side the sluiceway will be 116 feet wide, eighteen feet deep and 800 feet long; on the California side it will be forty feet wide, eighteen feet deep and 800 feet long, and so planned as to permit enlargement to meet possible future needs. The arrangement is such that the movement of water will be slow and most of the sediment will be deposited before reaching the intake of the canals. This sediment can be removed by opening the sluice gates on the bottom and washing it into the river below the dam. The sluiceways will have the largest sluice gates ever constructed, to close openings thirty-three feet four inches wide by eighteen feet deep. These gates are of the "Stoney" type and four of them will be installed.

It is also planned to take the water into the canals by a skimming process over a long



*Team Standing in the Old Colorado River Bed, Which is Ten Feet in Elevation Above the Present New River Bed, Which Leads Into the Salton Sea. View Taken From New River Bed, Showing Drop from Old Bed.*

row of gates, using only the top foot or cleanest water for irrigation.

The Laguna dam backs the water for ten miles up-stream and forms an enormous settling basin. This basin will fill with silt, owing to its flat grade, broad channels and low velocities. At flood-time the sediment will be eroded and swept over the dam.

An elaborate levee system has been under construction for some time, and completed portions have been put to a severe test during the recent flood. That they have successfully withstood the unusual floods of the Gila and Colorado is evidence of the precautions taken to make them permanent.

The levees will have a length of fifty-nine miles in Arizona and fourteen miles in California. Their average height is seven and one-half feet, and at their base they are six or seven times as wide as their height, with a top width of eight feet.

In the sketch map herewith is shown the plan for the general reclamation project, which shall include all of the Colorado Valley in the United States below Laguna dam,

with areas in Mexico and the Imperial Valley. While it is impossible to furnish an estimate now of the cost of enlarging the Yuma project to this extent, the very large area which would be reclaimed justifies the statement that the cost would not be too burdensome. It would certainly be less than settlers under several other projects have willingly obligated themselves to pay.

The question has been asked why the settlers of Imperial Valley, who have already paid once for the water to irrigate their lands, should be required to pay again, and why the Government should not furnish it to them gratis. You might as well ask the Government to reimburse the man who bought a gold brick. The Government had nothing to do with the original purchase of water rights, and if the investment proved a failure no reason exists why the Treasurer of the United States should be called upon to make good the loss. Failure of private irrigation schemes have been very common in the past, but this is the first time it has been suggested that the Government should make good the



losses of the innocent investors. We have conditions elsewhere in the West very similar to those now existing in the Imperial Valley, where the people, the real home-builders, have bought and paid for water rights which did not carry any water. Afterwards they came to the Government for aid. They did not seek reimbursement of the money so expended. The rights were valueless, and they entered into an agreement with the Government to purchase new ones, mortgaging their land to the Government as security for the repayment of the cost of the irrigation works.

A similar opportunity may be offered to the Imperial Valley settlers if Congress makes provision for the Government to take charge of the work. It is possible, in view of the heavy losses the people have incurred, that the return of the cost of the works can be arranged in graduated payments covering a period of ten years, the earlier payments to be small and later payments increasing as the circumstances of the farmers improve. Under this plan the settlers would own the works when the last payment was made, their only expense after that being for maintenance and operation.

You must live in the desert to realize the position of those who dwell in Imperial Valley. Here is an absolute desert, a great bowl sunken 200 feet below the level of the sea and covering 2,000 square miles. It is almost rainless, and hotter than Sahara. It has no wells. An artificial civilization has been built up in the midst of what was once awful desolation, a civilization dependent for

its very breath of life upon a slender thread of water. Snap that thread and life is no longer possible. Disconnect the valley from the thread and civilization vanishes and the desert once more claims its own.

#### *Imperial Valley's Present and Future.*

The Imperial Valley is a region unique and wonderful. Potentially it is greater than any area of its size in the world. We have n't even begun to glimpse at its possibilities when developed. The fertility of the soil, the climatic adaptability of the valley to unusual and high-priced products, as well as many staples, makes the section one of absorbing interest to the agricultural scientist. It will not be surprising when an adequate and permanent system of irrigation is constructed if a single crop should make it the richest spot on earth. Only recently we have learned that this valley is the only place on our continent where we can grow the luscious Deglet Noor date. It has been proven that this delicious, profitable fruit actually produces more prolifically here than in the chosen parts of Egypt, in which are grown the best varieties. The annual returns from the date are enormous, ranging from \$100 to \$1,000 per acre.

With intensive cultivation and a careful selection of crops, the farmer in Imperial Valley is assured a larger income from his investment than almost any known section in the world. An investment in a substantial and permanent irrigation system would therefore seem to be dictated by common sense.



*Falls in Colorado River, Fifteen Hundred Feet Wide, Forty to Sixty Feet High, Cutting Back at the Rate of One-third of a Mile a Day.*

# Impressions

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

*Doubt is the father of knowledge, and  
Discontent is the mother of progress.*

I have read some new essays on the continuance of individual existence or immortality, that belief which must always be belief and of which nothing can be affirmed, but which every analogy in nature denies. One

*Present Life and Immortality* was *The Endless Life*, by Samuel McChord Crothers.

Another was *The Agreement Between Science and Religion*, by Orlando J. Smith, and another was *Individualism in Life on Earth*, by Robert Martland Brereton. Socrates discoursed well on this theme, and ever since and before him the hope of man has been busy with it. So necessary to race survival is the love of life, and so all-powerful is this primitive instinct, it is but natural man's hope should carry him beyond death as soon as he arrives at mentality enough to comprehend death as a fact, and to remember the dead. The great progress of science in recent years has naturally forced this eternal question into renewed activity, and as theology, with its superstitions, has become of less authority the popular mind has doubted, with other doubts, the truth of immortality. I have enjoyed these books, but individual immortality seems to me not a vital question. If faith was supreme there could be no discussion. The existence of soul as separate from body and of an immortal individuality was stated dogmatically or on revelation—which is in effect the same thing, for each rests upon faith, and as long as faith endured doubt and discussion had no place. If there was a doubter, he and his doubts ended together in flames lit by the eternal exercise of the eternal tyranny of religious opinion, coupled for the time being with political power. No religion of kindness and charity has ever yet been kind and charitable enough to allow freedom of opinion and freedom of act to others. The brightest dawn the world will ever see will be that day when man will recognize that he is not his brother's keeper—when each will doubt his own perfection, and show to what he deems the imperfections of others the kindly tolerance which marks the true God in man.

I hope I am not guilty of that same intolerance when I say in all humility that it seems to me there is not a Christian church

today which is Christian. Christ was above all things charitable, kindly, pitying, forgiving, helpful—forgiving even his enemies, and loving even the sinner. I do not know a church which makes the practical every-day application of these virtues the test of membership. I do not know a church which makes them its rules of discipline. Yet, manifestly, these are the essentials, and whether Christ was conceived of a virgin and ascended into heaven in the very flesh is immaterial. Christ himself would be the first to say so. The Catholic Church, in my opinion, comes the nearest to enforcing Christianity as a matter of discipline to its members, and to this end I doubt not the confessional is a great help as a practical bit of machinery, regardless of its theological foundation.

We live in Christendom—that is, Christian society church spires prick the air everywhere. Society then is Christian. Does society say: Neither do we condemn thee, go and sin no more? If not, why not? Or was Christ a visionary? These are questions more important than the immortality of the soul. Does society visit those in prison and say to the convict, "You are my unfortunate brother?" No, society says, You are forever a marked man—irretrievably damned, and you might as well take your place with the outcasts at once. Society takes the purloiner of a coat, or of forty dollars, and makes a hardened criminal of him. Society sweats suspects in its jails and puts them through the third degree. Christian society regards the underworld not as the product of its own injustices, but as a monster to be throttled.

I do not suggest any emotional charity, or hysterical coddling of the weak and vicious. I do suggest that we recognize that they are only an effect, and that we search for the cause and meanwhile that we show to them the calm pity Christ showed to a leper—a thief—a prostitute and a publican. I think Christ would not use the full-fanged dogs of the law against those who, though perhaps weak and vicious, are peaceable and not forcibly assailing the rights of others. Christ's way was by love, reason and exhortation. If Christ's way, why should it not be the way of Christian society? But the churches are still the homes of the high priests who would reform the world by law and force.

If these living questions of the present life

be well answered, immortality will take care of itself. Professor Thomas, of the University of Chicago, has had something to say in favor of the free and unchastised impulse to love as of value to race improvement, and has even ventured to say a word in defense of prostitutes. I have not his courage. Let them go—poor women—but take the case of one of them who has come to a sure harbor—one who sins no more, but who makes a faithful, helpful wife. Does Christian society and the members of Christian churches do as Christ did? Do they say, Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone at her. Neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more? They do indeed say, Go, but that is all. She may be intellectual, attractive, and a worthy friend. I ask if Christian society ever forgives her?

Weakness, viciousness, criminality, degeneracy are not self-assumed, they are not wilfully put on. I do not claim that they are attractive, or that they should be preferred in any way. Let the law of nature take its course, but let us not add to the curse and the burden. Let us not forget none of us has made himself, and none of us can judge of the inheritances and influences which have woven up this poor thing we call our sister or brother.

There was a lay missionary in the Five Points district of New York City who died a year ago or more. I am sorry to say I forget his name, but that matters little; he cannot be forgotten. He lived among the human refuse—he picked up the sot, the dope fiend, the thief and the loafer seventy times seven times. He made the wanderer welcome—he gave bread and coffee—a little money—and much helpful humanity. He never upbraided—he never reproached—he ignored every lapse—he was taken advantage of and imposed upon, and he knew it, and it made no difference in his conduct. I believe the worst of them either joined or left. They quit “working” him; they could n’t stand his goodness. He had no doctrine, no creed, no theology to teach. On his death bed he said: “Who will be good to my poor bums?”

Christ made this man possible, but in a capital city of Christendom, its air torn to shreds once a week with verbal Christianity, he who should have known queried in doubt and affliction of spirit, Who among all these Christians will be good to my poor bums?

I do not worry about the immortality of soul for this man. If it is, he has it. If it is not, he has nevertheless the immortality of a good example.

The immortality of the soul may be an interesting physiological, psychological or

philosophical question, but to me it seems very unimportant. I believe and think it to be the credit of mankind, that few people strive to do right in this world from either fear of hell or lure of heaven. The goodness which can be had only from base terror or selfish bribe is not worth having, and if heaven and hell were the foundation of human goodness it would have vanished long ago. The belief that this world is all we can be sure of is a stimulus to do the best we can during our brief hour in the arena; and the knowledge which we have for a certainty, that as we live here so shall we be esteemed and so may our children live, and so may the race advance or decline is an appeal to a higher hope of a higher reward.

Far more important to me than the immortality of the soul is the betterment of this mortality. We all of us hinge somewhere upon a vice or a crime, and escape may be only by the weight of a hair. Behold in hard times how the crime-tree flourishes: Respectable clerks, cashiers, lawyers steal; who, if they had been less tempted, had died honest. What shall we say to those with whom it is always hard times, who steal for a meal, or a comforting drink of whiskey, or to live at ease? You may say fie upon the woman who prefers a silk gown to honor. What do you know about it? Are you she? To her a silk gown, to you perhaps an old man and a million—or a coronet. Some men find their price in a Senatorial commission, some in a “rakeoff” of a million, some in the price of a drink. Some women find their price in a warm supper, or money for the child; some in ambition, some in irresistible love. Catholics, Methodists, Episcopalians, Baptists, Unitarians, and so on through the list. What do your doctrines matter, of what importance are they? If he walked our streets today, the weary Christ would lift up his hand and say, Peace, be still. You cloud my words and undo my work. Give over spinning cobwebs and look upon your neighbors—these be your neighbors—these grimy ones; these hard-striving and hard-stricken ones. These prostitutes be your sisters, and these thieves and drunkards your brothers. There is but one church—the world. But one creed—love one another. But one religious service—do good. But one end—justice. See that ye do justice to the oppressed. If Christ preached in our streets today he would be thrown into jail as an anarchist—a disturber of society. The churches would preach against him and uphold law and property. It is one thing to say the words of Christ, another to make them living acts of practice in our streets. The churches are now busy making goodness by force of law—saying men shall fast when they

fast, and drink when they drink, and when they go to church none shall go to theaters; that they shall judge for others what is good for them—not seeing that no man can judge for another, or else tyranny is begun. To me the parentage of Christ, the resurrection, the miracles, the immortality of the soul, are not things worth disturbing our lives about. They will be solved, if they be worth solving, in another life, if there be another life. This life is certain and certain it is, it is full of injustice and sorrow with much work to be done, and if Christ stood here today I am sure

he would say: Do justice to your fellow-men—do good—nothing else matters, absolutely nothing.

If the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule were hung at the doors of the churches, and none might enter who had not earnestly striven all the week to live them practically—how full would the churches be? Let us become indifferent to the immortality of the soul and alive to the soul of the race which is indeed immortal by generation upon generation, and is crying for the best that is in us.

## The Sonnet of a Supplicant

By Alyse L. Hunt

The lakes where wind-born dimples rest are  
still  
When dying sighs the sun-kissed, wanton  
breeze.  
But in my saddened heart there's no  
sureease  
Of my great love for thee; nor ever will.  
Ah, if thou wouldst love only me and thrill  
My heart with rapturous joy, and so  
appease  
The great pain of my loneliness and ease  
The sorrow that my weary life doth fill.

In truth, my love, thou art the world to me;  
Thy eyes, my stars; my sun, thy glorious  
hair;  
Like song birds in the mating time, thy voice.  
Ah, couldst my fervent prayer but rise to  
thee  
And thou, e'en not for Love but Pity, dare  
To smile on me, I would indeed rejoice.

# Concrete

How Its Use Is Being Revived After Many Centuries

By Fred Lockley

**D**O you remember that friend of our childhood days—Jack Horner—who “put in his thumb and pulled out a plum and said, What a brave boy am I?” Do you know, I suspect that, at heart, most of us are like little Jack Horner. We say, by our attitude at least, “Behold me. Am I not a brave boy? Saw you ever such another?” It is not as individuals alone, but as a Nation, also, that we have this attitude. We strut about with our chests puffed out like a pouter pigeon, saying, “See what we have accomplished.” Just now we are felicitating ourselves upon our accomplishments in the line of building. We have discovered a process of construction which is not only absolutely fireproof but which, with the lapse of years, becomes ever more durable. Can you not see us swell with pride as we point to our new buildings of reinforced concrete? Can you not hear us ask each other, “Was there ever such a people, so inventive and resourceful, as the Americans?” Then, if you were able, with that mysterious sixth sense, to look through and beyond the world of things that are to the world of silence you might see the shades of the pyramid-builders look down with tolerant amusement at our claim of discovering concrete as a building material, or the pale wraiths of the early Saxons smile pityingly at our boast, while the spirits of the valorous old Romans, who utilized concrete in building the seven-hilled city by Tiber’s yellow flood, are shaking their heads in derision at our presumptuous claim. But let the spirits of the departed make merry if they will; their scorn avails them nothing. It is true they used concrete a score of centuries before there was such a Nation as ours yet, though we may not claim the discovery, we may at least claim its rediscovery.

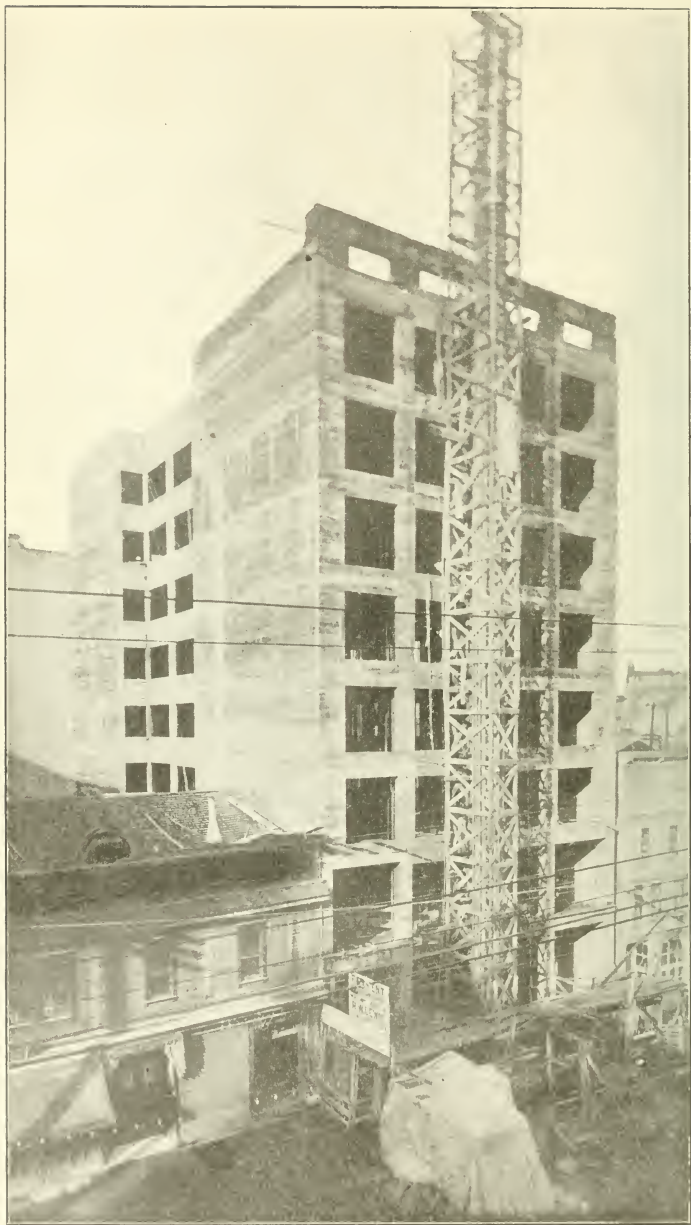
Reinforced concrete is steadily forging to

the front in the public favor and it bids fair to be the coming method of construction.

Steel and iron corrode. In time the molecules in the steel crystalize, thus weakening the steel girders and rods; wood decays or burns up; stone and brick show the ravages of time but, with the passing of the years, concrete becomes ever harder and more durable till it is as though the building had been carved from a single stone.

San Francisco’s days of terror and devastation proved, beyond all doubt or cavil, the superiority of reinforced concrete structures.

The East is using this form of building more and more, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane have fallen in line, nor is Portland lagging behind in the march of progress. On Fourth and Burnside is a building of this material. On Fourth street, between Stark and Washington, an eight-story reinforced concrete building, the Couch Block, has just been erected. I said has just been “erected.” I presume, to be exact, I should have said, has just been “poured” up, since the material is poured in a liquid state into forms of wood which are not removed till the block of concrete sets or hardens. The Couch Building! Does that name stir any dormant memories in your mind? It is a far cry from that sturdy old sea dog, Captain John H. Couch, who, bringing his brig *Chemainus* to Willamette Falls with a cargo of goods for sale, fell in love with the Oregon country, gave up the life of a sea rover and, in 1845, took up a claim near Lovejoy & Pettygrove’s “Shingle Store,” as Portland’s first store was called. His claim, which was then in the virgin forest, is now in the heart of Portland’s residential district. It is a far cry from the log cabin of the early ‘40s to the eight-story reinforced concrete building of today. Sixty years have intervened between the Couch log cabin of 1847 and the eight-story Couch Block of 1907. Sixty years only, and the little hamlet of a score of log



*The Couch Building; a New Concrete Structure in Portland, Oregon.*

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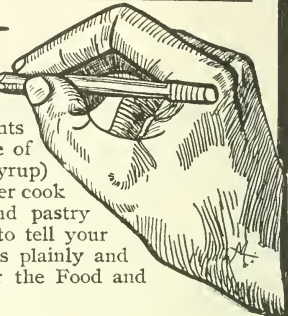
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cabins contemptuously referred to as "a place twelve miles below Oregon City," or as "that little settlement half way between Vancouver and Willamette Falls," has grown to be the metropolis of the Northwest, the City of Roses, of schools and churches and beautiful homes.

The first step is to make a foundation capable of supporting any weight which will be placed upon it. A concrete foundation is laid through which steel rods are placed so as to cross each other and make an unyielding base for the piers. The four concrete piers resting upon the reinforced concrete base are faced with steel plates upon which the steel rods in the concrete columns rest.

These cantilever footings, as they are termed, are braced and reinforced so as to render them capable of sustaining immense pressure. The columns, too, must be able to support a weight of thousands of tons, if necessary, and so sixteen steel rods are placed in an upright position in each column to help bear the weight of the superimposed structure. The floors are six and a half inches in thickness on the lower stories, the upper floors being five inches thick. In the making of the floors a net work of steel girders is laid, over which is stretched Clin-

ton wire mesh; a dressing four inches deep of mixed sand, cement and gravel is placed on this, the next coat being of coal cinders and cement, while the top dressing is composed of equal parts of sand and cement. The floor is designed to withstand a pressure of 150 pounds to the square foot, but in the test recently made in the Couch Building a weight of 450 pounds to the square foot was placed on the floor and, "to make assurance double sure," the workmen were told to stand on the floor which was being tested, so that a weight of over 500 pounds to the square foot was placed upon it. The floors are of fireproof material—steel girders, wire mesh and concrete; the walls are of steel studding and steel lath, covered with concrete; the stairways are of reinforced concrete; the window casings are of galvanized iron, in fact the only woodwork in the entire building is the tiny carpet strip which is set in the concrete in each room, and the door casings. The building is so absolutely fireproof that you could pile a cord of wood in one of the rooms and set it afire without injuring the other rooms in the building.

All over the front of the building you can see projecting wires, giving it the appearance of a fretful porcupine with quills erect.



## CONCRETE.

They are the "facing bands" and are used in fastening the facing of ornamental brick, tiling and terra cotta ornaments to the front of the building, so as to enable it to "put on a good front."

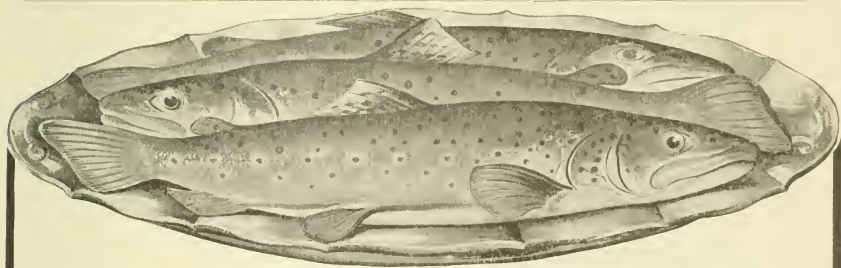
Each barrel of cement used represents twenty square feet of material and, with its proper amount of sand and gravel, represents a ton of weight, so, as 33,000 barrels of cement were used in the Couch Block, the building weighs something over 33,000 tons. I say somewhat over that amount, as there was also used in its construction 130 tons of steel in the form of girders, rods, studs, lathing and wire mesh.

The concrete is made by being run through a machine called the "mixer," which prepares 175 cubic yards of material a day.

"It may be fireproof, it may be as cheap as steel or brick, but is it as durable?" asks the prospective builder.

Scientists tell us that the pyramids, which date back into the dusty ages of antiquity and which for 4,000 years have stood in sphinx-like silence as the centuries wheeled by, are composed of concrete, overlaid with slabs of sandstone and inlaid with marble. In Rome there is a church called S. Maria

della Rotonda. When the Romans built it they called it the Pantheon. It is being used today, it was used yesterday and yester year and on back through the yesterdays and yester years for eighteen centuries. The Jews were looking eagerly forward to the coming of their Messiah when it was built. Think of it! a building still in use that was in use before Christ was born. Hadrian, the Roman Emperor, repaired it during his reign between the years 117 and 138 A. D. and during its repair and enlargement a dome 142 feet high and 142 feet in diameter, was placed upon the twenty-foot walls of the temple. This massive dome was made of concrete, formed of lime and volcanic ash and cinders, and after the passage of a score of centuries it is still in good condition. The historic building, the Pantheon, has seen kingdoms rise, wax powerful, wane and disappear. It has seen civilization flourish and its light flicker and almost expire during the twilight of the Dark Ages. What has it not seen during the past score of centuries, and yet it stands today "simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime," as it stood in the days of Rome's glory and power. Is concrete durable? Ask the pyramids and the Pantheon.



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# The Lighter Side

Written by Hugh Herdman unless otherwise designated

## SEA-SIKNES.

By W. J. Jeferz.

(Dhis spelling patented—handz awf.)

SOWND.

KARAKTER.

Az in	“cat”	.....	a
	“kate”	awr “bay”	ai
	“pet”	.....	e
	“peat”	awr “meat”	ea
	“cot”	.....	o
	“coal”	awr “bowl”	oa
	“could”	awr “wood”	oo
	“cool”	awr “win”	oo
	“cut”	awr “ton”	u
	“cute,”	“beauty”	awr
	“news”	.....	ew
	“fire,”	“buy,”	“my”
	awr	“I”	.....
	“loud,”	“bowed”	awr
	“bough”	.....	ow
	“fall,”	“bawl”	awr
	“cause”	.....	au
	“coil”	awr “bawil”	.....
	“fit”	awr “Edythe”	.....
	“the”	awr “there”	.....
	“think”	awr “oath”	.....
	“sure,”	“shut”	awr
	“mash”	.....	sh
	“azure”	awr “leisure”	.....
	“cattle,”	“ocour”	awr
	“listen”	.....	el, er, en
	“bull,”	“erratic”	awr
	“curtain”	.....	l, r, n
	“song”	awr “drink”	.....

and aul els akkawrding tw sownd, wun sownd wun karakter.

Sum ekzampelz: Keraij (courage), poot (put), mewwn (swoon), kuler (color), mewzik (music), Y wil (I will), laidea (lady), dhea (the), shoor (sure), plezher (pleasure), okkerz (occurs), wawter (water), and drink (drink). Tw (you) mai not lyk it, but dhis iz foanetik spelling.

Saul haz slain hiz thowzandz, Daivid hiz tenz awy thowzandz, but seasiknes haz lain its miliunz loa, and, fawrst dhem at dhea pit awy dhea stumak tw giv up aul dhai pozes. Itz hoam iz on dhea roaling deap, and it rydz widh dhea stawrm. It swrps down on everea vesel dhat erawsez dhea graiz wawterz, and maiks aul but dhea suw awy Neptewn its praif. It hunts dhea noablest werk awy God, tw wit, Man, but seldum kilz, fawr it kan get mawr owt awy him by leting him liv. Mytea Oashen iz its master, and it werks its hordest hwen hea iz anggrea, but hea haz tw trik menea thingz frum it, and, it iz sed, on wun graiz dai caven dhea sea wil giv up its ded.

It iz noa respekter awy persunz. It iz a graiter leveler dhan dhea Ewnyted Staits constitewshen. It fawreez dhea welthea plwtoakrat tw disgawrij hiz il-goten gainz,

and widoaz myt iz not disdained. It leveaz toil on dhea just and unjast alyk, and werks tw dhea undwing awy porsen az wel az siner. Wun hw seaz dhea graiz wunz awy dhea Erth pailing befawr it, iz led tw eksklaim widh dhea Samist, “How or dhea mytea fawlen!” Monorks awy dhea Erth or seldum kingz on dhea sea hwer dhai kum under dhea swai awy a singgel vesel.

Hwen a man iz seasik, hea fawrgets awl els but hiz oan mizerea, and let at dhea saim tym hea fealz awlmoast taiken owt awy himself. Dhea rwling pashen mai bea strawng in deth, but it swwnz awai in seasiknes. Dhea plezherz awy dhea tabel noa longer dealyt, dhea oald deasyr fawr gain iz lawst, and fain beakumz an emtea breth iu menz mowldz. Awy cawrs, dhea habits awy a lyftym wil kling tw dhem stil, but wun must not confewz dhat widh dhea rwling pashen. Fawr instans, Y hav herd awy a biznez man hwen in dhea ewilest cais imaginabel threw seasiknes eksklaiming, “Aul goaing owt, nothing kuming in!” Y myself hav sean a spend-thrift maik vylent eferts tw spend hwot hea had aulredea spent. Y kan imajin a kriminel saing “Aulz up!” hwen hea felt dhea ferst kwomz, and Y hav herd a minister sai, “It iz beter tw giv dhan tw reaseav,” and strait-wai enfawrs hiz teaching by prakting it. Another wun in my hearing, leand oaver dhea rail, and adresing dhea hwytkaps, spake az foloaz, “Cast thy bred upn dhea wawterz, and after menea daiz, it shal bea reaternd tw ew.” Hea wuz an inveterat preacher, fawr nekst dai Y herd him sai, “If meat maiketh my bruther tw ofend, dhen wil Y giv meat.” An Yrushman raizd a botel tw hiz lips, saing, “Hwiskea iz my best friend.” A litel laiter, sad tw realait, hea lawst hiz best friend, and dher wuz a waik in dhea rear awy dhea ship in honer awy dhea deaported spearit.

Sum men shoa suel strawng stumaks fawr a fet dhat seasiknes never takelz dhem. Y sau wun man fwl it. Hea drangk sum sawlt wawter. Oashen klaind its oan agen swn after, but dhea smel awy dhea bryn clung tw him stil, and seasikness past him by. Ew kant poot it awf widh promizez. It haz such a wai widh it dhat if ew hav aneadingh at aul, it wil hav it owt awy ew befawr ew noa hwot’s up. In a seafyt awy dhiz kynd, if ew kan giv up widhout beeing taiken down, aul mai seam lawst, but dhea mischef kan bea reaperd at dhea nekst meal.

On land Y hav suuntymz met a persun hw wuz prouwd awy hiz dizeazes, but Y hav never sean a man hoald hiz head hy hwen hent dubel widh dhiz wun. Dhea prouwd beakum



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Domestic Health

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## Globe-Wernicke

The *monotony* of house-cleaning can be attributed largely to this reason, that there are so many homes designed and built in such a manner as to afford little opportunity to effect any *visible* change even after the irksome part of the manual labor is over.

Such a condition is most apparent where shelves and built-in bookcases are permanent fixtures of the library

Whereas, Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcases are capable of an unlimited variety of arrangements *at any time*.

They can be obtained in most any finish and to fit most any space.

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## The Globe-Wernicke Co. CINCINNATI.

BRANCH STORES: NEW YORK, 380-382 Broadway CHICAGO, 224-228 Wabash Ave. BOSTON, 91-93 Federal St.

humbel, and dhea impaishent waks pashent, waiting fawr whot mai kum.

Y kood tel ew much mawr abowt seasiknes, but dhea subjekt iz not a pleasant wun eaven hwen disgyzd widh foanetik speling. Dher-fawr, Y wil cloaz by diskloazing a method tw avoid dhis fearfool eavil. Stik tw dhis motoa, and ew wil bea saif, "Hwat wea hav, wea 'l hoald."

\* \* \*

### Molly and Polly.

They were twins, decidedly so. They looked alike, dressed alike, talked alike, and acted alike. He was engaged to one of them, and lorded it over his friends by declaring that it was easy for him to tell them apart; but deep down in his heart he wasn't sure which one he was affianced to. In fact, he was not certain that he had not made love to both of them, although they had never accused him of it.

This uncertainty of mind made him rather reserved of speech when he and his fiancee were together, because he was n't quite sure that she was his fiancee. He formed the habit of taking up the conversation that he had held with her during his previous call, and then if she showed familiarity with the subject, he felt reasonably sure that she was the right one. This practice naturally re-

stricted his feelings and made his greeting less ardent than she desired. Then she, not discerning his predicament, began to suspect that he did n't really love her.

One evening when he went to see her, he was feeling more jovial and less cautious than he usually did. As the maid opened the door, he saw her seated at the piano playing. She did not notice his entrance, and he walked up close behind her unobserved. Without waiting to make sure of her identity, he lifted her from the bench, embraced her and kissed her several times.

As soon as she could wriggle from his embrace, she retreated, flushed and ruffled.

"You idiot!" she exclaimed. "Why dont you make sure whom you are kissing before you kiss her? I'm not Molly; I'm Polly." And she flounced toward the door.


"Hold on there," he said decisively. "I dont know whether you are Polly or Molly. But if you are Polly, you go and get Molly and bring her here. And dont you be too long about it, either."

His anger melted hers, and she went to do as she was commanded.

"Now, go and get your mother," he said, when she reappeared with her sister. "Wait are you Polly?"

"No, I'm Molly."

# Rex Flintkote ROOFING

The roofing sold  
under the above name  
and this trade mark   
(which appears on every roll) is



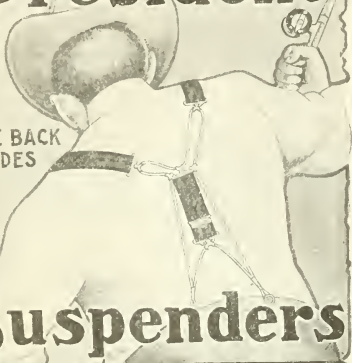
The one roofing that fills  
every roofing requirement,  
absolutely irrespective of  
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This is a strong claim, but we *prove it* in our Illustrated  
Book—sent free with Samples for test. Rex Flintkote  
Roofing is not the highest or lowest priced; not the  
newest or oldest material; but all-around best.

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# President

THE BACK  
SLIDES



# Suspenders

You can move more freely in PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS than in yours. The greater comfort afforded by PRESIDENTS is due to the quick-sliding back. Raise one shoulder and the back slides—straighten and the back readjusts—your trousers stay smooth. PRESIDENTS rest so lightly you can't feel them.

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Don't take a salesman's prediction that you won't like PRESIDENTS. It costs nothing to judge for yourself. If you can't get PRESIDENTS at your home stores buy of us by mail. After 3 days wear return for your money if unsatisfactory.

50 cents a pair

Light Medium and Heavy Weights. Extra long for big men. Small sizes for youths and boys.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.  
553 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.

# Ball Bearing Garters

To enjoy a real comfortably dressed leg wear BALL BEARING GARTERS—you'll like them immensely.

The sockhold is separated by a ball-bearing swivel and works independently—there's no binding, loosening or slipping.

BALL BEARING GARTERS rest snugly and securely hold the socks in place. There's no tension—for that reason they give unusually long service.

Try a pair. If your dealer has none buy of us by mail and return for your money if unsatisfactory.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.  
553 Main Street  
SHIRLEY, MASS.

GET  
A PAIR  
25  
CENTS



"Well, you stay, and Polly, you go and bring your mother."

Polly soon returned with her mother.

"Do you know which of these girls is which?"

"Why, the idea! Of course I do."

"Well, which is Molly?"

"That one."

"Are you sure that is n't Polly?"

"Yes—no. Oh, dear! Now you've got me flustered. Don't ask me questions, or I never shall be able to tell. You are Molly, are n't you?"

"No, I'm Polly."

"Well, that is Molly, then."

"Great Scott, woman, you don't know any more about it than I do. You are a cracker-jack of a mother, you are!"

"Oh, dear, what is it all about, anyhow?" asked the mother.

"Well, I'm engaged to one of these girls, and it's about time I was finding out which one. Are you Molly?"

"No, I'm Polly."

"Then you are Molly?"

"Yes."

"Sure?"

"Yes, of course."

"Swear it."

"I swear it."

"Cross your heart."

"There."

"Now, catch hold of my arm and don't you let go of it. And you, you are Polly?"

"Yes."

"Swear it."

"I swear it."

"Cross your heart."

"I cross it."

"You think we've got 'em straight now?" he asked the mother.

"Yes, I think that is right. But what—"

"Oh, nothing, only I've got a license in my pocket and a minister coming, and I'm going to marry one of these twins within the next fifteen minutes, take her away from here, and end this uncertainty. Now, don't you dare say a word against it, or I'll be a raving lunatic within an hour. There's the bell; that's the preacher now. You are sure you are Molly?"

"Yes."

"And you are Polly?"

"Yes."

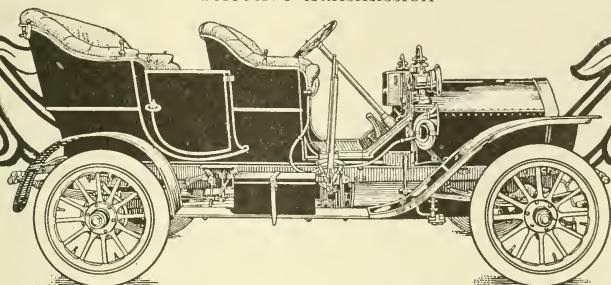
"And you are sure this is Molly and that is Polly?"

"Yes."

"All right, then; bring on the preacher."

\* \* \*  
A broken strap  
A matron's lap  
A snarling snap  
A blushing yap.

Try the horsepower on the hills and you will admit the Model "H" has more of it than any car of its size and price (\$2500) you ever saw. With the tonneau removed it is the snappiest runabout of the year; it weighs only 2250 pounds; has 25-30 brake horsepower; 102 inch wheelbase; 32x4 inch wheels; three-point suspension, rendering any disalignment impossible; three speed selective transmission



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Direct system of cooling; straight line shaft drive, a feature possessed by no other car in America; ball and roller bearings throughout. You can have our 1907 illustrated booklet by writing for it; it goes into details fully

**KNOX AUTOMOBILE COMPANY**

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**SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**

Miself when yung did eegerlee freekwent  
The church, the kort, the barak or the tent,  
Wherever tok waz on; and made a poynt  
Ov lurning sumthing new air owt I went.

And so, mi frendz, wee 'l hold thingz pritee  
furm,  
And skweez ovr chansen til wee make them  
skwurm,

Too-morro? Whi, that da ma never kum;  
Or I be Prezident another turm.

Therz Emp'rer Bill (Tha sa wee 'r sumthing  
like),

He nos a thing or too; but, grashus Mike!  
He wastz hiz time a-tooting hiz own horn;  
Had I hiz shooz, now wood n't Yoorup hike?

A little muk-raking iz good that 'z plane  
And when yoo rake, just rake with mite and  
mane,

But varee kareful bee in dooing this  
Yoo rake not more than yoo kan tramp agane.

Strike owt for kash, that lojik absolute  
Wil ol the sekts politikal refute  
Wil grees the wheelz that make yoor chariot  
run

And ol the hils of life too planes tranzmute.

Yes, skoop in ol yoo kan and wizelee spend,  
Lend not too eneme, nor yet too frend;  
Pare, skrimp and save til when yoo kum  
too di

A portlee bank akownt wil grase yoor end.

But then yoo must not di, yoo 'l hav too much  
Too leev but for fond relativs too klutch  
When daz gro short, just giv the hole awa  
In fownding publik librareez and such.

I wish I kood diskuss rase sooiside  
Or bronko busting, or—but time and tide  
Awate no man, yoo no; I'v lotz to do,  
With "jungled" beef, and tanning Kuba's  
hide.

So, pra ekskuze me, ah, thare goz mi bel  
No thanks, dee-lited, I am certain; wel,  
Now whether yoo hav lurned sum things or  
not

I hope yoo 'r stuk on mi new wa to spel.

\* \* \*

**The Cause.**

Doctor—Well, you have an acute case of  
gastritis.

Newrocks—Dad burn it all, anyhow. I told  
my wife not to get the dad-burned thing, but  
she would do it.

Doctor—Get what?

Newrocks—Why, that dad-burned gas  
stove.

\* \* \*

**The Law of Compensation.**

The scarcity of cars has made this a cold  
Winter for many persons, but these same per-  
sons have made it hot for the railroads.

## SPECIAL NOTICE!

In the advertisement of the J. H. Mead Company in the November issue of this magazine, the words, "and also our complete line of the Backus Patent Heater," were inadvertently inserted in the advertisement, and should not have appeared, as the J. H. Mead Company is not the representative for the Backus Patent Heater in any of the Western States.

**The Rubaiyat of Theodore Roosevelt.**

By Donald A. Fraser.

Awake! Ruf-rider morn haz vankwisht nite,  
And fired the gun that putz the stars too flite;  
And lo! the Kow-boy ov the Eest haz kot  
The grate, white dome with a lasoo ov lite.

Dreeming when Don had skarsely tinjd the  
ski,

I hurd a voys within the White Hows kri;  
"Kum, Tedee, it iz time yoo shud bee up,  
Tuft-hunterz ar arownd, reeporterz pri."

Yes, see the krowd, how grate it haz beekum,  
Sum choo tobacco, sum choo only gum;  
But ol kan choo the rag with gratest eez  
Yet more kan pla that game or I'm a drum.

Yes, I'm the boy to setel such az theez:

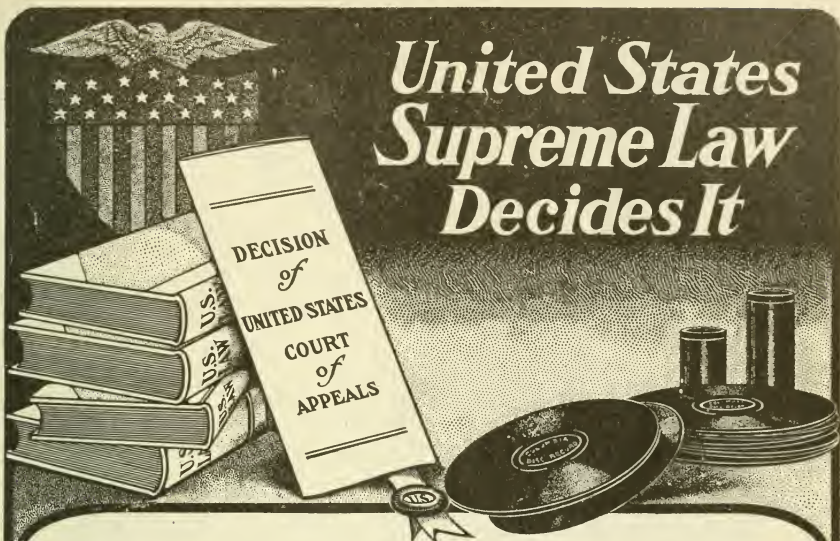
I giv eech hand that wel-non strenyus skweez,  
Tha see the smile, the smile that wont kum of,  
And stonee hartz at wuns beekum az cheez.

Kum with yoor Tedee then, and leev the lot,  
Ov sordid pcor and idel rich forgot,  
And studee mee awhile, and sumthing lurn  
For I, I rather like it, whoo wood not?

Now for a kup of kofee and sum tost,  
And then to wurk; for wurk yoo no 's mi  
bost;

"Get bizee, bizee keep" 's mi moto strate,  
And shood bee everee manz; or let him rost.





# United States Supreme Law Decides It

**T**HE Columbia Wins its suits against record makers whose imitations of Columbia Records were declared infringements of the patented Columbia Record Making Process by The U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals. It is the Superior Record Making Process that results in the Superiority of

## Columbia Records

**Superior in durability:** they last longer than any other records.

**Superior in tone production:** absolutely free from imperfections and the scratchy sounds that mar the music made by other records.

**Superior in perfect reproduction of vocal and instrumental sounds:** Every word perfect in **enunciation** — Every note **liquid** and **distinct**.

**Superior in every way:** No other records are as good at any price.

**Columbia Records fit all makes of Talking Machines.**

Columbia Records sound best on Columbia Graphophones; but if yours is another make, Columbia Records will greatly improve the tone quality of your machine

**COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Gen'l.**

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Double Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904.  
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*A robust young ostrich three days old. Note the comparative sizes of the ostrich's and the hen's egg.*

**"One of the Strangest Sightings in America"**

## THE CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM

Every phase of life is filled with interest—the preparation of the nest by the male bird, the alternate sitting of the male and female, the hatching of the little (?) chicks, their voracious appetites and rapid growth, the plucking of the feathers and their manufacture into the luxurious ostrich feather goods milady wears, etc., etc.

And the entire drama is enacted under the genial skies of Southern California, where climatic conditions are ideal for the highest development of bird and feather. In addition to natural advantages the ostriches at the Cawston farm receive the greatest care and attention, with the result that the product of feathers is the finest grown.

In a unique factory, emitting neither smoke nor noise, the goods are manufactured on the farm and sold direct to our customers, who thus save import duty and several middlemen's profits.

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**Sent Free on Request**

## CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM

P. O. Box 67

SOUTH PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

### Tee Hee!

Binks—Hello, Jinks, old man! You look worried.

Jinks—Worried! I should say I am worried!

Binks—What 's the matter? Lose some money?

Jinks—Nope; lost an argument with my wife.

Binks—Well, that ought not to worry you. I should think you would be used to that.

Jinks—Oh, I wouldn't mind it if I had n't made such a chump of myself. She threw out a hook that was nicely baited, and I swallowed it whole. I didn't even have a look-in from the start.

Binks—Well, let 's have the story.

Jinks—You see, it was this way: I was sitting at the table after breakfast reading my paper. All at once she said to me, earnestly, "Hi, tell me, do you think that satan really has a cloven foot?" She looked so innocent and serious that I was touched. I was on the point of saying, "Of course not," but I felt that it would be a pity to break one of the pretty illusions that she had cherished from her childhood days, and I waited a moment before answering. Then I said, "Why, certainly he has, my dear," and I proceeded to cite instances in literature where the devil is referred to as having a long tail, horns and cloven feet. She seemed very much

interested, and did not interrupt my dissertation, of which I felt I had reason to be proud, since it was purely impromptu, you know. When I had finished I settled back in my chair, satisfied that I had done well in a commendable deed. But she shook her head and said, "Well, I dont believe it."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, those are great men that you mentioned; but I am sure they were all mistaken."

"But, my dear, they were well read in literature and history and philosophy, and they ought to have known what they were talking about."

"Yes," she replied, "they ought to have known, but they didn't. It was n't a cloven hoof, but a cloven breath that he had." And then she tittered.

You know, that titter rather irritated me. A woman can say a whole lot in a titter. I can hear hers yet—tee hee, just like that.

Binks—Better take somethi—

Jinks—N—o, I guess no. Fact is, I think I'll swear off.

• • •

### Says Uncle Rastus.

Folks in dis worl' am pow'ful disgraceful. Er man no soonah gets er wife ter lub an' cherish dan she 'gins ter 'sist on him bringin' in de wood an' watah fer her ter cook an' wash wid.

# THE INCOMPARABLE WHITE THE CAR FOR SERVICE



## THE LUXURY OF THE WHITE STEAMER

**T**HE above illustration conveys an idea of the unusual roominess of our new 30 steam horse-power car with Pullman body. The two revolving seats are as comfortable as the average library chair. The entire upholstery, the painting and the finish are not equalled in any car that sells for anywhere near its price.

As regards easy riding qualities, no other car ever built has been able to approach the White. As tersely expressed in an official United States Government report, the White is superior to all other cars "on account of its free and smooth running, freedom from violent vibration and ease of controlling the speed between maximum and minimum, without jerks or jolts."

The White won the London Town Carriage Competition held last October, competing against all the other leading makes of the world. This clean-cut victory furnished convincing evidence of the superiority of the White as the gentleman's car.

*WRITE FOR LITERATURE*

# THE WHITE COMPANY

CLEVELAND, OHIO

# New Edison Records for April



**T**HE delight with which you heard the first Record on your Edison Phonograph returns with every new Edison Record that you buy. Don't forget to buy new Records. It is possible to become tired of the old ones you have heard over and over.

Every month twenty-four new Records are added to those which are available for your enjoyment. They are on sale at all Edison stores on the 27th of the month. The new records for April are especially good. Make a note to go to your store the day they are ready and hear them. We promise that you will not leave the store without buying at least half a dozen new ones to try on your Phonograph at home.

## Edison Gold-Moulded Records for April

On Sale at All Edison Stores on March 27th

9506	Gambrinus Polka (Bial).....	Edison Concert Band
9507	Let It Alone (Williams).....	Ada Jones
9508	Captain Baby Bunting (Helf).....	Byron G. Harlan
9509	Angel's Serenade (Braga-Hasselman) Harp Solo.....	Charles Schuetze
9510	Farewell, Killarney (Edwards).....	Irving Gillette
9511	The Precious Name (Doane).....	Edison Mixed Quartette
9512	If Anybody Wants to Meet a Jonah, Shake Hands With Me (Hoyt)	Arthur Collins
9513	National Fencibles March (Souza).....	Edison Military Band
9514	Far Away (Richmond).....	Harry Anthony
9515	When Bob White is Whistling in the Meadow (Rosenfeld) Harlan & Stanley	
9516	If You Want to Pick a Fuss, Wait till the Sun Shines (Furth).....	Bob Roberts
9517	The Silvery Brook Waltz (Braham).....	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9518	That's What the Rose Said to Me (Edwards).....	Louise Le Baron
9519	My Kickapoo Queen (Reed).....	Collins & Harlan
9520	Ida-Ho! (Von Tilzer).....	Billy Murray and Chorus
9521	Popularity March (Cohan) Banjo Solo.....	Vess L. Ossman
9522	The Tale the Church Bell Told (Van Alstyne).....	Harry MacDonough
9523	How Matt Got the Mitten (Original).....	Ada Jones and Len Spencer
9524	The Bowery Grenadiers (Kelly).....	J. W. Myers
9525	Sunbeam Dance (Rolf) Bells Solo.....	Albert Benzler
9526	Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do (Burt).....	Edward Meeker
9527	Flanagan on a Broadway Car (Original).....	Steve Porter
9528	When the Roses Are in Bloom (Nattus).....	Edison Male Quartette
9529	My Mariuccia Take-a Steamboat—Medley (Original).....	Edison Military Band

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If you wish to know what each one of these Records is about, write for April Supplemental Catalogue. If you wish to know more about the new Records write for the April Phonogram. If you wish a complete list of all the Edison Records, write for Complete Catalogue. Write to-day so as not to forget it, but all three will be mailed any time after March 27th.



TRADE MARK  
Thomas A. Edison

**NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 74 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.**

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.



**D**ID you ever stop to think that one of the greatest inventions of the greatest inventor—Thomas Alva Edison—is something to amuse. The Edison Phonograph, a scientific instrument, is the greatest plaything a nation ever had. We will bet that there are two million people listening to Edison Phonographs to-night—two million people, some of whom might otherwise be less agreeably entertained.

The Edison Phonograph is talking and singing in nearly every civilized language. Edison touched the button that turned on music, song and sunshine and flooded the world with entertainment. It is heard everywhere but in your home. Why don't you repair this omission? Several stores in your town can show you how.

We will be glad to send Free to anyone who asks a booklet illustrating and describing the various styles of Edison Phonographs.

**National Phonograph Company**

**74 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.**

One A. M.

There was a light burning in the bedroom, the late home-comer noticed. Hope had risen high that this would not be the case, but there was no mistaking the fact that it was there, and that its presence meant that somebody was sitting up for somebody else. Dismay accordingly supplanted hope. There was nothing to do but face the music, discordant as it might be.

Accordingly, a hand that trembled very perceptibly, from trepidation perhaps, fumbled about the keyhole for fully five minutes before it succeeded in finding the opening. Then quietly and stealthily the door was pushed open, although there was really no need for quiet or stealth, since that light was burning in the bedroom; but no doubt a fixed habit had grown out of repeated custom. Quietly and stealthily, also, the door was closed.

When this was done, the late-comer for the first time looked up the stairs, perhaps expecting to see a white-robed figure standing there. But the hall above was empty. A few cautious strides brought the late-comer to the bottom step, and in a few minutes both shoes were off, and everything except courage, was in readiness for the ascent to the chamber of inquisition above. Slowly and gingerly the ascent was made, as usually without noise, because the fourth step from the top, which creaked loudly when stepped on, was skipped, and the landing on the second floor was reached.

Then came five minutes of self-encouragement, while the late-comer stood without the bedroom door. Now and then a hand would stretch forth toward the knob, and then would be involuntarily withdrawn before touching it. At last, however, the suspense became unbearable, and the fingers closed on the knob. They would have been withdrawn, but it was too late. The door opened under the slight pressure, and the late-comer stepped into the room, looking sheepish and expectant.

The face of the person who was seated at the table did not reflect feelings of pleasure, and did not reassure the late-comer to any appreciable extent.

"This is a nice time of night for you to be getting in. Where have you been?"

"Nowhere."

"What? You stand there and tell me that you have been nowhere when you have been out from 8 to 1 o'clock? Where have you been?"

"I dont know."

"Where have you been?"

"I'd rather not tell you."

"Well, I would decidedly rather you should."

"Well, then, I've been down to Thompson's place."



# JELL-O

The Dainty Dessert

GIVE THE  
CHILDREN  
ALL THE

# JELL-O

they want. The more they eat the better it will be for them. Will give them rosy cheeks and keep them strong and well. Better than cake, pastry or other rich foods.

**Jell-O** is also an ideal food for the sick and convalescent; nourishing, appetizing, and can be retained by the weakest stomach. Especially valuable in typhoid fever.

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PURE FOOD CO.  
Le Roy, N. Y.



# Pabst Extract

The Best Tonic

Strength  
Vigor



## For the Overworked

Work and worry of a business life, the cares of house and the strain of society, tend to lessen the vitality of men and women, often bringing about a state of collapse. You are not sick, but nature has been overtaxed; your sleep does not refresh, your energy is lacking and you have lost your grip on the good things in life. These are the warnings—the system must be strengthened. At this critical time, the remedy is

## Pabst Extract

The Best Tonic

Being an extract of rich barley malt and choicest hops, it not only furnishes nourishment in predigested form, but acts as a tonic, giving you a desire for food and furnishing your system the power to draw quicker, better and greater energy from what you eat. The gentle, soothing effect of the hops restores your nerves to their normal state, causing peaceful and refreshing sleep, strengthening the brain and giving new life to the tired muscles.

## Pabst Extract

The Best Tonic

Will strengthen the weak and overworked. Will produce sleep. Will build up and feed the nerves. Will conquer dyspepsia. Will help recovery from sickness. Will assist nursing mothers.

*Guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law.  
U. S. Serial No. 1921.*

Booklet and picture entitled "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request.  
Pabst Extract Dept. "P" Milwaukee, Wis.

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Insist Upon the Original

Newark, N. J.  
I have used "The Best Tonic" to good advantage. It is an excellent article easily assimilated and well tolerated. Promotes appetite and sleep and will prove a great help in many cases.  
C. F. Starkweather, M. D.

## STOP THAT PAIN

There is only one disease—Congestion  
There is only one cure—Circulation

THE LAMBERT SNYDER  
HEALTH VIBRATOR  
(9000 to 15000 vibrations the minute)

NO DRUGS  
NO PLASTERS  
NO ELECTRICITY



**INDIGESTION:** In cases of indigestion our vibrator forces the food to digest, thereby avoiding fermentation and the forming of gas. You get relief at once.

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**DEAFNESS:** In cases of deafness the vibrator stimulates the outer and inner mechanism of the ear and cures in many cases.

**CIRCULATION:** If your circulation is poor the vibrator will increase it, and cause you to feel a warm glow all over your body.

**LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA:** In cases of locomotor ataxia or paralysis, the vibrator is the only relief. It stimulates the nerves, and vibration today for these ailments is recognized as the best treatment by the leading specialists.

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Dept. 50A, 41 West 24th St., New York, N. Y.

"What have you been doing there?"  
"Aw, cut it out! You know what I've been doing. What would I be doing staying there till after midnight."

"Tom, did you—?"

"Yes, Bill, I did."

"Did she throw you down, Tom?"

"Yep. Did she throw you down last night?"

"Hard."

"Shake. Let 's be sorry for ourselves."

"Who do you reckon he is, Bill?"

"Hanged if I know."

"Neither do I."

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

\* \* \*

Submitted to Congress.

Resolved,

That, whereas at various and sundry times God in His wisdom sees fit to deliver the several sovereign commonwealths of this nation, known as states, from the menace of a meddlesome and malicious foe.

And that, whereas the inhabitants inhabiting within these same commonwealths do inwardly feel and outwardly manifest feelings of great relief and joy,

And that, whereas it has hitherto been the custom of the Presidents of the United States to issue to the inhabitants inhabiting within these same commonwealths a proclamation designating a certain day in the month of November, and dedicating it as a day of thank offering, and calling upon the inhabitants inhabiting within these same commonwealths to give thanks to Almighty God for the manifold blessings which He has bestowed upon this people, and for the manifold dangers from which He has delivered them.

And, whereas the most vexatious of all foes that harrass the inhabitants inhabiting within these said commonwealths is known and admitted to be a body of men banded and assembled together, and designated as State Legislatures.

Now, therefore, be it resolved, that Congress create another day of praise and thanksgiving, one for each of the said commonwealths, said day of thanksgiving to be regularly the day following the adjournment of said Legislature in each of the said commonwealths.

\* \* \*

Must Be.

Jim—Is he brave?

Jack—Brave? Why, man, he is living in an apartment house and learning to play a B-flat cornet.

\* \* \*

Not Exactly.

No, Angelina, French dressing does n't always mean decollete and high heels; it sometimes means what dear Boni got.

For **SPRAINS** Use

# POND'S EXTRACT

The Standard for 60 Years

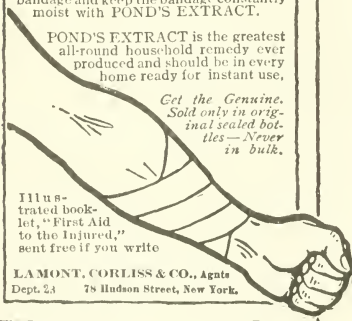
Nothing else will so quickly relieve a sprain as POND'S EXTRACT. Bind the injured wrist, arm or ankle in a cotton bandage and keep the bandage constantly moist with POND'S EXTRACT.

POND'S EXTRACT is the greatest all-round household remedy ever produced and should be in every home ready for instant use.

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Illustrated booklet, "First Aid to the Injured," sent free if you write

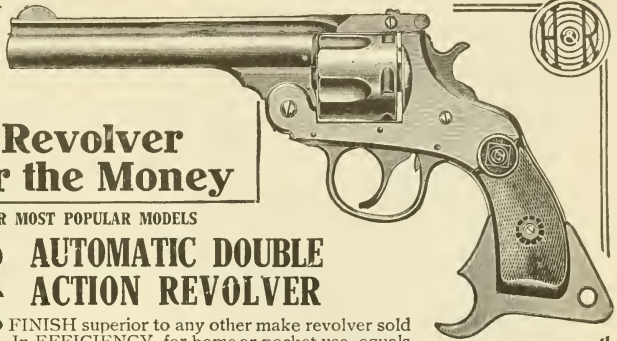
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## H & R AUTOMATIC DOUBLE ACTION REVOLVER

**I**N QUALITY AND FINISH superior to any other make revolver sold at the same price. In EFFICIENCY, for home or pocket use, equals any high priced revolver. WORKS VERY SMOOTHLY—shells automatically ejected.

**ABSOLUTE SAFETY**—cylinder can be locked by turning it so that hammer comes between cartridges. You might then break the hammer by hitting it with a sledge, but you could not discharge the revolver. Pull the trigger, that's the only way to fire it.

**SPECIFICATIONS:** { 32 caliber, 6 shot, or 38 caliber, 5 shot, } **\$5.50**  
 { 3 1/4 inch barrel, finest nickel finish.... }

The celebrated H & R Hammerless Revolver, \$6.50.

**The New H & R Revolver Grip**, shown herewith, can be attached to H & R Revolvers, giving a pocket weapon the grip of an army model. Price \$1.00.

Sold by all dealers in first class firearms. If they haven't the H & R, take no other. We will ship prepaid on receipt of price. Write for Catalog.

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Makers of the celebrated H & R Single Guns.



FRANCIS G. LUKE  
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**\$1000.00** We collected \$1000.00 for John Roberts, ex-City Treasurer of Cheyenne, Wyo. Claim fourteen years old.

We collected a claim for Alf. C. Reese, Columbia Bldg., Portland, Ore. He endorsed for a friend.

We collected \$50.00 for Tavnor B. Laymon, of No. 33 Wiggins Blk., Cincinnati, O., money loaned a friend.

We collected \$100.00 for H. H. Taggart, of Lake Geneva, Wis. Claim fourteen years old.

We can collect some for you if you turn in your claims. We collect for everybody everywhere.

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Will cure a bad skin and preserve a good one.

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For Sale Everywhere.

Two sizes—  
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Recamier Manf'g. Co., No. 127 W. 31st St., N. Y. City  
Send for free sample and interesting, illustrated booklet

## SHIRT WAIST, 99c

Do You Embroider?



To advertise our shirt waist patterns, we will send to any address this handsome shirt waist pattern, stamped for shadow embroidery, complete with floss for working and lesson showing how to do the work, all for 99c.

IMPORTANT—If you wish your parcels sent by registered mail, enclose 8c extra.

THE NEEDLECRAFT SHOP 382 Washington Street  
PORTLAND, OREGON

### The Other Kind Did'n't Matter.

During the recent "silver thaw" in Portland the streets were covered with ice, and there was much slipping and falling among the horses. The conditions called for careful driving and expert handling of the horses' heads. Many a horse went down simply because the man behind him tried to herd instead of drive him.

At the corner of Third and Washington streets stood a little old man who is well known for his wealth and his parsimony. He stood there a long time watching the horses' struggles to keep their feet. Finally he turned to another man, whom he knew, and said, "This is pretty hard weather on horses, is n't it?"

"It is, indeed," replied the man addressed. "The poor brutes have a hard time of it on a day like this. They have to suffer not only from the severities of the weather, but also from the ignorance and the cruelty of their drivers."

"That 's right," replied the man of money. "If I had a valuable horse, you bet I would n't take him out on a day like this."

### The Compensation.

"No, sir," said Commuter Runtocatchit, "I would n't live anywhere else than in the suburbs."

"But think of all the inconvenience," replied the urbanite. "Think of the annoyance of having to get up early to catch the train, the hurry and hustle to avoid missing

"Yes, I am aware of all those things," said the suburbanite calmly.

"And then think of the repetition of these conditions in the evening, besides the discomfort of carrying a dozen unwieldy bundles, the tramp through snow, rain and slush after dark, and the inconvenience to everybody of a late dinner."

"Say, did it ever occur to you that there is just one thing among these that overbalances all the rest? Just think how dead easy it is to manufacture an excuse for taking dinner in town and not getting home till late."

"There 's something in that."  
"Something in it; why, man, it 's a gold mine, that is, if you know how to play the national evening game."

### Sign Useless.

Farmer Jones—Say, you little imp, dont you see that sign, "No fishing allowed here!"

Johnnie Hookey—Well, you durn chump, nobody that knows how to fish wants to fish aloud.

### Says Uncle Rastus,

Yah, suh, dey am er heap ob men dat makes no bones 'bout de way dey do bizness dat makes heaps ob bones in deir bizness.

## He's found it

—as millions of others have—The One Perfect Collar Button. Have you?

### KREMENTZ COLLAR BUTTONS

made from one piece, cannot break by use.

INSURED: You get a new one if damaged from any cause.

## SHAPED MADE RIGHT WEAR

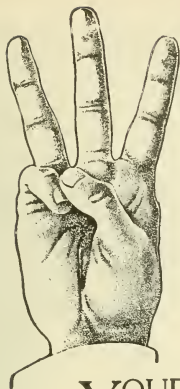
The name "Krementz" and the quality—guaranteed—stamped on the back of every genuine button. Don't take substitutes. Kremenz "plate" contain more gold than plated buttons of other make; outwear them many times.

All first-class jewelers and haberdashers sell them.

Booklet free on request.

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**Y**OUR stenographer can, if she uses the latest model Smith Premier typewriter, give you, with no loss of time, the three kinds of typewriting which your business requires. By merely touching a lever she produces:

- Purple copying ink for letters.
- Non-fading black ink for business records.
- Red ink for emphasis and display.

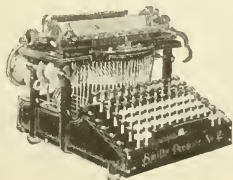
With another machine this could only be accomplished by constantly changing ribbons. Although giving three times the service of an ordinary typewriter

### The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

is offered at no advance in price. Descriptive booklet sent free.

**The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.**  
Syracuse, N. Y.

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE



The  
pictures  
are  
 $4\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$   
inches.



## No. 4 A FOLDING KODAK

A grown-up pocket Kodak. Retains the features that make for simplicity and convenience, but takes large pictures.

Superior Rapid Rectilinear lenses, Kodak Automatic Shutter, Automatic Focusing Lock, Rising and Sliding Front, Reversible Brilliant Finder, Two Tripod Sockets. Made of aluminum covered with finest seal grain leather. Loads in Daylight with  $4\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$  Film Cartridges for 6 exposures.

Price, \$35.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

The Kodak City.

*Catalogue at the  
dealers or by mail.*



# SEATTLE

*Look at it—study it; then ask about it.*

Descriptive and illustrative literature  
on application.

There are favored spots even in a fruit country.

## IN

Beulahland, near Wenatchee, Wash., five acres of apples will net you from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a year, and you'll be your own boss.

## COME

and see for yourself. We can furnish you scores of affidavits to prove that the orchards are netting \$1,000 per acre.

## FOR

the soil and climate is perfect; there is no apple in the world that can excell the Wenatchee Valley fruit.

## LIFE

will be worth living, in this beautiful valley with its picturesque scenery and its mountain air and water, surrounded with beautiful orchards—pears, peaches, plums, apples, apricots, cherries, grapes, nectarines, etc.

If this strikes you in a home-spot and you want to know more about it, write today for one of our illustrated prospectuses, price and terms.

### Wenatchee Fruit Land Co.

G. A. VIRTUE, Manager  
303-6 Boston Block, Seattle

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The Census Taker.

"Do you live here?"  
 "Yis, sor, I do."  
 "Are you married or single?"  
 "'Tis none av ye'er business."  
 "'Oh, but it is, I'm the—"  
 "'I dont car-re who yez ar-re. I say 'tis none av ye'er business."  
 "'Is your husband livin'?"  
 "'I say 'tis none av ye'er business."  
 "'How many children have you?"  
 "'I say 'tis none av ye'er business."  
 "'How old are you?"  
 "'Tis none av ye'er business."  
 "'How old are they?"  
 "'None av ye'er business."  
 "'Where were you born?"  
 "'Noneav ye'erbusiness."  
 "'Where was your husband born?"  
 "'Noneavye'erbusiness."  
 "'Where were your children born?"  
 "'None-r-r-r- Go to the divil. I've got me washin' to do.' \* \* \*

Misinterpreted as All Great Men Are.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the long-haired scientist, "I am going to demonstrate to you this evening my theory explaining all the volcanic and seismic disturbances that have taken place in various parts of the

world during the last year. It is a theory which is perfectly tenable, and which, I am sure, you will admit to be the only sound one advanced by the many eminent scientists who have been studying the problem.

"Moreover, I have not only a theory as regards the cause, but I have also a sure cure for these eruptions."

"Aw, rats!" exclaimed someone in disgust. "He aint no scientist. He's a patent medicine fakir, trying to sell us some sarsaparilla dope for pimples." \* \* \*

Incomprehensible.

First Autoist—How are you getting on with your new machine? Understand it all now?

Second Autoist—All except one thing. I can't for the life of me make out how it manages to exceed the speed limit every time I get on a smooth road, and to deceive both me and the cyclometer. \* \* \*

Always the Way.

Timkins—Who is that fellow that passed just now and gave you such a cold stare?

Tomkins—Oh, that is Billy Allrun, the Congressman-elect, who, before the election, used to greet me as a long-lost brother, and whom I voted for.

**RUBIFOAM**  
 For the **TEETH**  
 leaves the breath and mouth delicately fragrant and sweet. This it does in addition to its special work of preserving the teeth and gums. RUBIFOAM has every charm in using and in results.  
*'TIS WISE TO USE RUBIFOAM*  
 At Druggists 25¢  
 FOR FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE  
 Address E. W. HOYT & Co.  
 LOWELL, MASS.

**Proof.**

Mr. Henry Peck—Huh! All this talk about the Bible being an inspired book seems to me rank nonsense.

Mrs. Henry Peck—Well, I think it is inspired.

Mr. Henry Peck—But, my dear, you should n't be over-credulous in matters of this sort. Can you cite just one passage in the Bible which you know to be, beyond any possibility of a doubt, the direct result of divine inspiration?

Mrs. Henry Peck—Yes, I can.

Mr. Henry Peck—Be careful, now. Dont be hasty and commit yourself before you are sure. But if you are convinced that the one you have in mind is of this nature, will you quote it?

Mrs. Henry Peck—"All men are liars."

Mr. Henry Peck—A-choo! A-choo! Is n't there a door or window open here? I feel a draught.

\* \* \*

**One of the Two.**

"Yes," said Mrs. Rube to Mrs. Hayseed, after her visit to the city, "we seen a lot of things down to the city. But I want to tell you that all this here talk 'bout them great pictur's and old masters and sich things aint wuth listenin' to. They was the most undecentest fellers that ever lived, I reckon. They

did n't paint nothin' but a lot of shameless huzzies whose clothes looked like they was made out of flour sacks. A powerful poor lot of dressmakers they must have had in them days, or else they did n't have no lookin' glasses."

"Which aint likely," remarked Uncle Rube, with a wink to Hayseed, "seeing they was wimmin."

\* \* \*

**Where He Was Going.**

Singleton—Well, how is the family getting on?

Doubleton—Pretty well, I reckon; but they are getting on my nerves.

Singleton—How 's that?

Doubleton—Well, my wife 's going to New York for opera, my son is going to college, and my daughter is going to travel.

Singleton—And where are you going?

Doubleton—Going crazy trying to pay the bills.

\* \* \*

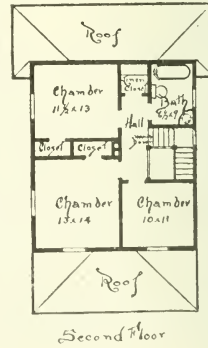
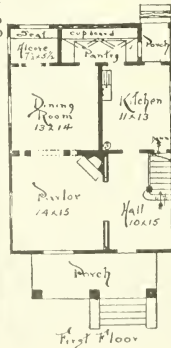
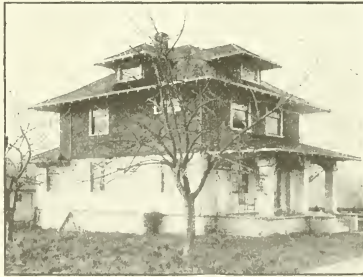
**In Skyscrapers.**

Timkins—Well, I understand that you have made money and are living high.

Tomkins—My dear fellow, dont you know that the height at which one lives varies inversely as the amount of money that he makes? I used to live on the fourteenth floor; now I live on the fourth.

# Are You Going to Build?

Complete plans, specifications and details for this beautiful 7-room house only \$10.50, if ordered this month. Regular price \$16.50. This house has been built over 100 times, costing from \$1650 to \$2150, according to location. Order at once.



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SEND 50 CENTS in silver for our 1907 Book containing 75 House, Cottage and Bungalow Plans and Elevations. Just out. Latest and Best Designs of Houses costing from \$400 to \$8,000. Send stamp for our \$5.00 sketch proposition. **SEND TO-DAY.**

**V. W. VOORHEES, Architect,**

22 to 25 Eitel Building

SEATTLE, WASH.

# Wouldn't You Like to Own This 16 Shot Repeating Rifle?

Only **\$8.25**

## HOPKINS & ALLEN, .22 CALIBER REPEATER

The squirrels and rabbits can't get away from you when you carry this rifle. If you miss one the first time—you have 15 more shots coming almost before he can move. It makes a ramble in the forest a pleasure—productive of full game bags—and all the excitement of quick, successful shots.

**DESCRIPTION:** This is the finest and most reliable repeating rifle ever offered at the price. It shoots 22 long or short or 22 long rifle cartridges—16 shots for shorts and 12 for long or long rifle—and the ejector works like lightning. You can deliver 12 or 16 shots (depending on the cartridge used) almost as quick as you can pull the trigger. **THE GAME SIMPLY CANNOT GET AWAY.**

Quick take-down pattern—full length 38½ inches, length of barrel 20 inches—weight 5½ pounds. Has that excellent military bolt action—**The first ever put on an American sporting rifle.** HAS THE BEST SAFETY DEVICE—**A SIMPLE TOUCH OF THE LEVER PREVENTS ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE.** HAS THE ONLY EJECTING DEVICE THAT WILL QUICKLY EMPTY THE MAGAZINE WITHOUT FIRING A CARTRIDGE. HAS MORE UNIQUE, DESIRABLE FEATURES THAN ANY OTHER .22 CALIBER REPEATER. Has beautifully polished walnut stock, military butt plate, every part drop forged—lock work made of spring steel. **AN EXCELLENT RIFLE FOR FIELD, FOREST OR GALLERY PRACTICE—SURE TO GIVE SURPRISING PLEASURE TO ITS POSSESSOR.**

**PRICE \$8.25—SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED—IF YOUR OWN DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU.**

*We publish two delightful stories—"William Tell," the experience of an expert with his first Junior Rifle, and "My First Rifle," by the famous marksman, Capt. Jack O'Connell, which we will send free, with our illustrated catalogue of rifles, revolvers and shotguns.*

Send for our big—Free—"Gun Guide and Catalogue" for 1907. It's the most useful and usable book ever issued by a fire-arm manufacturer—gives you sure tips on fire-arms. Tells you how to buy, use and care for every kind of shot guns, rifles and revolvers. It's a necessity to every one who loves a gun.



Showing Position of Ejector in Ejecting Shell.

## THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO.

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The Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Shot Guns, Rifles and Revolvers in the World.

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Direct from the maker in California

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If you want natural oil of olives in an absolutely fresh condition, possessing the flavor of the ripened fruit (without the bitter which is contained in the water of the olive) and without the stale or rancid taste common to oil that has stood in bottles, you can get it direct from me.

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Telephone Main 6688

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**A Part to His Liking.**

"All de world is certainly a stage," remarked Strolling Sim one day when in a poetical frame of mind, induced by a square meal of stolen doughnuts and buttermilk.

"How 's dat?" inquired his companion on foot, Plodding Pete.

"It 's jest as de poet guy, Shykspook, says, 'All de world 's a stage and men and women merely actors, some of dem bum and some bummer. They have their butt-ins and their picked-outs, and each man in his time plays many parts.'"

"What part do you play?" asked Plodding Pete.

"Oh, mine have all been walking parts," replied Strolling Sim, fishing another snipe from his vest and lighting it.

\* \* \*

**Proof.**

Associate Editor—I just saw Scribbler leave the office. Has that fellow any great talent?

Editor—He has one quality which is indispensable to every man who succeeds in literature.

Associate Editor—What is that?

Editor—Imagination.

Associate Editor—Well, that 's strange. I should say, after reading some of his stuff, that that quality is just what he lacks.

Editor—Oh, no; he has it. Why he even imagines he can write.

\* \* \*

**Companions in Woe.**

Newlywed—How is your wife getting on as a cook?

Latelywed—Oh, pretty well. She has the redeeming trait of economy anyhow, because what she cooks lasts a long time. How is your wife doing?

Newlywed—Well, I fear I am gradually losing my honesty. You see, I have to pretend to eat and to enjoy her cooking, and then at my first chance run into some restaurant and get a little food. I thought I was marrying a cook; now I think I'll hire one.

Latelywed—Me too.

\* \* \*

**The Brute.**

"Pop!"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Mamma is sick."

"Uh-huh!"

"Pop."

"Huh?"

"I said, mamma is sick."

"Well, go ask her whether it is a new hat or a new dress that she wants."

\* \* \*

**Says Uncle Rastus.**

Dey am only one t'ing wussah in dis heah worl' dan bein' po' an' libin' in want, an' dat am bein' rich an' libin' in Pittsburg.





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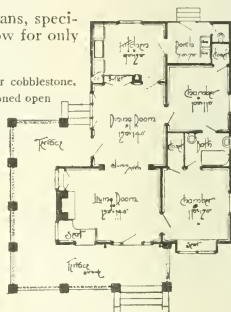
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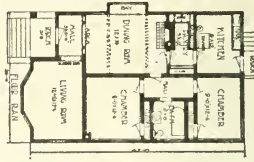
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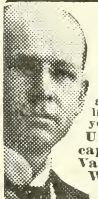
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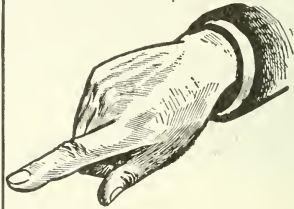
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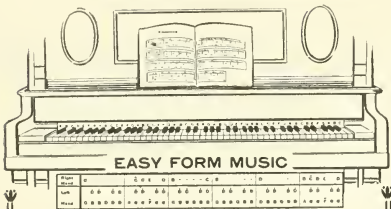
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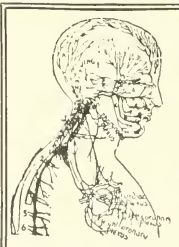


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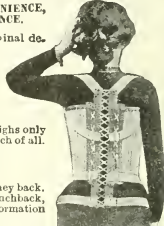
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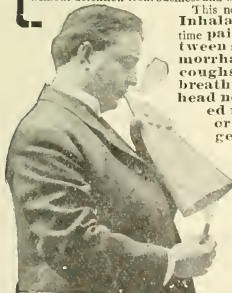
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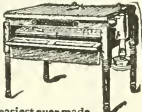
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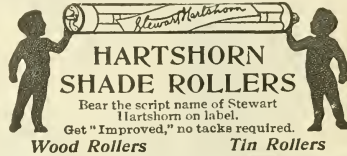
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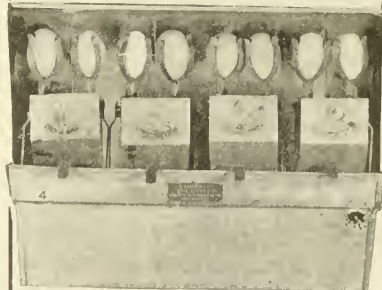
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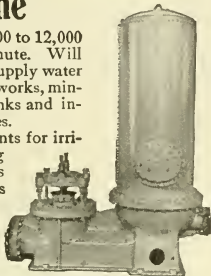
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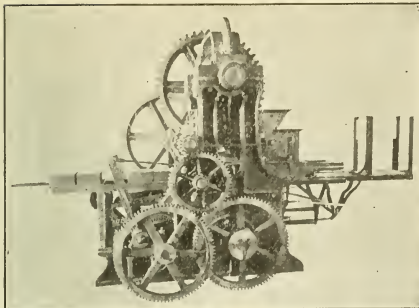
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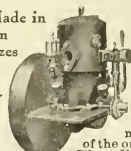
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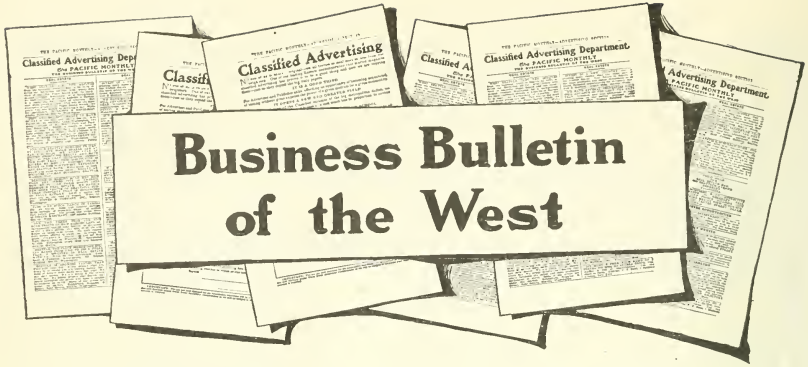
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Why not enjoy an outing among the great peaks of the Rocky Mountains, surrounded by the greatest of Nature's Wonders—geysers, hot springs, mud pools, tinted terraces and beautiful rivers. The coaching trip is the finest in America. The hotels are excellent. It costs but little. Tickets cover rail and stage transportation and five and one-half days in the Park.

*For full information call upon or write any agent NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY*

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# Business Bulletin of the West

### REAL ESTATE WASHINGTON

**WEST SEATTLE, JUST TEN MINUTES** from the business center of Seattle by ferry or street car. Elevation, 400 feet, with twenty-mile view of beautiful Puget Sound and the snow-capped Olympic Mountains for a background. No finer residence section in America or Europe. It is really the Switzerland of America. Buy now while prices are low. This will be the most expensive property on Puget Sound within two years. You lose money by delaying a day. Write for particulars, **MORRISON & ESHELMAN**, Alaska Building, Seattle, Washington.

**WEST SEATTLE HOME SITES** are the most beautiful of Seattle's suburban residence districts, and are increasing in value 100 per cent and over per year. Many purchasers have more than doubled their money in six months. \$150 to \$300 per lot—25 per cent cash; balance 4-8-12 months. Send reservations for lots today. Every selection given personal attention. Write today for plat of property. **J. Walter Hainsworth**, American Bank Bldg., Seattle, Washington.

**SEATTLE, THE PLACE WHERE ONE DOLLAR EARNES FROM TWO TO FOUR EVERY YEAR IF INVESTED IN REAL ESTATE WITH US.** Write for full particulars. **Forehand & Company**, Investments, 302 Pioneer Building, Seattle, Washington.

**SEATTLE, THE GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT AND ALASKA**—5 transcontinental lines, 2 more building; pop, 200,000; the place for safe real estate investment. **H. A. Schroeder**, 315 Boston Blk., Seattle, Wash.

**YAKIMA FRUIT, THE BEST IN THE WORLD.** North Yakima is a city with 12,000 population and will double in ten years. Our irrigated land will make you rich, producing from \$350.00 to \$750.00 per acre per year, often more. **Fruit and farm lands** our specialty. Write us. Our personal letter will give you the latest accurate information available. Write us when coming and our services are yours from the time we meet you at the train till you are located. **J. T. HANDBAKER**, real estate, North Yakima, Wash.

**PIN YOUR FAITH TO SEATTLE**—Dollars are doubling, trebling and quadrupling every year invested in Seattle real estate. I have a large list of properties, any one of which will make big money for investors with from \$1000 to \$100,000. Pin your faith to Seattle. Write now for full particulars. **C. J. Riley**, New York Block, Seattle, Washington.

**85 ACRES FINEST FRUIT, ALFALFA, HOP AND SUGAR BEET LAND;** all watered and in cultivation; 8 miles from Walla Walla; 2 m. from R. R.; good house, barn, shop and sheds; fine fruit and shade; telephone; R. F. D.; church, school. Price \$35 acre cash. **Joseph Merchant**, Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

### REAL ESTATE WASHINGTON

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THE PUYALLUP VALLEY, WASHINGTON, has some points of excellence most places do not have. Visit it and be shown. Near Tacoma.

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—

**A CHANCE FOR THE SMALL MAN** to become wealthy. Buy Seattle home sites, 5 and 20 acre tracts, rich soil, raise everything, best climate, water and scenery. Prices advancing rapidly. A small payment cash and a few dollars a month will buy a splendid piece of property. Write now for prices and particulars. **Robert Maltby**, Alaska Building, Seattle, Washington.

**U. S. GOLD BONDS** are not as good an investment as Seattle real estate, because they have not the earning power of Seattle realty. Think what it means to have a man handle your investments who began real estate business in Seattle in 1888 and has seen the town grow from 11,000 to 200,000 and property values double yearly. Seattle will have 500,000 people in 1911. Figure for yourself what a small amount invested now will earn in 5 years. Write us today. **A. Robinson & Co.**, Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

#### OREGON

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 X **FRUIT LANDS.** X  
 X X  
 X Authentic information about new Fruit X  
 X and Grape Lands just being brought un- X  
 X der irrigation in the famous Lewiston- X  
 X Clarkston Basin furnished free by Devel- X  
 X opment League, Lewiston, Idaho, or X  
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**MYRTLE POINT, THE "GEM OF COOS BAY COUNTRY,"** the home of the myrtle (tree), has the "key to the situation"—timber. For the furniture-maker, woodsware manufacturing, we have good openings for sash and door, wooden pipe, and pulp factories, sawmills, shingle mills, brick and tileng factories, broom factory, starch. A fruit and vegetable cannery is needed. A steam laundry is wanted. For particulars write Chamber of Com., Myrtle Point, Or.

#### CALIFORNIA

**FOR SALE**—60,000-ACRE STOCK RANCH, \$3.75 per acre; 20,000 acres for colonization, \$10; 9,000 acres, \$11; 2750 acres orange land, \$12.50; 18,500 acres, income \$70,000 per annum. \$40. Easy terms. For particulars address **L. S. McKinney & Co.**, 241 Douglas Bldg., Los Angeles.

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CALIFORNIA**

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**WE SELL RANCHES EVERYWHERE.** Let us know what part of California you want. We are exclusive agents in Los Angeles for the famous Mt. Campbell orange and grape lands, one of the best proven districts in the San Joaquin Valley, \$10 to \$60 per acre; abundance of water. We also have the best buys in large and small improved and unimproved lands in the well-known Lindsay district. Huse-Guiber-son Co., Grosse Bldg., Los Angeles.

**WM. J. WELSHANS, BRYSON BLOCK, LOS ANGELES,** handles city property, orange, walnut, alfalfa and chicken ranches on easy terms in any part of the state. Write him for bargains.

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**COPPER! COPPER! COPPER!** If interested send 4c in stamps for Standard Copper News. Complete engineers' reports, maps, assays, etc., of the Jerome Verde Copper Co., adjoining Senator Clark's great United Verde. The stock is guaranteed. Address The General Securities Co., Suite 308 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles.

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**MAILING LISTS** adapted to your business. If you are soliciting mail orders in any line of business we can furnish you correct, up-to-date typewritten mailing lists that will put you in touch with the class of people you desire in the most prosperous section of the great Northwest. Circularizing is the best means of enlarging your business acquaintance and many orders are secured in this way that would never come to you through other advertising. For particulars address **NORTHWESTERN DIRECTORY CO., Stebbins Block, Miles City, Mont.**

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**OPPORTUNITIES,** describes over 500 positions now open for salesmen, executive, clerical and technical men at \$1000-\$5000. Write for sample copy. Hapgoods, 305-307 Broadway, N.Y.

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**MULTIGRAPHING IS TYPEWRITING.** Costs less than poor imitations. Each letter an original. Write for samples and prices of circularizing, addressing, etc., W. C. Joy, Citizens Natl. Bank Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

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**OUR MULTIGRAPH LETTERS ARE EXACTLY LIKE TYPEWRITTEN ONES,** cost no greater than poor imitations. We address and mail them if you like; compose them also. All the people can be reached by use of our mailing lists. **CIRCULAR LETTER COMPANY,** 2914 Stark Street, Portland, Ore.

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KHAKI AND CORDUROY SUITS TO MEASURE FOR MEN AND WOMEN, auto suits, tents, coats, hammocks, camp bedding, sleeping bags, lacod boots, storm clothing, standard guns and ammunition, fishing tackle, dog supplies, marine goods, fishing net; 10 ill. catalogs free. The Wm. H. Hoegge Co., Inc., Los Angeles.

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SOMETHING NEW—COLO-TYPE IVORY-INES. A fac-simile of oil painting. Sample and price list mailed for 25c. Special rates to dealers. Agents wanted. Venetian Art Parlor, Temple Block, Los Angeles, Cal. Department 16.

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THE BENTLEY OSTRICH FARM—The original ostrich farm of America. Established 1883. High grade ostrich plumes from \$1.00 up. Mail orders a specialty. Price list mailed free. Address Bentley Ostrich Farm, San Diego, Cal.

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Rate for 4 lines (smallest accepted), 75 cents per line, \$3.00 per issue. Each additional line up to 12 lines (largest accepted), 50 cents per line.

Thus a five line advertisement will cost \$3.50 per issue, six lines \$4.00 per issue, twelve lines (largest accepted) \$7.00 per issue.

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Always allow not more than seven words to the line and all of the last line for name and address. IMPORTANT: The ten per cent discount for six consecutive insertions will be credited on your sixth invoice. Do not deduct same from your monthly remittance or we will be obliged to withhold your copy until full amount is received.

**POULTRY SUPPLIES**

BEFORE YOU BUY AN INCUBATOR, don't fail to see our stock. We have the largest incubator emporium on Coast. Send for Catalog No. 4. Henry Albers Co., 315 S. Main, Los Angeles.

THOROUGHBERED POULTRY, EGGS AND CHICKS—The finest of these are to be found in Southern California. The two recent poultry shows were a revelation, nearly 3000 birds competing besides nearly 2000 pigeons. We have the best facilities for handling fine stock. We can supply all kinds of fowls, eggs, and baby chicks, in any quantities. If you need anything in our line, write us for prices. Klöniger Bros. Co., agents for Cyphers Incubator Co., 838 S. Main St., Los Angeles.

WEST COAST POULTRY TONIC is not only a condition powder par excellence, but it is the greatest cure on earth, or anywhere else, for CROUP and all sorts of colds, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00. If your dealer does not keep it, we will prepay express on 75-cent package. Also sales agents for Improved PACIFIC INCUBATORS—best on the Coast—best anywhere. Made right—primary Pacific—Pacific Combination Brooder is great—both indoors and out. Catalogue free. WEST COAST STOCK FOOD CO., Los Angeles, Cal.

WHITE WYANDOTTE FARM, Inglewood, California. Won at Los Angeles P. B. A. Show, 1907: 1st and 2d cock, 1st and 2d cockerel, 1st and 3d hen, 1st and 2d pullet, 1st and 3d hen, 3 silver cups; White Wyandotte Club Cup, Association Cup, Wm. H. Hoegge Cup. Now booking orders for eggs. Send 2c stamp for ill. catalogue to Anna L. Pinkerton, Box 8, Inglewood.

SELEY'S SEED STORE, San Diego, Cal.—Tested Northern-grown seeds, all thoroughly reliable. Agents for Petaluma Incubator (the world's standard). Poultry supplies of all kinds. Mail orders filled promptly.

**FOR THE HOUSEHOLD**

ABSOLUTELY PURE CALIFORNIA HONEY direct from producer, shipped, freight prepaid to any part of the U. S., in lots of not less than one case (120 lbs.) at 10c per pound. I ship water white sage honey, as it is considered the best honey produced. Cash with order. Address H. J. Mercer, 721 E. 3d St., Los Angeles, Cal. Reference, 1st Natl. Bank of Los Angeles.

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SENT FREE TO INTENDING BUYERS—Our new catalogue 500 pages, 30,000 engravings, 100,000 items, jewelry, diamonds, watches, silverware, clocks, optical and musical goods, etc. Lowest prices on record. Fine pianos, guaranteed ten years, only \$139.50. Write today for the big book of the foremost concern of its kind in the world. S. F. MYERS CO., 47-49 Maiden Lane, Desk Y, New York.

**CONSUMPTION CURE**

CONSUMPTION—His Holiness, Pope Leo XII, awarded the discoverer of Birch Mountain Tea the Papal Cross of the Order of St. Peter and Honorary Diploma. Other papal dignitaries as well as many crowned heads of Europe have indorsed it for Consumption and Lung Troubles. Write for particulars if interested. Birch Mountain Tea Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

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LADIES, WE GUARANTEE ALL FLORENTINE TOILET PREPARATIONS. Florentine whitening cream will beautify any skin, remove freckles, tan and moth patch. Send ten cents for sample box. We guarantee Florentine hair restorer to restore gray hair to its natural color in 3 weeks. Price list of Florentine preparations sent free. Florentine Company, 227 Mercantile Place, Los Angeles, Cal.



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Is daily becoming more manifest to the unprejudiced and "thinking people" and is more worthy of honest investigation NOW than ever before by everyone who may be looking for PROFITABLE investment at first prices. Lots in Schaefer's Addition are offered for location—which is "Central," not phraseology, by

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Owner, and agent for other Coos Bay additions.  
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### NORTH-AMERICAN DEVELOPMENT CO.

**T**HESSE BONDS bear eight per cent interest, payable semi-annually, and participate in a certain portion in all the profits made by the company. Our profits amount to from 25% to 100% per annum on our investments caused by the rapid increase of realty values. We desire to work more and more into close-in business property and can use your money in a safe and profitable manner. No portion of the country is growing as rapidly as the Pacific Coast. You can share in the general advance of values with us. We issue our bonds secured by the whole assets of the company in denominations of \$100 and a multiple thereof.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

## NORTH-AMERICAN DEVELOPMENT CO.

508 Citizens National Bank Building, Los Angeles, California

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Most fertile small farms in Southern California, 35 miles from Los Angeles. \$150 per acre including water, one-fourth cash, balance one to three years at 6%. Located on Southern Pacific R. R. and will soon have Inter-Urban Electric. In the rich Pomona Valley. Climate perfect. Especially adapted for alfalfa English walnuts and berries. Come and see for yourself. Your railroad fare refunded if you purchase 20 acres or more. This land will be cheap at \$200 per acre next year. Write for further details of our offer.

**MORRIS H. WILSON**

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Los Angeles, California

## ALFALFA RANCH

In the heart of homeland, where crops never fail. Let us send you our booklet on how to secure an income alfalfa ranch on easy terms. We help you pay for it. An unusual offer. Just cut this "ad" out and send it to us, and we will do the rest. The booklet is free.

H. L. MILLER & CO.,  
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**Should Know**  
*Joe Chapple*  
**and his**  
**NATIONAL MAGAZINE**

There is a man with a purpose behind the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, a man who has seen the actual doings of the nation and of the world; a man who travels and uses his eyes; whose life work is the selecting of those things that will be of the greatest interest and value to you—making a truly *National* Magazine for the busy American. The National Magazine is a personal mirror of our National life, political life at Washington and elsewhere, the commercial life, the social life, the life in progressive cities told by special correspondents on the spot, the literary life as reflected by the best stories of our country.

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When you read, why not read the story of our nation, what *our people* are doing, how they live, how our cities grow, the work of our best writers? Such is the National Magazine, published at \$1.00 per year by Joe Chapple. Healthful and hopeful reading for all the family.

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"Heart Throbs" is a book of selections from 50,000 Americans, who have sent us, each from his or her private store of heart treasures, *the one gem* that was most dear. Can you imagine a volume more full of human feeling—the chords of 50,000 hearts? It runs the whole gamut of human emotion, from the cradle to the grave. Contains the favorite poems of President Roosevelt and many other eminent men of today. It has a hundred interests where the ordinary book has one. *A gift book* par excellence. Fourth edition, 416 pages and 32 blank pages for your own selections. \$1.50.

**SPECIAL OFFER:**

The National Magazine one year (\$1.00) and "Heart Throbs" (\$1.50) both for \$2.00. Money will be promptly refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Money order preferred.

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**Just the right thing for a gift book.**

Handsomely bound in gold illuminated cover.

This offer is limited. Fill out the coupon and mail it to Joe Chapple, Boston, TODAY.



JOE CHAPPLE  
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Enclosed find \$2.00, for which please send me the National Magazine one year and "Heart Throbs"

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# THE DIFFERENCE IN THE PAY ENVELOPE

There's a whole lot of difference in the size of the pay envelope or pay check. For instance, the book-keeper who gets down at 7 a. m. and gets through at 9 p. m. draws about half as much as the accountant who works half as hard. It's not what you do that you get paid for—it's what you know. But you must really know. It does not do to think you know or to pretend you know. Some one is sure to "call a bluff" of this sort. Now our business is the training of accountants—the making of expert accountants and auditors. We can make an expert accountant and auditor of you. We can help you to double your salary and at the same time cut your work in half. Look across the road or around the corner and you can pick out a man who is doing just what I say above—drawing a salary on account of what he knows. Is he any brighter or more capable than you except for his training? Aren't you capable of doing what he can do? If you have the ability we will do the rest. Unless you are ambitious—unless you aspire to better things—our plan will not appeal to you, but if you are ambitious—if you believe yourself capable—we can help you to climb. Our plan covers a thorough training for expert accounting, public accounting, cost accounting and auditing work. Deny yourself a cigar a day and the sum saved will pay all we charge you. You will make a big mistake if you do not investigate at least. Ask to be told about our successful members and about our plan for making you more successful and let us tell you about our "Dime a Day" plan.

THE INTERNATIONAL ACCOUNTANTS' SOCIETY, Inc.,  
54 W. FORT ST., DETROIT, MICH.

Tell me your plan for increasing my income—the information to be free.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Town and State.....  
Occupation..... Line of Business.....

## Better Than a Savings Bank

12% Versus 3½%

# SMITHS' CASH STORE, Inc.

14 to 24 Stuart St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## Five Year Gold Bonds

We are offering our customers and the public \$100,000 in Gold Bonds of this Company in denominations of \$100 each, for the purpose of developing and extending our business, which has outgrown our present large capacity, the Company being at this time the largest Mail Order House in the West, and having been established over a quarter of a century.

They are actually a first mortgage on the whole of the assets of the Company.

They are redeemable in Gold at par in five years from date.

They carry guaranteed interest at the rate of 7 per cent, payable half yearly as per Coupons attached, together with additional interest Coupons calling for the same rate of interest as is paid on the Capital Stock of the Company and payable at the same time. As the Company has never paid less than 6 per cent on its Capital Stock since its inception, twenty-five years ago, and is now doing more business than ever, these Bonds cannot pay less than from 12 to 15 per cent on their present price, and form a perfectly safe investment, as the net profit at present would far more than pay interest on both Bonds and Capital Stock.

We buy for cash, give no credit, and make no bad debts.

The turn over of the Company at present approaches \$1,000,000 a year, and is increasing very rapidly. At a most conservative estimate the good will alone may be estimated to be worth at least \$100,000, with more than 20,000 cash customers all over the Western States.

The net profit earned by the Company is nearly 25 per cent on the capital invested, and the amount of capital stock issued is \$300,000. With the additional capital secured by the sale of these Bonds it will be enabled to pay much larger dividends than heretofore, since under present conditions a large amount of the profits has to go into extensions of all kinds.

We must have more room and more departments.—Every day we turn away orders for want of them.—Everybody knows the gigantic profits made by the large Eastern Mail Order Houses.—The same opportunity is right here in proportion to the population.—We have the customers and know the business.—Assist us and benefit yourselves.

The Bonds are now ready for delivery, and allotments will be made promptly upon receipt of applications. Should you require further information before making application, write us at once and we will send you a sample Bond and be glad to answer any questions bearing on the subject you may suggest.

E. S. Milman, Fiscal Department,

Smiths' Cash Store, San Francisco, California:

Make all Checks payable to Smiths' Cash Store.

Do not forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

# NORTH BEND on Coos Bay, Oregon

**WILL DOUBLE HER POPULATION WITHIN THE PRESENT YEAR**

800 persons now employed, and many more wanted. Monthly pay-roll at the present time, \$60,000. \$50,000 modern hotel now assured. Electric line connecting the bay cities will be completed within eighteen months. New electric light and power plant now under way. Gas plant will be in operation within twelve months. The finest department store in Oregon outside of Portland. A Chamber of Commerce that never sleeps. A Commercial Club with a membership of one hundred princely fellows, with few equals, and no superiors. A natural park of eighty acres of Nature's masterwork. The Pacific at the front door, and three railroads making a neck and neck race for the back. Pavement soon to be laid on the principal streets. Work commenced on a \$40,000 brewery.



A Corner of the Manufacturing District of North Bend.

## The Finest Protected Harbor Between San Francisco and Puget Sound

400 square miles of lignite coal measures directly tributary to Coos Bay. This coal is of excellent quality for domestic and steam purposes, and even in this heavily timbered region will be a great inducement for capital to establish manufacturing plants.

25,000,000,000 feet of standing timber in Coos County of the finest and most marketable quality, two varieties of which are peculiar to this locality, viz., Port Orford white cedar and myrtle. The yellow and red fir predominate, and there are oak, ash, maple, madrone, yew, chittim, alder and other choice varieties.

The most equable climate on the Pacific Coast. Continuous growing season. Cattle have green feed the year round. Coos County has no superior as a dairy region in the world.

The salmon industry is also worthy of notice, and is destined to be of great importance. Two canneries are in operation, and the state has a hatchery on Coos River, which has a capacity of 6,600,000 eggs. The soil and climate of Coos County are adapted to the successful growing of all fruits that can be produced in this latitude.

North Bend can now be reached by the Breakwater, the M. F. Plant and F. H. Kilburn, steamers running from San Francisco, and by the Kilburn and Alliance, from Portland. We are advised that two more passenger steamers will ply between Portland and North Bend within the next thirty days.

There are also the stage lines from Drain and Roseburg, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Buy a one-way ticket. No scalper's office in North Bend.

For detailed information, address

## The Chamber of Commerce, North Bend, Ore.

# HELP WANTED

---

## A Good Opportunity FOR LIVE PEOPLE

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WE WANT a good live agent in every city and town in the United States to take subscriptions for THE PACIFIC MONTHLY. The work is high-class. There is no other magazine for which it is so easy to secure subscriptions. Especially is this true through the West. We have regular agents who are making

*From \$150 to \$250 per Month*

If you can devote your entire time to the work you can do this also. You can begin right in your home town and we will gradually extend your territory as occasion demands. If you have only a few spare hours you can work near home among your friends and acquaintances. In this way you can earn many an extra dollar. Many students are helping to pay their way through college by this work. We pay liberal cash commissions.

*This Is an Exceptional Opportunity*

to connect yourself with a first-class Company. Write today stating how much time you can devote to the work and we will lay our proposition before you. When writing please send us the names of four references, former employes or well known business men.

Address, AGENCY DEPARTMENT,

Pacific Monthly Publishing Co.

Portland, Oregon

# \$1000 NO LABOR NO SPECULATION

One good investment is worth a lifetime of labor; \$4 per month for 25 months invested NOW in Oregon timber will buy negotiable dividend stock secured by 100,000 feet of timber guaranteed by Bank and Trust Company. Will soon be worth \$1000, besides paying 50 per cent dividends. Take a certainty by investing in Oregon's timber wealth. This is well worth your time to investigate. Full information on request. Write today

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 MANUFACTURERS AND EXPORTERS SUITE 2-6 REALTY TRUST BUILDING PORTLAND, OREGON

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Reduced rates and through cars for household goods and to and from Colorado, Utah and Pacific Coast points.

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## THE COOS BAY REALTY SYNDICATE

Makes a specialty of **Timber, Farm and Coal Lands**; also City of Coos Bay real estate.  
**CHAS. J. BRUSCHKE**, City of Coos Bay Manager, Marshfield, Ore.

### Buy a FIVE ACRE ORANGE GROVE

At RIALTO, CALIFORNIA

**\$1500** \$17.65 DOWN and \$17.65 PER MONTH UNTIL PAID **\$1500**

NO TAXES. NO INTEREST

Write for our Free Booklet

### CALIFORNIA ORANGES

We put Deed in Escrow and properly care for the Grove until it is paid for.

California Fruit Growers Ass'n

General Offices: 219, 239 H. W. Hellman Bldg.  
 LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

## Lands in the Wenatchee Valley

Show greater profits, acre for acre, than any other lands in the United States, devoted to horticulture or agriculture.

If you are looking for a home or investment, write for booklet giving general information.

**OLDS & HAWKINS**

Wenatchee, Wash.

## MILD WINTER

Protected by great hills and warmed by almost perpetual sunshine, Lewiston-Clarkston Basin has the ideal climate for profit and comfort. No blizzards. No cyclones. No floods. No malaria. No consumption. No asthma. No serious thunderstorms. At the head of river navigation from Pacific ocean, Lewiston-Clarkston [pop. 12,000] is the commercial and transportation center for an immensely productive fruit, grain, timber & mining territory. Write today for detailed and authentic information about new fruit and vine lands just being brought under irrigation, within mile of city limits. Tracts close to and same lake-bed soil as fruit lands now paying \$250 to \$1000 per acre. Easy terms. Land pays for itself while orchard is growing. Why live amid dreary surroundings, far from neighbors, when a few acres in delightful Lewiston-Clarkston make you independent and prosperous, with all advantages of fine schools, churches, libraries, daily papers, neighborly city activity? Address **DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE, 17 FRONT LEWISTON, LEASE OF CLARKSTON, WASH.** Send list of neighbors who may move west. Write names and addresses very plainly and kindly mention this paper.

## LEWISTON-CLARKSTON

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 "The Gateway of the Pacific Northwest"

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Write for particulars  
**WUNSCH & CO., 301 Lumber Exchange, Portland, Ore.**

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PORTLAND, OREGON

Dealer in city and suburban property, also farm and stock ranches.

## Coal—Coal—Found in Oregon

Our booklet "Coal Talk" for the asking. It will explain the value of this industry in the Oregon Country. Send name and address TO-DAY

**National Trust & Investment Co., 551 Worcester Bldg., Portland, Ore**

# LONG BEACH LUCERNE TRACT

Best Buy on the Coast for a Homesite, or a Business Investment

Millions have been made in Southern California real estate investments. Millions more are to be made. When commerce comes to Long Beach, property there which now can be bought for a trifle, will increase vastly in value. *Buy in Now.*

Dredging of the inner harbor, now in progress, will make this city a seaport for Los Angeles, with canals, piers and docks, backed by factories, warehouses and business blocks. Building of the Craig shipbuilding plant, now assured, alone will bring 1,000 families, or 5,000 permanent residents. In 1910 Long Beach will have a population of 50,000 souls.

LUCERNE TRACT is the best sub-division on the market, close to the new harbor. The city must grow to surround it.

**PRICES**  
Inside Lots, \$250 to \$425  
Corner Lots, \$300 to \$550

**TERMS**  
One-fourth first payment, balance in 6, 12 & 18 months with interest at 6 per cent.

Lots bought now, AT THE OPENING OF THE TRACT, will return immense profits on a minimum investment. **ACT QUICKLY.**

Write for FREE map and book, "A PROPHECY OF PROFITS" upon realty in Long Beach.

## MAYHEW-PUTNAM CO.

Managers  
LUCERNE TRACT

Henne Building  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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Better, Safer, Surer  
Than Life Insurance and  
Costs Less to Mature

An interest in a sugar plantation. No other crop of the soil produces so tremendous a profit.

We own 9489 acres of the finest cane sugar lands in the world. Situated in famous State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, on Tamesi River, with unequaled transportation facilities. \$2.50 per month per acre will buy in on this proposition and insure you a life income on our profit-sharing plan. Deeds given with every sale. Your money held in trust and guaranteed against loss.

Write Us for Complete  
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## Tampico Sugar Co.

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References:  
Broadway Bank  
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Los Angeles  
California

## Hood River Lands

HAVE abundant water, perfect drainage  
PRODUCE finest apples and strawberries  
in the world.

We also have lands for  
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TWENTY YEARS RESIDENCE IN HOOD RIVER

**W. J. BAKER & CO.**  
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## Hood River Apple Lands Bring

Net Profits: \$300 to \$800 per acre

HIGHER PRICES and  
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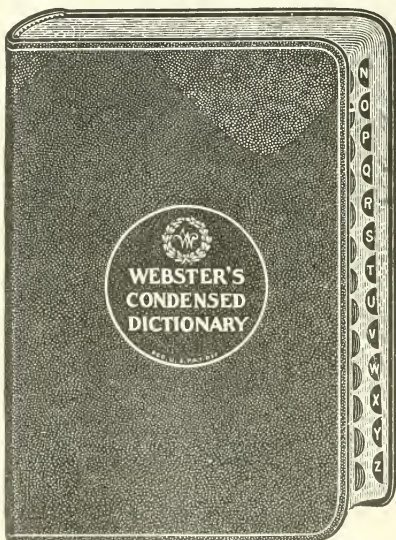
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Enclosed please find \$2.00 for which enter my subscription to The Pacific Monthly for one year, and send me, all charges paid, copy of the Webster Condensed Dictionary, full morocco leather binding in accordance with above offer.

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# Two and One-Half Cents Per Share

## LEE'S CREEK GOLD MINES

Advanced to 2½ cents February 15th. BUY NOW. THE NEXT ADVANCE WILL BE TO 5 CENTS PER SHARE.

**Lee's Creek Gold Mines** are listed on the Portland Stock Exchange and has been for three months the strongest stock on the market. See report Portland daily papers.



The above picture shows a group of Lee's Creek stockholders at the property, including bankers, professional and business men. We will furnish you their names and addresses on application.

Detailed information furnished on application to the

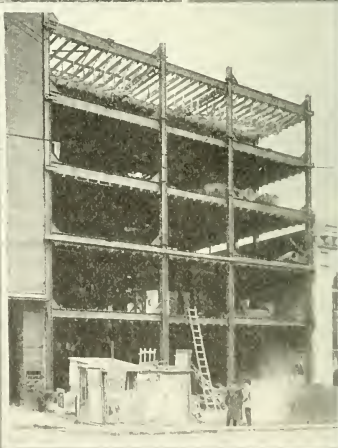
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TO SUPPLY THE EVER INCREASING  
DEMAND FOR OFFICE SPACE



*Boyd*

—Photos by Webster & Stevens, Seattle

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

## Growth and Commercial Development

of

# SEATTLE

As shown by official statistics

Since the geography of the world was known the fact has been generally recognized that the Pacific Northwest holds the key to the whole trade of the wide Pacific. Transportation alone was needed to make this key useful. Seattle now has that transportation in abundance, and by leaps and bounds our Pacific trade is growing, at a rate unparalleled in history. Sixty-two years ago, at St. Louis, Thomas H. Benton predicted the course this trade would follow, and his words were regarded as the utterances of a dreamer. His prophecy has been fulfilled. And today the prophecy that ultimately the site of the world's commerce, of wealth and civilization, will be centered in the Pacific Northwest is much more likely of fulfillment than was Benton's prophecy in 1844.

YEAR.	1897.	1899.	1901.	1903.	1905.	1906.
Names in City Directory...	24,500	30,757	47,142	61,504	75,623	\$1,747
School Census.....	10,279	13,001	17,334	20,884	23,948	26,750
School Attendance.....	7,361	9,587	12,428	16,248	18,160	20,011
Telephones in use Dec. 31.....	1,478	3,091	6,029	17,896	24,783	28,000
Bank Deposits.....	\$4,652,168	\$12,357,704	20,237,862	\$31,762,324	\$40,627,833	\$60,000,000
Bank Clearances.....	\$36,045,228	\$103,327,021	\$144,694,367	\$206,913,571	\$301,600,267	\$485,920,021
Building Permits, Number.....	616	2,612	5,860	6,914	7,477	7,405
Building Permits, Value.....	\$30,123	\$1,570,066	\$4,569,728	\$6,495,781	\$6,684,784	*\$11,920,438
Post Office Receipts.....	\$95,273	\$137,807	\$228,437	\$338,024	\$440,249	\$555,720
Custom House Receipts.....	\$61,611	\$153,826	\$307,246	\$578,673	\$507,760	\$1,250,000
Wheat Exports, Bushels.....	928,106	515,777	1,214,268	507,567	1,205,556	1,042,088
Flour Exports, Barrels.....	101,110	308,542	474,848	1,181,999	1,094,763	1,489,703
Cotton Exports, Bales.....	19,160	44,467	87,622	35,636	84,124	67,550
Foreign Imports.....	\$1,124,553	\$6,812,146	\$5,030,110	\$8,545,632	\$4,041,023	\$13,738,209
Foreign Exports.....	\$2,811,069	\$4,481,429	\$9,613,159	\$9,789,084	\$29,088,948	\$21,349,288
Deep Sea Tonnage, Tons.....	270,028	398,722	894,469	1,132,501	1,204,805	1,442,405
Coal Shipments, Tons.....	281,513	441,948	470,269	464,186	423,613	461,324
Lumber Shipments, Feet.....	34,933,000	37,101,000	27,029,000	36,463,486	65,872,000	68,920,000

\*Seventy-six per cent. increase. No other city in America shows such a percentage of gain for 1906.

## Opportunity Knocks but Once Are You Listening?

If you are interested and desire detailed information regarding the opportunities for any particular industry address any of the following:

H. S. Turner Investment Co.  
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# THIS TELLS YOU WHERE TO LIVE IN SEATTLE

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THE choicest location on the shores of Lake Washington with 5,000 feet of water front. Eight hundred lots averaging four to the acre, put on the market at very low prices, will make phenomenally quick sale.

**You Can Double  
Your Money by  
Buying NOW**

Send for this handsomely illustrated booklet, in colors, and study the details and many unusual advantages offered, both as an investment and a homeplace of character. All streets paved, cement sidewalks laid, sanitary sewer system, Cedar River water, three car lines to tract.



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**MT. BAKER PARK ADDITION, 117 Cherry Street, Seattle, Wash.**

Agents, DANIEL JONES and F. L. FEHREN



**Mt Baker Park**  
An Addition with  
character

# Ho! for EUGENE Lane County, Oregon

*The Land of Opportunities*

Horace Greeley said, "Go west, young man!" We go Greeley one better, and tell you where to go and what you will find when you arrive.

## The Heart of the World-Famed Willamette Valley

*The Most Beautiful and Richest Valley in all the West*

**Broad and Fertile Fields for the Farmer**—Where will grow all kinds of small grains and grasses, wheat, oats, alfalfa, timothy, clover, and vetches. Also vegetables of all kinds. See our descriptive circular.

**Orchard Lands for the Fruit Grower**—The home of the famous Oregon Apples, Prunes, Pears and Cherries. Where fortunes are being made in fruit growing, and no wonder, when our farmers are clearing from \$250.00 to \$1000.00 per acre.

**Hop Lands**—Oregon Hops are becoming famous throughout the world and Eugene is the center of the Hop growing section.

**Dairying**—The country where the average summer temperature is 70 degrees, and the average winter temperature 40 degrees. Where the grass is green the year round, and where you can grow from 3 to 4 tons of finest alfalfa or vetch to the acre. Splendid demand for dairy products Butter, 35 cents; milk, 20 cents per gallon; cheese, 20 cents per pound.

**Timber for the Lumber Manufacturer or Capitalist**—Lane County, of which EUGENE is the county seat, has the largest amount of standing timber (government estimate) of any county in the United States, 34 billion feet. Think of that, Mr. Investor, doesn't that mean "money in the country?"

## And Good Health for All

For COMPLETE and AUTHENTIC information about all of these MARVELLOUS OPPORTUNITIES for THE FARMER, THE DAIRYMAN, THE CAPITALIST and THE MANUFACTURER,

ADDRESS

**The Merchants Protective Ass'n.  
Eugene, Oregon**

*An organization of all the Leading Merchants  
of Eugene to tell the truth about  
this country.*

# Do You Want to Know About Southern California?

## ? Ask the Questions ? • We will do the Rest •

### THIS IS THE WAY

UNITED SYNDICATES CO.,  
LONG BEACH, CAL.

DEAR SIR: I would like to make a trip to Southern California. I have heard of the wonderful opportunities to make money in your land of sunshine and flowers. I am not in the rich tourist class, but if you can **prove** to me that I can make money by investing a small amount of capital in a gilt-edge real estate proposition, you may be able to interest me to the point where I can afford to make a trip there to see for myself.

I thank you in advance if you will answer the following questions by return mail:

What is really back of Southern California besides climate, scenery, fruits and flowers in both winter and summer, and tourists, to make that God's favored place continue so to prosper?

What was the population of Los Angeles ten years ago?

What is its population now?

What do you think the population will be in 1912?

What was the population of Long Beach ten years ago?

What is the population now?

What do you think the population of Long Beach will be in 1912?

What is back of Long Beach to make it so prosperous?

Do you think it will continue so? and if so why?

Why do you believe that Los Angeles and Long Beach will become one city?

How small an investment is worth while?

Please send me booklets, maps and any other literature or information that would be of interest to a homeseeker or investor, pertaining to Southern California and particularly to Long Beach, its new harbor, and the commercial possibilities.

ASK ANY OTHER QUESTIONS YOU MAY WISH REGARDING SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA; MAIL YOUR QUESTIONS, TOGETHER WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, TO

## The United Syndicates Co., Ltd.

14 PACIFIC AVENUE

LONG BEACH (Los Angeles County), CAL.

# OPPORTUNITY

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No Better Field for Investments in

*Coal Lands*

*Timber Lands*

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*Dairying and Farming*

*Contracting and Building, etc.*

*Retail and Wholesale Business*

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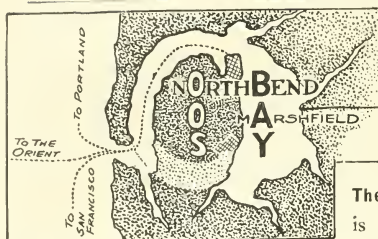
## NORTH BEND COOS BAY, OREGON

Free Sites for Manufactories. North Bend wants 300 houses immediately. The public school attendance has increased 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ % in one year; the population still more.

*For Further Information, Address*

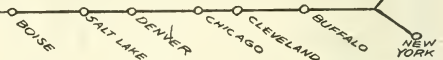
### NORTH BEND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

NORTH BEND, COOS BAY, OREGON



## COOS BAY

On a Direct Line from New York to the Orient



### The Coos Bay Realty and Investment Co.

is in line with investments for large or small investors. If you have \$10 or \$10,000 write us. Our "Personal Letter" will tell you how. Ask us about all Coos Bay. Address, NORTH BEND, ORE.



One of Our 12-inch Wells

## ALFALFA FOR PROFIT

We are owners of several thousand acres of water-bearing alfalfa, walnut and orange land, located in Southern California near Los Angeles. On this land we have developed water and are selling in tracts of from 10 acres and up, with water developed, at prices from \$100 to \$250 per acre. Terms, one-quarter cash and balance easy terms. This land will produce seven crops of alfalfa per year, and from 1½ to 2 tons per cutting, per acre. Alfalfa sells from \$10 per ton and up, on the ground. Only one mile from market, schools and churches. This is your opportunity to purchase a home and a competency on your own terms. See or write

### F. W. STEARNS & CO.

'29½ E. FIRST STREET LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

*An Opportunity for Careful Investors*

## Newport Heights Acreage

**Cheapest Land in Southern California**

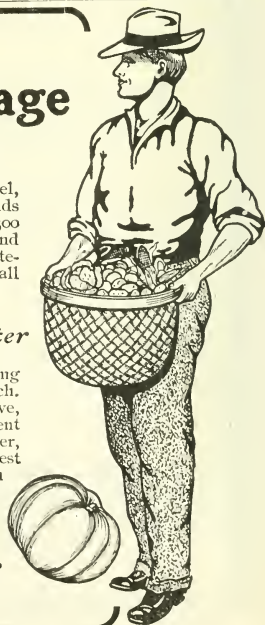
Newport Heights is a high plateau, almost perfectly level, with the lowest point over 70 feet above the sea. It extends back from Newport Bay for several miles and comprises 1300 acres of deep, rich, slightly sandy loam soil, very fertile and productive. It is subdivided into five acre tracts with artesian water, of the finest quality, in abundance for all irrigation purposes, piped to each tract.

*Deep, Rich Soil---Abundance of Water*

We are the owners of this property and are now placing these five acre subdivisions on the market at \$1500 each. One-fifth to be paid in cash and the balance in six, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four month installments. Six per cent interest on deferred payments. Considering the soil, water, location and transportation facilities this is the cheapest acreage in Southern California. Pacific Electric cars run every hour from Los Angeles. Write to us for printed matter and more complete details regarding this valuable property.

### The Townsend-Dayman Investment Co.

OFFICES { 499 Pacific Electric Bldg., LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
123 East First St., LONG BEACH, CAL.







**D**ON'T let this one escape you. Of course you have laid by at least a few dollars toward a competence.

If you have not, its high time you were beginning. Put a few dollars every month into Tacoma Real Estate, where your money will have an earning power of 50% to 100% a year.

Does your better judgment tell you this is far more profitable than letting it lie idle in the bank or earning 4% in some savings institution?

You can never become wealthy by doing all the work yourself even if you could save all you make. With the splendid opportunities Tacoma offers the person with a few hundred dollars, your money will earn more in the next three years than you can. **RESOLVE** to put as much of your income each month into Tacoma Real Estate as you possibly can spare and *do it today—begin now.*

Conservative men everywhere believe that 1907-'08 and '09 will be the most important years in the history of the Pacific Northwest. It is assured that the influx of population and development of country will surpass that of any previous years.

The great transcontinental railroad systems are spending millions in Tacoma developing terminals. The judgment of the great railroad minds of the country is generally good—and they are concentrating at Tacoma now.

**Tacoma has the finest, deep-water harbor in America.** Here will be the vast freight yards of the railroads coming from the South and East, and from here will radiate the branch roads and the steamship lines to carry the goods to every point.

Then too, Tacoma has lumbering, mining, fishing, agriculture, that pour millions of dollars into the city yearly, and she has the best manufacturing facilities to be found on the coast. All these tend to make property valuable.

You need a live Agent on the ground to select bargains for you. Nineteen years residence in Tacoma, with constant experience in connection with her business activities, have enabled me to keep posted on values, and this service I can give you.

I want to get in touch with you. It makes no difference whether you have \$100.00 or \$100,000. Give me a chance to show you there's money in it for YOU. Address

**A. M. RICHARDS & CO.**  
Real Estate Knowledge That's Money to You  
**TACOMA, WASHINGTON**

# CALIFORNIA

We are opening the western side of the Sacramento Valley under irrigation for the first time. By right of a special act of Congress, we are entitled to take enough water from the navigable Sacramento River to irrigate 200,000 acres every day in every year, through our complete canal system now in operation.

**ALFALFA  
CORN  
SUGAR BEETS  
FRUITS**

Rich, black sediment soil, level, without stones or alkali; free water right; perfect title; rail and steamboat transportation to ready markets. Climate unexcelled in California for the production of every fruit and vegetable of the temperate zone. Lots from 10 acres up to from \$35 to \$100 per acre on terms of one-sixth cash and the balance in 5 years. Excursion rates from all Eastern points after March 1st.

**SOIL  
CLIMATE  
IRRIGATION  
HEALTH**

Write immediately for free illustrated booklet.

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**F. E. Robinson & Co.**  
216 Huntington Bldg.  
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# IRRIGATED FARMS



## MONTANA IS An Agricultural State

Farm Lands in the valley of the YELLOWSTONE are equal to any on earth. Great crops of Alfalfa (3 crops), Timothy, Clover and all kinds of Grains and SUGAR BEETS. The newest, largest and best Beet Sugar Factory in the United States at BILLINGS now completed and in operation, making into Sugar the first crop of 70,000 tons. Land at \$50.00 and up on your own terms. Write

**BILLINGS LAND & IRRIGATION CO., BILLINGS, MONTANA**

# FIVE BOOKLETS FREE!



Farming in the fertile delta lands of

# CALIFORNIA

Four of the booklets give specific information regarding four very profitable products; the fifth booklet gives general information regarding Tulare county farms and Tulare County in general.

Tulare county is situated in the **Heart of California**, surrounded by lofty mountains and watered by adequate rivers and irrigation plants. These books are intensely interesting to any one who desires a profitable farming property for investment or actual occupancy. They tell all about the enormous profits to be made. \$70 per acre on sugar beets; \$150 an acre on table and wine grapes. Grain and vegetables pay \$80 per acre. Alfalfa is a money maker. In February, the market price in Tulare was \$13.00 a ton, and the crops run from 6 to 8 tons per acre per year. Dairying and stock raising are more profitable than in eastern localities. The local demand for poultry and eggs cannot be supplied. Fresh eggs were 5 cents each last winter in Los Angeles. These booklets give **facts and figures that are indisputable evidence of the vast superiority of California farms.** A 20-acre farm in Tulare county will pay better than a 160-acre eastern farm.

**Write for these booklets and get the absolute vital facts.**

The land offered is the famous Paige-Mitchell ranch which is being subdivided into farms and sold on **easy terms.** There are three propositions open to you; if you put in the crop we suggest we will contract with you for your products at a price that will pay for the land in two to four years, or you can pay one-fourth down and the balance inside of three years, or you can pay spot cash.

This land is located a **few miles from the city of Tulare** and has every **market advantage.** The climate is excellent and the land is the famous **delta land** which is not surpassed anywhere in California.

**Write today for the booklets.**

## California Farmland Co.

OWNERS

**74 Grosse Bldg., Los Angeles, California**

Stocks and Bonds  
High-Grade Securities  
Mines and Mining

Codes— { Western Union  
Private  
Cable—"Borlini"

ALFRED A. BORLINI, President.

E. L. McCLURE, Secretary.

# Alfred A. Borlini & Co.

INCORPORATED

Capital, \$100,000.00

## OUR SPECIALTIES

*High-Class Investments in  
Tonapah, Goldfield, Bullfrog, Manhattan  
and adjacent districts*

We Handle None But the Best

OUR AIM: PROFITS FOR CLIENTS

*Twenty-five cents (25c) invested today would  
net you a fine profit at One Dollar (\$1.00)  
before the year was over*

*We firmly believe we have the Mining Proposi-  
tion that will not only do this—but even more*

It will cost you nothing to investigate; write immediately for  
literature and other data

**DO NOT DELAY, YOU MIGHT BE TOO LATE**

REFERENCES UPON APPLICATION

Address

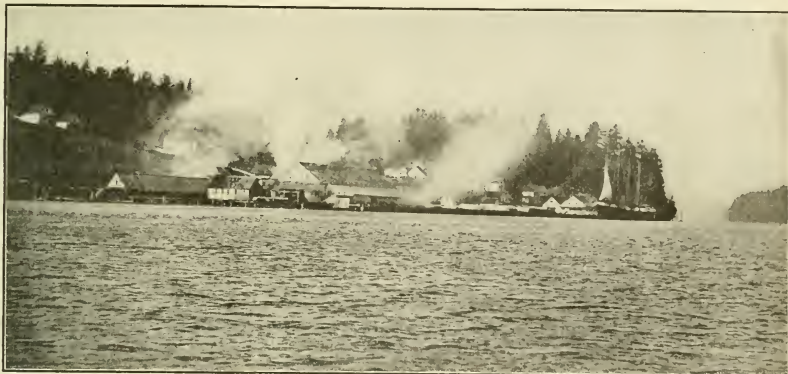
**ALFRED A. BORLINI & CO.**

INCORPORATED

Suite 33, 1300 Golden Gate Avenue

SAN FRANCISCO

# COOS BAY OREGON'S NEW SEAPORT



## Best Harbor from San Francisco to Portland

### INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES UNEQUALLED

Mild, delightful, healthful climate; excellent schools, churches and fraternal orders; supply of pure water unlimited. Business and residence properties at North Bend and Marshfield. Unimproved water fronts on channel from \$6.00 to \$50.00 per front foot. Coal lands from \$60.00 per acre up. Dairy and fruit ranches, timber lands.

### WE OFFER YOU THIS MONTH:

160 acres coal land, on tide water	- - - - -	\$16,000
Sheep ranch—100 acres fine timber, 600 acres grazing land		
fenced, good buildings, plenty of outside range	-	\$8,000
200 foot square water front	- - - - -	\$1,200
Dairy farm, 120 acres	- - - - -	\$4,500
Choice residence lots from	- - - - -	\$125 to \$200

Investments Made Now Will Double This Year--Get Busy While Values Are Low

Tell Us What You Want, We Will Put You Next

REFERENCES: FIRST NATIONAL BANK, MARSHFIELD, OREGON

## McNEIL & FERGUSON

John Donald McNeil

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

Duncan Ferguson



## THE GARDEN SPOT OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

This magnificent tract of 6700 acres in the most fertile section of wonderful California, offers inducements and opportunities to the farmer that are not duplicated in another state in the union.

### A Small Farm in Fairhaven Will Bring Sure Wealth, Health and Comfort

The climate is incomparable. The very best on earth. Even the soil is unequalled for richness and productiveness. There is abundant water—an unlimited inexhaustible supply.

#### This Land Will Make You Rich

Oranges, Lemons, Apricots, Grapes, Walnuts, Berries, Vegetables, Alfalfa, Barley, and other products of the soil grow here as nowhere else in all America. One 20-acre lemon orchard on this land now pays its owner over \$10,000 a year. Poultry raising and dairying may be carried on here with the greatest success.

#### Close to All the Great Trade Centers

The best markets of Southern California are within a few hours run. The S. P., L. A. & Salt Lake R. R. runs directly through Fairhaven Farms. Shipping facilities are perfect. Ten passenger trains a day stop at the town of Fairhaven.

#### All Modern Conveniences and Improvements

Telephone and telegraph facilities are within reach of every home. Churches, schools, perfect roads and drives. The best of neighbors. All these are found at Fairhaven Farms.

---

**We Will Sell You a Tract Here Now**  
**5, 10, 20 or More Acres at \$150.00 and Up an Acre**  
**FAIRHAVEN FARMS IS WORTH INVESTIGATING**

---

Let us send you full information about this wonderful garden spot—maps, prices, terms, etc.

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT CO.**  
608 PACIFIC ELECTRIC BUILDING - LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

# The Call of the Orchard To You

In the valley of the great Columbia River in south central Washington, great hydraulic water power works are now being built at Priest Rapids to supply irrigation for 32,000 acres of land and electric heat, power and light for your dwelling, whether in city or country. The Priest Rapids irrigated lands are the cream of creation for producing all fruits, berries, melons and grasses of temperate climates.

A deep soil of everlasting fertility derived from decomposed basaltic ash combines with highly favoring conditions of temperature to produce remarkable results in fruit-growing and other branches of horticulture.

## THIS IS THE RECORD

Fruit raising and melon growing upon these irrigated lands will make the following average profits. In individual cases these figures have been largely exceeded. \$2,200.00 per acre net profits has been realized from one acre of apples in one case, and in another \$719.00 net per acre in developed irrigation districts in the vicinity of the Priest Rapids lands.

Apples	- -	\$500 to \$700 per acre each year.
Peaches	- -	250 to 600 per acre each year.
Pears	- -	250 to 600 per acre each year.
Grapes	- -	250 to 800 per acre each year.
Apricots	- -	200 to 400 per acre each year.
Cherries	- -	250 to 1000 per acre each year.
Prunes	- -	150 to 300 per acre each year.
English Walnuts	- -	250 to 600 per acre each year.
Nectarines	- -	150 to 400 per acre each year.
Almonds	- -	150 to 500 per acre each year.
Watermelons	- -	150 to 300 per acre each year.
Muskmelons	- -	150 to 300 per acre each year.
Strawberries	- -	250 to 700 per acre each year.

You clear \$150 to \$1,000 per acre each year from your fruit, and in addition your land rises in value \$100 to \$200 per acre per year, two sources of large and certain profits.

Thirty-two thousand acres being placed under irrigation, divided in five, ten, twenty and forty acre tracts. Five acres in bearing fruit will net \$2,000 to \$3,500 per year, and larger bodies of land in proportion. The townsite of Hanford, distributing point for the Hanford irrigated lands now being surveyed. Abundant opportunities for business in all lines.

## “IT’S THE CLIMATE AND SOIL”

Our “Question and Answer” Circular with map tells all about it. Sent free.  
Address

## Hanford Irrigation and Power Company

E. C. Hanford, Manager

Department 5

Seattle National Bank Bldg.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

(Ten Acres Enough)

# *I Offer to the Public Two Classes of Investment*

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¶ THE FIRST AND BEST is the one in which I guarantee the principal and six per cent interest, and divide half of the net profits of the transaction.

¶ THE SECOND is where I use my best judgment in the purchase and sale of property, and charge ten per cent of the net profits, with no guarantee excepting that of my own integrity, ability and energy.

¶ Having the experience in real estate of a life time, and knowing the Coos Bay country and its possibilities better than any other man in the United States, I CAN and WILL do better for capitalists than any other man can possibly do.

BOTH STRONG AND GOOD

## *Kinney's Investment Bank*

*L. D. KINNEY, Proprietor*

*Marshfield, Oregon*



## Scene on Canadian Pacific Irrigation Co.'s Land near Calgary, Alberta



Notice the rank growth of wild grass and peas. This proves the richness of the soil. The HOME of the cattle, horse and sheep business.

**Irrigated Land - - \$25.00 per Acre**

**Non-Irrigated Land \$15.00 per Acre**

**or a combination of both, and all on easy terms**

An unlimited supply of water only **fifty cents per acre per year**. This land grows the biggest crops of wheat and oats in the world. Good prices paid for sugar beets. Three big cuttings of alfalfa each season. Government creameries in operation in all important towns. Great opportunities exist for mixed farming operations. Good markets, healthy climate, good neighbors.

NOW is the time to go up. Write TODAY about excursion rates and for illustrated literature to Department "D"

### **FERRIER - BROCK CO.**

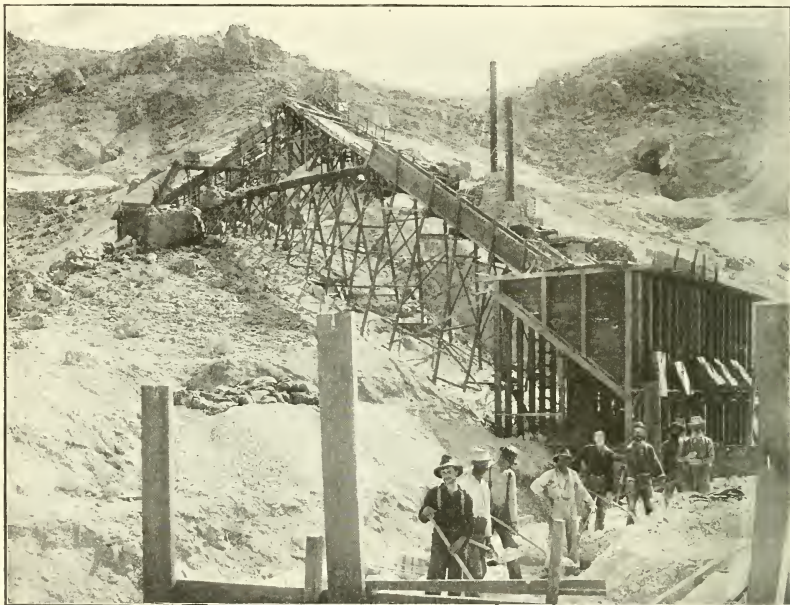
GENERAL PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

J. E. GREEN, Manager  
Canadian Land Department

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

# There's Millions In It A Few Shares of Stock in the American Borax Mines Co.

Will Earn You an Income for Life. How did Borax Smith make his millions? How did the Fraiser Borax Co. make its millions? How did the Columbia Borax Co. make its millions? Then why can't the stockholders of the AMERICAN BORAX MINES COMPANY do the same?



A WORKING BORAX MINE

When in the estimation of three experts their property is more valuable than the Frazier and Columbia? READ WHAT THEY ALL QUOTE. Their property comprises 320 acres in all, and is a continuation of the Fraiser and Columbia Mines. The company is incorporated under the laws of Arizona. Capital stock, 5000 shares; par value \$100.00 each, fully paid and forever non-assessable. Buy this stock while you can get it at

**\$12.50 per share, par value \$100.00**

This stock has advanced 25% in the last 30 days and will advance still higher in the next 30 days. You can pay one-fifth cash, and the balance in four equal monthly payments.

**Reference: Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co. of Los Angeles**

Send for our booklet, "*Discovery and History of Borax.*" It is FREE. Remember, a few shares of this stock should make you rich.

**H. M. BENNETT COMPANY**

**BANKERS**

333 I. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, California



HOME OFFICE  
ALASKA BUILDING  
SEATTLE

## ONE GOOD INVESTMENT IS WORTH A LIFETIME OF LABOR



**A** CERTAIN gentleman owned a large and prosperous store, but being suddenly stricken with sickness, his physicians ordered immediate change of altitude, and that he dispose of his business at once, thus removing all worries. Of course, to do this by ordinary means would involve great sacrifice and loss of money, so to a trusted clerk in his employ he put this unusual proposition: "I will sell the store to you, naming a fair valuation, and you are to pay me for it in monthly installments, which you will earn from the business." In this way the proprietor received a fair price for his store and was relieved from all worry. The clerk, in turn, received a great opportunity to grow wealthy because of his pluck in assuming the responsibility, and by conscientious work. **H**is monthly installments were easily paid from the profits of the business. **Y**ou say: "Yes, very fine, but opportunities like that are not flying around loose." Well, that is true, but nevertheless, we have just such an opportunity for you, only better, as we take the responsibility and you get the dividends. A certain big proposition has been placed in our hands and we are to act as fiscal agents, being instructed to close up this proposition at a very early date, write **NOW** and let us explain the full details of this unusual opportunity.

#### REFERENCES

Bradstreet  
R. G. Dunn & Co.  
State Bank of Seattle.  
Northwestern Trust & Safe Deposit Co.  
J. G. Leslie & Co., Real Estate  
Washington State Mining Association

*Rogers-Hesseltine Co.*

Investment Securities  
Seattle, Wash.

*A dollar sown with judgment will grow to twenty dollars at harvest time.*

REGENT ADV. SERVICE

# Boston-Johnnie, 30c

In Nevada a chain of gold-bearing properties has been opened up to the marvel of the world, for it is without parallel in history. After Tonopah, Goldfield and Bullfrog come the discoveries at JOHNNIE, as vast and valuable as any that have gone before. Never were such opportunities offered for making *big* fortunes with *small* investments as *now*. Have no fear to take the risk, when you can get into gold mining in company with men of integrity, and become a shareholder when the price of stock is much below par.

The essential difference between buying stock in a mining company and the securities of an industrial corporation is that while the industrial stock may, in rare instances, advance above par value, there are hundreds of mining stocks which are selling at from 100 to 1,000 times their original price. The prospective *profits* in mining are *unlimited*. No form of investment has made so many fortunes out of a few dollars.

The BOSTON-JOHNIE MINING & MILLING COMPANY owns five full claims and two leases. By purchase and by lease we have acquired the right to take out ore upon the most valuable ledges in the district of Johnnie, and but for the fact that the owners have taxed their pocketbooks to get possession of these gilt-edged properties, there would be no stock for sale at any price.

As it is, only enough treasury stock at 30 cents a share has been allotted me to sell, which will realize a sum sufficient to perfect the development work now partly done, and which reveals to us great glittering masses of ore *in untold quantities*, ready to be converted into bullion.

## Honest Management

If any reader of The Pacific Monthly is not acquainted with the officers and directorate of the BOSTON-JOHNIE M. & M. CO., let him ask his banker to get a report from either Dun's or Bradstreet's on any officer of the company or its fiscal agent, and he will be satisfied to do business with men whose business record is clean and whose credit is unimpeachable. The personnel of directors is as follows:

President—W. D. Wilson, president Wilson Oil Co., for ten years identified with the oil development of Southern California, and a considerable owner of choice business property in Los Angeles. References, Broadway Bank & Trust Co. and German-American Savings Bank, of Los Angeles.

Vice-President—Walter R. Wheat, vice-president Bank of Venice, former City Trustee of Ocean Park, Cal., and secretary of the Abbot-Kinney Co., builders, of Venice. First National Bank, Security Savings Bank, Broadway Bank & Trust Co., Los Angeles, and Bank of Venice, Ocean Park, Cal.

Secretary and Treasurer—James R. H. Wagner, secretary and half-owner of the Dana-Burks Investment Co.; organizer and former president of the Santa Barbara Realty & Trust Co.; organizer and former secretary of the Santa Barbara Home Telephone Co.; president of the Wiltshire-Normandie Land Co., and the San Vicente Land Co., of Los Angeles. Bankers, Los Angeles Trust Co., Bank of Venice, Ocean Park, and Commercial Bank, of Santa Barbara, Cal.

Director—William G. Stewart, general contractor and builder, owner of houses and hotels. Security Savings Bank, Los Angeles.

Superintendent—F. E. Bennett, mining operator in Johnnie, Nevada. The practical man at the mine, and a pioneer in the district.

After you have consulted the above references, and are fully satisfied that the BOSTON-JOHNIE M. & M. CO.'S affairs are being administered by business men of integrity and mining men of experience, then write to the postmaster of Johnnie, Nevada, and ask him how the BOSTON-JOHNIE properties compare with others in the same district; ask him if they have only prospects, or a mine with ore blocked out; ask him what he thinks of the future of the Johnnie district in general, and of BOSTON-JOHNIE in particular.

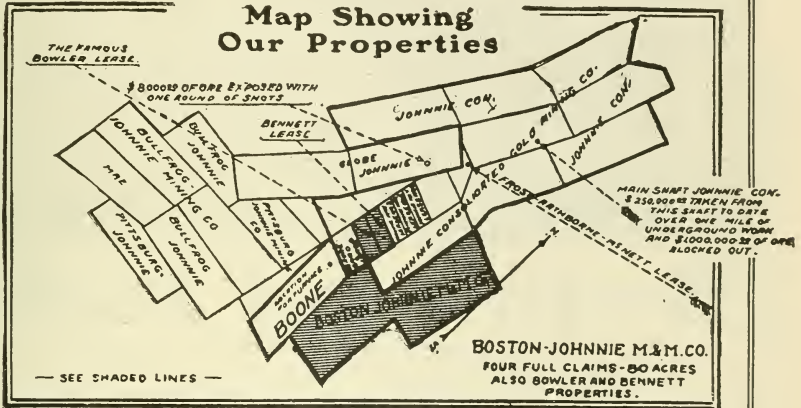
## A Penny Postal Card, A Drop of Ink

Send me a postal card today, containing your name and address, and I will send you back detailed information concerning the development of the property, with engineer's reports thereon, and a map showing the Johnnie camp and its relation to the rest of the mineralized district in Nevada. I send this

# MAP FREE

# Watch Johnnie Grow

If there's any BOSTON-JOHNNIE stock left unsold at 30 cents a share when this number of The Pacific Monthly gets into your hands, you'd better order by wire, or you may have to pay more than 30 cents. Look at this map and see the relative positions of the choicest properties in Johnnie.



**WE'VE BOUGHT THE BOONE CLAIM.**—Our next map will show shaded lines across the white space, lettered "BOONE." We have just taken up the bond, and thereby added to our holdings the choicest piece of undeveloped property in the district.

**WE'VE GOT A MILL.**—The company has contracted for a mill to be built, and has agreed to supply 25 tons of ore a day. After deducting milling charges of \$7 a ton, we expect to realize \$28 a ton net, or \$700 a day, or over \$250,000 a year. The builders promise to have the mill running before June 1.

**TWO LEASES IN RICH ORE.**—The Bowler and Bennett leases, in which we have 9,000 tons of ore blocked out and ready for delivery to the mill, should yield during their life between \$600,000 and \$800,000.

I predict that Boston-Johnnie stock will be selling at 50 cents as soon as our mill is completed. The price will advance from 30 cents as soon as my present allotment is subscribed. I am willing to stand the expense of paying for your telegraphic orders at 30 cents, and I will make delivery of all the stock I can at that price. Oversubscriptions I will fill at the advanced price or refund your money. **BUY NOW.** Cash or credit. **I do not require full payment in cash**, because the company's disbursements will cover a period of months. You may pay one-fourth down and balance in three monthly installments.

## JAMES R. H. WAGNER CO.

FISCAL AGENTS BOSTON-JOHNNIE MINING AND MILLING CO.

22 H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



# Brentwood Park

## THE GRANDEST HOMESITE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

This picture shows you some of the flowers and shrubs in Brentwood Park, which is located on the rim of the historical Santa Monica Canon and north of the new San Vicente Boulevard, extending back to the foothills, midway between the Soldiers' Home and the Ocean, commanding one of the grandest views of the entire valley and mountains, just far enough back from the Ocean to give a commanding view of Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Play del Rey, Redondo, the Catalina and the Santa Barbara Islands, a beautiful Ocean view of seventy five miles; no harsh winds or fogs in Brentwood Park; the finest of soil and the best of water. Brentwood Park lies about a mile and a quarter east of the Ocean and at an elevation of from three hundred and fifty to seven hundred feet.

This beautiful park is laid out in the same manner as the Golden Gate Park, at San Francisco, which is so well known throughout the country. All the villa sites in the Park have large frontages, none less than one hundred feet, and the depths range from one hundred and seventy-four to four hundred and fifty feet. All the streets will be graded and oiled and surfaced with gravel; the sidewalks space, from ten to twelve feet, will be rolled in gravel. A grand boulevard extends through this Park ranging from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and eighty feet. Every modern improvement is being put in Brentwood Park, and all of the very best; shrubbery in profusion is scattered through the Park; the climatic conditions could not be improved. Here one can have a veritable Park home, having all the advantages of the city and still keeping away from the city effects.

The great Harriman system, the Los Angeles Pacific, on their new double track, pass the door; no more finer or rapid transportation anywhere; thirty minutes from Brentwood Park to Fourth and Broadway, the business center of Los Angeles, and when the subway is completed the time will be only seventeen minutes.

You are protected with first-class restrictions. This Park caters to people of refinement. Several beautiful homes are under construction and some are now completed, costing from twelve to thirty thousand dollars.

There will be great activity in this direction this Spring because of the great improvements which the railroads are making, and Brentwood Park is right in the path of these improvements.

Here is a chance for a good investment. Don't you think you had better buy a lot in Brentwood Park today? Don't wait; you cannot make any mistake. We refer you to all of Los Angeles; anyone who has seen Brentwood has nothing but praise for it. You might want to build a home some day, and all the time you are waiting your lot would be rapidly increasing in value. As an investment—nothing better; and for a home—the very best.

Write us today for maps, prices, booklets and plats, which will be cheerfully sent free to all. Address,

**WESTERN PACIFIC DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, Owners**

203-4 Germain Building  
**LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**

# CHINO RANCH



## Fertile Farms in Ten-Acre Lots

Only 60 Minutes From Los Angeles

## \$75 to \$150 Per Acre

One-Fourth Cash, Balance Easy Terms

CHINO RANCH is a section of unparalleled resources—a prosperous valley where water is inexhaustible. Chino ranchers have never suffered from a dry season—failure is unknown.

The wonderfully prolific soil, favorable climate and abundant water afford the natural advantages for growing a wide diversity of crops. Fortunes are being made in growing Alfalfa, Walnuts, Oranges and Lemons, Deciduous Fruits and Berries, Sugar Beets, Onions and all Vegetable Crops.

Three transcontinental railroads bring markets near, and the new Huntington electric line to Pomona will soon connect Los Angeles with fast suburban service. All modern rural improvements are here. Chino ranchers have time to enjoy the cultured rural social life while earning independence from their lands.

Call or write for maps, illustrated booklets and folders giving definite information about this prosperous valley.

## CHINO LAND & WATER CO.

516 WILCOX BUILDING

Main 761

LOS ANGELES

Home A7827

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# \$<sup>n</sup> California SAN DIEGO'S SUPREMACY

for HARBOR for CLIMATE  
for OPPORTUNITY for  
INVESTMENT for PROFIT  
—Is Worthy Your  
Immediate Investigation

**GOOD LUCK**—is buying a good lot in a growing city on a new electric car line "before the cars begin to run" and making the natural increase in land values.

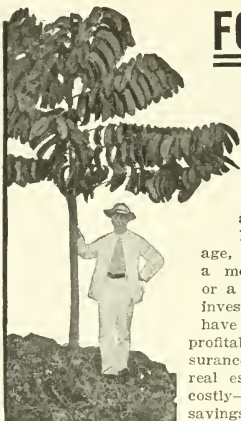
I call that rapid transit good luck.

Every one of our famous big Tracts are in line of just this kind of good luck in addition to the general increase in values on account of the new direct railroad east via Yuma.

Deal with the good luck house. Fortunes in lots at four cents a square foot in our famous seven Swastika Tracts. \$5.00 down, \$5.00 a month. Questions answered. City Map Free.

**WEST** **WILL** **HOMELAND** **IMPROVEMENT**  
**CO.** **COMPANY (Inc.)**  
939 Sixth St., **SAN DIEGO**  
PACIFIC ELECTRIC BLDG.  
208 LOS ANGELES CALIF.

# \$1500 A YEAR FOR LIFE



**IF YOU WISH** to save for old age or provide for healthy middle-age, you can not find a more conservative or a more reasonable investment than we have to offer—more profitable than life insurance—safe as city real estate, yet not so costly—better than a savings bank, for the return is greater.

One of Our 15-Month-Old Trees.

We have full and complete literature, showing conclusive

facts, logical figures and definite reference of good character, proving beyond any doubt that our proposition is bona fide, certain and profitable. Our booklets give "reasons," why those who can spare from \$5 to \$25 a month can provide for old age and protect themselves against the ravages of time, the chances of poverty and the misfortune of ill health by securing a competent income that will cover all necessary living requirements.

It is worth your time to ask for our booklets—do this today in justice to your future. It is not only the man who saves, but he who saves profitably. The demand for rubber can never be fully supplied—a rubber plantation is more hopeful than a gold mine—our booklets tell you the facts that have taken years to prove—write for them today.

This company is divided into only 6,000 shares, each one representing an undivided interest equivalent to an acre in our Rubber Orchard and Plantation. Our booklets will prove to you that five shares in this investment, paid for at the rate of \$25 a month, will bring you an average return of 25 per cent on your money during the period of seven years and an annual income of \$1,500 for life. This investment insures absolutely the safety of your future. The man or woman who owns five shares in our rubber plantation in tropical Mexico need have no fear for old age, no doubts about illness, no care nor anxiety for after years—you are safe—absolutely and certainly—our booklets will prove these statements—write for them today.

**Conservative Rubber Production Co.**

610 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

## Seattle Today

What would your yearly income be today if you had bought a corner lot in the heart of New York when it had a population half what it is today? That's food for thought—just so—Seattle is the New York of the Pacific Coast. Population 210,000.

Buy a lot now and your fortune begins as soon as the investment is made.

Seattle is growing faster than New York or Chicago ever did. Figure Seattle's population at 400,000 in 1912 and see what the profit for you will be.

In 1906 property values increased on an average of 100%. In the next five years Seattle Real Estate will increase in value more rapidly than that, because it has the resources behind to make it grow.

These are facts, Mr. Reader, we can substantiate all of them.

'Tis your duty to learn more about the opportunities Seattle offers the investor. The man with a few hundred has a golden opportunity awaiting him in Seattle.

Write today no matter whether you have \$100.00 or \$100,000.00 there's money in it for you.

ACT NOW.

**McGraw, Kittinger & Case**

Colman Building

Seattle, Washington.



# Beverly Hills

“Between the City and the Sea”

This magnificent foot-hill property stands alone. It is distinctly different from anything in Southern California—overlooks Los Angeles, Hollywood and the ocean.

Owing to the magnitude of improvements planned for this property, its excellent location, climate, car service, etc., it is destined to be the future home of people who want all the city conveniences and yet the beauties of suburban life.

## The Practical Success

of this beautiful tract of all large lots, is assured by the fact that a great number of the purchasers are either building or planning to do so.

**Lots 80x175 up. Prices \$800.00 up**  
Easy Terms

### Improvements

Wide tamped oiled streets,  
Cement sidewalks and curbs,  
Water, Gas, Electricity,  
Telephones,  
Sewer System,  
Four Parks,  
Planting on all streets.

## Percy H. Clark Co.

311 H. W. Hellman Building  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Send for booklet, etc.

### Stockholders and Directors

H. E. Huntington  
Gen. M. H. Sherman  
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W. G. Kerckhoff  
C. A. Canfield  
Burton E. Green

# \$2,500 PER YEAR

ALL THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

IN RETURN FOR \$2,500 INVESTED NOW

IS THE OPPORTUNITY OFFERED IN THE

## WENATCHEE VALLEY

Don't take our word for it. We will give you the testimony of resident fruit-growers to prove that

**ANYBODY CAN DO AS WELL**

The majority have done much better

**INQUIRE NOW**

When our land is sold there will be no more land in Wenatchee Valley to be put under irrigation.

## EAST WENATCHEE LAND CO.

WENATCHEE, WASH.

# THE LAND WHERE THINGS GROW

There are homes for thousands in the Klamath Basin where the United States Reclamation Service is building an irrigation system to furnish water to 250,000 acres of land adapted to extensive farming.

It is land that will produce the most profitable class of crops, including sugar beets, celery, asparagus, potatoes, wheat, oats, barley, rye, alfalfa, timothy, vegetables and fruits. Several thousand acres under irrigation demonstrate its adaptability.

The largest body of standing soft pine timber on the Pacific Coast is the basis for great lumber industries, insuring home market for products.

Lines of railroad under construction will soon link this region with both Portland and San Francisco, and through these ports of the Pacific to markets of the world.

There is very little agricultural land open to homestead entry, but choice land can be bought at reasonable price in tracts of 160 acres or less.

An ideal section for the poultry grower, gardener, dairyman, stockman or feeder, with rare business openings.

## KLAMATH HAS SOMETHING GOOD FOR YOU

*For Further Information, write to*

Klamath Dev. Co.  
Hot Springs Imp. Co.  
J. W. Siemens  
Klamath Co. Bank

Frank Ira White  
Mason & Slough  
Klamath Com. Agency  
First National Bank

Klamath Co. Abstract Co.  
Wilbur White,  
of Klamath Falls, Ore.

or to  
C. H. McKendree  
Chas. B. Pattee,  
Bonanza, Ore.



## WHEN YOU GET IT--

That spirit of restlessness, that desire to expand, to travel, to see and to know—that's the spirit of Spring. A trip over the justly famous

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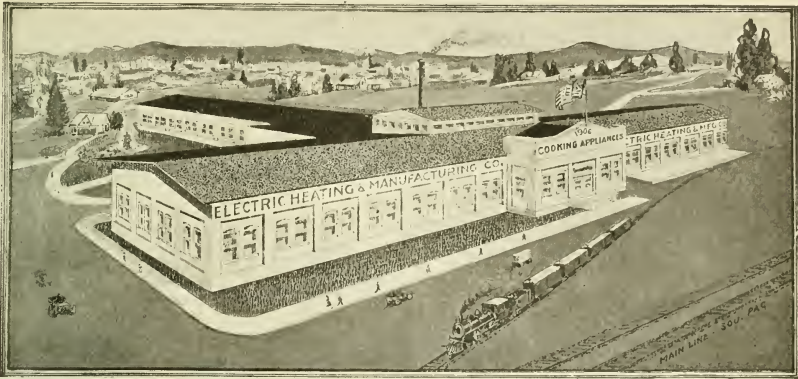
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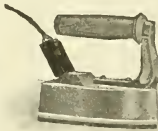
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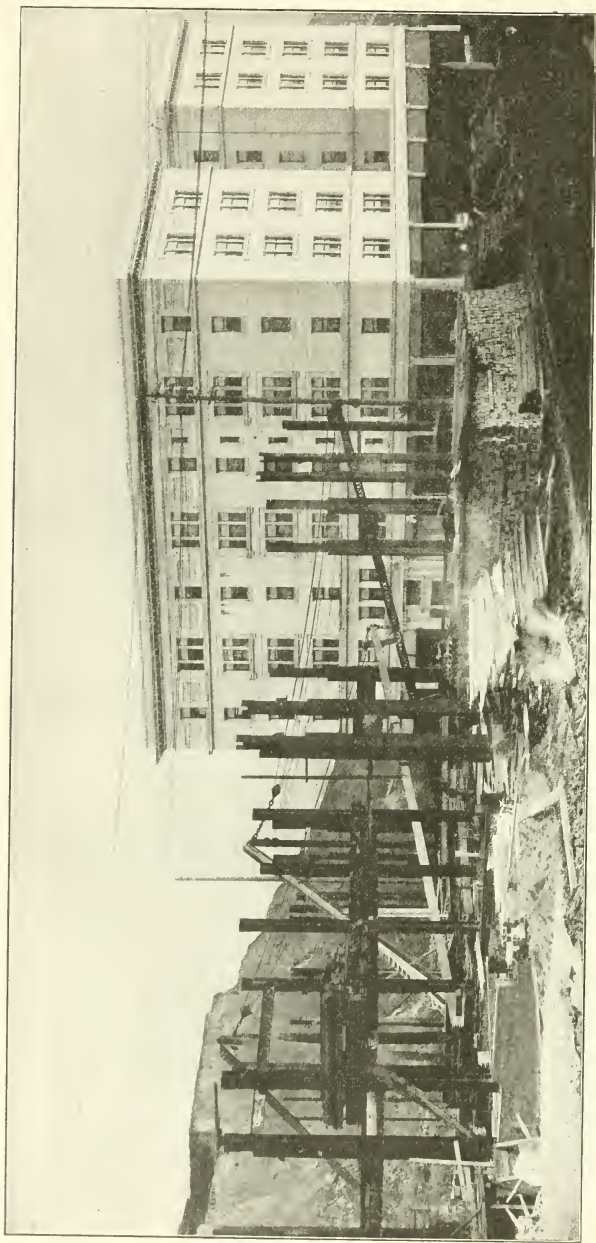
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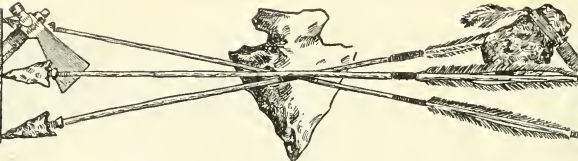
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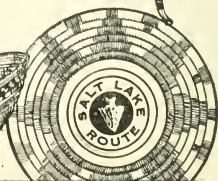
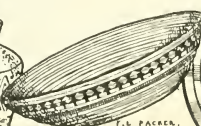
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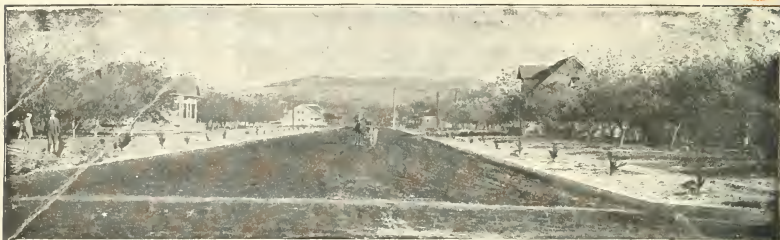
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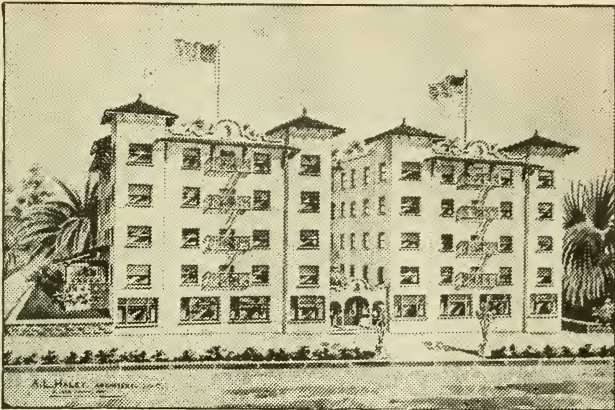
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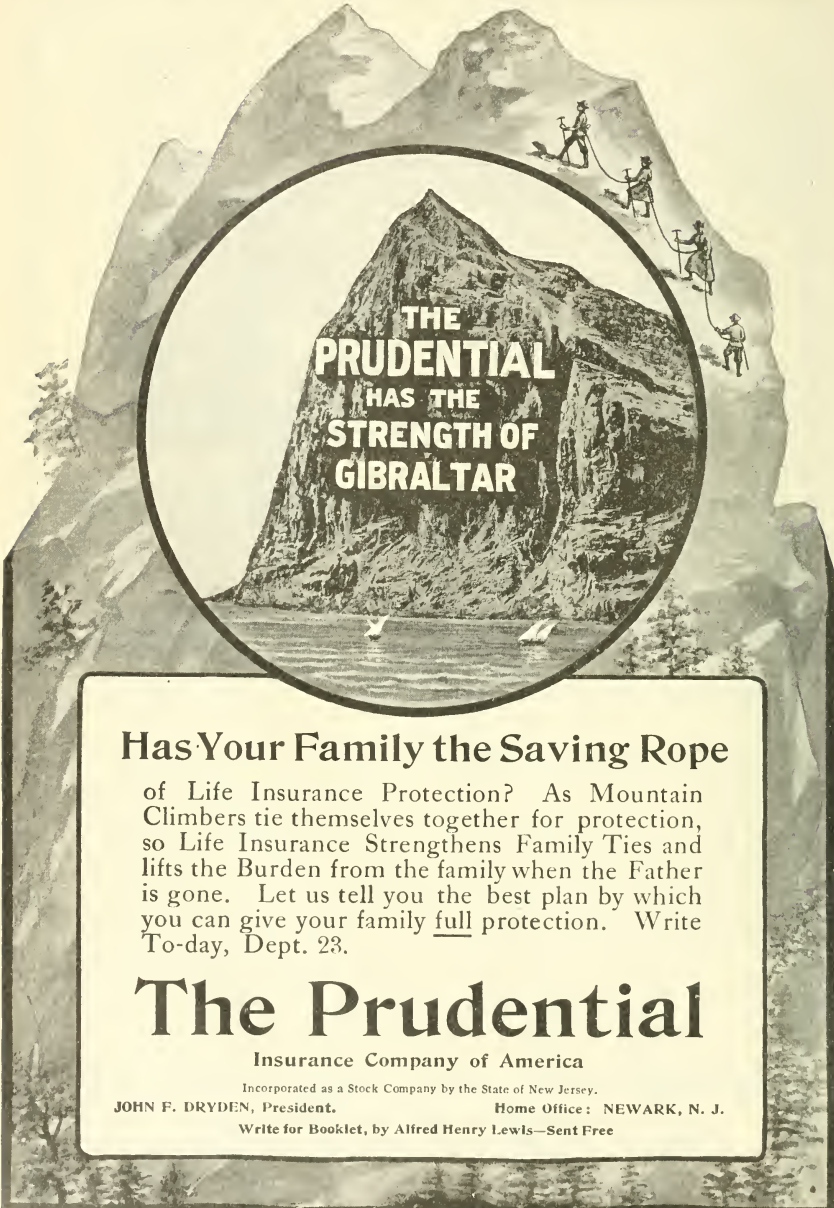
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## The Pacific Monthly for June

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Following up Mr. E. W. Wright's article in this issue on the growth of steamship trade, the June Pacific Monthly will give the remarkable story of the sailing fleets that have made the Pacific seas the great realm of romance. It will be called

**THE EVOLUTION OF THE PACIFIC COAST SAILING FLEET.** It is written from first-hand knowledge by James G. McCurdy, and is illustrated from beautiful photographs taken at sea by Captain H. H. Morrison. Nothing is so rare as a photograph of a ship under sail and far from land; this series is not only beautiful, but unique.

**AMONG THE AVOCETS,** by William Leon Dawson, is the history of a bird so nearly extinct as to be unknown to all but to a few naturalists. In a little lake in Eastern Washington Mr. Dawson found a colony of these Avocets and secured, together with invaluable data, the only photographs ever taken of these beautiful birds.

**THE CLIFF-DWELLERS AND THE MORMON THEORY,** by W. C. McBride, is an intensely interesting history of a chapter in Mormon theology and Western antiquity. The illustrations of this article are among the most beautiful ever published.

**A RIDE FOR HOME,** by John Kenneth Turner, is the first of several stories of Western vagabondia. It is extraordinarily well done. It is illustrated by Frank Keane.



## Announcement by the Editors

---

**A DOG THAT WAS "DIFFERENT,"** by Millard F. Hudson, is the history of a dog that was loved by a Western city and became its "most prominent citizen."

**VITAL SHORT STORIES** in the June issue are Lute Pease's "**The Freeze-up**," a story of the Yukon; "**Deserters**," a Philippine story by Neil Gillespie; "**The Wooing of Poon Yet**," a California story by Will Robinson, and "**The Curio**," a South Sea tale by John Fleming Wilson.

**THE SETTLER** in this installment reaches a pitch of interest never exceeded by Mr. Whitaker in any of his work.

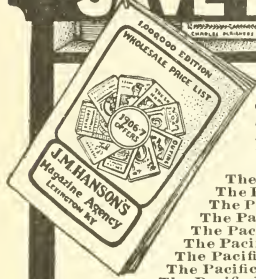
**OTHER FEATURES** will be brilliant critical articles by William Winter, Porter Garnett and Charles Erskine Scott Wood. Mr. Bailey will continue his series of historical articles by giving the romantic history of the Canadian Pacific.

**GRAY'S HARBOR** is one of the most progressive communities on the Pacific. Fred Lockley has investigated its resources, viewed its scenery and studied the possibilities of the lively towns on its bay. His account will appear in the June number.

**REPRODUCTIONS IN COLOR OF PAINTINGS** have formed the loveliest of The Pacific Monthly's attractions. In this June issue will be one of a new series of studies in Western life by Sidney H. Riesenberg. Sumptuous printings in tint of fine photographs will be continued.



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- What is an "original package"?
- How has the cold storage system affected markets?
- What Pittsburg employer is said to be the first person to have employed Chinese labor in the United States?
- How many million dollars' worth of silk is imported into the United States annually?
- How old is George Bernard Shaw?
- How many kinds of block signals are there in modern railroad practice, and what are they?
- Which of Verdi's operas are greatest? How do they differ from his popular "Il Trovatore"?
- What are the causes of appendicitis? Between what ages are persons most liable to attack?
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# THE PACIFIC MONTHLY



Vol. XVII

MAY, 1907

No. 5

## Westward to the Far East

How the Trans-Pacific Steamer Has Shifted a World's  
Commercial Highway

By E. W. Wright

**S**WEEPING westward to the Far East from the Atlantic seaboard and the Middle West, there is today a rapidly swelling tide of trade that is the wonder of the commercial world. The remarkable industrial and commercial expansion on both sides of the Pacific has indirectly been the means of changing a world's commercial highway and establishing new but lasting trade routes. The comparison of trade or commerce to tide and water is not a new one, but it seems particularly appropriate in this case. Following the course of least resistance, a swelling stream, leaving its banks in the early Springtime, will not infrequently cut out a new channel, to which in time all of its waters are diverted. A not dissimilar process is now at work scouring out a new trade channel across the American continent by rail and thence on to the Orient by trans-Pacific steamers. The palmy days of the

sailing vessel in the China trade have long departed. A few broad-beamed, slow-moving steel sailing "tanks" are still engaged in carrying case oil out to the Orient by the Cape Horn route, but the wonderful clipper whose yacht-like lines and speed brought glory to the American flag, and fortune to their owners, are gone forever.

Oriental trade discovered a new trade channel of less resistance when the dirty, snub-nosed, pot-bellied tramp steamers began churning their way through the Suez Canal with cargoes from five to ten times as large as those carried by the famous clippers. The tramp steamer put the clipper out of the China trade, and for a time enjoyed almost a monopoly of the traffic, but the world moves and trade is ever restive. It broke over its banks from the Suez channel many years ago, and a tiny stream trickled westward by rail and steamer to the Far East. New York, then as now the commercial headquarters of the New World,

noticed the escape of this tiny stream from the main tide of trade which was still sweeping to the Orient by way of the Suez or by Cape Horn. There was prophecy as well as news in the following item, which appeared in the New York Journal of Commerce in December, 1866:

The steamer *Celestial City* of 4,000 tons, the second vessel of a new line to China and Japan, will be launched at W. H. Webb's shipyard, foot of Sixth street and East River. Her consort, the *Great Republic*, is receiving machinery. Increasing interest in this enterprise is felt with the approach of December 11, when the steamer *Henry Chauncey* leaves this port as the pioneer of the new route to connect with the *Colorado* at San Francisco January 1. The undertaking is a formidable one, worthy of the progressive spirit of the most progressive age and creditable to the American people. No one can predict the consequences to ensue from this feeble beginning. Europe is not indifferent. It is only reasonable to anticipate a most important diversion of traffic from the old channels of commerce when it is demonstrated that this route to the Orient is expeditious and reliable.

It is less than forty years since this "diversion of traffic" began. It is less than twenty since it reached proportions of consequence, and it is within the past five years that it has leaped into proportions which have far exceeded the wildest predictions of the most optimistic traders a dozen years ago. Trans-Pacific trade with the Far East is ancient. The Orient has always been a name with which to conjure. Boasting of a civilization that was old before the birth of Christ, it, for centuries, held aloof from the rest of the world and enveloped in a mantle of mystery its social, religious and even its commercial life. Bloodless conquests of any portion of this good old world have been rare indeed and the Orient proved no exception. The attempts of early adventurers to interfere with prevailing social and religious customs were discouraged by massacring the new-comers, and even commercial conquest met with stubborn opposition.

But in the end, the commercial instinct triumphed. The stately mandarins eventually learned that from no other quarter could they secure such rich and costly furs for robes of state as from the ships of the white barbarians from across the Pacific. It

might be well to mention here that while the Americans are now practically alone in their glory in the trans-Pacific trade, the business of bartering furs secured on the North Pacific Coast of America for Oriental wares began nearly three hundred years before the appearance of the Americans on the scene. Soon after Magellan planted the banner of Spain on the Pacific Coast, New Spain, as Central America was then known, began a flourishing trade with the Orient, and it was her success in that trade that attracted the attention of the rest of the world. Sir Francis Drake, for whom the "Jolly Roger" would have been a much more appropriate emblem than the banner of England, under which he sailed, came through the Straits of Magellan in 1578 and plundered the Spanish ports, sunk their ships and left a broad wake of destruction behind him. Sir Thomas Cavendish took up the work abandoned by Drake and a few years later left another trail of devastation among the Spanish possessions. At that time it was the popular belief that the Straits of Magellan was merely a passageway between two continents and that through this passage lay the only route to the Orient, except by the fabled "Northwest Passage," which had not yet been discovered. Fearing further depredations from the English, Spain dispatched a small vessel to the North to find this passage that would afford a short route from Europe to the rich trade field across the Pacific. Cavendish captured the exploring party and their small vessel, the *Santa Ana*, and took them south again. With the crew of the *Santa Anna* was a Greek mariner named Apostolos Valerianos, better known as "Juan de Fuca." This individual came north again five years later and immortalized himself by sailing into the straits which still bear his *nom de plume*, and through which the vast commerce of Puget Sound now finds its way to the Pacific. Either through ignorance or mendacity, Juan de Fuca on his return reported that he had discovered the famous Northwest Passage. So much credence was given to his report that for many years thereafter, navigators on both oceans continued to sail up against the shores of the American continent in quest of a short route to the Orient.

The Spanish failed to make the most of their trade opportunities, even before the ar-



Hudson Bay Company's Steamer "Beaver," First Steamer on the Pacific. Sailed from Gravesend August, 1835; Arrived California April, 1836.

rival of the English freebooters, and for more than two hundred years trade with the Orient never got beyond the bartering of furs for silks, precious metals, tea and other Oriental commodities. As a matter of fact, it was many years after the Americans got into the trade before it passed the "bartering" era. The steamship was the great civilizer which "drew the world together and spread the race apart."

In view of the fact that steam navigation on the Pacific has had its most phenomenal growth within the past decade, it is somewhat surprising to recall that the first appearance of a steamer in these waters was so near contemporaneous with that of the *Savannah* on the Atlantic. The *Beaver*, a small side-wheeler, was launched at England in 1835, and sailed from Gravesend in August the same year for Vancouver, then a Hudson Bay post on the Columbia River, six miles from where the City of Portland now stands. The *Beaver* came out under sail, but with all of her machinery in place, and on arrival at Vancouver in April, 1836,

her paddle wheels were built and May 31, 1836, steam was raised and she ran down the Columbia River about forty miles with an excursion party, on which occasion, according to the diary of one of the passengers, they indulged in "a train of perspective reflections upon the probable changes that would take place in these remote regions in a very few years." The *Beaver* crossed out of the Columbia, bound for Victoria, B. C., June 26, 1836, and at 2 P. M. that day the Pacific Ocean felt the throb of the first steamship that ever churned its waters. While the *Beaver* was not directly engaged in the Oriental trade, she was a decidedly useful adjunct of the sailing craft that were so employed, as she ran up and down the coast, collecting furs and massing them at points where they could be conveniently reached by the regular traders crossing the Pacific. While engaged in this work, she also distributed merchandise brought from England by these ships. The *Beaver* spent a long and useful life in North Pacific waters and was still in active service more than

fifty years after her arrival, when the magnificent white liners of the Canadian Pacific's Oriental service appeared. She was not a factor in modern trans-Pacific trade, but as the pioneer steamship on that ocean, her name is inseparably linked with the history of its navigation.

The California gold excitement in 1848-49 was the magnet which first drew a steamship across the Pacific, and in October, 1849, a small freighter came across from Canton with several hundred Chinese. The gold discoveries in California undoubtedly discounted all other agencies in populating the Pacific Coast States, and with the thousands of treasure-seekers who swarmed in from all parts of the earth came the Chinese. There were only fifty of the slant-eyed Orientals in the Territory of California in February, 1849, but ten months later the number had increased to 800, and at the end of 1850 there were 4,000. This was about the period when Oriental trade drew away from the fur-bartering era and a foundation began forming for the mighty structure of modern commerce.

The four thousand Orientals who landed on our shores in 1850 all made money, and they sent some of it back to the Far East to be exchanged for rice, tea, matting and delicacies which were unobtainable on this side of the Pacific. The Pacific Coast was not developing much of anything but her gold mines in those days, and the balance of trade was all in favor of the Orient. So much so was this the case, that as far back as 1853, the treasure shipments from San Francisco were valued at \$900,000. A year later they were \$1,000,000 and in 1856 had increased to \$1,500,000. This early traffic, with the exception of that handled by an occasional tramp steamer, was all carried on by clipper ships which had been built on the Atlantic Coast for the purpose of bringing gold-seekers around the Horn. The tramp steamers of that early day were such expensively-operated and decidedly slow craft that they were not much in evidence, and the few that appeared were not infrequently beaten by the clippers which raced across from China with passages as low as thirty days. This was the Golden Age of the American ships, and the records of the *America*, *Dreadnaught*, *Sea Serpent*, *Flying Cloud* and others of their class in the China

trade out of San Francisco and New York have never been beaten.

The Chinaman in California in due season acquired expensive tastes in keeping with his income. He learned to eat the bread of the white man and liked it so well that he began shipping flour to his old home. The unsuccessful gold miners turned their attention to agriculture, and as early as 1855 California was producing a sufficient amount of wheat for home consumption. A year later there was an exportable surplus which admitted of the shipment of 4,200 barrels of flour to the Orient. In this connection it is interesting to note that no matter how vast the proportions that may be reached in the Oriental trade, it will never be forgotten that flour was the one great commodity above all others that made possible the establishment of nearly every regular steamship line that ever operated in the trans-Pacific trade. Flour never has and perhaps never will supplant rice as the great diet staple of the Orientals, but with their countless millions of population, even its moderate use as a necessity by the wealthy, and as a luxury by the poorer classes, has created a demand which now reaches more than 3,000,000 barrels per year.

The transportation requirements for this flour trade call for more steam tonnage than is used for any other commodity that is sent across the Pacific, and has been the pre-eminent factor in the development of trade in other lines. Even with the present tremendous volume of merchandise freight across the Pacific, there is no other single commodity except lumber with which an entire steamship can be loaded. This fact enables steamship companies, by taking part cargoes of flour, to offer shippers of other commodities frequent service across the Pacific.

To return to the old *Colorado*, the pioneer "liner" in the trans-Pacific trade, she steamed out of San Francisco promptly on schedule time January 1, 1867. Her manifest showed a light freight, of which 1,300 barrels of flour was the principal item. The *Colorado* was an old style side-wheeler with an enormous coal consumption entirely out of keeping with her carrying capacity, and the "China Mail Steamship Company," which very shortly afterwards became the famous Pacific Mail, lost considerable money





*China-Mail Steamship "Colorado." First Regular Liner to Cross the Pacific; Initial Voyage January 1, 1867.*

on the trip. Returning, she brought back \$45,000 worth of silk and a light cargo of miscellaneous Oriental merchandise. Business was decidedly better for the *Colorado* on her second trip, and she cleared early in April with 1,200 tons of freight, of which more than one-third was flour. She also carried 200 Chinese and fifty white passengers. The *Great Republic*, which followed the *Colorado*, was more than twice as large as the pioneer steamer, and the promoters of the new Oriental line were unable to secure sufficient cargo to fill her capacious hold. In addition to this serious drawback, she was also a very expensive boat to operate. She was retired after making one trip and, after a brief sortie on the Panama route, was sold for a small fraction of her original cost to a coasting company, who lost her in 1879 near the mouth of the Columbia River.

But the ancient side-wheeler *Colorado* and her expensive consort, the *Great Republic*, made history in their brief career in the trans-Pacific trade. Never since that old and expensively operated side-wheeler steamed out of the Golden Gate on that New

Year's morning in 1867 has there been a break in the trans-Pacific steamship service. The Pacific Mail is still doing business at the old stand and its house-flag flies today from the masthead of some of the largest and finest ships afloat. Under this flag, single vessels have, within the past six months, carried out single cargoes sufficient in weight and bulk to have loaded the *Colorado* to her capacity ten times. These modern flyers of the *Mongolia* and *Manchuria* type, rush these tremendous cargoes across the Pacific in but little more than half the time that was consumed by the pioneer *Colorado*, and, despite constant additions to the fleet, the charter of extra steamers is a constant necessity in order to keep the docks clear of the enormous freight offerings that are pouring in from all parts of the United States. This, in brief, is the story of the growth of the trans-Pacific steamship trade out of San Francisco. That of the northern coast ports is even more wonderful.

It has been but forty years since the first regular Oriental liner steamed out of San Francisco. It is not yet twenty years since



The "Great Republic," Second Big Trans-Pacific Liner. Built 1866.

Oregon and Washington began shipping direct to the Far East by steamer. Twenty years ago the only vessel clearing from a North Pacific port for the Orient was a diminutive American bark, the *Alden Besse*, which carried a small mixed cargo of less than one thousand tons of flour, lumber and miscellaneous merchandise. The "tween decks" of this vessel was fitted up in a crude manner for the accommodation of passengers and the greater portion of the revenue earned by the vessel was from the two hundred Chinese passengers, who were returning to their old homes in the Far East. The *Alden Besse*, or vessels of similar type, had been engaged in this trade for several years, but it was in the aggregate of such small proportions that not infrequently the ships were obliged to return by way of San Francisco bringing a few hundred tons of merchandise for that port and coming up to Portland in ballast. One trip a year was a sufficient service to handle about all the business that was offering from Portland, and to make up the full quota of passengers and supply the necessary amount of freight, the owners of the vessel were obliged to draw on all of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, British Columbia and, in fact, wherever an Oriental had settled.

This was twenty-two years ago, and in the year ending December 31, 1906, there cleared from the ports of Portland, Tacoma,

Seattle and Vancouver, B. C., 128 steamships, carrying more than 1,000,000 tons of freight. Included in this big list of sailings were the mammoth steamships *Minnesota* and *Dakota*, two of the largest steamships afloat, their capacity being about 25,000 tons each. Several other steamships engaged in the Oriental trade out of Puget Sound were so close to these great carriers in capacity that the freight manifests show but very little difference by comparison.

The China Mail and its successor, the Pacific Mail, were American enterprises in the strictest sense, but it was British capital and enterprise that first admitted the Oregon and Washington ports to the Oriental trade. When the Canadian Pacific completed its line across the continent to Vancouver, B. C., its traffic ended right there at tidewater. The Northern Pacific had not yet bored its way through the Cascade Mountains, the Great Northern was still in the wilds of Montana, and the only direct lines to the Pacific Coast were the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, both several hundred miles south of the Canadian line, and through their connection with the Pacific Mail and Occidental and Oriental Steamship Companies, alone in their glory with steamship connection to the Orient.

Sir William Van Horne, the distinguished American who had pushed the British road across the continent, was quick to see the

necessity for a trans-Pacific line to connect with the Canadian Pacific in order to put the latter road on even terms with its American competitors, which had already reached tidewater. Flour was still the pre-eminent factor in the Oriental steamship trade, and the California shipments to the Far East had increased to such an extent that when the Canadian Pacific reached the Pacific Coast in 1887, San Francisco was dispatching 750,000 barrels per year.

This amount was sufficient to give the regular steamers approximately 2,000 tons every ten days, or 3,000 tons for a fortnightly service. With such a foundation for a cargo, little or no difficulty was experienced in rustling up enough transeontinental freight to keep a good-sized fleet of steamers comfortably well filled all the time. Unfortunately for the Canadian road and its steamship expectations, there were no flour mills at Vancouver or in the adjacent Puget Sound territory. The new road's facilities for gathering Oriental freight in that portion of the United States where it generated most freely, were also rather poor, so the southern roads and their steamship allies on the Pacific had little or no fear of any immediate competition from the new line across the northern part of the continent.

It required no great amount of investigation on the part of Sir William Van Horne and his assistants to disclose the fact that the flour trade was the corner stone from which their trans-Pacific traffic must be builded. The nearest source of a freight supply of this nature was Portland, Oregon, about four hundred miles distant. At Portland, T. B. Wilcox, a young man who accidentally drifted into the milling business and made a success of it, was operating a mill with a capacity of 2,000 barrels per day. With the exception of that used for home consumption in Oregon, Washington and California, the output of this mill was shipped round the Horn by sailing vessel to Europe. This trade kept the mill running at its capacity and made so much money for its owners, that the thought of entering the Oriental field had never occurred to Mr. Wilcox. To Portland came Sir William Van Horne and his traffic officials, and they proposed to Mr. Wilcox to place on the Oriental route from Vancouver, three or four steamers, giving a monthly service, providing they

were guaranteed at least 800 tons of flour each trip to avoid the necessity of running the steamers in ballast until some other trade could be worked up. The Portland miller was not inclined to entertain the proposition, and would undoubtedly have turned it down had it not been for the fact that one of the Canadian officials presenting it was an old schoolmate and a warm personal friend.

An agreement was finally reached by which Wilcox agreed to supply the amount of deadweight cargo needed to keep the steamers right side up. As the matter was largely in the nature of an experiment, the Canadian Pacific began the service with chartered steamers. They brought out from the Atlantic three old Cunarders, the *Batavia*, *Parthia* and *Abyssinia*, and for a connecting link between Portland and Vancouver brought the small steamer *Danube* across from Japan to act as a feeder. The results were so gratifying that within a year, contracts were let for the construction of three first-class high-speed passenger steamers. These steamers, *Empress of India*, *Empress of Japan* and *Empress of China*, began service in 1889 and, although a large number of new vessels of much greater tonnage and power have since appeared in the trans-Pacific trade, the speed records of the big white *Empresses* have not yet been beaten. While the ancient Cunarders were paving the way for the big traffic now pouring out of North Pacific ports the freight business of the Canadian Pacific was handled in the Orient by Dodwell & Co., a firm from whom the Canadian Pacific had chartered the Cunarders. On the appearance of the *Empresses*, the old Cunarders were returned to Dodwell and the business was taken over and handled by the Canadian's own employés. Meanwhile Wilcox had become a factor to be reckoned with. When he began shipping to the Orient, he endeavored to have the California millers handle his flour on a commission basis, promising to restrict his operations to the 800 tons per month. His offer was declined and the refusal was supplemented with uncomplimentary remarks regarding the quality of the flour. This angered the Portland man and he at once began a campaign that in a very short time resulted in shifting the supremacy in the Oriental flour trade from California to Oregon and Washington, and running the

total annual shipments from the Northern ports up to nearly 3,000,000 barrels per year. He made his brands famous from Vladivostok to Singapore, paid princely salaries to the men engaged in working up the trade, and in less than a dozen years had increased his milling capacity in Oregon and Washington to 12,000 barrels per day.

When the old Cunarders were turned back to Dodwell, he formed a partnership with a prominent Oriental tea merchant named Carllill, who controlled the routing of a large amount of tea, and the new firm submitted to Wilcox a proposition to place the steamers in service between Portland and the Orient, providing that the Union Pacific, then in control of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co., would give a satisfactory rail connection. The proposition, as submitted to the O. R. & N. Co., was turned down, the reason, as afterwards developed, being the fact that the owners of the O. R. & N. were also half owners in the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company, then running between San Francisco and the Orient under a "pooling" arrangement with the Pacific Mail. Dodwell and his tea-merchant partner had a pretty keen insight regarding the Oriental trade possibilities, and the failure to make connections from Portland did not discourage them. The Northern Pacific had meanwhile completed Stampede Tunnel through the Cascade Mountains and was making an active bid for an increased share of the grain trade which in the past had rolled into Portland over the O. R. & N. tracks. The proposition which had been turned down by the O. R. & N. was quickly taken up by the Northern Pacific.

Failing to make connection with Dodwell and the O. R. & N. Co., Wilcox early in 1891, after the withdrawal of the old Cunarders from the Canadian Pacific line, induced Frank Upton, an Oriental steamship agent and trader, to place three steamers on the route between Portland and the Orient to handle local traffic independent of railway connections and assistance. The pioneer of this line was the British steamship *Zambesi* and the second steamer was the old *Batavia*, doing a second "stunt" in pioneering with a new line to the Orient. A British tramp steamer, the *Sussex*, completed the Upton line, the second to be established from the Pacific Northwest. This

line was unsuccessful. Wilcox gave the steamers full outward cargoes of flour, but the refusal of the O. R. & N. to handle transcontinental freight in connection with the line prevented it from receiving any inward business, and it straggled out of existence in 1892. Prior to its demise, the details of the pioneer line from Puget Sound had been arranged between Dodwell, Carllill & Co., Wilcox and the Northern Pacific. The railway donated to the Portland miller a big tract of water-front property at Tacoma, and in return he erected a mill with a capacity of 1,800 barrels per day, and agreed to supply a sufficient amount of deadweight cargo to warrant the dispatching of an Oriental steamer every three weeks. The pioneer of this—the third Oriental steamship line out of a North Pacific port—was a British tramp named the *Phra Nang*. She was followed by the old *Batavia*, which, in honor of the occasion, has been rechristened *Tacoma*, and the *Parthia*, which reappeared as the *Victoria*. The Oriental flour trade was increasing so rapidly that the new mill at Tacoma not only supplied cargoes for the Northern Pacific liners, but it also continued to give the Empress liners almost as much flour as was turned over to the freighters that preceded them on the run.

When the Great Northern Railroad reached Seattle a temporary arrangement was effected between Mr. Hill and Samuel Samuels, of Hongkong, for a line out of Seattle, but a straggling service with small tramp steamers was all it amounted to, and it was soon abandoned, but was followed shortly afterward by an excellent service established by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, a Japanese line operating under a liberal subsidy from the Japanese Government. With the Seattle line, as with all other lines out of the Pacific Coast ports, flour was the keystone of the traffic arch. The advent of Wilcox on Puget Sound was followed by the establishment of a thousand-barrel mill at Seattle by the Centennial Milling Company, of Spokane. The product of this mill, together with that of a similar-sized mill at Spokane, placed the Seattle steamers on approximately even terms with those sailing out of Tacoma, but the Oriental flour trade increased so rapidly that Mr. Hill induced friends of his to build a large mill at Everett. Since then other mills have sprung



Canadian-Pacific-Royal-Mail Liner "Empress of India." First Trans-Pacific Steamer North of California.

up at both Tacoma and Seattle, and today the milling capacity of the two ports is greater than that of Portland, where the original mill of the Wilcox system is, with the aid of an addition, grinding out 4,500 barrels per day. The excellent service of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha out of Seattle was supplemented about five years ago by the addition of five large American steamers, the *Shawmut*, *Tremont*, *Lyra*, *Pleades* and *Hyades*, owned by the Boston Towboat Company. Before the arrival of these big steamers on the Coast, Mr. Hill had secured control of the Northern Pacific Railroad and had begun working out the details of the celebrated Northern Securities Company which, had it successfully stood the test of the courts, would have given the Great Northern magnate almost absolute control of the trans-continental and trans-Pacific trade.

Even the divorce of the Union Pacific from the unlawful alliance left Mr. Hill in a remarkably strong position. His control of the C. B. & Q. Railroad, which tapped the richest portion of the United States, enabled him to gather immense quantities of freight for the Far East, and also gave him great advantages in the distribution of tea, matting and other imports from across the Pacific. The cotton trade of the South, which had previously reached the Orient by

way of the south or by the Suez, was diverted to the northern roads and thousands of tons were loaded at Seattle and Tacoma to "top off" the big cargoes of flour which filled the lower holds of the vessels. Not infrequently the regular liners were unable to handle all of the offerings and extra steamers were chartered to ease the strain. This was the interesting condition existing when Mr. Hill let the contract for the steamers *Minnesota* and *Dakota*, which at the time of their launching were the largest freight carriers in the world. The *Minnesota* got away on her maiden trip early in 1905 and was followed a few months later by the *Dakota*. It is still a question whether or not the vast size of these ships carry with it a corresponding degree of economy of operation. All doubt, however, as to the possibility of massing at Pacific ports a sufficient amount of freight to load such vast floating warehouses has been dispelled. The business has grown into such vast proportions in such a short space of time and is increasing so rapidly that the possibilities of the future are staggering in their immensity. When Mr. Hill became the dominating factor in the Northern Pacific he made no changes in the Oriental steamship service out of Tacoma, except to improve it by sending the big freighters of the Boston Towboat



*Great-Northern Steamer "Dakota" in Puget Sound. One of James J. Hill's Monster Freighters. Capacity Twenty-five Thousand Tons. She Was Wrecked Recently in the Orient and is Reported a Total Loss. Insurance Said to Be \$2,500,000.*

Company to Tacoma for a portion of their cargoes. He received a valued addition to the Oriental service about five years ago when the China Mutual Steam Navigation Company began a regular service between Puget Sound ports and Liverpool. Steamers of this company are dispatched from Liverpool and Tacoma every three weeks. On reaching the Orient from Liverpool they discharge a portion of their cargo and reload with freight for North Pacific ports. Returning, they carry from the ports on this side of the Pacific immense cargoes for the Orient, where the freight is discharged and replaced with cargo for Liverpool. The vessels in this service are immense freighters, carrying from 10,000 to 16,000 tons. On a single trip from Tacoma last year one of these vessels, the *Oanfa*, carried several thousand tons of miscellaneous cargo, and 90,000 barrels of flour for Japan and China, the largest shipment of that commodity that was ever made on a single vessel.

Portland, the oldest of the North Pacific ports and the port which had supplied cargo and capital for upbuilding the Oriental trade out of the more northerly ports, was the last to secure permanent connection with the Far East. Samuel Samuels, who had been unsuccessful in his pioneer venture out of Seattle, broke into the railway combination in 1895 and began operating three steamers out of Portland. This service, supplemented by an occasional tramp steamer brought in by Wileox, diverted so much flour from the Puget Sound lines that two years later, the Northern Pacific placed four steamers on the Portland-Oriental run. As these steamers handled only what could not well be drawn away to the Puget Sound lines, the business languished until about six years ago, when the O. R. & N. Co. chartered a fleet of modern-built carriers. They are good-sized vessels, but the four in service are inadequate for the business and for the past two years,



*Pacific-Mail Steamship "Mongolia," Built 1903; Carrying Capacity Twenty Thousand Tons.*

Portland exporters have chartered large numbers of extra vessels to handle the freight offering at Portland, exclusive of Eastern freight brought in by rail. Harriman on the south and Hill on the north, despite their other grievances, seem to make a fairly satisfactory division of the overland traffic for the Far East, and for this reason the Oriental cargoes out of Portland are made up almost exclusively of local products. No other port in the world has shipped so many big cargoes of flour as have been dispatched from Portland to the Orient, and the showing is equally imposing in regard to lumber cargoes, a single firm, the Pacific Export Lumber Company, of Portland, having dispatched in addition to a big fleet of smaller vessels, twenty steamers carrying cargoes ranging from 3,250,000 feet to 3,980,000 feet each.

"No one can predict the consequences to ensue from this feeble beginning," said the *New York Journal of Commerce*, in announcing the departure of the *Colorado*, the pioneer in trans-Pacific steam navigation thirty-eight years ago. With an even greater degree of truth may it now be stated that no one can predict the consequences, what the future has in store for us in this comparatively new field for commercial conquest. Oriental steamship trade out of North Pacific ports is just eighteen years old, and its proportions are the wonder of the commercial world. There are miles and leagues of the shoreline of Oregon, Washington and British Columbia where the surf can still "hear no sound save its own dashings." Back of this shoreline, stretching inland for hundreds of miles, is an undeveloped country of marvelous richness. The development of this rich region is in its infancy, but its comparatively scanty population have already, with the products of their farms and forests, shaped a new trail for over-sea commerce. For flour freights alone

from Portland and Puget Sound the steamship companies operating out of Oregon and Washington ports collected in 1906 more than \$1,350,000, and lumber from the local mills contributed as much more. This revenue, however, was only a small portion of the earnings of the railways which supplied the through freight to go with this flour and lumber. Their receipts on the through business to the Orient, exclusive of the rich back-haul of lumber on the cars which brought this freight west, ran into so many millions last year that it became one of the big revenue-producing factors of the roads engaged in it. This attractive business offers a great field for speculation as to what may take place when the Panama Canal is completed. The Suez Canal and the tramp steamer diverted the Oriental trade from its original channel around Cape Horn. The overland route "westward to the Far East" has made heavy and steadily increasing inroads on the business of the Suez Canal. That there will be a struggle to retain this rich traffic when the Panama Canal is completed is a certainty, and it will be of Titanic proportions. A freight traffic which in its infancy can pour so many millions into the coffers of the transportation companies will not be abandoned or diverted while it is growing at such a tremendous rate. The world will know when the Panama Canal is completed just how cheaply freight can be carried from the Middle West and the Atlantic seaboard to the Far East. Pending the completion of the canal, it will witness most wonderful trade development with the Far East. American railway men, with their trans-Pacific steamers for feeders, are changing the transportation map of the world and so rapid has been their work, that many of the men to the greatest degree responsible for the great changes are still in active service, not yet beyond the prime of life.





*Under the Old Peppers.*

## The Sudden Passing of a Mother Town

By Lanier Bartlett

Illustrated from Photographs by C. C. Pierce & Co.



STATISTICS concerning the progress of the City of Los Angeles during the last few years have been sown broadcast through the land in almost every form of the literature of the day; and undoubtedly statistics are the only really conclusive arguments, to the practical business mind of the American public, in the biography-to-date of a community or a region.

But there is a picturesque, human—and one might almost say pathetic—side to such a startling transformation in the life and thought and appearance of a community as has been wrought in this wonderful California city, that forms a story even more unique than the tale told by columns of figures.

Few great American cities of today have sprouted into vigorous modern growth from as strange a stock—and certainly none has sprung into such typical Americanism from so foreign and romantic a parentage—as has this newest (in point of modern greatness) of the important cities of the United States. Most cities that have had a long-ago, picturesque beginning grow away from their picturesque, long-ago quarters by natural inclination when modern commercial success inspires and expands them; they leave their mother-towns where they are, and much as they always have been, while they strike out and away, like any lusty offspring, in directions that offer freedom and a different life. There remain the old, colorful, flavorsome quarters that the tourist seeks in curiosity; that the dreamer and the artist love; that the



A Relic of Old Adobe Times.

story-teller and the historian haunt in quest of treasure-lore.

But what of the *madre* of Los Angeles?

Los Angeles, the most aggressively modern and "newish" of Western cities today, was born of a mother of great romantic charm; verily, a mother of peculiarly romantic, un-American charm, perhaps the most unique mother any prominent city of the United States has had. The other cities that were picturesquely born have their mothers yet—mothers that are shriveling up gradually, by natural process of time, it is true, but still their mothers. Los Angeles has turned and destroyed hers in a moment, as time is counted in the life of cities; and in this strange phase of her growth lies the most intensely human chapter of the story of Los Angeles' expansion. Not content to spread block on block over the wide plain toward the sea only, the City of the Angels has turned in her impulsive, fierce growth and with a vigor cruel to everything old in her path (though the old thing be ever so harmless) is sweeping back relentlessly through the heart of the life that gave her birth. She is stamping out with heels of brick and steel the Mother Angel. Poor little mother-town under your

ancient hill—*Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles!* May God have mercy on your soul, as they say over the dead in your little old yellow church that survives you, there beside the Plaza!

To anyone who knew the old Los Angeles and loved it for the old easefulness of life which it retained, and for the glimpses it gave down the vista of the past to Mission years and *rancho* decades; to days of fierce, bloodless revolutions and nights of hot, bloody love intrigues—to the times of monks, Indians, resplendant *caballeros*, flirting *señoritas*, guitars, *fandangos* and quick-drawn dirks—it seems, indeed, a sudden, violent passing, that of the mother-town, and a striking illustration of the mighty growth of the lusty metropolis of the Southwest. The swift-ness of the wiping-out is almost incredible. In two years "Sonoratown," as the heart of the old quarter was known, has been rent asunder and most of its inhabitants scattered to the farthest corners of the city. Sonoratown was not all of the old life, by any means, nor the best of it, but it was typical of the old *pueblo* of Our Lady, the Queen, and every inch of it was historic ground. A year or two ago the visitor who loved the



*A Song of Other Days.*

Mexicany flavor of Los Angeles, could choose haunts for himself in the Mexicany end of town, among a fascinating rabble of high-peaked *sombreros* and gay headshaws, and revel in *chile con carne* and dreams of the past; today he returns to his region of traditions and *tortillas*—and stares indignantly at the big electric-car barns, massive warehouses, wholesale mercantile establishments, vast railroad freight sheds. And he must mourn even the famed Twin Palms, as ancient, almost, as the Mother Angel herself, gone to the woodpile, their monument a roaring, clattering, hissing iron foundry! *Caballeros, señoritas, moonlit, palm-shaded amor and sunny sueños, adiós!*

Los Angeles—the mother—began in 1781, which is a long time ago for a city in America; and in two years the long life has all but been crushed out of her.

Every week, almost, the crumble and thud of earthen walls, and a slow upward puff of dust, marks the deliberate destruction of some picturesque and historied adobe, its heart filled with the echoes of guitars, dancing, spurs and olden Spanish songs. Homely and uninteresting to the greedy new life that surrounds it, the old landmark is tumbled headlong into its quaint inner courtyard, or *patio*, and on its very remains, leveled and

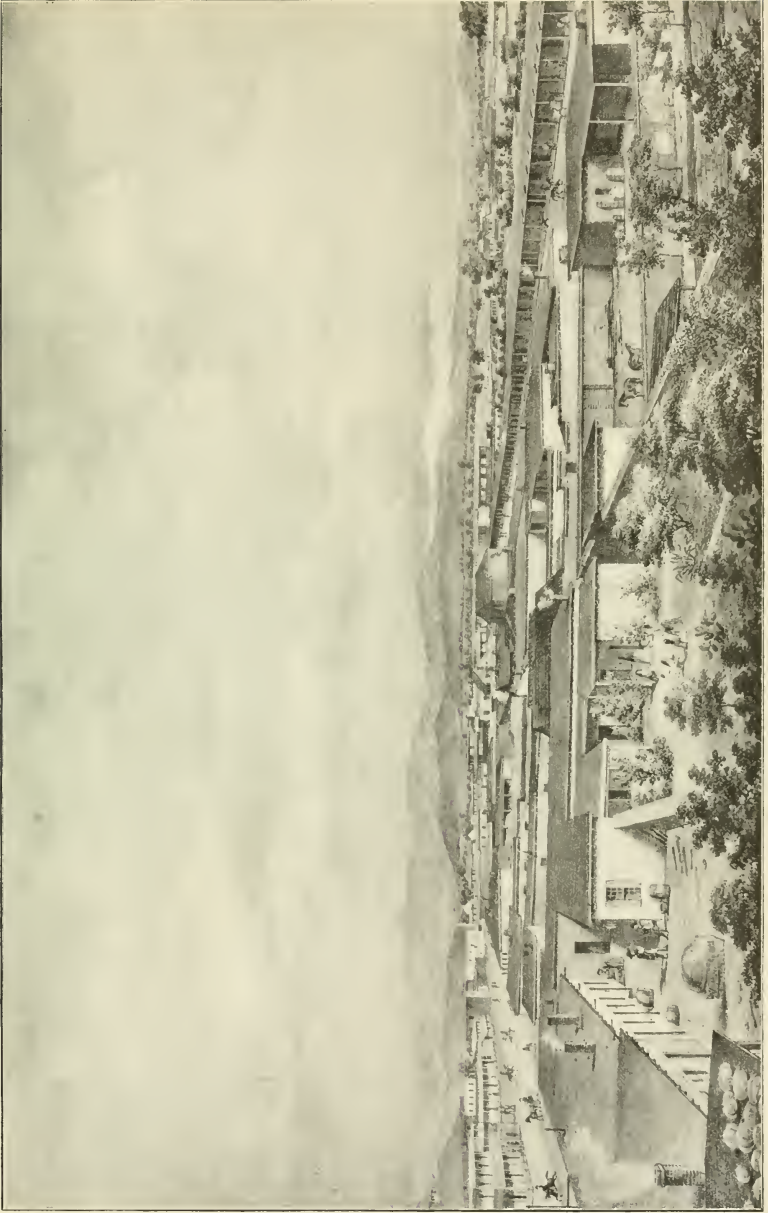
returned to earth again—dust to dust—a modern commercial edifice grows, and adds to the flesh and bone of the new city.

Until but a little while ago, as time is counted, the little worn Mother Angel passed each blue-domed day resignedly, quietly; loitering, sunning, scorning time, seldom disturbing itself with anything more serious than a family quarrel. Such a noise was the loudest that was known in the shade of the adobes, save for the voice of the occasional car that came down from the outer world.

The haughty Daughter Angel, looking over her wee mother, bustled and rushed and roared through every day and far into the night, reaching out and away, desiring, increasing, caring neither for blue skies nor for dark, save as the one or the other served to swell her coffers. But it chanced—only the other day, as it were—that the city caught sight of the old town's goodly location. And now they of the Daughter are sending their ungainly warehouses kicking right into the romance of the peaceful days already gone by, when happy folk lived as folk never again will live beneath this sunny hill; folk who lived with naught but verses in their heads and music in their hearts, and knew tomorrow only by name. Now that tomorrow has crowded in upon them (for warehouses—



One of the Last Members of the Original Native Tribe.



*Los Angeles in the Time of the Spanish Governors.*

things utterly of tomorrow—are the most provident, most grossly practical of human designs), the handful of once happy folk have, with still a little of their music and their fascination, moved even further under the hill, where today there is yet a bit, here and there—though tomorrow there may not be—of the old life.

A green plaza and a yellow church tell of the first separation of the Mother and the Daughter. The old church, begun in 1818, guards well the approach to the little region of its past, burying its dead, marrying its young, giving cool refuge to its penitents, and reminding all who have understanding

ventional hacks, some of handsome mien, but many very strange to see, so that one faint would smile at the rickety train but for the event that sent it creaking on its way. And handsome or rickety, these processions are not few, but come very often, so that there are seldom days that the green family does not clang while the black-robed priest stands in the doorway with candles behind and Plaza before, to receive a burden from the little wrinkled earthen Angel. For this Angel is laying her burdens down so fast, that that one they are carrying in to the little sad church now, this minute, may almost be her last; while just across the line the other is



The Old Mission Church Flanked by "Gringo" Business Structures.

that here there is a line—a line that marks the ending of one epoch and the beginning of another. About the forehead of the little church is bound a long Spanish inscription that reads gently of queens and angels and thanksgiving to the Mother of God; and above one corner of the old edifice dwells a family of three greenish bells, of far Spain by birth, that clang discordantly when they do some duty for the stricken Mother-Town. In days that were, the dead of this town were borne to the yellow church on flat boards held up by men's shoulders; but now they come according to another custom, with the black hearse first and a procession of con-

shouldering population recklessly, by the thousands every year, and sends them trampling back upon her parent's dead.

Between the Plaza and the church a street passes, coming from the city, and jerking twice, once to the westward and then north again—squeezes into the wreck of Sonora-town. When it comes it is matter-of-fact Main street; when it disappears with the jerkings, beyond the church, it is the Calle San Fernando—or was yesterday, and some still call it so today, though who may say whether tomorrow there shall be any dweller there who knows what *calle* means? Thus is the line crossed. To the north the purple

Sierra Madre—the Mother Mountains—seem to block each highway and byway, in the Summer often indifferent of their siege, when they sometimes even doze and yield to hazy dreams; but in the Winter they move close in upon the towns. And then they draw shining white mantles over their upper purple, spun from the loom of the clouds.

Along this Calle San Fernando are the

there were strange little dwelling places that opened in the rear into courtyards; and there were queer, irresistible restaurants. Now, *presto!* the bits of adobe burrows that are left here and there are overshadowed, awed from their accustomed gaiety, by the great buildings of a world-wide commerce.

If one wander a little westward from the old shop region he may still find occasional



*A Spanish Heir at the Bath.*

remnants of a fascinating region. It was here, along wobbly raised sidewalks and under over-reaching portico roofs, that all manner of odd shops were yours for the exploring—junkshops, Mexican leather workers' and silversmiths' shops, tiny groceries with stocks consisting of *ristras* of red *chili*, tobacco, sweetmeats, fruits, plaster saints and deadly bottled *mescal* from Mexico; and

adobe dwellings standing below the level of the present sidewalks—adobes striped with light blue or pink down their corners and at their foundations; quaint bits of homes with the old-style paneled shutters with the peepeholes near their tops; houses with wee porticos, like afterthoughts, overrun with brilliant-flowered vines—sometimes even bits of the old-time tiled walk, overreached by



*The Court House.*

eaves. Chance glimpses may be had even yet of fascinating liquid black eyes, and where they are, there the soft, exquisite tongue of España greets the ear. Wherever you can find the old-style shutters, behind them will be shy women making lace; where you can find an old-time doorway, there you will see Indianesque old folk, both men and women,

squatting, smoking their dry-rolled cigarettes with luxurious draughts, or just within, younger men quaffing the red *vino del país*—indeed, if you look closely in this fading region, you may still see some of the old guard wherever there is a shady nook at noon or a sunny wall of a Winter morning. Just a thin current of the old life is seen trickling idly, aimlessly over the bottommost stones of its once full-banked course under the hill.

Here was happiness once, as near perfect, perhaps, as any that mankind has attained; for it is only the Latin who knows how to distill real, sparkling happiness from the passing moment—and where else, when else, can happiness be got? Here was the Latin, and the native tinged with the Latin, amid an environment of perfect passing moments—every one of them perfect, the year round, as they are still; though we of today handle them most clumsily and press little of their real value from them, as yet, save only their money value. It was a happiness of poverty, that of the olden day here—and of just the other day, for that matter—which they can



*The Plaza, Looking Northeast. The Old Spanish Buildings Are Being Torn Down to Give Space for the New Warehouse District.*





*The Spanish-Californian Still Loves a Good Horse.*



*Broadway Looking North. The Building with the Tower is the Los Angeles City Hall.*

little understand in the city that is piling its riches in upon the old streets now. Verily, the large-eyed folk luxuriated in what we call poverty as no man of the moneyed race that has dispossessed them ever can luxuriate in his riches. It was the luxury of mental peace. Many had large land-holdings—some of the very holdings that have since made men of the Northern, conquering race what

we call rich—but to them the only value of such possessions was what they gave them in happiness from day to day, enough for their wants and their friends' wants. With these Southern souls poverty was—and to those of them who are left, is—a gift, a talent. No one over there in the new city has the talent of happy living. There the poor are stricken with their lot and the rich are



*The Union-Trust Company Building; One of the Big Modern Structures of Los Angeles.*

hungry because others are richer; there they are all born with a poverty in their hearts to an inheritance of just one desire—*More*. Down here below the little yellow church they were born with a wealth in their hearts to an inheritance of equal content with blue skies and dark, sunny nooks and shady, dry seasons and wet; to a full understanding of a generous land that would yield in its own

good time, nor could be ordered otherwise by any vexing of spirit. In other words, these people who came down from Spain's little pilgrim band were born into the day that by the grace of God was good enough to receive them, wherefore their peace; over beyond the church the people are born, as it were, into the future, wherefore their rush and terror and strife. Wherefore, also, the rise of the



The Pacific-Electric Building, Depot of the Los Angeles Electric-Car System.

last and the decay of the first—though sometimes it seems grievous that it should be so.

Few realize what extremes of picturesqueness marked the long wilderness life of the foreign *pueblo* which has so suddenly sprung into fame as a great, bustling American metropolis. Here is a city of ours over which the flags of four different governments have waved during its turbulent political history. Way back in the days of Carlos III of Spain it was founded as a Spanish *pueblo* (such a *pueblo* usually embraced about 17,770 acres) by forty-four humble colonists and soldiers sent up from Mexico, who built their first *tulé* huts, later replaced by adobes, on the banks of what they called the Porciuncula River. This was when the stirring events connected with our own Revolutionary War were transpiring on the other side of the continent. None of these founders of Los Angeles could read or write, history says.

Then the *pueblo* passed from the Spanish crown to the Mexican Empire in 1822, and shortly from the Empire to the Mexican Republic; and finally from Mexico into the hands of the United States; and revolutions and battles waged the while with this old Spanish capital as their storm-center.

Another picturesque touch in the early history of what now is contemptuously termed "Sonoratown," was the sight of the camel trains that plied from New Mexico to Los Angeles and old Fort Tejon. In 1856, during Pierce's administration, Commodore Porter was authorized to purchase in Africa a drove of camels to be used by the War Department in the Far West. Thus, during the

latter '50s these grotesque trains, loaded with Army supplies and escorted by American soldiers, swung their way over the burning deserts and down through the passes into the quaint far-frontier town of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels. In issues of an old Los Angeles newspaper, printed at that time, is sometimes found the statement that "A caravan of camels arrived in town yesterday"; or that "Lieutenant So-and-So's caravan is due tomorrow." It is a strange, foreign-sounding report from an American city. The camels were finally sold by the Government and some, survivors of the small and profitless herd, are still seen by lone prospectors, it is said, swinging weirdly along the shimmering horizon of the deserts of Arizona and Nevada.

By no means is the new Los Angeles an unpicturesque city. The throbbing business section is aggressively modern and "newish," as has been said, but its residential districts make it the most famously beautiful city in the United States. The architecture of its garden-glorified homes—both of the humble and the palatial kind—is dominated by a style absolutely the city's own, that shows the softening, sunshiny influence of the old-time thought and ways; and the manner of life of the intensely American population, even, is influenced to a certain degree by the natural environment, which here is different from that of any other American city.

But the *madre*—the Mother Angel—is only a ghost now, haunting nooks and corners close around the little old yellow church with the palm-grown garden, that ministered to her in her youth and early motherhood. And even the ghost will be laid very soon. For who could expect an American-conquered city which has leaped from a population of 11,000 in 1880 to 102,000 in 1900 and to 250,000 in 1906, with people still coming in at the rate of 20,000 a week during the seasons of colonist rates on the railroads; a city that leads all cities of its size in the United States, and some much larger, in number and value of building permits issued during the year (twenty-five miles of new buildings were erected in Los Angeles during the past year!); a city that leads the world in the use of that most modern of business transactors, the telephone, having one to every five men, women and children of its population; a city that is the focusing point for 650 miles of



*View on Spring Street, Los Angeles.*

interurban electric railway, in addition to its 200 miles of city trackage; a city where, in addition to the millions H. E. Huntington has invested in it, E. H. Harriman and his associates are about to spend (as a starter) five and a half millions burrowing under its streets to get their electric express trains to and from its suburbs, and erecting the

mightiest business building in the West wherein to entrain and discharge their electric railway passengers—who could expect such a prodigious city of the moderns to allow the ghost even of a near Mexican past to haunt the heart of it?

The Mother-Town is dead—long live the Mother!



*Pair of Young California Shrikes or Butcher Birds.*

# “Jimmy”

By William L. Finley

Photographs by Herman T. Bohlman



THE first time I saw Jimmy he was doubled up in a fluffy ball with his head under his wing. For a bed, he had taken a eucalyptus limb that hung on the back porch. He had been brought in with another nestling by a small boy, who said that the mother had died of a cat. There was a question at the time as to whether this was the real cause of her taking off, but the fact remained that the bantlings were in immediate danger of starvation. With two orphans on her hands, there was nothing left for our neighbor to do but to adopt them. A little fresh meat seemed to revive the two bob-tailed youngsters, but the smaller of the two was not long for this world, and in a few days one young butcherbird was left.

Yes, a butcherbird for a pet. Might as well adopt a cannibal or become a foreign missionary, one of our friends thought. But helplessness always arouses pity, and some of us like a bird merely because he is a bird.

Someone has said that man's interest in birds lies in the fact that we were birds before we reached the human stage. In the line of evolution through fishes, reptiles and birds, we skipped the lower animals and came at once to man. We like children because we were children within remembrance. We have an interest in birds because bird life is a reminiscence to us. An angel is a child with wings. How much bird actions are like human actions! They frolic and they toil. What other animal approaches nearer to man as a home-builder and house-keeper than the bird?

And after all, this young orphan butcherbird could hardly be blamed for the sins of his ancestors, even though his own parents had likely murdered a caged canary that had lived not far away. He was the son of a murderer, but by adoption into a respectable family, who could tell but that this fledgling

might develop into a bird of good qualities? We were of the opinion that a shrike had no good qualities, that he was a butcher pure and simple, and killed his own kind for the pure taste of blood and brains. In fact, the first impression I ever got of a shrike or butcherbird was when I was called out to the back porch and saw our tame canary lying headless in the bottom of the cage.

But even though the shrike is the enemy of the small birds, they do not seem to realize that he is dangerous. I have often seen birds pay no more attention to a shrike than to a robin. Perhaps he does not attack the birds in the open, where they can fly and dodge and get away. I think the shrike has a preference for caged birds, those he can seare and catch through the bars, and tear to pieces as the victim is held by the wires.

The shrike is called the butcherbird from its habit of hanging its meat on a hook or in a crotch. He is much the same size and form as the bluejay. He has a grayish coat. I generally see him flying about the fields and occasionally lighting in the stubble, where he picks up crickets, grasshoppers and mice. The habit of the shrike in impaling its food on thorns or fastening it in crotches comes as a necessity to the bird in tearing its food. It has a hooked bill, but is not equipped like the hawks and owls with talons to hold its food. Although this bird undoubtedly kills some small songsters, we wanted to find out whether, under different circumstances, he would change his barbarous traits.

Can a wild bird be civilized? Can he retain his freedom and yet put off his bad habits? When he begins to hunt his own food, will he know that it is legitimate to hunt beetles, grasshoppers and mice, but against the law to kill goldfinches?

Jimmy was given the freedom of the back porch. This was a large apartment and was well screened. Some branches were hung up



*"Jimmy," the Pet Butcher Bird, Taking Meat From the Hand of His Mistress. He Lived in the Open and Returned Each Night to Sleep on the Back Porch.*

to make the place look as woodsy as possible, and a special table was built for the new arrival. In two or three weeks he was able to fly quite well, and it was decided to give him the freedom of the back yard. It was the real nature of the bird that we wanted to study, the wild bird under civilized circumstances, but not in a cage.

It did not take Jimmy long to make friends and to know his mistress. He was awake and squealing at daylight. He fluttered at the window and the minute the door opened, he was in the kitchen and perched on the shoulder or arm of his mistress, begging to be fed. There was no doubt as to his preference; he wanted fresh meat. When the door of the back porch was opened, and Jimmy was invited to go out into the yard and learn to find his own breakfast, he accepted the invitation with eagerness. He poked about through the rose bushes and along the fence more from curiosity than with the idea of getting something to eat. He often perched in the pear tree. Then when he was hungry, he hopped back to the porch, for he knew the table was always set there.

Jimmy was lazy when it came to hunting

his own living. The fact that he had a free lunch counter at his back porch home, he did not forget. That seemed to be the binding link. He would go about the yard and up into the trees, and he got to wandering further and further, but he would always come back several times during the day for food. He knew his name as well as a person and would come immediately if we were in calling distance.

As Jimmy grew older he developed into a fine looking bird. His coat was a slate gray above and a dull whitish color below. He soon developed remarkable likes and dislikes. I would hardly have believed that a bird could have shown such intelligence and knowledge had I not seen it myself. We are too apt to think that there is little real intelligence in the bird brain, and yet there may be according to the standard of our own intellects. I have often wished I could fathom the thoughts that Jimmy had as he sat in his master's room for hours at a time and looked out of the window when it was raining, or when he hopped about the kitchen, picking up and prying into things,



*"Jimmy" Perched on the Hand of His Mistress. He Liked Fresh Meat and Always Wanted it Held Tight so He Could Tear it in Small Bits.*





*Young California Shrike. The Butcher Bird Destroys Many Crickets, Beetles, Grasshoppers and Mice, but it is also the Enemy of Small Birds, Especially Tame Canaries.*

or when he stopped to look his mistress in the eye and chuckle with a side turn of his head. He had the range of the house and the range of the outdoors, yet he often preferred to stay in doors—to take human company to bird company. He knew his home as well as the dog did. But Jimmy did n't like dogs or cats.

When he had the freedom of the house, he liked to tease and his teasing turned to a pet mocking bird that was kept in a cage. At first Jimmy would sit on the table and watch. Then he took to flying on the top of the cage and this worried the mocker, but it pleased Jimmy, and he would hop back and forth in a threatening way. This happened several times, till one day the mocker had his

chance; I think he had been waiting for it. Jimmy was on the side of the cage with his feet hooked in the wires, when the mocker suddenly grabbed him by the toe and gave it such a sharp pull that Jimmy squealed in pain. It was a pure case of revenge and the mocker enjoyed it. It gave a good insight as to how quickly Jimmy could learn, for he kept off the cage after that and did not tease the mocking bird.

Gradually, Jimmy's freedom of the house was restricted. He could n't be trusted to leave anything in order. He knocked things off the bureau, broke a painted china cup, and he always wanted to taste out of every dish on the table. He stuck his feet in a dish of jam and then tracked it across the table,

and how he liked butter! He dipped right in the instant he saw butter and that was his first thought when the pantry door was open.

One day when the kitchen was closed. Jimmy found the window of the east room up stairs open and in he went and soon appeared in the dining room, helping himself. After that the window was kept shut, but Jimmy would go around and peek on the glass until he was let in. His master often sat there, and that became Jimmy's favorite room. All during the Winter on rainy days he liked to stay in that room. The window looked directly out to the east over a waste

of weeds and sage brush. This was Jimmy's hunting ground. He always went out that way when he wanted to hunt, for that was the only uncultivated tract about the house. That was the place he hunted grasshoppers and crickets. His favorite perch was the back of a chair near the window where he could look out over the slope, and here he would sit for an hour at a time, as if thinking. And how do we know but that he was going over many of his hunts and hair-breadth escapes and thinking of the Spring time that was coming and the new experiences it would bring?

Out in front of the house was a concrete basin where the water lilies grew. The lily pads were large enough to support a bird and the linnets and goldfinches used them for bath tubs. I think the birds came for a mile around to get water here, for there was hardly a time during the hot days when some visitors did not come either to wash or to drink. Jimmy often watched the performance and seemed interested, but he knew better than to prey upon birds. His home training had gone deep enough for that, and he had been civilized to that extent.

Jimmy didn't bathe very often himself, but when he did he simply soaked himself till he could n't fly. For some reason he preferred the irrigating ditch; there he had plenty of running water. Perhaps he thought the basin where every tramp bird bathed was not clean enough. He selected a shallow place and waded in to his middle, then he began bobbing and throwing water, and he kept it up till he was so tired and heavy that he could hardly crawl out.

When it came to dealing with other people, Jimmy had many interesting experiences. He was bold and fearless, no matter whether he knew the person or not. One day when Jimmy had been gone for several hours, he was brought home by one of the neighbors. A carpenter was at work on the top of his house, when Jimmy, apparently in fun, had swooped down and lit on his shoulder and began screeching in his ear. The workman was so astonished that he almost fell from his position when he felt this strange bird fluttering about his head; he dodged as if he were trying to get rid of a swarm of bees. He did n't know whether to fight or not. But he was soon assured that the bird was only playing.



*Young California Shrike. These Birds Often Use the Barbs of a Wire Fence Upon Which to Impale Their Victims.*



*Young Butcher Bird in Pear Tree.*

For some reason Jimmy did not like the gardener. His mistress thought it was because he wore such dilapidated clothes. She said he always took to people who were dressed up, and was friendly in every way, but the minute a workingman came about Jimmy would squawl and peck and show his anger. When the gardener was hoeing, Jimmy would fly down at his feet and get in the way, or he would hop along in front of the wheelbarrow or ride on the front, squealing his disapproval. Twice, he lit on the shoulder of the gardener and bit him in the neck till the blood came. This was carrying his opinions to such an extent that his mistress caught him and clipped the little hook on his bill. This served as a sort of a muzzle so he could not bite so hard.

The instinct was strong in Jimmy to hang his food on a nail or in a crack so he could tear it to pieces. He often brought in insects

from the field and would always fly direct to the hand of his mistress, because she so often held his meat in her hand for him to eat. He would light on her shoulder with a screech and a side turn of his head, "Hold this for me quick, till I eat it!" And if she did n't, he showed great impatience. But this habit of Jimmy's was distasteful at times, for he brought in a variety of things from dead mice to crickets, worms and beetles. One day when a fashionably dressed lady was being entertained on the front porch, Jimmy suddenly appeared and lit on her shoulder with a very large beetle. The reception he got surprised him, for a bird thrusting a big ugly beetle in her face was too much for the lady and she threw up her hands in horror and fled, while Jimmy sat looking in amazement.

The wicker-backed rocking chair on the front porch was a favorite of Jimmy's, for

he could fasten his food in the cracks of it. One day his mistress found a mouse that he had left there, very likely with the intention of calling for it later. By watching the various kinds of food that Jimmy brought in we readily estimated that his hunts were of much more good than harm. Even the wild shriek that kills a small bird occasionally kills more than enough harmful insects to make up for its destruction.

As the Winter passed and Spring wore on, Jimmy extended his visits. He must have looked and hunted further away, for he would often be gone for a half day at a time. But he always returned to the eucalyptus bough on the back porch and the door was always open for him and closed when he was in bed. Then one day in March he did not return. But he got back next morning

about 10 o'clock and came pecking and crying at the window. He seemed overjoyed to get back, but after staying about for a while, he got restless. It was evident that there was an influence somewhere out beyond the sage brush that was stronger than his home life. Something else was calling him. It was only a matter of time till he would cease to sleep on the porch.

About two weeks later, Jimmy was seen for the last time. There were two shrieks out in the low oaks beyond the irrigating ditch. One came sweeping across from the hill, flapping his short wings and screeching his greetings in butcherbird tongue. He paused just long enough on the fence to see that his companion had disappeared. With a loud squawk, Jimmy turned back to find her, for that was his new mistress.



*"Jimmy" Was Perfectly Tame and Allowed the Camera-Man to Approach Within Three Feet. He Always Came at the Call of His Mistress.*



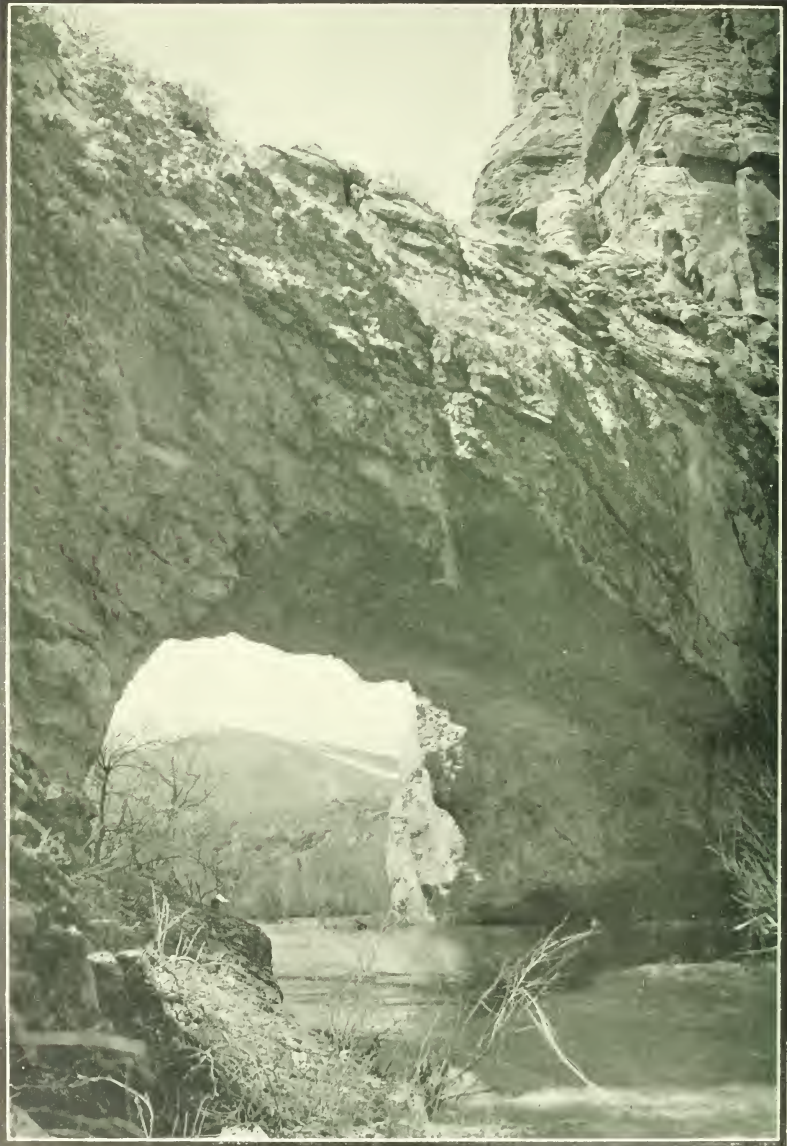
From Copyrighted Photograph by J. Doodry.  
*The White Pass, Looking Down Toward the Canyon of the Skagway River, Alaska.*



From Copyrighted Photograph by Kiser Photo Co.  
*Above the Clouds in Red Mountain Canyon, Northern Washington. View from 6,000 feet elevation.*



*Red Mountain Canyon After the Clouds Have Cleared Away. Saw Tooth Canyon in the Distance.*  
From Copyrighted Photograph by Kiser Photo Co.



From Photograph by W. K. Brewster.  
*Gigantic Natural Bridge Over Tarpile Creek, Near Douglas, Converse County, Wyoming.*



# A Soldier of Peru

By Gerald Morgan



IN Lima they always called Colonel Salazar the "hero of Miraflores." That was rather like calling an Englishman the "hero of Bunker Hill," but as a matter of fact, Colonel Salazar held his ground with a handful of peasants all that pitiful day and at nightfall, so they say, he challenged the entire Chilean army to personal combat. There was a French attaché at Lima—a man with some reputation for wit—who always maintained that Colonel Salazar thought so slowly that he only remembered to run after dark. But most of the Peruvian army thought much quicker than that, and ran on sight of the first Chilean cap appearing over the ridge; and as for Colonel Salazar, he stood quite still and fought.

But the colonel was certainly a man of no vast intelligence. He could fight, and to fight was to fight, he said—let the other people do the thinking. The government smiled on hearing that—naturally the government was one man—and remarked that there was some truth in it, after all, say at Miraflores, and since he had a hero on his hands, he would face the problem. So the colonel was appointed chief of the arsenal at Lima, and after a little while people began to think of him and his duties as one and the same thing. For his duties were to look like a soldier and a gentleman, to go now and then to a bull-fight, to walk very slowly and impressively to mass while the people took off their hats—in fact, to be the Hero of Miraflores. He was very much like a monument. He went to each government banquet, always frowning, never speaking; yet his short grey hair, his huge iron moustache, the very leanness and martial asceticism of the man lent always a suggestion of the camp-fire and the bivouac. No one wanted him to speak. He seemed meant to be silent.

He possessed a few ideas, fixed long ago,

which appeared to comprise the total horizon of his thoughts. He called all foreigners dogs, who were not of Spanish descent. The French, he declared, were a false and frivolous people, the Germans were savages, the English even more so, and the Americans, in so far as he had ever heard of them, walked naked on the streets. In fact, his ideas were so old, so very old, that none could guess from what source they were sprung; but it was suspected that their existence centered in the ancient home of the ancient house of Salazar, somewhere in Northern Spain. For the colonel now and then returned to his Spanish province, always avoiding the rest of Europe—a month in Madrid perhaps, two months at the home of his forefathers. Beyond this there lay in him a sort of sentiment, dragged from the savage barons of misty feudal days—the duty of a soldier to meet death upright, a half-deferential, half-mocking courtesy toward women, a curious loyalty to the church. ("There is but one true faith," he used to say)—hints of an older time, baffling, defying solution. "When Colonel Salazar came over with Pizarro," said the French attaché, "he was already middle-aged."

But governments and fortune change; and there came into power a man who did not remember Miraflores and who did not appreciate the ornamental. "We'll shift him to Cuzco," said the man, "Cuzco ought to suit him."

It did. If the colonel were born three hundred years too late, then Cuzco had stopped, stopped still, three hundred years before. No railroad runs through that valley, and late in the afternoon of the tenth day, the mule-driver raised his hand, and pointed. "Over there," he said, "on the mountain side—Cuzco."

"There are many churches," said Colonel Salazar.

"Twenty-six," the driver answered. He turned to the mules. "Mula! Huacho," he

entreated. But Cuzco mules know the Cuzco road—and go slow. “*Mula,*” he sang to them. They did not change their gait; for them and he understood each other.

“Twenty-six churches,” said the colonel, “for twelve thousand people.” He touched the driver’s arm, and smiled like a child. “There is but one True Faith,” he said. The driver crossed himself.

They entered the city at nightfall, and the smells, the street smells of filth, and the carelessness of countless years, rose up to them like a mist. The Prefect was waiting there.

“Oh, my colonel,” he said, “Come with me. I will make you as comfortable as I can, but—but I hope it will not be for long—in Cuzco.”

“I think I shall like Cuzco,” said Colonel Salazar.

The Prefect looked at him, and it crossed his mind that the man seemed somehow to fit the place. “There is only the spirit of Cuzco left,” he said, “that will not die. All else is gone. It is as though a spell were cast upon the town. In the days of the Incas, Cuzco was a great and thriving city, but the houses fell into dust beside the temples, and the temples fell also, until scarcely one stone was left standing upon another; then the Spaniards built it, three hundred years ago, but the walls of the houses fell away—look, my colonel, at the outskirts—as they did before, and the people died and drifted, till the cathedrals and churches of Rome arose—and are rising still, my colonel—among the dust of the dying city, upright, quite alone, like rocks coming up through an ebbing tide. There is only the spirit left.”

“It is the spirit of the Church,” the colonel said, “There is but one True Faith.”

“I, too, am of the devout,” the Prefect returned. “I love the Church. Yet this is but a shadow of her former glory—only a shadow of the days gone by.”

“Here rests the shadow in Cuzco,” answered Colonel Salazar, “our little mountain stronghold—the stronghold of the Church.” He looked about him at the encircling cathedrals, and smiled again.

“It is already night,” the Prefect said, “Come home with me.”

Colonel Salazar found quarters for himself the next day. It was a huge, bare room,

with stone walls four feet thick on every side; the great low building, once a monastery, stretched along the north side of the square, forbidding as a fort. The colonel would sit there in the mornings, at a bare table, quite still, like a statue in its niche, as though he expected some one to come, waiting, waiting. He had no aides, no orderlies, no duties. And yet, when he rose to greet the Prefect, erect in that vault-like room, he seemed as impressive as war itself.

The people loved him. When he walked slowly along the balconied streets, his head bent a little forward, men would step aside from the way, and take off their hats, and stand in silence till he passed by. He would bow in his old stately fashion, the least grave, half-perceptible inclination of his head; and the people would whisper behind him, “It is the Hero of Miraflores.” To them it was as though an army with banners had marched on, famous, terrible.

He lived among the cathedrals. He stood beneath the old arcades, arcades below which the steps of the Inquisition had been heard, throughout courts and galleries where their feet still seemed to echo—to echo into a present which was still the past. What had changed? “This is our little mountain stronghold,” said Colonel Salazar, “where the Church admits no change—no change.” And as he knelt in the services of the old ritual—different with a forgotten difference which he knew and appreciated—and when the smell of a forgotten incense rose to his nostrils, he repeated like a prayer, “No change. No change.”

Then came a day when the shadow of the present crossed his path. He was sitting there in the morning, upright, before the bare table in the bare room, when one knocked upon his door. “Enter,” he called, and a man came in.

He looked up and stared, stonily and steadily, across the intervening space. “Is this Colonel Salazar?” said the man. He bowed.

The man stood there, quite still and silent. He carried in his hand a round, hard hat, a hat of foreign sort, and wore close strapped about him a loose kind of bulging hunting-coat. He was small, young, and beginning to be bald. He spoke in a foreign drawl. The colonel watched him quietly, especially

the round, hard hat. It was such a peculiar thing.

"Colonel Salazar," began the man, slowly, "I came here on my own account, just to see what I could do. You know those two English missionaries?"

The colonel shook his head.

"You dont?" the man went on, "that's curious. I thought everybody did. I'll begin by telling you that I'm no missionary myself—that's my own affair. I'm an engineer from Montana, and I went broke on a mine up here, and landed in this place without a cent. Those missionaries took me in, gave me these very clothes I'm wearing, and I'm running a sort of workshop for them now. So you see, in a way, their profits are my profits, and their quarrels are my quarrels. You see?"

"I do not understand," said Colonel Salazar. "Why do you tell me this?"

The engineer smiled. "I'm coming to that. This is the point; we need protection, and we dont get it. It's the priests; you know what they are perfectly well yourself, but I wont say anything against the blackguards—because you might n't like it. I'll let them alone if they'll let me alone. But they wont; they boycott our shop and they set the Indians on to interfere with our meetings—I mean the religious meetings of the missionaries. Why, they even tried to burn our house down not long ago." He waved the round hard hat. "See here. The Prefect dont protect us. You know the best hope of this rotten old place is foreign energy. Now, colonel, I want you to help us. We'll make Cuzeo hum."

Colonel Salazar answered very slowly. "This matter is within the Prefect's province, not mine. I had not even heard of it. But I will tell you that if I were the Prefect, I would tear down your meeting-house and your shop piece by piece, and burn the pieces. Good-day."

The engineer clapped the round hard hat on his head. "Very well," he sneered, "I told you that the best hopes of Cuzeo lay in foreign energy. The second best are the earthquakes." The colonel made no sign. "I'm going now," the engineer went on, "but I want you to know I come from Montana, where missionaries are scarce. These fellows say the Indians dont know any better. Last time, when they came round to burn the

house, they would n't let me shoot. I've got two Colts now—so just keep your eye on the earthquakes. I'll reduce the population here some more. Good-day." The colonel did not stir; he watched the bulgy hunting-coat disappear around the corner. He rose then, very quietly. "I must ask the Prefect about this," he said.

He walked over to the Prefect's office. "There are foreigners in Cuzeo."

"Italian shopkeepers?"

"No," said the colonel, "others."

The Prefect looked up quickly. "It is true," he said, "I hoped you would not know. They are dogs, heretic dogs, English and American missionaries. They are swine, the offscourings of the earth." He paused. "I hoped you would not know," he said. He spoke as though it had been a sort of sacrilege.

"Listen," he went on. "Once before they came, to teach the devil's way. The Church commanded them to go. They said they would not go without a written order from me. I gave them that order. Then they left. They left at six hours' notice. That was my order."

The colonel bowed in grave assent.

"But they returned. They brought to me, to me here in my house, another order, obtained through their legations at Lima, that they should be permitted to remain, and moreover that I should protect them with soldiers."

"You guard them then?" the colonel asked.

"I give them soldiers. That is the order, no more, no less. They feel secure." The Prefect smiled. "In Lima they called us backward here in Cuzeo. No doubt the Church is backward."

"There is but one True Faith," said Colonel Salazar. The Prefect crossed himself.

"One came to my room this very morning," the colonel went on, "to ask protection from me."

"From you!" the Prefect cried, "from you! But it is drawing to an end, my colonel, it is drawing to an end. The Church shall defend herself. Listen: I hear the little whispers on the street corners at night." He stopped. "On Easter Sunday," he said, measuring each word, "I give at noon a banquet to all the officers of the municipality. At the same hour takes place the feast of the Indians at the election of their

new *alcalde*. There will be *cognac* for us, for them their native drink. That drink is strong. It is not long to wait."

"No," replied the colonel, thoughtfully, "Eight days."

Little by little there rose in his mind a picture. Men would be pitted against men in mortal fight, a combat as of times gone by, and the blood stirred in his old veins, the blood that had risen at *Miraflores*. On the one side stood the Church, armed with all her ancient weapons, the cries of a mob in its anger; on the other—and this was framed above all else—the image of a young man with a round hard hat, fighting for his life. And always, at the end of his thoughts, he saw the young man dying—now on his side, now on his back, now twisted in his last agony—as he had seen men die in the days of the war. Everywhere the picture followed him, in the streets, into his room at night, into the very halls of the Church Himself.

On Easter Sunday Colonel Salazar walked slowly to the Prefect's banquet. Over his dress uniform he wore a long black cape. From every direction came the small dark officers of the city, frock-coated, carefully avoiding the filth in the ancient streets. Elsewhere marched the Indians, gay in their purple and red blankets, the old *alcalde* bearing the silver-banded staff. Their intention was the same that day, their errand was the same. There only remained the accidental difference of dress.

Colonel Salazar withdrew early from the banquet. He walked through the city, past the Church of San Francisco, to the top of a little hill. Below him, the Indians were feasting in a wide courtyard; they were ranged in silence along the sides, eating, eating, and constantly there passed between them the cups of their native *chicha*, the liquid fire of *Cuzco* Valley. One danced, his feet moving slowly, slowly, never varying, always touching ground at the same spot. The Indians were drinking themselves toward the point of action, leisurely, quietly, with the certainty of fate.

He returned at nightfall. There was no noise in the city. As he walked through a very narrow, balconied lane, there came a boy, running. He tried to dodge, stumbled. Half fell into the colonel's arms. The colonel held him.

He whimpered, "I am the little boy who brings the milk every morning to the house of the heretics. They are burning the evil books in the Plaza Principal. Now they have gone to kill them all. I go to tell the Prefect."

"Go then," said the colonel.

The embers of the bibles still were glowing. From the street near by he heard a low, growling noise—a noise which he knew of old times, the voice of a mob in its hour of fury. He turned the corner. The crowd was pressed about the house. They were Indians, all Indians, but on the outskirts he caught here and there just a glimpse of a black frock coat, pushing, pushing the lines forward. The house was quite dark.

Then from the outer circle rose the cry, "Kill them! kill the heretics! kill them! kill. . ." Suddenly a lane opened, and four Indians advanced upon the door, bearing a beam. From the crowd there surged a sort of sigh. "Batter it down! Batter it down!" This was good hunting.

They launched themselves upon it once, and the torches swayed with the cheers. They launched themselves upon it twice, and it splintered at the blow. As they drew back for the third assault, the crowd pressed in like terriers. Then, as they lifted and poised the beam, as they tightened their sinews for this last effort—the door opened quite quietly from the inside.

The young man with the round hard hat stepped out. It seemed as though all motion stopped; the beam, held upright for the blow, stood still; the ranks of the crowd ceased rippling. He looked about him slowly.

"You eowards," he said, "you eowards. Three thousand to one, and you did not dare attack us till you bribed my servants to steal away my arms." He flung his hat down on the ground in front of him. "So you thought you could murder me like a rat in a trap, you dogs." His voice whined with fury. "Take us where you burned the bibles, then," he shouted. Suddenly he struck the nearest Indian full in the face. The crowd closed in.

Just for a moment there was a rough eddy about the door. Colonel Salazar, close to the wall, could see the Indians binding them with ropes; and then, with a sort of rolling motion, the mob drove out toward the

public square. The colonel drifted with the rest.

The embers of the bibles still were glowing little heaps of cinders, played with by the wind. The crowd trampled them down. A frock-coated man stepped out, just for a moment. "Bring ropes," he ordered, "ropes." A dark shape upon the balconies answered, "I have them." The colonel, looking up, saw the ends slide through like snakes from above. The crowd swelled over, and bore to that side like a wave. The young man came advancing through an opened lane, to the place they had made for him below the balcony. The colonel glanced quickly at his face. He smiled. The colonel looked a second time. He was still smiling.

Then the colonel, very suddenly, threw off his black cape. The green and gold of his uniform flashed in the light of the torches. His drawn sword glittered. He drove through the crowd, pricking the Indians right and left. He stood below the balcony. "Stand back," he commanded. It was the voice of Colonel Salazar. The crowd ebbed away from the flash of the steel. It was the voice the armies heard at Miraflores.

"Come," he said. He cut the binding ropes. The crowd opened a lane for him, a wide lane, for they feared his sword and

they feared his eyes. It was not good to look upon the colonel then.

They followed him through Cuzco, clear to the stable of the stages. "To Sienani," said Colonel Salazar. He turned to the crowd. "He fought for his life," he said, "he fought you all with his naked hands. And when you bound him, I saw him smile at death. He shall not meet it at your hands. To Sienani!" His voice rolled in command, "Get in!"

The young man turned to speak. The colonel pricked the mules with his sword. They rattled off into the night.

Then Colonel Salazar turned back, and walked slowly through the streets of Cuzco, his head a little bent forward, his sword asleep in its sheath. On either side the people followed silently. Past the square he walked, and still they followed—followed him to the doors of the Church of San Francisco. He entered, and they stood without. They watched him kneeling, and one by one melted away.

Few remained. The candles burnt dimly, the mist of a forgotten incense rose among the arches. Still, still he knelt, at perfect rest. They watched in wonder. They saw only an old soldier making his peace with God.

# Medora's Mild Intent

By Elizabeth Lambert Wood



EDORA had been washing all day and still had the flannels to suds. Her hair hung in dank, uneven strands about her thin face. A few gray hairs were beginning to show where the twisting of the thinning coil had turned the under hairs to the light, and her hands and her arms to the elbows were purpled and wrinkled from long immersion in the hot, soapy water. Her aunt had been helping her, but had gone to comfort a screaming child.

Outside the open window the chirrup of a satisfied robin sounded close at hand; he had found the earth-worms particularly plump and abundant this Spring. Medora could hear the familiar calls of the boys who were plowing the hillside meadow. Their voices were cheery and bold. A friendly pussy-willow swung its tasseled stems across the open window within touch of her gentle hand, but today she did not notice it. Her deep blue eyes were absent and far away on the distant outline of the noble mountains of the Cascades whenever she lifted them from the sodden flannels and the steam of the tub.

Presently the middle-sized children would come trooping in from school, and then there would be supper to get and the clothes to bring in and fold down for tomorrow's ironing. Though throughout her life-time Medora had heard her Uncle Ami spoken of as one of the prosperous farmers of the community, yet from long and hard experience she had learned that the last thing he would think of considering was the comfort of the women dependent on him. Only at noon today he had referred to Medora's unmarried state in a tone of jocular derision.

"Had ary beaus follerin' you around this mornin', Medory?" he had called out as he swashed the water over his face at the pump. And Medora, as she fried the pork over the hot stove, had caught the exagger-

ated wink he gave the boys, and then his big guffaw and the boys' rollicking treble had rung out together. Medora knew that this was only her uncle's rude idea of a jest, yet in spite of herself she trembled at both the words and the merriment that followed, though she had learned better than to try to make any kind of an answer.

Medora was only thirty-three, yet so far as she was considered to have a chance in the matrimonial field she might have been a hundred and thirty-three. What hurt the most was the utter defenselessness of her position. When ten years old, and strong beyond her age, she had been welcomed by her aunt's new husband Ami into the round of work in his ambitious household. Before this she had lived with her grandmother until her death. Poor old soul, she had loved Medora, and had pitied her orphaned childhood, and when she died, just after her daughter's marriage to Ami, she had willed her tiny home and the few acres belonging to it to the child. Secretly, this had always galled the thrifty Ami. "Just as if I had n't promised your maw to give the girl a good home with us," he sniffed to his wife on more than one occasion during the years afterwards. She never answered these sniffs; she realized that life would have been much harder for her on the farm without the help of Medora's active little body.

But, of late, some of the children were arriving at a helping age, and now, for the first time, her aunt could see that Medora really represented another mouth to be filled; and, as she reasoned to herself, Husband Ami was *so* ambitious to add the farm next to theirs to his own acres without assuming too heavy a mortgage, and—every cent counted! As she thought all this over with guilty secrecy she could not help feeling very proud to think how well Ami had done for himself since they were married. But as her thoughts drifted back to Medora—steady, hard-working Medora, with her

uncomplaining patience — Aunt Sophie moved restlessly and got up. Worn features and shabby mien were too much for her nerves to bear in their present state.

Now, it was only within the last year that Medora had allowed herself to suspicion this effect she seemed to have on her Aunt's strained nerves. She could not help seeing that her aunt was growing more and more irritable toward her. Not once during the year just past had she given her any money for clothes or presents. Before this, during her grim life with her uncle and aunt, she had liked to feel as if she were one of their children, and up to this year she had never hesitated to talk over her need of a coat or dress with them; but in her heart she was proud, and she now refused to ask for what she divined they no longer wished to give her. She preferred to go without new clothes. She had a few dollars, saved from the sale of wild blackberries, and she also had the rent of her own small place her grandmother had left her, but taxes were now due and they would swallow up the best part of the pitiable sum.

That evening the family ate their supper of potatoes and milk in haste; time represented money, and Ami Cowperthwait never squandered either. From the side window a glimpse could be seen of the county road, where it curved in a straggling line past the house. Before they finished eating, a ragged figure came lounging into sight, unable to keep his shambling feet within the range of the highway. It was the village drunk—Jesse Babler.

His appearance seemed to excite the humor of the boys. They laughed uproariously when Seth, with a boyish leer at Medora, said:

"There's yer chance, Medory. Anything's better 'n nothing."

His mother interposed a reproving word, but Medora could see that she was trying to conceal a smile. The rest of the family laughed boisteriously together, several little voices piping in shrilly, without any distinct notion of what all the fun was about.

They were just finishing the meal, and Medora rose with the rest, while the ebb of endurance in her brain seemed suddenly to break loose and go whirling round. She was very tired with the long day's work, but with the force of life's habit she began to

stack up the dishes. She worked blindly with fingers she could not see. The girls went to their school books; the boys lounged out of the house into the quiet Springtime twilight. Aunt Sophie was just outside the door, discussing the building of the new well-house with her husband.

Medora hardly knew when she finished her work. She passed through the room where the girls were gossiping, and on upstairs into the room she shared with them. She undressed quickly and got into bed. She was cold and hot in flashes. She straightened out her limbs, lying rigid with fingers and toes outstretched to their limit, to ease the pain of her twitching nerves. She was trying to calm the riot in her brain so that she might be able to think clearly. She longed with sickening hopelessness for somebody to love her, for somebody to whom she might now go in her distress, and touch with affectionate fingers, receiving in response a word and kiss of sympathy. It was horrible to think she had lived to almost middle-age without making one sincere and loving friend. Perhaps she was never to know the quickening of a loving glance. Then she was ashamed; for she remembered her grandmother and her loving words and caresses. But, after all, what had all the years of work, all the interest in her aunt's home and family brought her? A few cotton dresses a year, and now the contempt and neglect to be expected by the household drudge.

Medora was so intent in her thoughts that she did not know when the others went to bed. But, along about midnight, a flash of intuition revealed her way, clear and alluring, before her, and, relaxing her tired muscles, she curled up and fell asleep.

She was astir at dawn, gathering her few belongings quietly together, and as soon as she heard her uncle astir below stairs she went down to the door of her aunt's room, which she found open. Her aunt was just finishing dressing and was standing before a distorting mirror, pinning into place about her neck a shabby bit of ironed ribbon, the ends primly crossed over her bosom. She turned at sight of Medora's reflection in the glass, and, holding an old-fashioned enameled breastpin suspended before her, asked sharply:

"What do you want?"

One kind word then would have called forth a flood of broken explanations from the poor girl, but at the sound of her aunt's voice, with its tone of irritated demand, her backbone unconsciously stiffened, and she said steadily, without a tremor in her voice, though her heart was beating wildly:

"Aunt Sophie, I think I want to go to Portland to work out for a while."

Her aunt turned sharply about and dropped her hand, and the pin in it, with a thud on the bureau. "Land's sake, Medory," she demanded, "whatever put such a notion as that in your head?"

As she spoke, Medora noticed with a pang that she did not enter a violent protest. She had spoken as if this resolution of Medora's, which meant the pulling up by the roots of her life's traditions, was quite an ordinary event.

"Maud and Irene are getting big now, Aunt Sophie, and you dont need—dont really need me any more." There was all the pathos of a heartfelt question in this answer, but Medora's aunt did not seem to hear it. Medora hesitated an instant and then said: "I guess I'll go tomorrow!"

Without answering, the older woman turned and looked earnestly into the girl's face for a moment. "Medory, it aint anything we've done, Ami and me, is it?" she asked anxiously.

Medora's tense lip began to quiver, and she took a step toward the only mother she had ever known. Perhaps much of the rest of her life would have remained in the self-same groove if Uncle Ami's voice had not broken in harshly from the kitchen, above the brisk crackle of the new fire:

"Sophie, what kind of mush be you goin' to have fur breakfast?" he asked querulously; "corn-meal or cracked wheat?"

"Cracked wheat, I guess, Ami," answered his wife, going to the kitchen door. Medora turned and fled from the room.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, a sadly depressed country girl was carried along by the hurrying crowd from the steps of the train into the station in the city. But Medora's sturdy blood had only timidity, not cowardice, in it. Frightened as she was, she had no thought of turning her back on the field before the battle was fought.

Luckily, one of the addresses she had

gleaned from the paper she bought on the train now proved helpful. And from this transient boarding-place to a cook's room in the attic of a modest city home was her next and only move.

Her new mistress was kind, and the work much easier than any Medora had been used to; and her life now ticked the moments, days and months very soberly and colorlessly away, until nineteen months had gone by since she had seen the home folks.

It was on one Wintry night when even her snug attic room seemed cheerless, and her one dormer window an angle of distress, that Medora fell to thinking of her aunt and the children in the far-off farm house. She often thought of them in the quiet of her room, but always before this, just the eager re-reading of their few letters had been enough to ease the ache in her homesick heart, but tonight the desire to kiss someone she loved overwhelmed her with an irresistible passion. No one looking upon her pale face and quiet form would have suspected the strength of the storm raging within her. Pride and that alone had held her aloof from all folk, her own as well as the world at large, for the dragging length of almost two years, and up to this hour it threatened still to hold her in its cruel vise.

The girl sat there with bowed head and stooped shoulders, her eyes on the worn cotton carpet covering the middle of the small floor, but she saw not so much as a shadow of one of its worn figures; crowding country scenes resounding with high-pitched nasal voices were filling her memory, and her worn fingers were tightly curved about each other to keep silent within her the riot of feeling straining for expression.

Then, suddenly, as if snipped apart, her tense muscles relaxed, and her face elongated into a look of blank amazement; she was dazed by the audacity of the thought that had just flashed into her brain. When she could control her excited trembling, she reached over to the small candle stand at the head of the bed, and, picking up the pile of old newspapers lying on it, laid them in her lap and opened the top one to the lists of hotel arrivals.

The paper she had in her hand was more than a week old, but for her purpose it sufficed all needs. Running her roughened forefinger down the list, she hesitated more



than once as her eyes fell on a name that arrested her attention. The first one to make her pause was Host. After a second she shook her head. Next was Fawcett, but her lips formed a silent no. Eaglis?—her finger slipped on; Bogan?—still her finger moved down the long line. Wallox—Abel Wallox—caught her eye and held it; then, shaking her head slightly, she passed on. Suddenly she started, and her eyes kindled as she read: Glenn Oxman. That sounded strong and manly. And the suggestion in it of the cattle she had been used to in her years of country life made her wipe the sudden tears from her eyes. She made a feint of running her finger on down the rest of the list, but her mind was not in it. She was repeating to herself, over and over again: Glenn Oxman, Glenn Oxman. She liked the strong syllables; she even experienced a comfortable feeling of protection in the terse virility of the name. A man with that name must be strong and kind; really strong men are always kind, she thought, remembering the loving teaching of her dear old grandmother, the only one who had ever satisfied her longing for love and caresses.

The next morning Medora told her mistress of her sudden intention of going back to the home far up the Valley.

Mrs. Mead was almost tearful. "Think how hard it will be for me to get anyone to take the same interest in us all that you have," she said: "and what will the children do without you?"

"Thank you, ma'm, I dont know," answered Medora, half tearful herself at thought of leaving these good friends. "But, ma'm, I just can't help myself. It seems like I just must go and see my folks again."

"But surely you will come back? A month will be long enough, wont it?"

"I'm afraid not, thank you, ma'm," answered the homesick girl. "I just seem to want to stay there always, now I'm going back. Why, I'm homesick to see even the trees and the river and the vegetable garden!"

Mrs. Meade said no more; and between them it was quietly and sorrowfully arranged that Medora should go the following week.

That afternoon Medora went downtown and bought herself a smart new trunk and a suitcase. Across the end of each, in clear

black letters, she had stamped the name. Glenn Oxman, but with Mrs. as a prefix. She also selected with painstaking care a plain dark jacket and skirt and a prim dark turban to match. She realized, with something of a pang in her pleasure, that she had never looked so well as when dressed in these new clothes, and, when, at the end of the following week, she stepped off the train onto the familiar planks of the little country station, she could not fail to note the real stir her arrival and prosperous appearance made. Though she had prepared her aunt for her sudden return, yet for the moment she was quite overcome by the joy she saw on the faces of the whole family assembled to meet her. A sharp throe of anguish shot through Medora's gentle heart as she tried to answer their eager questionings about her sudden marriage, and the reasons for her unexpected return without Mr. Oxman! "I suppose I must learn to call him Glenn even if I aint ever seen him," said her aunt, with proud consciousness, as her eyes rested wonderingly on Medora's erect and well-clothed figure.

"I suppose so," answered Medora faintly.

"You're tired, real tired," interposed her aunt, amid all the busy questioning. "Children, let Medora alone."

Medora was strangely silent during the walk home; in town it had seemed such a simple thing to assume a matron's title, but now she began to realize that perhaps she had sinned, and if so that her wrong-doing might cause suffering to come to these people of her own blood. Of the suffering that might come to herself she gave no thought.

She found that everyone, to the most distant neighbor, was interested in her story; how she had been married, and how her husband had been forced to leave unexpectedly for Kansas to sell a ranch there, and how she had decided to spend the time of his uncertain absence in her own town. She was often surprised to hear the calmness of her own voice as she told of Glenn's trip, and the fear she had that he might be delayed for many long months.

In spite of the family's vigorous protests, Medora held firmly to her intention of living alone in the cottage belonging to her. She unpacked the furniture that had been stored since her grandmother's death, and with this quaint outfitting of a generation

ago, set up housekeeping. To her satisfaction, Medora soon discovered that with her assumption of the new name she had acquired an entirely new status in the village. Everyone flocked to see her and bid her welcome; men and women came to the cottage who had barely nodded to her in the old, sorry days when she was simply Sophie Cowperthwait's Medory. As Mrs. Glenn Oxman, the head of a home, she enjoyed a kind of triumph, but deep in her heart the poor girl now repented her sudden and irrational act.

It surprised no one when she took up the selling of fancy pastry and sweetened rolls to the mill hands. The men, who were mostly bachelors, would stop on their way to work and buy her goodies to fill out the poor stuff that the cheap hotel had put up in their dingy pails for their cold dinner at the mill.

Along toward Spring, when the grass began to show green and succulent above the shriveled growth of the Summer before, Medora bought a cow, and with her own hands carried the rich milk to her customers. Her chickens were among the best-cared-for in the village, and repaid her in a multiplicity of smooth, white product, for which she found a ready sale at the general store. Nearly all the women of the village and country-side thus helped out their husbands' scanty earnings, at least the more ambitious ones did, and so Medora's assumption of the time-honored custom excited no comment. But even with all her work, after the first few months, Medora grew to have a great and increasing fear that one day the savings she had gathered and hoarded during her life in the city would run short, leaving her in dire straits if she should chance to fall sick or have an accident befall her. She took almost incredible care of her savings and earnings, but still she could not see her way clear to living on indefinitely with her present revenue.

She had never pretended to anyone that Glenn, her imaginary husband, was well-to-do; in fact she never spoke of him at all unless fairly cornered and forced to answer. Yet, strangely enough, as time passed, there grew up in her vivid mind an image of this absent husband. She saw him plainly, and grew familiar with the manner of his speaking, and the way he moved and wore his clothes. In the long evenings, as she sat

with her head drooping above her sewing, she fell into a habit of visiting with him, and of asking his advice about many questions that perplexed her. After such an interview she would get up and quietly fold and lay away her sewing, feeling strengthened to go on in the strange, hard life she had assumed. She had, in such moments, a feeling that she was really the wife of the absent husband her imagination had pictured.

During all these troubled months she had been far more particular about her appearance than she had ever been in her life before. She had a deep-rooted fear lest someone suspect that she had no charms which could have attracted a masculine eye, and from this inference lead on to her ultimate discovery and disgrace. There came moments when she was overwhelmed by this fear of discovery, and, trembling with shame, would hurry homeward, only to meet on the way, perhaps, a former nodding acquaintance who was now solicitous and friendly. After such an encounter, Medora would lift her head with its sorrowful weight of sin, and, holding it delicately aloft, would enter her own door, sad-eyed but triumphant. In these moments it was as if she alone of all the sinners throughout the world had found an instance in which falsehood and wrongdoing were justified.

The Spring and the long dry Summer went by, and the memory of them was swallowed up by the sharpness of an unusually bitter Winter. But at last there came a day when Spring, thin and wan as she was, managed to slip her gentle fingers into a crack in Winter's rough old shell, and thus broke his rule. But, for days after that, the new-come Spring herself wore but a sloppy aspect, and was much blown about by the gusty, fitful gales the dying Winter still had strength to fling around.

Medora now shunned her friends, and finally even failed to go to the farm to see her aunt. Mrs. Cowperthwait defended Medora loyally to others, but in her own heart there were many doubts, not of Medora's marriage, but of the sincerity of her husband's affection. In her old-fashioned mind there was no greater woe known than this—to be scorned and neglected by one's husband. But in spite of her doubts and curiosity, she was afraid to face the wrath in

Medora's eyes by broaching the subject to her.

All during the Winter Medora suspected her neighbors of ill-natured and distrusting remarks. She had risked sending a few letters to an employment agency in the city who were to add the address and forward the letters to Mrs. Glenn Oxman. She had prepared them for this by a letter from the supposed Mrs. Oxman, asking that any letters sent to them might be forwarded. In her heart Medora felt this to be the blackest sin she had yet committed, still she would march boldly to the postoffice and inquire for mail; and, when the letter written by herself was handed to her, she would accept it proudly and march home again. But, one day, the old postmaster himself had looked queerly at her over his spectacles, and had said, with a smudgy forefinger on the post-mark:

"So Glenn's in Portland, is he? I suppose he'll be comin' along one of these days to see you and take you hum with him? He'll sure be surprised to see how chipper and good-lookin' you've grown to be. 'T aint altogether safe to leave you here alone so long."

The words had been meant kindly, and the guffaw that followed them was rude but good-hearted, yet Medora had fled with burning cheeks and panting breath into the sanctuary of her own home, where she had locked the door and stood in the center of the room, wild-eyed and trembling, until her heart had subsided from its wild galloping. But never after this did she risk sending or receiving a letter.

The March of that Spring was bleak and the eaves were dripping mingled rain and snow the day the mixed Junction train brought in a lone passenger and dumped him and his heavy suitcase out on the platform with the bag of mail and the case of assorted groceries. Then snorting defiantly, it had steamed off into the misty distance with a racking, consequential gait peculiar to narrow-gauge trains and to the owners of narrow-gauge minds.

The lone traveler on the platform looked as if he were used to solitude, but it was the solitude of places far lonelier than this dripping platform on the edge of town. He seemed in no wise disconcerted by the town's lack of interest in his arrival. He was big-

framed and supple-jointed, with a spare covering of muscle; but on looking at him, no one would ever make the mistake of thinking the covering anything except muscle, and good, hard muscle at that. He moved and looked easily about with the unconscious keenness of eyes that are used to surveying vast expanses of hill and mountain and plains, and of being something of a monarch of the spaces looked over. His much-rubbed corduroys, high boots and broad-brimmed hat of smoky tan, proclaimed him to the curious station agent, who was approaching on the run, as a typical Eastern Oregon cattleman.

This agent lived conveniently near in the staring box of a house across the track, and in the years during which he had held his position with the railroad, he had grown to be an adept at dropping his trade as cabinet-maker at the shriek of the incoming train to assume the dignified role of station agent. But today he had wandered far from home in search of the family cow and her new calf, and had only arrived, panting and perspiring, at the seat of dignity.

With his foot lifted in the act of bounding to the surface of the platform, the poor man stopped stock-still, staring with starting eyes at the name stamped in clear, black letters across the end of the new arrival's traveling bag. When he had fully grasped the name's import, he jumped forward and rushed at the new-comer with open arms, grabbing him by the hand and shoulder, and wringing his fingers in welcome.

"Well, well, Mr. Oxman, glad to see you, mighty glad!" he exploded, his eyes sparkling with relief and joy: "Medory dont know a word about your coming, does she?"

"Well, now—" was all the stranger seemed able to say. His face held something of a sheepish expression, as if for once in his life he was fairly cornered.

The agent rattled on: "Poor girl," he said, pityingly, "of course you never knowed it, but fur the hull of the last year she's bin pinin' fur you. We all could see it, well enough. But Medory's gritty, I can tell you, and I can tell you somethin' more."—the honest fellow brought his face close to that of the appropriated husband—"you've got a mighty fine wife, and dont you forget it!"

"Go on," said Mr. Oxman, resignedly, "I

ran up against a feller on the train who took a fit on seeing my name on my bag, an' he told me a good deal without me gettin' in a word. You're the second; got any more in the town?"

"Any more?" asked the agent vaguely, then his spirit fired. "You bet we've got more if you dont stay here and take care of that fine little woman of yours!"

"Well, I'll be hanged!" This was not a denial, it was simply an explosion to ease the tension of amazement.

Suddenly the agent's face grew red under the cold mist beating against it, and he moved uneasily as if struggling to say something that troubled his mind. "I've got to tell you sometime," he began, hesitatingly, "and I guess I might as well tell you now. You see, after a good many months went by and you aint showed up, some of us on'ry fellers that hain't got nothin' better to do than to doubt a nice, sweet woman's word, up an' wrote to La Grande to see if you had really ever lived there, like she said you had. What would you think of that fur downright cussedness?"

"La Grande?" repeated the stranger, grimly; "I lived there for fifteen year!"

"Oh, I know it; you need n't tell me," said the agent with a chuckle. "The letter came back after a while; war n't ever called fur. Then we smart elicks wrote to the postmaster and he answered our letter, and told us Glenn Oxman had lived there and still owned property there, and, so far as he knew, he believed he was now in Mexico and had been fur the last year."

"So that settled your doubts, I suppose," said the stranger, sarcastically.

"You bet it did," promptly responded the earnest-minded agent. "After that we smarties just crept into a hole fur a while. We only came out when we heard someone say: 'Medory's husband!' and then laugh with a kind of sickly snort. We shut up about a dozen of 'em with that there letter; but still, Mr. Oxman, I can't help feeling that you ought to wrote to her oftener. The way she hung round the postoffice an' never a letter fur her fairly makes my heart ache now when I think of it."

The stranger moved his head slowly, gazing with strange eyes about him. He was beginning to see visions of things he had never even dreamed of. He began to wonder

if he could have been doped and married unknown to him. Did he really have a wife here? He was the only Glenn Oxman he had ever heard of, and he had lived for many years at La Grande, the town she claimed as her husband's home. Suddenly the stranger brought his eyes back to the agent and gazed at him with penetrating insistence.

Honest Bill, the agent, misinterpreted the look. He cleared his throat anxiously, and when he spoke it was in a lowered voice.

"Oh, yes, sir," he said, "I guess she's always had enough to eat." The stranger started violently, and his face took on a look of horror. Bill went on, "But you know how it is with wimmin folks; they kinder like to have a man around the house. You see, your sending her on hum alone this here way, kinder set folks to talkin' about some city feller dupin' her. Wont all her friends be glad when they get a look at your size. I just guess no city makes them kind of shoulders and legs. No, sirree, you be straight from the country, and an all-fired big country, too, fur you to have room to swing them arms in!" The short laugh that followed this witticism had so much genuine relief and interest in it for the lonely woman waiting wearily through the months, that the stranger's eyes filled with an expression of actual concern, and for several moments he stood looking absently into the dimness of the soft, misty air.

Then Bill, in his happiness and relief for Medora's joy, grabbed the stranger's hand again and gave it another vigorous shaking. "Well, well," he said, "here I be, just a talkin' an' a talkin', an' you standin' there just a bustin' to see Medory! Of course you dont know where she lives at, so I'll just go along with you. 'Taint far."

The stranger had a grim look about his mouth. He grabbed up his bag with a grimace, as if swallowing an unpleasant dose, and fell into the tracks of his guide. When they reached a shabby, sunken gate in a quiet, grass-grown street, Bill paused before it, and with a sweep of his arm toward the rusty red cottage within the sagging fence, said:

"Here you be! Go right in, an' I'll hurry on an' tell her aunt."

The stranger turned sharply about. "Here, none of that," he said authoritatively, but Bill had gone. He could see him

hurrying away through the mist on his soul-satisfying errand. The man's cool eyes began to snap. He was naturally slow to anger, but to have a woman he had never seen take his name into her keeping without so much as asking his leave, was enough to arouse the ire of any sane man. He pushed open the little gate with an angry shove, and, with a look of mingled amazement and anger on his face, walked up the sodden path between the untrimmed rows of wind-blown box. As he neared the steps his step grew very firm. Who was this woman who had dared take his name? He knew he was the only man of that name in La Grande, and, for that matter, in the state—yet she had called herself by his name, and had said her husband came from La Grande; but, worst of all, she had dared flout her husband's neglect of her openly in her native town. His fine eyes were flashing as he gave a sharp rap on the blistered and weather-beaten door.

As the echo of his knock rolled away, penetrating to the back of the house, he heard an oven door slam distantly, and then quiet steps were heard in the entry, and a lock was turned and the door opened. A gush of spicy air from the baking of cookies greeted the visitor before he could take in the whole of the slim feminine figure standing in the door, dressed in the dark blue calico dress. The slender face above it was pale, and the deep blue eyes looking up at him were startled and afraid. Involuntarily she had given a great start as her eyes took in the length and breadth of his strong, spare figure. Her face was ghastly, as if she had seen a spirit.

In the throbbing silence of that moment, it was made known to the consciousness of the waiting man much that this patient-looking little woman of thirty-five had had to bear in the past. All that he had meant to say froze on his tongue; surely his Maker never meant for a man to wound a trembling little creature like this, whose drooping lips were bravely twisted into a pathetic smile?

"Can I come in for a few minutes, Mrs.—er—Mrs. Oxman?" he asked, with an effort.

Medora's hands were clasped together in an agony of suppression. Was he going to strike the blow she feared? Else why had he come—this stranger, so like the spirit of her dreams? "Yes—yes, sir, come right in,"

she managed to say with a show of hospitality. The uttering of the words did her good; she felt her shaken common-sense rising to her rescue. She stood aside to let him enter, and then closed the door, shutting out the misty drizzle and the cold March air, and closing in these two, so strangely brought together.

With something of a whimsical inward smile the man noticed that, in spite of the absolute order and cleanliness of the little house, the woman's calm gentleness of spirit was not disturbed by the sloppy marks left by his heavy boots on the oilcloth of the entry.

At the door of the darkened parlor, Medora hesitated, and then said impulsively:

"It seems a shame to take a body into that cold room, this rainy day. If you dont mind the muss of cooking, sir, I'll take you right out into the kitchen."

His answer was so quick and hearty that she looked up with restored confidence, and smiled.

"That would just about suit me right down to the ground, I reckon," he said. His voice was deep, and held a kind of mellow roll that steadied the frightened beating of Medora's heart into its quiet groove again.

He followed her through the gloomy entry into the cosy brightness of the kitchen. The warm air of the room was laden with sweet fragrance of baking cookies, and a mound of dough filled the bottom of the bowl standing on the table beside the cookie board, which was covered with triangular bits of dough left from the baking now in the oven. A lively golden canary in the window seemed like a gleam of sunshine flitting there, while the gray cat and her two spotted kittens lying contentedly asleep on the shining tin under the stove, lent an air of placid domesticity to the scene, which the bachelor cattleman was not slow to observe and enjoy.

With a chuckle in his throat he settled into the cushioned seat of the Boston rocker Medora drew out for him. He dropped his broad-brimmed hat on the floor, and extended his hand toward the cookies Medora had just rescued from the oven. With a thin worn knife she was lifting them from the pan to the cookie crock, but stopped at sight of his outstretched hand to drop one off the tip of the knife into it. On the instant it disappeared in crumbling sweetness

into the generous mouth opened to receive it. After that his hand went out every second or two toward the tempting pile on the table, and Medora, in her generosity, had no thought of taking note of the crock's diminishing contents, though it would need skimping to get the butter and sugar together for the extra batch she would have to make for the millhands.

Several times Medora glanced questioningly at her visitor, and a kind of terror appeared in her eyes, as if something she had long been expecting was threatening her. The color came and went spasmodically in her face and even over her toil-worn hands.

The man had slipped down comfortably into the cushions of the rocker, with his knees crossed, and his thick-soled high boots extending half-way across the little kitchen.

Again Medora glanced timorously at him—he was manly looking, she thought—and then blushed for shame, and bent an anxious business eye on the dough.

"I'm sorry, sir," she began apologetically, "to have to go on with the cookies, but this here dough is so cranky if it sets long that——"

"Oh, go right on," he interposed heartily. "I like to watch ye. Fur the last year and a half I've been livin' on a ranch in ol' Mexico with a greaser cook, and before that I've batched pretty much fur nigh fifteen year, so this here sight of makin' cookies is like medicine to sore eyes." His hand still continued to make regular trips between the crock and his mouth.

Suddenly the murmur of excited voices broke into the peaceful quiet of the room. The man brought his feet down with a clap,

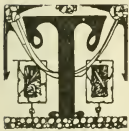
and sat up straight. "Dont think me a brute," he said, his voice trembling a little with excitement, "but my name is Glen Oxman! There, there, dont look at me like that; I aint goin' to hurt ye. I was a little hot in the collar when I came here, because I knowed I was the only Glenn Oxman of La Grande, but—no, I aint goin' to let ye explain. I've seen enough; I'm satisfied."

He was on his feet now, talking with hands and feet and tongue. "Yes, yes," he was urging, "sit right down there. Golly, if here dont come the hull herd of 'em, with yer aunt, I guess, a-leadin' the bunch. Say, Mrs. Oxman, I mean it, answer quick before they bust the door down—will ye marry yer husband? Hurrah! ye need n't speak; yer eyes and the way ye wilted, kinder relieved like, is talkin' enough. We'll get the train back—it goes in half an hour—an' we'll go to my sister's in the city. She's married to a Lutheran preacher. I never thought much of him—his brains aint exactly the best brand—but I guess he'll do first rate to lasso us together." He grabbed the almost fainting spinster out of the chair, and faced the door as it was opened violently.

"Come right in, come right in," he was saying heartily. He was the picture of prosperous content as he stood erect and smiling in the middle of the room, with Medora, trembling and tearful, on his arm. "I'm right glad to see ye, aunt," he said, grasping her hand; "I've sure heard tell of ye plenty of times. Kiss her, M—Medory." He turned away for an instant with something like a tremor in his throat as the two women fell sobbing into each other's arms.

# Through a Glass-Bottomed Boat

By Adelaide Soule



THE tide pulled at the boat, but Brunt held it against the pebbly beach of Avalon until Adrian came down the terrace from the hotel and stepped aboard.

"I've always wanted to row over the marine gardens by moonlight," he said. "How did you happen to think of it?"

Brunt thrust an oar into the deepening water and brought the boat parallel with the jagged line of rocks inshore. The movement showed his twisted body, in silhouette, against the silvered water.

"I'll tell you presently," he said. He glanced at the cliff that rounds the southern end of Catalina, and headed that way, holding the boat against the tide. A little way from the island, dangerous swells heaved up into the moonlight, then slid to troughs ink-splashed with shadow. Adrian, who feared the sea, looked away from it, at the deformed man, who feared nothing.

Brunt rowed with bent head, staring through the glass bottom of the boat. A monstrous blue fish passed slowly beneath. The bed of the ocean, quite visible by day, was uncertain now. A school of gold fish glinted past, thirty feet below. Then a tangle of sea-kelp swept the glass.

"Look," said Brunt. He nodded toward a dark, wavy patch on the white sand.

"What is it?" asked Adrian, bending to look. "Oh—by Jove, what a brute!" He shivered away and grasped the sides of the boat. The devil-fish groped with its blind, deadly arms, and one came slowly toward the surface. Brunt dipped his oars and they shot past.

"He was twenty feet below," he said.

"I know," Adrian apologized. "For a moment I thought he had us. These glass bottoms give one a false perspective."

"A false perspective," said Brunt, slowly. He was looking down once more into the shadowy green depths. "Yes; that is the

trouble sometimes. But there are other things; selfishness, lust, the cruelty of youth."

"What do you mean?" asked Adrian. He tried to meet Brunt's eyes, but the deformed man did not raise his head.

"Look, Adrian," he said. "Look at that." "Where?—I see nothing."

"At that drift of sea-weed. It is like a woman's hair. And that dark shadow along the rock—"

"For Heaven's sake, Brunt!"

"Only a shark," said Brunt, still watching, as the dark shadow slid from sight—"and only sea-weed. It's the perspective, as you say. It plays strange tricks with a man's eyes—and morals." He looked up.

Adrian knew the time had come and was glad. He had his defense.

"Go ahead, Brunt," he said. "I am listening." He sat, like a young god, in the stern of the boat. The other, bent and distorted, saw his beauty. At last he spoke.

"I reared you," he said. "That was nothing; you were my friend's son. I gave you my confidence; that was more."

Adrian waited. This was not the count.

"You have won my wife from me," said Brunt. His tone was quiet. His eyes were hidden under somber brows. Adrian brought forward his defense with confidence, smiling a little in the moonlight.

"If you were an ordinary man, Brunt, my position would be hard to explain. I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but you must realize that she is not for you."

"She is my wife," said Brunt. Adrian shrugged his shoulders.

"In the eyes of the law, perhaps. You know better. Good God, Brunt, don't think us ungrateful. We realize all you have done for us—but the struggle is killing her. You must give her up."

Brunt said nothing, only stared from under shrouding brows. Adrian reached along the boat and clasped his knee.

"You have been more than a father to

me," he pleaded. "Give me this last gift. God intended her for me—not for you."

The older man looked out over the moonlit water. "If *she* had asked it," he murmured, "I might—even this—but it is too late." He pushed aside the clasping hand and bent to fumble with a weighted rope at his feet. When he raised his face, it was quiet, as though drained of all emotion.

"Sit back, Adrian. I know your argument. Because God has cursed me with a twisted body, I have no right to love or happiness or any perfect thing. Because you are beautiful and strong and have had all life has to give, you must have this also."

"You dont understand, Brunt. I love her."

"Do you think a deformed man cannot love a woman?"

Adrian looked at him incredulously. "You *refuse*—to give—her—up!"

Brunt did not answer. Again he fingered the rope, looping and tying in the shadow. Adrian's face darkened with venom.

"*You—and love!*" he spat forth. "A creature like you, love her, so beautiful—"

They came abreast the cliff that went straight into the air above and as straight into the sea beneath. Brunt drew close inshore, and the tide loosened its hold on the boat. Adrian looked out at the ocean, running in heavy swells, then at Brunt's face, and grew suddenly white.

"Why have you brought me here?" he stammered. Brunt leaned on his oars and watched him. Each moment the water lipped the rock a little lower. "All your life, Adrian," he said at last, "you have had the thing you wanted, because you wanted it. You have come to think it a law. You are mistaken. There is no such law."

His tone was as quiet as before, but Adrian saw his eyes and trembled. He looked out at the oily sea, heaving and sliding in the moonlight, then back at the still, implaceable figure.

"Brunt, dont look at me like that. I will go away. I will do whatever you wish. You know I cant swim. For God's sake"—his voice came flat and shaking. Brunt was unshipping the oars. He dropped them in the water and they drifted from reach. The boat swung in toward the rock, where the foam-smearred water sucked and dimpled.

"For God's sake, Brunt, have you brought me here to kill me?" The face that had been

like that of a young god was a white mask of terror. Brunt looked at him unmoved.

"No," he said, in his passionless voice. "I have brought you here to look." The boat touched the rock. He put up a hand and pushed it off, watching keenly the bottom of the sea. "Ah!" he cried, sharply, and grasped Adrian's wrist with a grip of steel. "*There! Down there!*"

His will compelled. Adrian stared down, struggling to pierce with his vision the baffling depths. The white radiance that poured down on the sea gave but a faint, elusive light below the surface. Dim, moving forms, shadows vague and monstrous, moved beneath them. The glass blurred and all was gone. A current swept it—the water for a moment was clear. Then, huddled at the foot of the cliff, he saw something dark.

The weeds and sea-kelp swayed, but it lay still; so still that it might have been rock or shadow, but for the outstretched arm and white, clutching fingers, half-buried in sand.

The two men crouched in ghastly silence, their heads touching, the hand of one clasping the wrist of the other. The boat turned, now this way, now that.

"You murdered her," whispered Adrian at last, through lips that did not move.

"No. I found her here. I came for you."

"*Dead,*" whispered Adrian. "*Dead!*" He peered down at the dim figure, with its drifting, weed-brown hair and curved fingers, half-buried in sand.

Brunt felt under the seat. He lifted the heavy weight, and stood an instant, balancing it in his hand. He still kept his hold on the other's wrist.

"I brought you here to see your work," he said. "To watch, until it is quite finished." He waited, as for some movement or question, but none came. "I am going to my wife, Adrian"—his fingers loosened—"in whom you have no part."

He bent his twisted body and shot from the boat, the weight at his feet. Adrian, through the glass, saw the flashing, upturned face, distorted by the water. He knelt, rigid, watching, his fingers clutching and unclutching on air, his eyes shifting with something that shifted at the bottom of the sea. At last he fell forward, his face crumpled against the thwart. The tide, as though it had been waiting, seized the boat and bore it swiftly out over the heaving, moonlit sea.



# The Outlaw

By Charles B. Clark, Jr.

When my loop takes hold on a two-year-old,  
By the feet or the neck or the horn,  
He kin plunge and fight till his eyes go white,  
But I'll throw him as sure as you 're born.  
Though the taut rope sing like a banjo string  
And the latigoes creak and strain,  
Yet I've got no fear of an outlaw steer  
And I'll tumble him on the plain.

*For a man is a man and a steer is a beast,  
And the man is the boss of the herd;  
And each of the bunch, from the biggest to least,  
Must come down when he says the word.*

When my leg swings 'cross on an outlaw hawse  
And my spurs clinch into his hide,  
He kin r'ar and pitch over hill and ditch,  
But wherever he goes I'll ride.  
Let 'im spin and flop like a crazy top,  
Or flit like a wind-whipped smoke,  
But he'll know the feel of my rowelled heel  
Till he's happy to own he's broke.

*For a man is a man and a hawse is a brute,  
And the hawse may be prince of his clan,  
But he'll bow to the bit and the steel-shod boot  
And own that his boss is the man.*

When the devil at rest underneath my vest  
Gets up and begins to paw,  
And my hot tongue strains at its bridle-reins,  
Then I tackle the real outlaw;  
When I get plumb riled and my sense goes wild,  
And my temper has fractions growed,  
If he'll hump his neck just a triffin' speck,  
Then it's dollars to dimes I'm throwed.

*For a man is a man, but he's partly a beast—  
He kin brag till he makes you deaf.  
But the one, lone brute, from the West to the East,  
That he kaint quite break, is himse'f.*

# The Settler

By Herman Whitaker

## SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The story opens in the "Park Lands of the Fertile Belt" in Northern Manitoba with a scene between Carter, "The Settler," a young American of the Middle States, and one Hines, a low-caste Canadian, who is trespassing on unpatented hay lands that belong, by settler custom, to Morrill, a young American lawyer, who is dying of consumption. Calling on Morrill after disposing of Hines, Carter learns that his sister, Helen, has been left homeless by the death of their father, and will be at Lone Tree Station, sixty miles away, the following day. Goes to meet her, and while waiting for her train acts as spokesman for a deputation with a petition for a branch line, and much impresses the general manager of the road by his knowledge and address. So is laid the foundation for the historic railway struggle in future chapters. At first sight, Helen Morrill classifies Carter with her tradesmen at home, and is much disconcerted at the end of a reckless drive to find that he has been trying her out by his own peculiar standards. Discovering that Hines has incited Bender, a brutal giant of the lumber woods, to trespass on Morrill's hay rights, Carter outwits the pair by calling the neighbors in for a mowing "bee." Angered, thereafter, by a taunt from Hines, Bender cuts on him instead, and, afraid to venture out himself, Hines sends Jenny, his orphan child, a thin overworked girl of seventeen, to rake hay that is spoiling in the sun. Relenting, Bender cocks her hay, but not until, at midnight a month later, he picks her up on the prairie, turned outdoors by her father, does he realize the real cause of the sick misery in her eyes. Confined in his cabin, he, his chum, the Cougar, Carter and the Morrills, silence Hines and conspire successfully to keep the wronged child within their rough social pale; and the delicacy which all display in the matter gives Helen a new viewpoint and mightily raises Carter in her estimation. Determined to win her, he makes himself necessary to her by his kindness, consideration and helpfulness through Morrill's long sickness and death; is true to her under temptation from Mrs. Leslie, a stylish Englishwoman, and wins her away from Molyneux, a retired captain of English cavalry and exploiter of "farm pupils." This forms the first climax. The second section opens one year after the Carters' marriage. Everything has gone wrong. The promised branch was not built, the frost destroys their grain, Helen's clothing is grown more than shabby, she is aware of a coarsening of body, feels herself being dragged down, down, down to the low level of the gaunt settler women. At a picnic she is humiliated by the rough badinage of neighboring women until rescued by Mrs. Leslie and Molyneux, and goes thence in a condition of active rebellion against her lot.

## CHAPTER XI.

### *Frost.*



ONE noon, a week after the picnic, Carter stood and looked out over his hundred-acre field of wheat from his doorway. A golden carpet, sprigged with the dark green of willow bluffs, it ran back into a black envolving circle of distant woodland. As a vagrant zephyr touched it into life, Helen remarked, looking over his shoulder:

"The serrated ears in restless movement

give it the exact appearance of woven gold. Isn't it beautiful?"

The dramatist loves to make great events follow in rapid sequence. It is the need of his art. But in life the tragic mixes with the commonplace. Even Lady Macbeth must have, on occasion, joked or talked scandal with her handmaidens. And as these two looked out over the wheat, there was naught to indicate the shadow which lay between them.

"Finest stand I ever saw," Carter answered. "Five-foot straw, well headed, plump in the grain, ought to grade Number

One Extra Hard. We'll make on that wheat, little girl."

"Do you really think so?"

He turned quickly.

"Those women at the picnic." She explained her dubious tone. "They said you were foolish to put in so much wheat. 'What kind of a darn fool is your husband, anyway?' that Mrs. McCloud asked me. 'He kain't never draw all that wheat to Lone Tree. Take him a month to make two trips. 'Taint no use to raise grain without a railroad. We folks hain't put in more 'n enough for bread an' seed.'"

He laughed—as much at her clever mimicry as Mrs. McCloud's frankness. "If they had put in more I would n't have sown any. Could have bought it cheaper from them. But as they did n't? Do you know that every man in this settlement makes at least one trip a month to Lone Tree during the Winter? Well, they do, and they'll be glad enough to earn expenses freighting in my wheat. With grain at seventy a bushel, a load will bring thirty dollars at the ears and I can hire all the teams I want at three a trip."

"Why—" His foresight caused her a little gasp. "—how clever! I should never have thought of that."

His eyes twinkled his appreciation of her wifely admiration, and, taking her chin between his hands, he looked down into her eyes. "What's more—when that wheat money comes in, you an' me'll jest run down to Winnipeg an' turn loose on the dry goods stores."

It was the first hint of his knowledge of the turning, dyeing, the shifts she had made with her wardrobe, and he made a winning. The knowledge that he had seen and understand caused the wedge to tremble and almost fall out.

"Can we—afford it?" she asked, willing now to go without a thing.

"Dont have to afford necessities. Breaks me up to see you going shy of things."

For the last three days he had bestowed the parting kiss. This morning he received it; a warm one at that, and as he strode off, stableward, her burst of singing echoed his cheerful whistle. She was quite happy, the next few days, planning for their descent on the shops. She sang at her work; warbling that was natural as that of the little

bird which prinks and plumes for its mate in the morning sunlight. Reflecting her happiness, Carter was humorously cheerful, so pleased and satisfied that she stared when, one evening, he came in, gloomy and depressed.

His black mood had come out of the east with a moaning wind that now herded leaden clouds over yellow prairies. For one day rain pelted down, then, veering north, the bitter wind blew hard for a second day. That evening it died and a pale sun swung down a cloudless sky to a colorless horizon. Under its cold light the wheat stood erect, motionless, devoid of its usual sighing life. A hush, portending change, brooded over all.

From their doorway, Helen heard Hines, three miles away, rating his dog. "Hain't no more gumption than an Englishman, darn you! Sick 'em, now!" Followed the maligned animal's bark and thunder of scurrying hoofs.

"How clear and calm it is," she commented as Carter came up from the stables.

He glanced at the thermometer beside the door. "Too clear. I'm afraid it is all off with the wheat."

"Why? What do you mean?"

He turned from her astonished eyes. "Frost."

"Frost? You are surely mistaken? See how sunny it is."

Shaking his head, he laid a forefinger on the thermometer. "Six o'clock, and the silver is down to thirty-five."

At dusk it had lowered another degree and, throughout the Northland a hundred thousand farmers were watching, with Carter, its slow recession. On the fertile wheat plains of Southern Manitoba, through the vast gloom of the Dakotas, to the uttermost limits of Minnesota, the mercury focussed the interest of half a million trembling souls whose fire-fly lanterns dusted the continental gloom. Prayers, women's tears, men's agonized curses, marked its decline that, like an etching tool, graved deep lines on haggard faces in Chicago, Liverpool and London far away.

At thirty-two, Carter lit the smudges of wet straw and, simultaneously, the vast spread of night flamed out in smoke and fire. "I dont go much on it," he told Helen. "But some believe in it and I aint a-going to miss a chance."

He was right. Pale thief, the frost stole in under the reek and breathed his cold breath on the wheat. Holding his instrument, at ten o'clock, in the thickest smoke, Carter saw that it registered twenty-seven. Five degrees of frost and the cold of dawn still to come! Raising the glass, he dashed it to pieces at his feet.

It was done. Reverberating through the land, the smash of his glass typified the shattering of innumerable fortunes, crash of business houses. The pistol shot that wound up the affairs of some desperate gambler was but one echo. Surging widely, the calamity would affect far more than the growers of the wheat. Iron workers, miners, operatives in a hundred branches of industry would shiver under the cold hand of the frost. For now the farmer would buy less cotton, the operative pay more for his flour, the miner earn a scantier wage.

True the balance of swings ever even! This year ryots of India, Argentine peons, Egyptian fellaheen, would reap where they had not sown, gather where they had not strewed. Another year, a Russian blight, Nile drouth, hot wind of Argentine would swing prices in favor of the Northland. But in this was small comfort for the newly-stricken people.

"All gone!" Carter exclaimed, at midnight. "The feathers are frozen offen them bonnets."

Helen sensed the bitterness under his lightness. "Never mind, dear," she comforted. "I really dont care. You did your best."

*He had done his best!* To a strong man the phrase stabs, signifying the victory of conditions. He winced, as from an offered blow. It was the last drop in his cup, the signal of his defeat. It marked the destruction of this, his last plan for her. He had not, in the beginning, intended that she should ever set her hand to drudgery. His love was to come between her and all that was sordid, squalid. If the railroad contract had materialized, she should have had a little home in Winnipeg, where she might enjoy the advantages of her early life. He had planned for a servant—two, if she could use them—and all that he asked in return was that she should bring beauty into his life; adorn his home; sweeten his days with the aroma of her delicate presence. In this small castle of Spain he had installed his beauty

of the sweet mouth, golden hair, pretty profile; and now—out of his own disappointment, he read reproach into the hazel eyes that looked at him from the ruins.

Long after her sleep-breathing freighted the dusk of their bedroom, he lay, gazing wide-eyed into the black future. A sudden light would have shown his eyes blank, expressionless, for his spirit was afar, questing for other material wherewith to rebuild his castle. In thought, he was traveling Silver Creek from its headwaters in the timber limits to its source, where it flowed into the mighty Assinaboine. It was a small stream; too small to drive logs except for a month on the snow waters. But with a dam here? Another there? A third on the flats? Rough structures of logs with a stone and gravel filling, yet sufficient to conserve the falling-waters? The drive could then be sent down from dam to dam! During the night he traveled every yard of the stream, placing his dams, and at dawn rose, content in his eyes.

Slipping quietly from the house, he saddled the Devil pony and led him quietly by while Helen still slept and, an hour later, rode up to Bender's cabin. The Cougar was also there, and from dubious head-waggings the two relapsed into thoughtful acquiescence as Carter unfolded his plans.

"She'll go down like an eel on ice!" Bender enthusiastically agreed. "All you want now is backing. Funny, aint it, that nobody ever thought o' that before? Say!" He regarded Carter with open admiration. "You're particular h— when it comes to thinking. If I'd a headpiece like yours—"

"You have n't," the Cougar coldly interrupted. "So dont waste no time telling us what you might ha' done. Get down to business. I know a man—" he thoughtfully surveyed Carter, "—that financed half a dozen big lumbering contrac's on the Superior construction work. He'll sire anything that looks like ten per cent an' this of yours will surely turn fifty. Come inside an' I'll write you a letter."

What of the Cougar's inexperience with the pen, the morning was well on when Carter rode back to his cabin. If Helen had looked closely, she might have seen the new resolution that inhered in his smile, but she had been concerned with her own reflections. Somehow, things had not appeared, this morning, as they did last night. Crude day-

light shows events like tired faces in all their haggardness and their complexion was not improved by the steam from her washtub. Time and again she had paused to survey her hands, creased and wrinkled by cooking in hot water. Her bare arms recalled her first party dress and set her again in the sweet past. Beside it, the present seemed infinitely hopeless, squalid, dreary. As she rubbed and scrubbed on her washboard, life resolved itself into an endless procession of washdays, and tears had mingled with the sweat that fell from her face into her bosom.

Noting her red eyes, Carter was tempted to disclose his new hope, but remembered the failure of previous plans and refrained. As yet nothing was certain. He would not expose her to the risk of another disappointment. He rightly interpreted her sigh when he told her that he would have to go down to Winnipeg on business about the timber limits and his heart smote him when, looking back, he saw her standing in the door. Dejection resided in the parting wave of her hand, utter hopelessness.

That lonely figure in the log doorway stuck in his consciousness throughout his negotiations, causing him to hustle matters in a way that simply scandalized the Congar's man, a banker of the old school. Yet his hurry served rather than hurt his cause. While the very novelty of it made him gasp, the banker was impressed. In private he informed his moneyed partners that such a chance and such a man rarely came together. "He's a hustler and the profit is there," he said in consultation. "A big profit. We can cut lumber ten per cent under the railroad price and yet clear twenty-five cents on the dollar."

That settled it. Half-a-day later Carter was on his homeward way, bearing with him the power to draw on Winnipeg or Montreal for moneys necessary for supplies, men and teams. Running home from Lone Tree, he whiled away the miles with thoughts of Helen's joy. He pictured her, radiant, flushed, listening to his news and, quickening to the thought, he raced, full gallop, the last mile up to his door.

His face burst into sunshine as, in response to his call, he heard her footsteps, crossing the floor. Then his smile died and he stared at Mrs. Leslie, in the door. With the exception of an occasional glimpse as they met and passed on trail it was the first

he had seen of her since the soft Summer evening when she laid her illicit love at his feet. But no hint of that bitter memory resided in her greeting.

"How are you, Mr. Carter?" she cried in her old gay way. "I think you are the meanest man in Silver Creek. Married a year and neither you nor Helen have set foot in our house. You are a regular Blue Beard. But you need n't think that you can hide her from us forever. I just pocketed my pride, ignored your snub, and made my third call. Yes!" she emphatically nodded her pretty head. "The *third*, sir. But I forgive you. Come in and have some tea. Helen is at the stables, hunting eggs to beat up a cake."

Covering his vexation with some light answer, he drove on to the stables, the life and light gone out of him, his face the heaviest that Helen had ever seen. "She called," she answered his abrupt question, "and I have to entertain her. I know you dont like her, but I cannot be uncivil." Then, piqued by his coldness, so foreign to the warmth of love and feeling she had expected from his homecoming, she went on: "For matter of that, I do not see why you should try to cut me off from her companionship? She is the only woman I care for in the settlements!"

If he had only told her? But causes light as the falling of a leaf are sufficient to deflect the entire current of a life, and it was perfectly natural that, in his bitter disappointment, he also should give way to a feeling of pique. The reason trembled to his lips and there paused, stayed by the resentment in her eyes.

"As you see fit," he answered. "Now I have to drive over to see Bender on business."

"Wont you wait for some tea?"

"No. dont keep supper. I may be late."

Hurt, she watched him drive away, then as he suddenly reined in, she dashed the tears from her eyes. "Here's a letter for you," he called. "Got it from the office as I came by." Driving on, he pulled up again. "By the way, I'm going up to the Creek head tomorrow. May be gone a week. So will you please put up my blankets and a change of clothing?"

He nodded in answer to Mrs. Leslie's cheery wave as he rolled by the cabin. The nod was frigid, yet, sitting chin on hands, that lady smiled cheerfully when Helen came

up from the stable. "Dont apologize, my dear," she laughed. "Men are *such* fools. Always doing something to hurt their own happiness. Just banish that rueful expression and read your letter."

"What's the matter?" The question was called forth by Helen's sudden cry of dismay. She glanced at the wedding cards that Helen offered. "Hum! Old flame of yours, eh? These regrets will assail one."

However, she knit her straight brows over the enclosure. In part, it ran: "We were so pleased to hear of your wonderful marriage from your Auntie Crandall. It was just like you to announce the bare fact, but she told us all about it. A railroad king! Just fancy! He must be nice or our delicate Helen would never consent to bury herself in the wilderness. Do you know I have been just *dying* to see him, and now I shall, for we are passing through your country on our way to the Orient. Which is your station?" Followed sixteen pages of questions, description of trousseau, and other chat which Helen reserved for future consumption.

Could she have laid tongue, just then, on Auntie Crandall, that lady had surely regretted her enlargements on Helen's modest statement of her husband's prospects. Lacking that easement of feeling, she cried. This visit placed the crown of humiliation upon her misery. It capped the long record of misfortune, discomfort, disaster. Brought her unhappiness to a fitting climax.

"Poor child." Mrs. Leslie patted her shoulder. "But why did you tell her such crammers?"

"It was the good auntie!" She tilted her nose. "For the honor of the family, we lie, eh? Heaven help us! Your friend—what's her name? Mrs. Ravell—she's rich, of course? Thought so—could n't be otherwise—trust the malignant fates for that. Well—" She glanced about the cabin.

Instead of limewashing the logs, settler fashion, Helen had left them to darken with age, ornamenting them with a pair of magnificent moose horns and other woodland trophies. Tanned bearskins covered a big lounge that ran across one end; buffalo robes and other skins took the place of mats on the floor. Mrs. Leslie nodded approval. "Not bad. Quite wild-westy, in fact. You will simply have to live up to it. You have given up your town house for the present and are

rusticating while your hubby directs some of his splendid schemes for the regeneration of this section—"

"Oh!" Helen burst in. "I could n't say that. It would be—"

"Lying? Nonsense, child! Have you a town house? No! Well, what are you kicking about?" Mrs. Leslie's descent to the vernacular was forcible as confusing. Before Helen had time to differentiate between the status involved by "not having a town house" and giving one up, the temptress ran on: "That is it. You are rusticating. Now, I can lend you some of my things—glass, china, and so on. When do they arrive?" She took the letter. "Hooray! Your husband will be gone all next week and they come—let me see—one, two, three—next Friday—could n't be better."

Helen blushed under her meaning glance. "No! no! It would be wicked."

"Why not?" Mrs. Leslie laughed merrily. "They drop in and there's no time to send for him. Quite simple."

"Do you think I'm ashamed of him?"

Mrs. Leslie trimmed her sails to the squall. "Certainly not. He's a dear. You know I always liked him. But—if your friends were to make a long stay it would be different. You could n't hide his light under a bushel. But a two days' visit? What could they learn of him in that time? The real him? They would no more than gather his departures from the conventional. I would n't expose him to unfriendly criticism. Frankly, I would n't, dear, at the cost of a little fib."

The flush faded from Helen's face, yet she shook her head.

"As you will." Rising, the little cynic shrugged as she drew on her riding gloves. "But at least take a day to think it over."

"No!" Helen shook vigorous denial. "I shall tell him tonight."

She was perfectly sincere in her intention, and if Carter had returned, his usual good-natured self, she would certainly have told him. But Mrs. Leslie's presence had angered him and destroyed his native judgment. He remembered that this was the outcome of Helen's invitation to Mrs. Leslie at the picnic, and his heart swelled at the thought that she should, of her own volition, go back to friends whom she knew that he despised. He felt the folly of his brooding. Even applied strong language to himself for being

many kinds of a fool. But his reasonable intention to open his budget of good news on his return was never carried out because of the coldness of her reception. Nervous from her own news, piqued by his curt leaving-taking, she served his supper in silence or answered his few remarks in monosyllables. Nothing was said that night, and he retired without offering the usual kiss.

There he offended greatly. Her woman's unreason would, for that, accept no excuse. So when, after working off his own mood next morning, he came in to breakfast, he found her still the same. Really offended, she served him, as at the previous meal, in silence, and afterward went about her work, her lashes veiling her eyes, her lips pouted.

It was their first real quarrel, and the very strangeness, novelty of her mood, made it charming. But when, under urge of sudden tenderness, he tried to encircle her waist, she drew away and, afflicted with a sense of injustice, he did not try again. There again he made a mistake. Justice has no concern with love. It is empirical, knows no law but its own. She wanted to be taken and kissed in spite of herself, as have all women on similar occasion from the cave maidens down.

It so happened that she was in the bedroom when he left the house and she did not see that he had taken with him the bundle she had packed the preceding night. She still intended to mention the letter. Indeed, as she heard his step on the threshold, she thought, "He'll stop at the door for his clothes."

But he did not, and, hurrying out at the sound of scurrying hoofs, she was just in time to see him vanish behind a poplar bluff. She called, called, and called, then sat down and wept miserable tears—the more miserable because she was aware of an undercurrent of thankfulness.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### *Fracture.*



OR three days a brown smoke had hovered over the black line of distant spruce. It was far away, thirty miles at least. Yet anxious eyes turned constantly its way until, the evening of the fourth day, the omen faded. Then a sigh of relief passed over the settlements. "Back-fired itself out among

the lakes," the settlers told each other. Then, being recovered from their scare, they indignantly reflected on the Indian agent who permitted his wards to start fires to scare out the deer. Nor did the fact that the agent was blameless in the matter take from the satisfaction accruing from their grumblings.

That evening five persons sat with Helen at supper, for she had invited the Leslies and Danvers, Molyneux's pupil, to meet her guests. For her this meal was the culmination of days of anxious planning. To set out the table she and Mrs. Leslie had ransacked their respective establishments, and she blushed when Kate Ravell enthused over the result.

"What beautiful china!" she exclaimed, picking up one of Mrs. Leslie's Wedgewood cups. "We have nothing like this." Then, glancing at the white napery, crystal and silver, she added: "Who would think that we were two thousand miles from civilization?"

It was, indeed, hard to realize. Obedient to Mrs. Leslie's orders, her husband and Danvers had fished—albeit with reluctance—forgotten dress suits from bottom deeps of leather portmanteaus. She herself looked her prettiest in a gown of rich black lace superimposed on some white material, and carrying her imperative generosity to the limit, she had forced one of her own dinner dresses upon Helen. Of a filmy delicate blue, it brought out the young wife's golden beauty. From the low corsage her slender throat and delicate face rose like a pink lily from a violet calyx. Usually she did her redundant hair in a thick braid around the crown of her head for comfort; but tonight it was coiled upon her neck in a loose figure of eight that revealed its mass and sheen. Looking from Mrs. Leslie to Helen, Kate Ravell had secretly congratulated herself upon having—despite her husband's protest—slipped one of her own pretty dresses into his valise.

His laugh, a wholesome peal that accorded with his good-humored face, followed her remark. "She did n't think that at Lone Tree," he said. "A lumber wagon was the best the liveryman could do for us in the way of conveyance, and when Kate asked if he had n't a carriage, he looked astonished and scratched his head.

"'Aint but one in town,' he answered. 'an' it belongs to Doc' Ellis. 'T aint been used

sence he druv the smallpox case down to the Brandon pest-house, and I 'low he 'd let you have it."

His wife echoed the laugh. "It was a little rough, but this—it's great!" She pointed out through the open door, over the frozen wheat, golden under the setting sun, to the dark green and yellow of woods and prairies. "You are to be envied, Nell. Your house is so artistic. The life must be ideal—"

Inwardly, Mrs. Leslie snorted. "Humph! If she could see her milking, up to ankles in mud on rainy days? or feeding those filthy calves?" Aloud, she said: "Unfortunately, Helen is n't here very often; spends most of her time in Winnipeg." Ignoring a pleading look, she ran on: "Did you store your things, my dear, or let the house furnished?"

Thus entrapped, Helen could only answer that her goods were stored, and her embarrassment deepened when Mrs. Leslie continued: "It is such a pity, Mrs. Ravell, that you could not have met Mr. Carter. He is such a dear fellow, so quiet and refined. Fred!" She frowned as her husband suddenly choked. "What is the matter?"

"A crumb, my dear," he apologized. "Excuse me, please."

"We shall have to return you to the nursery." Her glance returned to Kate Ravell and, oblivious of the entreaty in Helen's eyes, she ran on in praise of Carter. He was so reserved! The reserve of strength that goes with good-nature! Resourceful, and so she flowed on with her panegyrics. She was not altogether insincere. Helen caught herself blushing with pleasure whenever, leaving her fictions, Mrs. Leslie touched on some sterling quality. Twice she was startled to hear put into words subtleties that she herself had only felt, and on each occasion she narrowly regarded Mrs. Leslie, an adumbration of suspicion forming in her mind. But each time it was removed by absurd praise of hypothetical qualities or virtues Carter did not possess. So Mrs. Leslie praised and teased.

What influenced her? It were hard to answer a question that inhered in the complexities of such a frivolous yet passionate nature. Naturally good-natured, she would help Helen out in all things that did not cross her own purposes. The sequel proves that she had not yet got Carter out of her hot blood. Given which two things her ae-

tion, teasings, and panegyrics are at least understandable.

"We are very sorry," Kate Ravell said when Mrs. Leslie gave pause. "We did wish to see him. Do you suppose, Helen, that we might if we stayed another day?"

It was more than possible, but Ravell relieved Helen of a sudden deadly fear. "Can't do it, my dear. We are tied down by schedule. Should miss the Japan steamer and have to lay over in Vancouver two weeks."

Kate sighed. Newly married, she had all of a young wife's desire to see her girl friend happy as herself; nor would aught but ocular demonstration satisfy the longing. She was expressing her wish that Carter and Helen should some day visit them in their Eastern home when she paused, and sat staring out of doors. Following her glance, Mrs. Leslie saw a man, a big fellow in lumberman's shirt and overalls. The garments were burned in several places so that blackened skin showed through. His eyes were bloodshot, his face sooty, which accounted for Mrs. Leslie's not recognizing him at once.

"Mr. Carter!" she exclaimed, after a second look.

Helen was pouring tea, but she sprang up at the name, spilling a cup of boiling tea over her wrist. She did not feel the scald. Breathless, she stood, a hand pressed against her bosom until Mrs. Leslie, the always ready, burst into merry laughter.

"What a blackamoor! How you frightened us! Where *have* you been?"

Coming up from the stables, Carter had heard voices, laughter, the tinkle of tea cups, and the sound had afflicted him with something of the feeling that assails the wanderer whose returning ears give him sounds of revelry in the old homestead. He had suffered during his absence; remorse for his own obstinacy mingling in equal proportions with the pain of Helen's coldness. Absence had only been rendered endurable by the thought that it would make reconciliation the easier; but now that he was returned, ready to give and ask forgiveness, to pour his good news into her sympathetic ear, he found her merrymaking.

His was a hard position. Between himself, rough, ragged, dirty, and these well-groomed men in evening dress there could be no more startling contrast. He felt it.



The table with its snowy napery, gleaming appointments, was foreign to his sight as the décolleté dresses, the white arms and necks. Yet his natural imperturbability stood him bravely in place of sophistication.

"Been fighting fire," he answered with his usual deliberation. "Suppose I do look pretty fierce."

His glance moved inquiringly from the Ravells to his wife.

But she still stood, eyes wide, breath issuing in light gasps from her parted lips. For her also the moment was full of bitterness. There was no time for thought. She only felt, a composite feeling compounded of the misgiving, discontent, humiliation, disappointment, disillusionment of the last few months. It all culminated in that moment and with it mixed deep shame, remorse, for her conduct. Also she had regret on another score. If she had told him, he would at least have been prepared; have achieved a presentable appearance. Now she was taken in her sin! Foul with smoke, soot, the dirt and grime of labor, he was facing her guests.

Starting, she realized that they were waiting, puzzled, for introductions—that is, Kate was puzzled. Ravell was busily employed, taking admiring note of Carter's splendid inches. Poor Helen! She might have been easier in her mind could she have sensed the friendly feeling that inhered in Ravell's cordial grip.

"We were just deploring the fact that we were not to meet you, Mr. Carter," he said. "We felt so sure of finding you home after the notice we gave Mrs. Carter. We were really quite jealous of your affairs, but now we shall go away satisfied."

Given a "duller" man, the word "notice" supplied the possibilities of an unpleasant situation. But though he instantly remembered the letter, Carter gave no sign till he and Helen had passed into their bedroom. Even then he abstained from direct allusion.

"Friends of yours?" he questioned as she set out clean clothing.

"Kate is an old schoolfellow. Wait! I'll get you clean towels." She bustled about, hiding her nervousness. "They are on their honeymoon. Going to the Orient—Japan, China, and the Island countries. They stayed off a couple of days to see us."

"To see you," he corrected.

She colored. Her glance fluttered away

from his grave eyes. She hurried again into speech. "Wait, dear! I'll get you some warm water."

He refused the service; he who had loved to take anything from her hands. "Thanks, I think the lake fits my case. Give me the towels and I'll change down there after my swim."

The meal was finished and she with the others had carried her chair outside before he came swinging back from the lake. He was wearing the store clothes of her misgivings, but the ugly cut could not hide the magnificent sweep of his limbs. She thrilled despite her misery. As she rose to get his dinner, Mrs. Leslie also jumped up.

"Poor man, you must be famished!" she exclaimed. "No, Helen, you are tired. Stay here and entertain the men. Mrs. Ravell and I will wait on Mr. Carter. And you, Mr. Danvers, may act as cookee."

Thus saved from an uncomfortable tête-à-tête, Helen suffered a greater misery than his accusing presence. While chatting with Ned Ravell, her ears were strained to catch the conversation going on inside. She listened for Carter's homely locutions; shivered before a vivid picture of his primitive table manners; grew hot and cold as a burst of laughter followed his murmured bass, wondering whether the laugh was with or at him.

Had she but known it, the laugh was on Danvers. As yet that young gentleman was still in the throes of the sporting fever which invariably assails Englishmen new to the frontier. Any day he might be seen, wriggling snake-like on the flat of his belly through mud and sedge toward some wary quack; and now an enthusiastic eulogium on the shooting qualities of a new Greener gun had caused Carter to recite the story of Danvers' first success.

"Prairie chicken's mighty good eating an' easy shooting," he remarked with a sly look at Kate Ravell. "But nothing would satisfy his soaring ambitions but duck. Duck for his, siree! an' he blazed away till the firmament hereabouts was powder-marked and jes' riddled with Number 2 birdshot. He burned at least three tons of powder before he got my duck."

"Your duck?" Danvers protested. "Just hear him, Mrs. Leslie. It was a wild duck that I shot down here by the lakeside."

Carter chuckled and went on with his teas-

ing. "I came near being called as a witness to that cruel murder, for I was backsetting the thirty acres down by the lake when I heard a shot an' a yell. I read it that he'd got himself an' was jes' going after the remains, when up he comes on a hungry lope, gun in one hand, a mallard in t' other. The bird was that mussed up its own mother could n't have told it from a cocoanut doormat. Looks like it had made foolish faces at a Gatling, yet he tells me that he gets the unfortunate animal at eighty yards on the wing."

"You know how close that old gun of mine used to shoot," Danvers interrupted. "It was choke-bored, Mrs. Ravell. At eighty yards it would put every shot in a three-foot circle."

"The feather-markings look sort of familiar to me," Carter went calmly on, "an' he admits, on cross-examination, that he murders this bird in front of my cabin."

"What of it?" Danvers eagerly put in. "Wild ducks light any old place."

"But it jes' happens that the confiding critter has raised her brood in the sedges there, being encouraged an' incited thereto by my wife, who throws it bread an' other pickings. Taking Danvers' gun-barrel for some new kind of worm when he pokes it through the sedge, she sails right up and is examining the boring when, bang! she's blown into a railroad disaster."

"Dont believe him, Mrs. Ravell," Danvers pleaded. "It was a wild duck, and I shot it flying."

"So if the new gun's what you say it is," his tormentor finished, "you'd better to practice on prairie chicken an' dont be misled by Mrs. Leslie's hens."

"As though I could n't tell a hen from a prairie chicken!"

Carter joined in the laugh which Danvers' indignant remonstrance drew from the women, yet under the laugh, beneath his humorous indifference, lay a sad heart. "She knew they were coming. She didn't tell me." Down by the lake he had reasoned the situation out to its cruel conclusion: "She's ashamed of me!" How it hurt! Yet the flick on the raw served to set him on his mettle; nerved him for the trying ordeal.

He did not try to transcend his limitations; to elog himself with unfamiliar restrictions of speech or manners. But within those lim-

itations he did his best and did it so well that neither woman was conscious of social difference. He showed none of the bashfulness which might be expected from a frontiersman, sitting for the first time at table with fashionable women. On the contrary, he admired the pretty dresses, the white arms and hands that handled the tea cups so gracefully; and when he spoke the matter so eclipsed the manner that it is doubtful whether Kate Ravell noted a single loention. His shrewd common sense, quaint humor, the quickness with which he grasped a new point of view and the freshness of his own, impressed her with a sense of a strong personality. After all, the great majority of people use the mother tongue more or less incorrectly, and Kate was so pleased and entertained that she had no time to notice grammatical lapses or small table gaucheries that had irritated Helen by their constant repetition.

"He's delightful," she told her husband in a conjugal aside.

In the general conversation which ensued after they joined the others, Carter took, moreover, no mean part. Of things he knew, and these ranged over subjects which were the most interesting because foreign to the experience of the others, he spoke entertainingly; and on those beyond his knowledge, preserved silence. On every common topic his opinion was sound, wholesome. His keen wit punctured several fallacies. The quaint respect of his manner to the women served him well with the men.

"Big brain," Ravell told his wife in that conference which all married folk have held since the first pair retired to their bedroom under the stars at the forks of the Euphrates. "That fellow will go far."

"So gentle and kind," Kate added. "I think Helen is lucky. Those English people are nice" she went on musingly, "but if I were Helen I'd keep an eye on Mrs. Leslie."

"Yes," she met his surprised look, noddingly vigorously. "She is in love with Mr. Carter. How do I know?" She sniffed. "Did n't I see her eyes? the opportunities she made to touch him while handing him things at supper? Helen is safe, though, so long as she treats him properly. He does n't care for her."

He shook his head, reprovingly. "Should n't make snap judgments, Kate."

Had he witnessed a little scene that oc-

curred just before the Leslies drove away? Good-byes had been said and Helen had gone indoors with her guests. Danvers, who was riding, had galloped away. Then, at the last moment, Leslie remembered that he had left his halters at the stable. While he ran back Carter stood beside the rig, holding the lines. Brilliant northern moonlight showed him Mrs. Leslie's eyes, dark, dilated, but he ignored their knowledge till she spoke.

"I would n't have done it."

"Done what?"

His stoicism could not hide the sudden flash of pain. She saw it writhe over his face like the quivering of molten lead ere his features set in stern immobility.

"It is very chivalrous of you," she smiled, bitterly. "But why put on the mask with me. We know."

"You have the advantage of me, ma'am," he stiffly answered, and moved round to the heads of the ponies.

Leslie was now returning, but she spoke again, quickly, eagerly, with the concentration of passion. "It is always the way! The more we spurn you the hotter your love, and—" she paused, then hearing her husband's footfall, whispered,—"vice versa. Remember! I would n't have done it!"

After their departing rattle had died, Carter threw himself on the grass before the house and lay, head on clasped hands, staring up at the moon; and Helen, who was transforming a lounge into a temporary bed, paused and looked out through the open door. The dark figure loomed stern and still as the marble effigy of some crusader. There was something awful in his silence; the moonlight, quivering around and about him, seemed a sorrowful emanation. Frightened, remorseful, she sat, locking and unlocking her fingers. What *was* he thinking?

Part of his thoughts were easy to divine. It would be common to any man in his situation—the hurt pride, jealous pain, misgiving, unhappiness, but beyond these was an unknown quantity, the product of his own peculiar individuality. His keen intellect had already analyzed the cause of her shame. He was rough, erude, unpolished! Any man might also have reached that conclusion. It was in the synthesis, the upbuilding of thought from that conclusion, that he branched from the common. He was hum-

ble enough in acknowledging his defects. Yet his natural wit showed him that humility would not serve in these premises. Forgiveness for the crime against his personality would not remove the cause of the offense. Farsighted, he saw, down the vista of years, his and her love slowly dying of similar offenses and causes. That, at least, should never be! He had reached a decision before she came creeping out in her nightdress.

"Aren't you coming to bed, dear?"

He sensed the remorse, sorrow, pity, in her voice, but these were not the feelings to move his resolution. Pity? It is the anodyne, the peaceful end of love. Rising, he stretched his great arms and turned toward the stables.

"Where are you going?" she called sharply under the urge of sudden fear.

"To turn in on the hay."

She ran and caught his arm and turned her pale face up to his. "Why? I have made our bed on the couch. Wont you come in?"

"No!"

"Why?" she reiterated. "Oh, why?"

"Because marriage without love is shame."

She clasped his arm with both hands. "Oh, dont say that! How can you say it? Who says I do not love you?"

"Yourself." His weary, hopeless tone brought her tears. "In love there is no shame, an' you was ashamed of me."

"I did mean to tell you." Desperate, she caught his neck. How valuable this love was becoming now she felt it slipping from her! "I did! But you went away without saying good-bye."

"There was opportunity, plenty. You could have sent for me."

His sternness set her trembling. "Then—I thought—I thought—they were only to be here for one day. Such a short visit. I thought they might misjudge—I did n't want to expose you to hostile criticism."

"You've said it. Love knows no fear."

"O!—please—dont!" she called after him as he strode away. Pity, woman's weakness, the conservative instinct that makes against broken ties, these were all behind her cry, and his keen sensibility instantly detected them. He closed the stable door.

According to the canons of romance it would have been very proper for that jarring echo to have unstopped the fountains of

her love and all things would have come to a proper ending. But somehow it did not. After a burst of crying into her lonely pillow, she lay and permitted her mind to hark back over the life of her love. Hardship, squalor, suffering, misfortune, passed in review till she gained back to the days when Molyneux had also paid her court. What share had anger and pique in affecting her decision? Angry pride was, just then, ready to yield them the larger proportion. Later came softer memories. She was troubled as she thought of his generous kindness. Under the thought affection, if not love, revived, and conscience permitted no sleep until she promised to beg forgiveness.

However, circumstances robbed her of the opportunity. Before the Ravells retired, Carter had said good-bye, as he intended to start back for the woods before sunrise. "You need n't to get up, either," he had told her. "I'll take breakfast with Bender." But now she promised herself that she would rise, get him a hot meal, and then make her peace. But at dawn she was awakened by his departing wheels, and, running to the door, she was just in time to see him go by. She would have called, only as the cry trembled to her lips, his words of the night before recurred to memory, "Marriage without love is shame!" Suddenly conscious of her nightgear, she shrank as a young girl would from the eye of a stranger, and the chance was gone.

"I'll tell him when he returns," she murmured, blushing.

But he did not return, and, two days later, Bender and Jenny Hines drove up to the door.

In the neatly-dressed girl with hair done on top of her head, it were difficult, indeed, to recognize the forlorn creature whom Bender had picked up on that night trail. Though she was still small—a legacy from her drudging years—she had filled and rounded out into a becoming plumpness. Her pale eyes had deepened; were full of sparkle and color. Two years ago she would have been deemed incapable of the smile she now turned on Helen.

"I'm so glad to see you, Mrs. Carter; an' I'm to stay with you all Winter while your

husband's up at the camp. The doctor did n't want to let me go," she said, not noting Helen's surprise, "an' he would n't to anyone but you."

"The camp? What camp?"

It was Jenny's turn to stare. As for Bender—he gaped; gaped and blushed for the pity of it till his face rivaled a cooked beet. Answering Helen's questions, he looked off and away at the horizon that he might escape her mute misery. He actually perspired; threw beaded sweat from his brow as he explained Carter's plans and their glorious possibilities. He finished with a word of comfort.

"I aint surprised that he did n't tell you. I allow he was going to spring it on you all hatched and full-fledged. Me an' Jenny here was real stupid to give it away. Might just as well have said as she'd come on a little visit. I allow he'll be hopping mad at the pair of us. An' now I'll have to be going after the Cougar. He'll do the chores till we kin get you a good man."

If the fiction eased the situation, it deceived neither her nor them. Having, a week later, delivered the new hired man, a strong young Swede, Bender delivered his real opinion with dubious headshakings while driving the Cougar away. "Dont it beat h—, Cougar? Him, that straight an' good, her that sweet an' purty, yet they dont hiteh. It's discouraging."

"Well," the cynic grunted, "take warning."

Bender eyed him wrathily. "Now, what in h— do you mean?"

But he blushed guiltily under the Cougar's meaning glance.

"I reckon he'll drop in on his way up." Bender had assured Helen.

Not believing it, she yet allowed herself to hope, hoped on while the weeks drew into months, each of which brought a cheek for household expenses. Soon the snows blanketed the prairies; heavy frost vied with the cold at her heart; and he had not come. Jenny's reticence kept the truth from leaking out, but such things may not be hid, and about Christmas time it was whispered through the settlements that Carter had left his wife.

(To be Continued.)

# The Story of the Oregon Railroad

By W. F. Bailey



COMMODORE VANDERBILT created the New York Central out of half-a-dozen comparatively insignificant lines, making of them one well-balanced system, just so

did Henry Villard take half-a-dozen rail and water lines of no particular value except locally, none of them of sufficient importance to have their securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and out of them create a system that should be to the Northwest Coast what the Pennsylvania Railroad is to the section it runs through.

The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company will always stand as a monument to the genius of its creator. It was the child of his brain, made possible only by his magnificent optimism and tremendous energy.

It was the outcome of his desire to prevent the construction of competing lines that would adversely affect the earning powers of the several corporations in which he was interested; his belief being that this could best be done by consolidating and improving the rail, river and ocean transportation facilities of Oregon and Washington so as to provide at the minimum cost the best facilities possible.

When this idea came to him, he occupied a position in the public eye as a promoter, financier and railway-builder that not many men have reached, none before him and few since.

February, 1873, according to his autobiography, "he knew nothing of railways and but little of Oregon." Six years later he was president of the Oregon Central and the Oregon & California Railroad Companies and the Oregon Steamship Company, and had just consummated all arrangements for the formation of a fourth, the subject of this article. In ten years he had grown from the secretary of the "American Social Science Association of Boston" to the organizer of a dozen corporations, whose capital

of more than two hundred million dollars he had successfully placed. For a man of forty-eight, his age at the time the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company was created. Mr. Villard had undergone experiences that would equal those of a dozen ordinary lives.

"Running away" from a German university at the age of eighteen to the United States, he became in rapid succession a lawyer's clerk, law student, book canvasser, real estate salesman, immigration agent, newspaper editor, politician, publisher and bankrupt, all within four years, or by the time he was twenty-two.

During the next four years he was a newspaper correspondent, one day reporting the Lincoln-Douglass debates and the next covering the "Pike's Peak Mining Excitement," expelled from the Indiana Legislature and accompanying Lincoln as a personal friend on his inaugural trip to Washington. During the war he was correspondent at the front for the New York *Herald* and later for the New York *Tribune*, winding up his newspaper career as the representative of the Chicago *Tribune*. He was with the German army during the Franco-Prussian war, and at the Paris Exposition.

Then came his connection with the social science organization for two years, followed by a trip to Europe to recuperate, his health which never could be called good, having given away. While in Germany he undertook the study of their banking system and methods with a view of their introduction into America. From this investigation, and the acquaintance thus made, came about his unpremeditated entrance into the railway business. At this time a controlling interest in the bonds of the Holladay railway and steamship lines, viz., the Oregon Central and Oregon & California Railroads and the Oregon Steamship Company, were owned in Germany. The interest on these was in arrears. Villard commenced his financial and railway career as agent of the bondhold-

ers, to be in two years president of the several companies. Three years more, and he is not only president, but a leading shareholder of the company, paramount in their affairs, and dictator of the Northwest Coast in transportation matters. His administration of these he himself described in one of his public speeches as "a beneficent monopoly."

What he had most to fear was the invasion by other lines of the territory then occupied exclusively by his companies. This was threatened by the Central Pacific from the south, the Union Pacific on the east, and the Northern Pacific on the north—this latter line then reaching out for the coast.

To fortify his territory and to occupy all lines of approach was the natural move. To do this he organized a new company to take over the lines already in existence and with sufficient powers and capital to build others where they would best serve his plans.

This new company was the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. It was incorporated July 12, 1879. The lines it absorbed were:

THE OREGON STEAMSHIP COMPANY, consisting of a fleet of three first-class and several second-class ocean steamships.

THE OREGON STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.—Twenty-eight river steamboats, docks, barges, etc.

WILLAMETTE TRANSPORTATION LOCKS COMPANY.—Canal and locks at Oregon City around the falls of the Willamette River, and several steamboats.

WALLA WALLA & COLUMBIA RIVER RAILROAD.—Thirty-two miles narrow-gauge railway extending from Wallula to Walla Walla.

DALLES & DESCHUTES RAILROAD.—Portage railway around The Dalles.

CASCADE PORTAGE RAILROAD. — Portage railway around the lower Cascades of the Columbia.

These constituent companies, with the two railways already in his control, namely, the Oregon & California and Oregon Central, comprised the transportation facilities of the North Pacific Coast, with the exception of two or three unimportant local lines.

They represented years of growth and their history is that of transportation in the Northwest. A review of it is necessary for a proper understanding of the situation, so taking them up in the order named, let us

glance back, starting with the Oregon Steamship Company.

The history of this line is that of steamship business between San Francisco and Portland. This commenced in 1850. At different times between that year and 1859 trips were made between these points with more or less frequency by the steamers *Carolina*, *Gold Hunter*, *Columbia*, *Quickstep*, *Fremont*, *America*, *Republic*, *Gen. Warren*, *Sea Gull* and *Southerner*, the last three being lost while so engaged. In 1854 an effort was made to organize a regular line between the two points, but owing to the large demand for shipping for the Panama and Nicaragua routes nothing came of it.

In 1859 the Pacific Mail Company put the steamer *Northerner* in the San Francisco-Portland trade on a regular schedule, to be followed in 1860 by the California Steam Navigation Company, who ran the *Pacific*, 1,100 tons, and the *Brother Jonathan*, 1,400 tons, semi-monthly until 1866.

This latter company was primarily a Sacramento and San Joaquin River line, incorporated in 1854 with a capital stock of \$2,500,000. James Whitney, Jr., being president of it and Forbes & Babcock their San Francisco agents. For years they controlled the river traffic of California, but did not disdain to take an occasional flyer in the way of coast business.

For the years 1861-64 their San Francisco-Portland boats were operated by the Oregon & San Diego Steamship line, Samuel J. Hensley, proprietor.

In 1860 the firm of Holladay & Flint entered the field, the principal member of the firm, Ben Holladay, being the erstwhile owner of Holladay's Overland Stages. In the San Francisco city directory for 1859 he appears as stockdealer; residence, New York. The other member of the firm, Edward Flint, was a local steamship man.

Commencing in the Fall of 1860, they placed the steamers *Sierra Nevada*, 1,395 tons, and *Cortez* on the Portland line, replacing the *Cortez* by the *Oregon*, 1,035 tons, in 1862.

At the same time they had the steamer *Panama* running between San Francisco and points on the Mexican coast.

The partnership was not long-lived, being succeeded in 1863 by the California, Oregon & Mexican Steamship Line, Ben Holladay,

proprietor. Their Portland line consisted of the *Sierra Nevada* and *Panama* until 1865, when the latter was replaced by the *Oriflamme* and *Oregon*. The *Oregon* was run to Crescent City until put on the Portland line, being replaced by the *Panama* and *Del Norte*, this latter a new boat built for Holladay by Owens, the well-known ship-builder of San Francisco.

To Mexican points they ran the *John L. Stevens*, with their other boats making occasional trips.

In 1867 the California Steam Navigation Company was anxious to withdraw from the coast trade and approached Holladay with a proposition to buy their boats. Anxious to eliminate the competition, and yet not in financial shape to swing the deal, Holladay entered into partnership with Samuel Brennan, the ex-Mormon elder and reputedly the richest man on the Pacific Coast, thus changing the ownership of the California, Oregon & Mexican Steamship Line to Holladay & Brennan, proprietors.

The new firm purchased from the California Steam Navigation Company the steamers *Pacific*, *Ajax*, *California* and *Senator*. The latter, according to common report, having already "earned more money than she could float," was to end her days as a bark carrying lumber to New Zealand.

With these vessels, in addition to what Holladay already had, the new firm was in a position to control the coast trade, and for some time to come they about did so, their sailings, according to the San Francisco dailies for 1868 being:

To Portland, Or., tri-monthly, steamers *Continental* and *Oriflamme*.

To San Diego, Cal., tri-monthly, steamer *Pacific*.

To Honolulu, S. I., monthly, steamer *Idaho*.

To Victoria, V. I., monthly, steamer *Active*.

To Mexican coast, monthly, steamer *Sierra Nevada*.

In 1869 the *Continental* was added to the Mexican line, the steamers from San Francisco running to Mazatlan and connecting there with the *California*, which ran between Mazatlan and Acapulco. The same year they lost the *Active*, she being wrecked during a fog near Cape Mendocino.

Holladay was a plunger. Stage lines,

steamships, real estate, mines—everything was grist that came to his mill. When he went into a project it was on a large scale. About this time he turned his attention to railroads, purchasing a controlling interest in the Oregon Central (East Side) Company, then being built from Portland south to a connection with the line of the Central Pacific under construction north. This required the use of large sums of ready cash. Brennan, his partner, had had a rather disagreeable experience in railway construction, having been president of the defunct Yuba Railroad Company and a very considerable loser in it. Consequently he was averse to having his partner assume liabilities that might, owing to their relationship, affect him. To prevent this happening, it was determined to put their California, Oregon & Mexican steamship business into the form of a corporation. Accordingly the business heretofore operated as a partnership was incorporated as the North Pacific Transportation Company; Holladay & Brennan, general agents; Ben. Holladay, president; William Norris, who had been the San Francisco agent of the steamship line, vice president.

For the next three years the schedule called for sailings tri-monthly to Portland and San Luis Obispo; San Diego every six days; Victoria, Honolulu and the Mexican coast monthly.

In 1873 further dissensions occurred between Holladay and Brennan, occasioned by the former's large expenditures. This resulted in Brennan withdrawing and necessitated a curtailing of the business on the part of Holladay. Accordingly he sold all of the steamers but three to the Pacific Mail Company, retaining the *Ajax*, *Oriflamme* and *John L. Stephens* for his line to Portland. The North Pacific Transportation Company was reorganized as the Oregon Steamship Company.

Holladay then secured \$800,000 through the sale of the bonds of the new company, these being placed in Germany through the agency of United States Senator Lapham, of California. A year later, in 1873, Henry Villard came to the Coast as the agent of the German bondholders, who were also heavy owners of the bonds of the California Pacific Railroad, a California proposition (Vallejo to Sacramento), and also of Hol-

laday's Oregon railway properties. Villard was making a general inspection of the properties covered by the bonds held by his clients. His report on the Oregon Steamship Company was to the effect that the property was not worth one-fourth of the amount of its bonded indebtedness, and that collusion existed between Holladay and the dishonest San Francisco representative of the German syndicate he was acting for.

Be this as it may, the years 1874 and 1875 were a period of large earnings by the steamship company, which would no doubt have continued had not their monopoly been broken up by the appearance of a competitor.

In 1875 the Pacific Coast Steamship Company purchased from the Pacific Mail Company all their smaller vessels, including a part of those they had bought from Holladay & Brennan in 1873. This increased the fleet of the Coast Company to sixteen vessels.

They had heretofore been operating largely in the trade to the southern coast, but with the addition to their fleet they entered into the northern business as well, among other things taking the contract for carrying the British Columbia mails from San Francisco on a tri-monthly schedule for the Summer months and semi-monthly during the Winter.

The following year they went into the Portland trade in competition with the Oregon Steamship Company.

A lively war was the result. Rates were cut on both passengers and freight, and then were cut again. For eighteen months neither line paid expenses. The fight was finally settled by a compromise, agreed to in 1878, by which the business was pooled between the two companies, each of them putting in a part of the steamers in the line, the Oregon Steamship Company's fleet being three, the *Ajax*, *Oriflamme* and *John L. Stephens*.

Reference has already been made to inspection and report on the Oregon Steamship Company by Villard in 1873. The outcome of this was an agreement in 1874 between Holladay and the German bondholders under which the interest on the bonds was reduced and new securities issued for that past due.

Owing to the Pacific Coast Company's competition and the consequent rate war, the earnings of the steamship company were not enough to permit Holladay to carry out

this agreement, and he was unable to pay even the reduced rate of interest on the bonds. This resulted in a second agreement, under which Holladay's interests were purchased, in 1876, by the Germans at a comparatively small price. Villard was elected president of the company in his place and Captain K. Van Oterendorp was appointed as their San Francisco representative.

In his first annual report to the new owners, Villard called attention to the large earnings the line had actually made in the past, and also the necessity of making provision to replace the present fleet, as the vessels comprising it were old-fashioned, wooden and nearly worn out. He asserted that, to retain their business, they would have to provide more up-to-date ships.

On this showing the bondholders agreed to furnish funds for new steamers, in consideration of their being the sole owners thereof on extinction of the outstanding claims against the company, which were to be paid out of earnings, these claims having already been materially reduced during the year Villard had been in control.

The purchase of the steamship *Geo. W. Elder* from the Old Dominion Line of New York soon followed, she being brought out around the Horn; and then a contract was made for a second vessel, to be called the *City of Chester*. This latter was contracted for by Villard personally, the bondholders having practically refused to put up further. They had become very much exercised over the failure to receive anticipated dividends. Earnings had greatly fallen off owing to the rate war, the subsequent pool and the increase in expenses occasioned by the purchase of the *Elder* and repairs necessitated by the bad condition of their other vessels.

To further increase their dissatisfaction, another rate war broke out, occasioned by the entrance of a new competitor, the steamship *Great Republic*.

This vessel, a side-wheeler of great carrying capacity, was built in 1857 for the China trade at a cost of a million and a half. When she was launched she was supposed to be the exponent of all that was up-to-date in shipbuilding. The expense of operating her, as against more modern vessels, had resulted in her being tied up in San Francisco Bay for years. Speculators bought her for the nominal amount of \$25,000, painted her, and



made other repairs of a temporary character, then started her in the San Francisco-Portland trade as an opposition boat. The result was as might be expected. Rates were reduced to unprofitable figures and earnings "in the red." This settled it with the Germans. Notwithstanding Villard assured them that the trouble was only temporary and that he would soon be able to get their line back to a dividend-paying basis, they gave him to understand their stock was for sale and that at any price, regardless of what they might lose.

Rather than have the line fall into the hands of interests that might be antagonistic to his Oregon railway properties, Villard decided to secure it himself. Forming a syndicate, consisting of himself and his New York friends, he purchased the holdings of the Germans. This was the first of twenty-three syndicates formed by him in a little more than four years, every one of which was successfully floated, so far as raising the desired funds was concerned, though not quite so much so in the matter of earning dividends for those participating.

The ownership of the line now became vested in Villard and his New York friends, being freed from the influence of the ultra-conservative German element. The new owners had been assured and even guaranteed dividends as an inducement to join in the deal. These were dependent on the cessation of the ruinous competition—Villard calls it "blackmail"—and this was not long delayed. To quote his own words, "He was surprised on his way overland by the news that the *Great Republic* had run ashore at the mouth of the Columbia and was completely wrecked, fortunately without loss of life."

The full facts were that, after crossing the bar safely, she had got off her course and run ashore on Sand Island, a total wreck. While all on board got to land safely, eleven lives were lost in ferrying them over to Astoria.

The occurrence gave rise to considerable discussion, there never being any satisfactory explanation made as to how she got so far away from her course, and whispers of conspiracy and barratry were heard. However, the insurance on her, \$80,000, was duly paid. The opposition came to an end and the incident closed.

Immediately on effecting the deal result-

ing in the change of ownership, Villard contracted for the construction of a new ship by John Roach, the well-known ship-builder. This was called the *Columbia*, and when she was launched she was one of the finest afloat, modern in every respect and the first sea-going vessel to carry an electric lighting plant, she being equipped, notwithstanding the protest of the builder and marine underwriters, with incandescents lights throughout. Before she was completed the Oregon Steamship Company had been merged into the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and the history of the steamship line after that date is included in that of this company.

The second organization that went towards the making up of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company was the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. This company, at the time of the merger, had a practical monopoly of the carrying trade of the Columbia, Willamette and Snake Rivers, through the ownership and control of the several portages made necessary by the obstructions in the rivers.

This traffic had reached immense proportions and, though handled under great disadvantage in the way of transfers around the Cascades and The Dalles and at the falls of the Willamette, was earning \$600,000 a year net. The first railroad in the Northwest, and in fact on the Pacific Coast, was one about five miles long around The Dalles. This was built in 1852-3 of lumber and operated by horsepower, and was on the north, or Washington, side of the river. It was built to carry the traffic between the boats plying above and below the obstructions in the Columbia River, they being impassable to shipping.

In 1858 it was owned by Bradford & Company, who operated it in connection with their steamboats. Its possession gave them so decided an advantage that their competitors were under the necessity of securing equal facilities or of going out of the business.

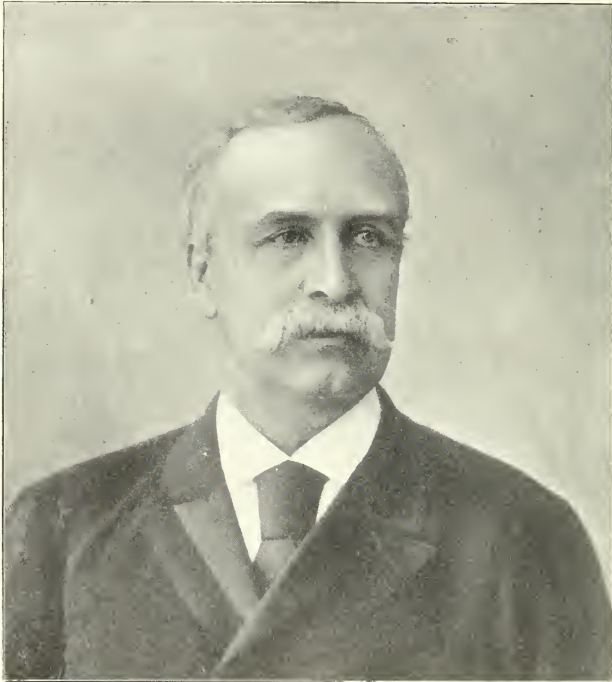
Accordingly right of way was purchased on the south, or Oregon, side of the river by J. O. Van Bergen, who started, in 1861, the construction of an opposition road. This was subsequently purchased by J. S. Ruckle and Henry Olmstead with the intention of completing the line to The Dalles.

At this stage a consolidation was effected of the different interests owned by J. C. Ainsworth, Ruckle and Bradford & Company under the name of the Union Transportation Company.

Steamboating on the Columbia seems to have started in 1852. A small iron propeller called the *Jas. P. Flint* was brought out from the East that year. When the consolidation

running her to Fort Walla Walla and up the Snake River until 1860, when they, too, came into the Union Transportation Company. Two years later, in 1862, the fleet was further augmented by the absorption of the steamboats plying on the Willamette, the consolidation being incorporated as the Oregon Steam Navigation Company.

Originally the capital stock of the com-



*Henry Villard, who Organized the First Great Transportation Merger of the West.*

was effected it included, in addition to the portage railroad put in by Bradford & Company, five steamboats—the *Carrie A. Ladd*, *Señorita*, *Belle*, *Mountain Buck* and one other and shortly after the merger the *Independence*, *Wasco*, *Fashion* and *Jas. P. Flint* were purchased.

During the Winter of 1858-59, R. R. Thompson and L. W. Coe had built the steamboat *Col. Wright* above The Dalles,

pany was put at \$2,000,000, but with time came the purchase and construction of other boats and other betterments, occasioning an increase to \$5,000,000. J. C. Ainsworth was president of the company; S. G. Reed, vice-president. The management was vested in a board of five directors. They were prominent men of Portland, Ainsworth, Reed and R. R. Thompson being among their number. These directors not only managed the com-

pany but also owned a very considerable majority of its stock.

Among the properties owned by the company was the second portage road, on the south side of the river around The Dalles. Originally about fifteen miles long, it was, like the one on the other side of the river, constructed of lumber and operated by horsepower. When it came into the possession of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company it was improved by them, being laid with iron rails and a locomotive built by the Vulcan Works of San Francisco put on it in place of horsepower.

The first train over the road was run April 20, 1863, the same day that the road from The Dalles to Celilo was opened.

The following figures illustrate the magnitude of the carrying trade of the Columbia and Willamette as done by them in the years named:

	Passengers.	Tons Freight.
1861 .....	10,500	6,290
1862 .....	24,500	14,550
1863 .....	22,000	17,646
1864 .....	36,000	21,834

The marked increase for 1862 was occasioned by the absorption of the Willamette River boats. The advertisements of the company for 1866 show the facilities offered by them. Thus the steamboat *Wilson G. Hunt* left Portland at 5 A. M. daily, reaching the Cascades at 11 A. M.; returning, it left at 4 P. M., arriving at Portland at 10 P. M., while the steamboat *Cascade* left the Cascades at 5 A. M., reaching Portland at 11 A. M.; returning, it started at 4 P. M., reaching the Cascades at 10 P. M.

A train on the "Cascade Railroad" was "despatched" on arrival of the Portland boat, connecting with the steamboats *Oncosta* and *Idaho* for The Dalles. From there trains on The Dalles & Celilo Railroad connected with steamboats leaving Celilo daily for points on the Upper Columbia and Snake Rivers. The boats above The Dalles were the *Webfoot*, *Spray*, *Temino*, *Yakima*, *Nez Percés Chief* and *Owyhee*.

The policy of the company was to charge high rates, all, in fact, the traffic would bear. Its earnings were consequently good, the company paying as high as twelve per cent on its \$5,000,000 capitalization as annual dividends. Its control of the business was

due to the ownership of the portage roads around the Cascades and The Dalles, and was predicated on the absence of active competition.

Owing to their charging what were regarded as onerous rates, opposition boats were started more or less spasmodically on the Columbia, but owing to the several portages did not cut much figure. On the Willamette they were able to do more. A line known as the Willamette Steam Navigation Company operated between Portland and Oregon City and from that point to Corvallis and Eugene City for several years. An even more important competition was inaugurated in 1860 by the People's Transportation Company, which had steamboats on the Upper and Lower Willamette for eleven years, when, after making a fortune for its owners, it was sold to Ben Holladay.

For a year or two the lines fought for the business, and then an agreement was reached by which the Oregon Steam Navigation Company confined its boats to the Columbia River, leaving the Willamette River above Portland to the People's Transportation Company. The construction of a "steamboat basin" at Oregon City reduced the portage of the latter to a few hundred feet. In 1873 the Willamette Transportation & Locks Company built a canal and locks around the obstruction, on the west bank of the Willamette, but Holladay refused to use it with his People's Transportation Company boats at the tolls demanded, continuing to use a transfer. Being offered a satisfactory figure, he sold the line to the Oregon Steam Navigation Company.

In 1870 the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad was commenced on the Coast. Twenty miles were graded in the Cowlitz Valley and a line located from Kalama, on the Columbia below Portland, to the mouth of the Snake River; thence to Lake Pend d'Oreille. The Northern Pacific Company was supposed to be in good financial shape to push construction, the firm of Jay Cooke & Company having undertaken the sale of its securities.

A committee of its directors came to the Coast to select routes, terminals, etc. They were approached by the Navigation Company with regard to the purchase of the latter. The occasion of this was the fear that with a rail line from the Upper Columbia to

tidewater their monopoly would not only be gone, but that the river boats could not hope to compete with the railroad. The directors of the Navigation Company were all business men of Portland and very desirous of securing the selection of their city as the terminus of the Northern Pacific. This would be assured if that company came down the Columbia River.

The proposition made to the Northern Pa-

bonds at ninety. The Portland directors retained the remaining fourth and continued in the management.

At this time, '71-'72, a very considerable passenger traffic was being handled to and from the East by the company, the route being Oregon Steam Navigation Company Portland to Umatilla, Northwestern Stage Company's line Umatilla to Kelton, Utah, on the line of the Central Pacific by way of La



*J. C. Ainsworth, a Leading Pioneer of River Transportation in the Northwest.*

cific directors was to sell the \$5,000,000 capital stock of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company for forty cents on the dollar, or \$2,000,000. Out of this grew a deal, consummated in the latter part of 1871, by which Jay Cooke & Company, acting for the Northern Pacific Company, bought three-fourths of the capital stock of the Navigation Company at forty cents, paying for it half in cash and half in Northern Pacific

Grande, Baker City and Bois . The passage rates to Omaha, Nebraska, were \$136.00 first class, \$119.50 second and \$80.00 emigrant, as against \$243.00 first, \$118.00 second and \$88.00 emigrant by way of the only other all land route, namely, the Oregon & California to Roseburg, stage to Redding, thence Central Pacific and Union Pacific.

On local business their rates *via* steamer were: Portland to Dalles, \$5.00; Umatilla,

\$8.00; Wallula, \$10.00; Walla Walla, \$12.00; Lewiston, \$20.00.

When the panic of 1873 came it brought about, if it was not occasioned by, the failure of Jay Cooke & Company. This was caused by their inability to realize on their accumulation of paper assets. They were also creditors of the Northern Pacific to a large amount for advances made that company. The result was that the firm was forced into bankruptcy, involving the sale of their assets. Among these were the stock of the Navigation Company, held by them as collateral on their Northern Pacific loans. In this way this stock became widely scattered, mostly in small lots, being distributed by the trustees among the creditors of the firm in the adjustment of claims. Not being listed on the stock market, the new holders had but little opportunity of learning its value. Consequently it came into the market at very low figures. One factor in depressing it was the completion of the Oregon & California Railroad through the Willamette Valley and the consequent loss of traffic to the steamer lines.

The Portland directors of the company improved the opportunity to regain control and by the Spring of 1879 had in their possession four-fifths of the total issue.

It has been shown in connection with the Oregon Steamship Company how Henry Villard came to be interested in transportation matters in Oregon. By this time, as president of the Oregon & California, Oregon Central and Oregon Steamship Company, he controlled the local situation. This control was threatened by the Northern Pacific, Union Pacific and Central Pacific, any of which might build into his territory. In the event of doing so they would have the lines of the Navigation Company to use, either as main line or feeders. Rather than have this occur, Villard decided to secure the control not only of the Navigation Company, but also of what other lines might enter as factors.

Accordingly he entered into negotiations with President Ainsworth of the Navigation Company to buy a controlling interest in his company. Mr. Ainsworth and his associates were agreeable to the proposition. It was found that the assets of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, consisting principally of their fleet of side and stern-wheel steam-

boats and twenty-one miles of portage railroads, inventoried \$3,320,000 and that the earnings for the year past were twelve per cent of the capital stock of \$5,000,000.

On payment of \$100,000 in April, 1879, Villard was given an option to October 1 on 40,320 shares of the Navigation Company's 50,000 shares of stock at par. Ainsworth and his fellow-directors had no idea that Villard would be able to carry out the purchase of their company, knowing it involved the buying of the other properties and the large amount of money it would require. In fact they regarded the \$100,000 paid for the option as so much found. To their surprise they received word from Villard in June from New York City that all necessary arrangements had been made, and for them to send on their securities for delivery July 1, when the payment would be ready for them. The purchase was made for the account of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, organized to take them over.

Before leaving Oregon, Villard had also put up \$10,000 for an option on the Walla Walla & Columbia River Railroad, a narrow-gauge line thirty-two miles in length, between Walla Walla and Wallula, chartered in 1868 and completed in November, 1875, at a cost of \$323,000. This option was also taken up at the same time. This gave him control of all the transportation facilities in Washington and Oregon outside of the Northern Pacific, then in operation from Kalama to Tacoma, and two or three other lines of a local character.

Having thus brought the history of the constituent lines down to their absorption by the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, let us see how this was accomplished and what followed.

The new company was incorporated in June, 1879, and organized for business July 1. Its capital was \$6,000,000 stock and a like amount of six per cent bonds. This was distributed

	Stock.	Bonds.
For Oregon Steam Navigation Company . . . . .	\$2,000,000	\$2,500,000
For Oregon Steamship Company . . . . .	1,000,000	1,200,000
For Walla Walla & Columbia River Railroad and Willamette Valley Trans. & Lock Co. . . . .	1,800,000	1,500,000

leaving \$1,200,000 stock and \$800,000 bonds available for the purchase of the new steam-



*Ben Holladay.*

From a Painting in the Possession of the Oregon Historical Society.

er then under contract for the San Francisco-Portland line, and for the construction of additional rail lines along the Columbia.

The securities of the new company with participation in its organization were offered Jay Gould, but declined. They were then subscribed for by Villard and his own friends. The ease and rapidity with which this deal had been consummated was without precedent up to that time, bringing Villard into the first rank of financiers. Equally flattering was the reception given the new securities on the market. Influenced by the fact that the earnings of the company were sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds and an eight per cent dividend on the stock, the latter went to ninety-five. This further increased Villard's prestige, making possible his remarkable flotations of later date.

The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company immediately entered into a program of betterments and construction. The *Columbia* was added to the steamship fleet, a standard-gauge line constructed from Wallowa to Celilo, 100 miles, and leases made of the Oregon Narrow Gauge and Willamette Valley Railroads. These leases were to prevent them being secured by competitors. Their operation was not remunerative, their physical condition being allowed to run down, one of the "causes célèbres" of Oregon being the long-drawn-out litigation between the owners and the lessee that ensued.

To provide for the extension of their rail lines, an increase of \$6,000,000 to the capital stock was made in 1880. This was in part occasioned by the resumption of construction by the Northern Pacific. That company had commenced building from Lake Pend d'Oreille to the confluence of the Columbia and Snake Rivers, and it was reasonable to suppose they would continue on down the north bank of the Columbia to Portland, paralleling the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company on the south side.

Negotiations between the two companies looking to a division of territory and a traffic agreement were entered into in 1880. Villard, for the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, and John D. Potts, a director of the Northern Pacific, were delegated by their respective interests to go over the ground and arrive at some understanding. This they did and in line with their recommendation a con-

tract was made, in October of the same year, by which the Snake and Columbia Rivers were to divide the territories of the respective lines, excepting that the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company was to be permitted to build one branch into the Palouse country. The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company was conceded the line to Portland, the Northern Pacific to have the right, but not the obligation, to run its trains over it at a mileage rate. The construction material of the Northern Pacific was to be hauled at a low rate and the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company was to effect the sale of 300,000 acres of Northern Pacific land for it at \$2.50 per acre.

Everything that Villard undertook at this time seemed to be a success. He projected and carried to a successful issue the Oregon Improvement Company, capitalized at \$10,000,000, and the Oregon & Transportation Company, capital \$50,000,000, the securities of both being readily absorbed by the public. The purpose of the first of these was to develop the natural resources of Oregon and Washington in connection with the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company. This company bought and worked a coal mine and railroad in Western Washington, purchased from the Northern Pacific a large body of land in the Palouse country, installed a line of vessels to carry their coal to San Francisco, and eventually acquired the ownership of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company.

The other, the Oregon & Transcontinental Company, was for the purpose of buying in and holding a controlling interest of all the so-called "Villard properties" and also of the Northern Pacific. It was the first of the so-called "holding companies" that have since become numerous, being in fact a "Northern Securities Company." To acquire control of the Northern Pacific was no small undertaking, but by the use of funds secured by the famous "Blind Pool," Villard was able to do so. Naturally the directors of the Northern Pacific objected to seeing its control wrested from them, but as a clear majority of the stock was in the hands of Villard and his friends, they were able to elect a new board in their interests at the meeting of the Northern Pacific stockholders held in September, 1881. This board organized shortly afterwards and elected Villard as president of the company.

For the next three years construction work on the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company was pushed in every direction. The narrow-gauge line from Walla Walla to Wallula was changed to standard-gauge; the Baker City branch was extended east to Huntington, where connection was made with the Oregon Short Line, thus completing the fourth transcontinental railroad line, the junction at Huntington being made November 24, 1884. Other construction work brought the rail mileage of the company up to 650.7 miles, as compared with 172.5, the mileage in 1880.

To pay for these extensions a third issue of stock was made, bringing the total outstanding up to \$18,000,000, with \$6,000,000 in bonds. As the net earnings of the company had risen in the first three years of its existence from \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000, there was no trouble in placing this additional issue.

By the latter part of 1883 the securities of the "Villard Lines" were considerably in excess of \$200,000,000. From the time of his election as president of the Oregon & California Railroad Company, in 1876, up to the completion of the Northern Pacific, in September, 1883, his career had been wonderfully successful.

The public, the press and Wall Street joined in lauding him. The pitcher had, however, gone to the well once too often, and the day of reckoning was due. When he attempted to raise a few millions to meet the deficit in Northern Pacific Construction account to carry the floating debt of the Oregon & Transcontinental, to carry on the extension of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and Oregon & California, and his personal losses in the West Shore Railroad, and to pay for a palatial private residence he had built for himself on Madison Avenue, New York City, a mere bagatelle as compared with his previous accomplishments; he was to meet, not a Waterloo, but a defeat that was to force him to his Elba. Over-speculation had reached a culmination not only in his particular case, but all over the world. Vilified by the press, deserted by his quondam friends, and on the verge of bankruptcy, there was nothing left him but to retire from his official connection with the properties he had created, which he accordingly did, his resignation as president and

director of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company being dated December 17, 1883. An attack of nervous prostration and a consequent trip to Europe, extending over three years, effaced him completely from the affairs of the company.

Under his administration it had grown from half-a-dozen unimportant local corporations to one operating 592 miles of railway, 667 miles of steamboat, 670 miles of ocean and 238 miles of sound steamers. From a combined capitalization of \$6,500,000 to one of \$24,000,000. From earnings of \$1,500,000 to that of \$5,100,000.

After Villard resigned, Elijah Smith was elected president. Abandoning the old policy of close relations with the Northern Pacific, the new management entered into a deal with the Union Pacific, or Gould interests, by which the property was leased to the latter. This lease covered the entire property of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company for a term of ninety-nine years from January 1, 1887, the consideration being six per cent per annum on the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company stock. The lease was made to the Oregon Short Line Railroad Company, its performance being guaranteed by the Union Pacific.

The laws of Oregon specifically prohibited the lease of one railroad to a competing line. As a consequence, a special act of the Legislature was necessary before the lease became legal. After much debate this was passed, the Governor withholding his signature. It became effective in 1888 without his signature. The argument used to induce favorable action was the prospect of bringing a third transcontinental line, the Union Pacific, into competition for the Oregon traffic.

Close relations between the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and the Gould lines naturally resulted. The traffic it controlled was turned over to the Oregon Short Line and Union Pacific, much to the detriment of the Northern Pacific. As a defensive measure that company began the construction of branch lines south of the Snake River into what had heretofore been exclusive Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company territory. This was met by the construction of branch lines into Northern Pacific preserves, much bad feeling being engendered. A controlling interest in the Ore-



gon Railroad & Navigation Company was still held by the Oregon & Transcontinental Company. Nearly thirty millions of the securities of this company and the Northern Pacific were held in Germany. Seeing the drift of affairs, that the Union Pacific lessees by managing the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company in their own interests were making serious inroads into their earnings, and that Villard, who was in Germany and still in close touch with the situation, was to their mind the only man who could extricate them from their dilemma, the Germans successfully arranged for his re-election as president of the Oregon & Transcontinental Company, which occurred in July, 1888. On resuming the reins, Villard entered into an active campaign. The president and board of directors of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company were enjoined from the "misuse of the funds of the company by wasteful construction"—that is, into Northern Pacific territory.

A mighty battle ensued between the two interests for the control of the Oregon & Transcontinental Company, it carrying with it that of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company. Competition for its stock carried the price from thirty to sixty-four, and a corner was created, nearly producing a panic. So far as the ownership of the stock was concerned, Villard and his friends were the victors, they having secured a clear majority, but the "Little Wizard of Wall Street" was still on deck.

The Gould interests attempted to prevent the holding of the annual meeting of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company by injunction. This led up to negotiations resulting in the sale by Villard and his friends of all the stock in that company held by the "Villard interests," the Union Pacific purchasing it at a satisfactory price for the Oregon Short Line, it being evident that the usefulness of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company to the Northern Pacific had departed with its lease to the Oregon Short Line, and this lease was not breakable.

The people of the Northwest bitterly opposed this arrangement, believing it would result in throttling competition. Their opposition culminated in an application being made by Mayor Van B. DeLashmut of Portland to the United States Circuit Court for an injunction to the lease. This was granted temporarily March, 1888, but, being dissolved later and the lease made effective, to avoid what promised to be a disastrous rate war, an agreement was made in July, 1888, for the operation of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company by the Oregon Short Line and Northern Pacific interests jointly. This failed to stand the test of legality, and after a short life was abrogated.

Since this time, 1889, the story of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company has been bound up in that of its lessors, the Oregon Short Line and Union Pacific, and can be followed out in the story of those roads to appear later.



LUTE PEASE

W. S. U'Ren, Leader of the Direct Legislation Movement in Oregon. From a Sketch in Oil.

# The Initiative and Referendum— Oregon's "Big Stick"

By Lute Pease

*The legislative authority of the state shall be vested in a legislative assembly, consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives, BUT THE PEOPLE RESERVE TO THEMSELVES POWER TO PROPOSE LAWS AND AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION, AND TO ENACT OR REJECT THE SAME AT THE POLLS, INDEPENDENT OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, AND ALSO RESERVE POWER AT THEIR OWN OPTION TO APPROVE OR REJECT AT THE POLLS ANY ACT OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY. The first power reserved by the people is the INITIATIVE, and not more than eight per cent of the legal voters shall be required to propose any measure by such petition, and every such petition shall include the full text of the measure so proposed. Initiative petitions shall be filed with the Secretary of State not less than four months before the election at which they are to be voted upon. The SECOND POWER IS THE REFERENDUM, and it may be ordered (except as to laws necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health or safety), either by petition, signed by five per cent of the legal voters, or by the legislative assembly, as other bills are enacted. Referendum petitions shall be filed with the Secretary of State not more than ninety days after the final adjournment of the session of the legislative assembly which passed the bill on which the referendum is demanded. THE VETO POWER OF THE GOVERNOR SHALL NOT EXTEND TO MEASURES REFERRED TO THE PEOPLE. All elections on measures referred to the people of the state shall be had at the biennial regular general elections, except when the legislative assembly shall order a special election. ANY MEASURE REFERRED TO THE PEOPLE SHALL TAKE EFFECT AND BECOME THE LAW WHEN IT IS APPROVED BY A MAJORITY OF THE VOTES CAST THEREON, AND NOT OTHERWISE. The style of all bills shall be: "Be it enacted by the people of the State of Oregon." This section shall not be construed to deprive any member of the legislative assembly of the right to introduce any measure. The whole number of votes cast for justice of the supreme court at the regular election last preceding the filing of any petition for the initiative or for the referendum shall be the basis on which the number of legal voters necessary to sign such petition shall be counted. Petitions and orders for the initiative and for the referendum shall be filed with the Secretary of State, and in submitting the same to the people he and all other officers shall be guided by the general laws and the act submitting this amendment until legislation shall be especially provided therefor.—(Section 1 of Article IV, Constitution of Oregon.)*



**N** the white heat of a municipal campaign in one of the largest cities of the Northwest not many years ago, I heard a certain prominent lawyer harangue a huge street gathering. In denouncing one of the Mayoralty candidates, he flung about like a Dervish, perspired like a harvest hand, roared and panted like an excited bogey, and after scraping raw the language for expressions of disapproval, reached his climax in a sort of scream.

"And, fellow citizens, he—he believes in the 'nishi'tive and referENDum!'"

His audience stared, jaw-fallen. What meant the sinister phrase? Evidently nothing less than socialism, anarchy, horrors and disaster.

The candidate was defeated, but he is still one of the reform leaders of his state—

Washington—and has helped to push forward the movement for direct legislation to the point of adoption of at least one of the important measures now being tested by Oregon—and, in a much weaker form, by a few other states. Oklahoma, however, has just adopted the Oregon law entire, and Dakota is considering similar action.

A democracy is defined by Noah Webster as a "form of government in which the supreme power is retained and directly exercised by the people." The fathers organized for us a republican form of government; that is the people are required by the National Constitution to delegate their powers to the representatives elected by them. But by the adoption of the constitutional amendment at the head of this article, Oregon has become a pure democracy. A peaceful revolution has been accomplished, in this state at least—a revolution that bids fair to

spread throughout the Union. The measure has stirred wide discussion; all sorts of beneficent or evil results have been prophesied for or against it. In its entirety, the Oregon measure is declared to be more radical than the form in vogue in the most radical cantons of Switzerland whence the idea was borrowed. Various writers have given it some attention, but comparatively few people other than its originators seem to have grasped more than a hint of its far-reaching and revolutionary character. When one considers that it emasculates the state legislature; that it opens the avenues for all man-

purely democratic government, if not ideal, must certainly be an improvement. And of course none but the thoughtless would assert that anything man has made, man cannot with time and study improve upon. As Judge Stephen A. Lowell, of Oregon, said in a famous speech on direct legislation:

Venerable and majestic as is a legislative system which has stood for a hundred years, neither age nor majesty is a guarantee that it ought not to give way to something better.

It was the theory of a majority of the framers of the Federal Constitution—"bundle of compromises" as it has been termed—that the people cannot be trusted to wisely exercise supreme power; that it is safer for them to delegate the law-making authority to a chosen few who would also be best qualified to choose the United States Senators, and to another yet more choice few who should select the President.

More than a century's test of this theory has demonstrated even to the most vociferous defender of "our sacred institutions" the presence of a number of defects. For many years have not the following charges vexed our dull ears?

"Our best people take little personal interest in politics because the issues are manufactured by designing politicians and the candidates are but their dummies.

"Having no law-making responsibility, the majority of voters are merely slaves to party, and are handled like sheep by unscrupulous politicians.

"Shrewd bosses, with cunningly organized machines, control the offices and secure laws safely to rob the people.

"State legislatures are deadlocked or held up by rival factions in Senatorial elections, interfering with all other functions of such bodies, at great cost to the people.

"Our representatives do not represent the people, but rather powerful private interests.

"This is a government of the interests, by the interests, and for the interests."

And so on ad nauseam.

Oregon complacently confronts the pessimists of the republic with startling statements somewhat as follows:

If our representatives do not represent us, we have power to force them to do so.

We can reject any law that we dont want, or ourselves enact any law that we do want.

We have knocked out boss and machine.



*George M. Orton, a Printer, Who Worked for Direct Legislation.*

ner of political innovations; and that intelligently used it eliminates the boss, the machine and the grafter, and makes absolute the will of a majority of the voters, one realizes that the people of Oregon wield a most formidable weapon.

It has been said that every form of government except a pure democracy has been weighed and found wanting. Oregon seems to be in a position to give a practical test to the latter form. As, a hundred years since, men argued that the republican method must be the ideal; today many contend that a

We have just elected two United States Senators in twenty minutes without "boodle or booze or even a cigar," and our legislature has just completed a session of extraordinary activity, untainted by any charge of corruption.

All of which, it may be acknowledged, indicates a condition of political wellbeing that justifies felicitation. And for such achievement the state may give thanks for the persistence of a small coterie, once laughed at by politicians as "Pops," "cranks" and "visionaries" led by a "dreamer."

The "dreamer" was W. S. U'Ren, who, a dozen years ago, was an obscure attorney in the little old village of Oregon City, where his sign is still displayed on the door of a very modest office. U'Ren proved to be quite awake—a man of constructive genius and of such practical mind that he "cares less for means than for results"—where the latter are worthy of attainment. In fact, he and his associates demonstrated their ability to play the game of politics against veteran experts, and win.

Although the initiative and referendum amendment and the various measures which have arisen from it are the work of a considerable number, and although U'Ren emphatically denies that he is entitled to more credit than many others, yet the extraordinary character, the optimistic, persuasive personality and persistence of the man so dominates in the history of the movement for direct legislation that he is often playfully referred to as "Father U'Ren, of the Referendum."

George H. Williams, war-time Senator from Oregon and later Attorney-General in Grant's Cabinet, was the first to advocate direct legislation in this state. As a member of the Constitutional Convention of Oregon in 1857 he introduced a resolution embodying the essence of the measure which he has lived to see in operation fifty years later.

But the inception of the movement for the present law may be credited to the reading by Alfred Luelling of a chapter from J. W. Sullivan's *Direct Legislation in Switzerland* before a Farmers' Alliance meeting at Milwaukie, Oregon, late in the Fall of 1892. After the meeting, Mr. Luelling handed the book to W. S. U'Ren, one of the Alliance members present.

"I read the book through before I slept

that night," Mr. U'Ren told me, "being already interested in the subject through reading a little pamphlet on the initiative handed me a year or so before by a man on a San Francisco Bay ferry."

At the next meeting of the Milwaukie Alliance, U'Ren introduced a resolution asking the state executive committee of the Alliance to invite the State Grange, the Portland Chamber of Commerce, the Oregon Knights of Labor (then a powerful organization) and the Portland Federated Trades to unite in creating a joint committee, consisting of one member from each body to "agitate and work for the adoption of the initiative and



Frank Williams, Who Worked Shoulder to Shoulder With U'Ren.

referendum" as a part of the Constitution of Oregon. The Alliance committee approved, sent out invitations, and appointed W. S. U'Ren as the Alliance member. The Portland Chamber of Commerce ignored the invitation. Some of the members have said that it was beneath the dignity of the body to mix up with any (expletive) Populist phantasm; others more considerately put it that the Chamber could take no part in politics. However, years afterward, the Chamber was glad to "mix up" to the extent of using the threat of the initiative as a club to stop a proposition of which it disapproved.

But the other organizations promptly ap-

pointed members to the joint committee. W. D. Hare, of the State Grange, was chairman. The Federated Trades Assembly of Portland was represented first by A. I. Mason, of the Carpenters' Union, next by G. G. Kurtz, of the Cigarmakers, and finally by Charles V. Short, of the Typographical Union. The Portland Labor Council by T. E. Kerby, of the Blacksmiths. The Knights of Labor were represented by W. S. Vanderburg. W. S. U'Ren was secretary.

These farmers and trades-unionists wrote folders and pamphlets setting forth arguments for the initiative and referendum, and published them both in English and German. They also devised the plan of furnishing similar matter to newspapers in the form of supplements, which they induced editors to fold in with their publications for distribution to all readers. In this manner some 400,000 bits of propaganda were distributed by the committee throughout the state during the years from 1892 to 1898. In the Fall of 1894, the committee having its campaign well under way, got up a petition, secured 14,000 signatures, representing every county in the state. This petition was presented to the legislature of 1895. It asked for a constitutional convention for the purpose, chiefly, of submitting to the people a new state constitution including the initiative and referendum. The Constitution then provided that two successive sessions of the legislature must pass a bill for an amendment before it could be submitted to the vote of the people. Therefore, if a constitutional convention could be obtained, the desired measure might be secured much quicker than by submitting it in the form of an amendment.

That the committee's bill failed by only one vote in either house, though encountering quite a strong lobby, indicates that the cranks and dreamers had already done very effective educational work. Some of the workers dropped out disgusted, but others with U'Ren kept on with undiminished resolution.

Populism, which flourished in those days, carried U'Ren into the legislature of 1897. As a member of the House he quickly took rank, in the judgment of us newspapermen at least, as the readiest debater and cleverest fighter on the floor.

That was the famous hold-up session. John H. Mitchell was candidate for re-election to the United States Senate, but his

"apostasy" on the silver question cost him the support of five "silver" Republicans, led by Jonathan Bourne, candidate for speaker. These managed to form a coalition with thirteen Populists, three Democrats and nine "regular" Republicans, who were opposed to Mitchell "dictating the organization of the House in his own interests." This curiously constituted group managed, by preventing a quorum, to keep the House from organizing.

Now the thirteen Populists cared little for Mitchell or for the faction opposed to him. They were pledged to use their best efforts in behalf of certain reform measures, chief of which was the initiative and referendum, but being in hopeless minority could scarcely expect to accomplish much unless by finesse. Senator Mitchell was unquestionably the boss of the stronger Republican faction. One day before the session U'Ren sought to get his attitude upon the initiative and referendum. Mitchell stroked his beard and said in his characteristically gentle manner:

"I would n't introduce the bill if I were you; my friends wont support it."

Although Mitchell afterward denied that such was his real feeling, the Populists interpreted the remark as a clear indication of hostility to their pet measure. So when the anti-Mitchell leaders made overtures for their support, promising in exchange to take up and help forward, at the next legislative session (1899) not only the initiative and referendum, but the Bingham registration law (another important reform Oregon owes the Populists), the reformers saw their opportunity. Led by U'Ren and John C. Young, they hung together in a body under the banner of Jonathan Bourne, who afterward proved to be an enthusiastic and powerful friend to all their important measures. These men have been more or less bitterly assailed as being responsible for the hold-up, but it may be left to the judgment of the reader to decide whether the results they were striving for were not of as much value to the state as the temporary loss of a Senator or of such legislation as that boss-ridden session might have given it. "Anything to beat Mitchell" was sufficient excuse for the Democratic and Republican members of the coalition, and Mitchell was beaten for the time.

After the 1897 legislative session the enterprise dragged. The hard times had practically destroyed organized labor, so that of

the four bodies, the Federated Trades Council, the Knights of Labor, the Farmers' Alliance and the State Grange, only the last survived. The Populists had fused with the Democratic party, but not all the ideals they had fought for were dead. U'Ren, C. C. Hogue, Jonathan Bourne and Frank Williams were practically the only ones left to keep up the fight for the initiative and referendum.

The previous legislature (1895) had by a deadlock also failed to re-elect a Senator (J. N. Dolph). As in many yet earlier sessions, legislation and all other business of the state body had been interfered with, members corrupted, the state disgraced and some of our "sacred institutions" made more or less a mockery by the warring factions in Senatorial fights, and by the sinister dominance of private interests and boss influence.



*Geo. H. Williams, President of the Non-Partisan Direct Legislation League. Formerly Senator From Oregon and Attorney-General in Grant's Cabinet. He Advocated the Principle of the Initiative and Referendum Fifty Years Ago.*

One Sunday in September, 1897—week days could ill be spared for the work, for many of the reformers were poor men like U'Ren, who remarked that he did n't think the day could be put to better use—about fifty men met at Salem and organized "The Non-Partisan Direct Legislation League of Oregon," with D. C. Sherman as president, U'Ren being secretary. Thus a fresh start secured, the ball was kept rolling.

The people of Oregon—"mossbacks" though they have been sometimes derisively styled—were becoming thoroughly disgusted. They were beginning to realize that some of our institutions are not entirely perfect. The operation of the Australian ballot law had taught them that other nations had something to offer in the way of improvement, and that America has no monopoly of progress: in fact, that by reason of its own self-conceit perhaps the

nation had been at a standstill politically while other people were advancing. "What is this direct legislation these fellows are talking about? They say it works well in Switzerland. Well, Australia taught us something; perhaps Switzerland can also."

Thus the propaganda sowing of the "visionaries" was taking root. Their literature was of the model sort; simple, direct argument and example, appealing solely to the reason and to knowledge derived from experience; answering objections calmly, stating facts interestingly. Something of

it at the ballot box, as it is ours to advocate it.

Let us show to the politicians of the United States, as well as those of Oregon, that support for the submission of direct legislation amendments is a sure way for the politician to get votes for himself—that party lines cut no figure on this question. Prove to the politicians that we are loyal and true at the ballot box to those who help us in the legislature.

Politicians paused to joke with U'Ren, or the other leaders, stayed to listen, and passed on, thoughtful. And the big men of the state, the brainy lawyers, broad-minded merchants, bankers, teachers and leading editors were also impressed. They began to talk; to make favorable speeches; to write friendly editorials. Then the movement really boomed. U'Ren and his friends of the committee seized upon every favorable speech or editorial and the name of every new convert as ammunition with which to load fresh propaganda.

H. W. Scott, editor of the *Republican Oregonian*, "sole avenue of publicity" of importance at that time, denounced the legislature and, on occasion, the machine, and at one or two critical stages of the fight presented arguments for direct legislation, which, says U'Ren, "aided us tremendously." The following is one of Mr. Scott's editorial expressions:

The referendum is an obstacle to too much legislation; to surreptitious legislation; to legislation in particular interests; to partisan machine legislation, and to boss rule. No predatory measure could be carried before the people. The legislative lobbyist would be put out of business.

C. S. Jackson, for twenty years a fighter for political reform, now editor of the *Portland Journal*, the leading Democratic newspaper of the state, supported the movement with enthusiasm, and energetically worked for it as a member of the executive committee of the "Direct Legislation League." Nowadays the *Oregonian* and *Journal* vie with one another for the right to be considered the exclusive palladium of the people's rights.

C. E. S. Wood, a leader of the state bar, a man of radical, altruistic tendencies, and a writer of note, early became an advocate of the movement and performed invaluable service in the drafting of the bills for direct



H. W. Scott, Editor of the *Portland Oregonian*, Whose Editorials Greatly Aided the Direct Legislation Movement.

the genial persuasiveness of the smiling, blue-eyed, indomitable Oregon City lawyer ran through it all.

Here are two illuminating paragraphs from one of the pamphlets of the time—bits of advice addressed to those already converted and working for the reform:

Do not urge a candidate to declare for or against the initiative and referendum as a system. If he will promise to submit the amendment, that is enough. If he is not convinced of its wisdom, it will be his duty to oppose



legislation and, in other ways, as a member of the league's executive committee.

An eloquent address, "About Direct Legislation," before the State Bar Association by the retiring president, Stephen A. Lowell (then Circuit Judge), in 1898, gave the movement another big boost. Among Judge Lowell's expressions were the following:

Every effort thus far made to cure admitted evils of legislation has proven ineffectual because they have been movements away from the ideals of absolute freedom and complete popular control upon which the nation rests—movements away from the people, and not toward them.

Briefly put, direct legislation is the inception and consummation of laws by the whole people—the substantial establishment of a pure democracy with Congress and legislature essentially the agents and not the masters of the people.

Leading business men also, convinced of the necessity for relieving the state from thralldom to politicians, began to study the measure, and, becoming convinced of its value and practicability, promptly endorsed it. W. M. Ladd and Charles E. Ladd, heads of the largest private banking enterprise of the West; A. L. Mills, president of the First National Bank of Portland, and many others of prominence throughout the state gave it hearty support.

It was soon after the organization of the Direct Legislation League that the movement sprang into giant stride. Judge George H. Williams, already mentioned as the pioneer advocate of the plan in Oregon, was persuaded to become president of the league (after the retirement of D. C. Sherman).

"I'm getting too old to take any active part," he said, but he quickly became one of the hardest workers; moreover the reformers found his name a tower of strength. To be identified with the enterprise was now generally recognized as an honor. Other names prominent on committees were George M. Orton, a printer and a fine type of trade-union man, who worked indefatigably for the reform; Dr. Harry Lane, a Democrat, now Mayor of Portland, of whom more will be said; Frank Williams, of Ashland, a man of tireless energy and enthusiasm; Former Governor T. T. Geer; Sol Hirsch, the most prominent Hebrew of the state; J. B. Waldo, D. K. Warren, F. E. Beach, F. McKecheb,

John C. Young, E. C. Pentland, W. A. Spaugh, J. C. Bayer, W. D. Hare of the old joint committee, and others.

All expenses were paid from voluntary contributions received from people of all parties and classes throughout the state. Whenever a deficit happened, the leaders always promptly went down into their pockets and made it up. Judging from some of the treasurer's old reports, I fancy that U'Ren must have indulged his "dreams" at some sacrifice of other luxuries.

Presently came the legislature of 1899, and with it some members pledged for the



C. S. Jackson, Editor of the *Portland Journal*, the *Leading Democratic Paper*, an *Ardent Advocate of People's Power Measures*.

initiative and referendum. U'Ren and Frank Williams devoted their time working for the amendment during the entire session. The politicians were not unmindful of the powerful sentiment growing in the state; also they liked U'Ren and Williams; also the Simon contingent remembered the promises made the Populists during the session of 1897. The result was that the initiative and referendum bill got forty-four votes in the House and twenty-two votes in the Senate—an overwhelming majority and a tremendous surprise to many who yet affected to regard the measure as a "Pop fad."

But as, in accordance with the State Con-

stitution, the amendment must be passed by two legislatures before it could be submitted for final test by vote of the people, the workers were by no means out of the woods. The amendment's enemies—a number of professional politicians and their friends, and a few large corporations that dreaded results, as well as many honest but timorous men who felt that the thing was too "revolutionary"—yet thought it would be blocked by the next legislature. But the initiative and referendum promptly became the one absorbing issue of the next campaign. The league redoubled its efforts on educational lines, members devoting many Sundays to this sort of practical religion. The whole state was studying and discussing the subject. U'Ren prepared a clever article, patting the late legislature on the back for its good work, and touching gently upon the evil that it had done, but suggesting how that evil could not have happened had the initiative and referendum been in operation. That astute reformer no doubt had heard something about more flies being caught with honey than with vinegar, but as a matter of fact U'Ren seems to be one of those rare persons quite anxious to give the devil his due with abundant interest and charity.

A little later in the campaign U'Ren selected the names of about 1,000 men, mostly ex-Populists, whom he knew, and addressed each a letter calling attention to the state legislators who had voted right in 1899, and who were again candidates, and suggesting that in the interest of the initiative and referendum it would be wise to support those men without regard to party. With the exception of Portland, where, as usual, was a bitter factional fight, no one of these candidates was defeated for re-election to the same office. John H. Mitchell was in power again and, grown wise by past experience, gave U'Ren assurance of his support this time; not only that, but added energetic action. The enemies of the measure were hopelessly beaten, and it went through the 1901 legislature almost unanimously. When the state conventions of 1902 were held, all except the Prohibitionists (strange as that may seem) adopted enthusiastic resolutions advocating the adoption of the initiative and referendum by the people. The Prohibitionists were afterward glad to make great use of the power secured for them.

So at last the people of Oregon got the chance to vote themselves into unlimited power. On June 2, 1902, they declared themselves eleven to one for the amendment; and whether for good or for ill, it is a safe prediction that they will never vote that power back to the hands of the politicians. The actual vote was 62,024 for and 5,668 against, out of 92,920 total number of electors voting.

But the fight was not quite over; the last blow—almost a knockout—came in the form of a decree of the Circuit Court for Multnomah County, which declared that the amendment had not been submitted in the manner required by law and was therefore void. The reformers promptly pulled off their coats again and carried the question up to the State Supreme Court. The lawyers who made the brief and argument in defense of the amendment contributed their services and paid all expenses from their own pockets. The Supreme Court sustained their contention, and thus finally the great reform was cleared of the last obstacle.

Now what to do with their new power? U'Ren and his friends were ready with several great measures—tools for good government to be brought into use by the initiative handle. But first and foremost the direct primary law—sharp knife for bosses and machines. The same leaders had organized a Direct Primary League as early as April, 1903, but delayed active operation until the decision of the Supreme Court settled the legality of the amendment. Then, with A. L. Mills, president; George Orton, vice-president; F. McKereher, treasurer; W. S. U'Ren, secretary, with membership including the old guard and many new men—leading citizens of all parties—then began the usual propaganda work. Here are a few characteristic extracts from one of this league's circulars:

BOSS TWEED said, "You may elect whichever candidates you please to office, if you will allow me to select the candidates."

The men who really govern are those in the great parties who can make or break candidates for nomination. So long as these bosses can nominate their friends for office the government will be good FOR THE BOSSES, no matter who is elected.

When the people nominate the candidates as well as elect the officers, the government will

be good FOR THE PEOPLE, no matter who is elected.

Men have died for the right to cast the ballot, and surely the right to make the ballot is not less valuable or sacred than the right to vote it.

No man would think of having delegates or

just as the Constitution requires in all elections.

The best government is possible only by having the best men of all parties for candidates, and the people can trust no one but themselves to choose such candidates. Nominations cannot be bought nor stolen from the



*Charles Erskine Scott Wood, One of the Leading Lawyers of Oregon, a Man of Radical Tendencies, Who Contributed Valuable Service in the Ten-Year Campaign for Direct Legislation.*

conventions do his voting at the general election, and it is quite as important that he do his own voting at the nominating election.

This bill is the natural and rational development of the Australian ballot law, and is drawn on the same principles. Nominations will be made by the highest number of votes

people as they have been from conventions.

When the people nominate, every candidate for nomination must stand alone on his own merits, and months before the nominating election his friends will be proclaiming his character, record, ability and fitness for the place. But they will never boast of his pay-

ments to the "primary fund," nor of the places he has found in his office for the friends of the "managing committee" at the expense of the taxpayers. And he who has not two friends per hundred members of his party who want to sign a petition to put his name on the party nominating ballot, is a very poor stick indeed to ask the people to trust him with an office.

Of course the direct primary law passed overwhelmingly—45,334 to 14,031. No fight of importance was possible against it, even by the most powerful machine.

The principal features of the law are the nomination of all candidates by direct and

unnecessary voters. Every political party is given the right to the sole and exclusive use of all of its party name.

Political parties casting 25 per cent of the total vote must nominate all their candidates under this law.

Independent candidates and political parties casting less than 25 per cent of the total vote, and also new parties, must continue to nominate as they do now under the Australian ballot law.

But the distinctly "revolutionary" feature is that which makes possible the direct election of United States Senators. To quote from the law:

In case an elector seeking nomination for the office of Senator or Representative in the legislative assembly, he may include one of the following two statements in his petition; but if he does not do so, the Secretary of State or County Clerk, as the case may be, shall not on that account refuse to file his petition:

#### STATEMENT NO. 1.

"I further state to the people of Oregon, as well as to the people of my legislative district, that during my term of office I will always vote for that candidate for United States Senator in Congress who has received the highest number of the people's votes for that position at the general election next preceding the election of a Senator in Congress, without regard to my individual preference."

If the candidate shall be unwilling to sign the above statement, then he may sign the following statement as a part of his petition:

#### STATEMENT NO. 2.

"During my term of office I shall consider the vote of the people for United States Senator in Congress as nothing more than a recommendation, which I shall be at liberty to wholly disregard, if the reason for doing so seems to me to be sufficient."

"Statement No. 1" was composed with the utmost pains that no other meaning could possibly be read into it than that the Senatorial candidate of whatever party, who received the highest number of votes at the polls, should receive the vote of the legislator who signed that statement, even though that legislator belonged to the party or faction opposed to the candidate; yet a number of pronounced party men like Editor Scott, of the *Oregonian*, hold that it should not be binding inasmuch as the Constitution of the United States provides that a Senator must be "chosen by the legislature of his state," and that a Republican legislature that failed



Photo by Butterworth.

Dr. Harry Lane, the Democratic Mayor of "Republican" Portland.

secret ballot. Each party has a separate official ballot, bearing the names and the declarations of principles of all its candidates for nomination. On petition of two per cent of the party vote the County Clerk prints the candidate's name on the party nominating ballot. If he receives the highest number of his party votes at the nominating election, he has his party's nomination, and his name will be printed on the official ballot as its candidate. None but registered members of the party can sign his petition or vote the party ballot at the nominating election. This enables members of a party to make its nominations without interference by other parties or



*Governor George H. Chamberlain, a Democrat, Twice Elected on His Record to the Highest Office in a Strongly Republican State.*

to elect a Republican Senator and a Democratic legislature that should elect a Republican Senator would be equally reprehensible.

It would appear that a legislator who failed to keep his pledge would be even more reprehensible, and it is safe to say that he would be so accounted by a majority of the voters who elected him. As "Statement No. 1" is obviously a "vote-getter," it is probable that no Senator-electing legislature will ever convene in Oregon a majority of whose members have not signed it. It was the case with the body that recently elected Senators Bourne and Mulkey. Jonathan Bourne, as candidate for the Senate, recognized the power and value of "Statement No. 1," and through his campaign manager, who was none other than his old friend of the 1897 legislature, W. S. U'Ren, spent a great deal of money and printers' ink in bringing it to the attention of the voters of Oregon, urging them to vote only for legislative candidates who took that pledge. He expressed his desire to abide by the result, then made a powerful appeal to the people, stating in the most concrete terms his principles and intentions if elected Senator. Because of this, I think, together with

the fact that he had the advantage of a normally overwhelming party majority, he won the election over his very popular Democratic rival, Senator Gearin, in spite of extremely bitter opposition in his own party. Bourne has always been a warm supporter of U'Ren's people's-power principles, financially and actively. He has no other obligations other than to the people; and with a clean Senatorial record he may feel reasonably assured of continued great political success, for Oregon is getting the habit of studying the record of its servants.

Mr. Gearin, in his brief career at Washington, made a record that almost won him the election by the people. Whether he would have been elected by the Republican legislative majority that had signed "Statement No. 1" is a problem depending solely upon that majority's consideration of the trifling matter of its pledged word.

Oregon, though "normally" Republican two to one, has given indication of being, on occasion, decidedly non-partisan; a condition,



*United States Senator Jonathan Bourne, an Active Supporter of the Initiative and Referendum, Direct Primaries and Other Reforms, Who Shares With Senator Mulkey the Distinction of Being the First Members of the United States Senate to Be Elected Practically by Direct Vote of the People.*

it is not too much to say, that may be credited largely to the ten-year campaign of education by U'Ren and his friends. Men and principles rather than party are winning nowadays.

A Democratic District Attorney of Multnomah County, George E. Chamberlain, with a good record, won his first election as Governor over a weak Republican with no public record of importance. Then, when a slightly rascally legislature tried to rush a lot of bills around the initiative and referendum snag by tacking on the "emergency clause" (which properly applies only to bills bearing on the "public health, peace and safety"), Chamberlain promptly vetoed them. For this and other evidences of capacity he was rewarded by re-election last June.

Mayor Harry Lane, of Portland, is another example of non-partisanship in this state. Though a Democrat, he won the office over the strongest candidate the Republicans could have produced—George H. Williams. Dr. Lane promised an active reform administration, which promise, being a man of fearless, militant disposition, he has been energetically fulfilling. Like Judge Williams, he is of unblemished personal character, and, like his rival, too, was prominent in the movement for direct legislation.

The record of the late legislature is a matter of interest, since it offers a sort of illustration of the value of the direct primary law, being the first in Oregon elected under that law. The House was distinctly the people's. While it contained a lot of unknown or "weak" men, and while the Senate was partly made up of "hold-overs," the body elected two United States Senators in twenty minutes, without "boodle or booze or even a cigar," and completed a session of unprecedented activity, also untainted by a single charge of corruption. However, it must be admitted that the old evils of vote-trading, and of rushing through a horde of bills but a fraction of which a majority of the members had properly studied, were to be noted. Also there were evidences of a somewhat cowardly tendency to evade responsibility by advancing the excuse: "If people want that law they can get it by the initiative." On the other hand the threat: "If you pass that bill the people will knock it out by the referendum," served as the Big Stick that clubbed back a few unwholesome proposed bills.

One or two very ill-advised partisan measures designed to vitiate the "Statement-No. 1" principle and another feature of the direct primary law were defeated and their advocates quite roundly scored by the people—an indication that it is unwise for individuals to tamper with any of the people's hard-won prerogatives.

Three very important bills were either smothered or otherwise defeated, partly perhaps because all the members did not sufficiently understand them, or had not heard the "voice of the people" quite loud enough, or (in some cases) perhaps because they were designed to correct the few slight defects or omissions which the test of use has made evident in the initiative and referendum amendment and the direct primary law, and which, says U'Ren, "may be depended upon to absolutely put out of future consideration the possibility of the resurrection of the machine system."

The measures are, however, of such obvious value that they will doubtless be passed by the use of the initiative in the near future. They are, briefly: The "Recall," which enables the people to promptly retire an unsatisfactory official; the Corrupt Practices Act, which contains a feature making it possible "for a poor man to aspire to public office on equal terms with the rich candidate"; and the "Proportional Representation Amendment," which makes it possible for all parties to be generally represented in the legislature or in city councils in proportion to their votes among the people. Japan has a very efficient law of this sort for the election of members to the Japanese Parliament. When these measures shall have been included, it may be said that Oregon has made the greatest advance in the direction of conserving the character of its citizenship, and of keeping public servants honest, that has ever yet been made by legal enactment.

"In all our work," says U'Ren, "we have found the great value of well-known names attached to our measures as officers or members of committees. Though not all of our friends were able to give much time, their names worked for them. You see, the average man is either too indolent, too busy, or too distrustful of his own judgment to study or decide for himself upon the details of a law on a great public question. People always ask of a proposition to enact a principle



they approve, 'Who is back of it?' If they find it to be indorsed by men whose reputation would forbid them to allow the use of their names with any unpractical, improper, or sinister law to apply the principle, they promptly conclude that it is all right and worthy of support. As an example of what I mean, you remember how the voters at the last election turned down that Liquor Dealers' Association measure masquerading under the title, 'Amendment to the Local-Option Law Giving Anti-Prohibitionists and Prohibitionists Equal Privilege.' In all the advance publicity given that proposition names had not been in evidence—no big man had come forward as its advocate; it had, therefore, a sinister look, for honest men are ready to be known in what they deem worthy. So, in spite of its very attractive title, it was lost by 10,000 votes. On the other hand, the local-option movement had bristled with names of men of repute, and by a close vote the law passed, even though the electors had been very generally warned that it meant prohibition by counties."

Mr. C. E. S. Wood, commenting on the initiative and the direct primary, says:

There are certain minor flaws or possibilities of error in both. The mass of men will not study a law which is of abstract interest, or of great length and legal technicality, as certain laws to restrict franchises, etc., and therefore it seems to me the people will not vote intelligently on any but clear-cut, briefly-stated questions, such as approach the character of fundamental constitutional provisions; but I have believed as to all law or any law, that the way to make the people use their mentality, and understand politics, is to thrust responsibility on them—they will learn by their mistakes.

The direct primary must, in my opinion, have a certain sort of organization behind it to be successful. As it now stands, the self-seeker or the mediocre man rushes to the front and the man with most private funds, or the most "interested" fund back of him,

is apt to win rather than the best man. The measures are both good—I think so now as clearly as ever—but there will be necessary evolution toward improvement. I sometimes think it is bad for the people to succeed in partial reform, because it lulls them to sleep. The person who thinks nominations at the primaries will change human nature is deceived. He who thinks there will be no more fixing of tickets, dictating of nominations, and actual fraud is deceived. \* \* \* There ought to be a citizens' executive committee to suggest good names and see that the best men consent to run. "What is everybody's business is nobody's business"; and good, clean politics is everybody's business, and, therefore, nobody's business, while to break into the pasture field is very decidedly the business of the professional office-hunter and professional politician. \* \* \*

But the good of the direct primary nomination is this: It enables the people to pass directly on the man and cuts out the secret cut-and-dried work of the convention. It brings nominations openly and directly to the people, and it brings the people more openly and directly to the scales to be weighed, and their real intelligence, their real power determined. It will tend to increase their intelligence by demanding an exercise of it. The direct primary gives the people a chance—that is all.

Oregon is feeling its way carefully, polishing and whittling into handier form its big stick, and though there is no telling how far it will be taken, most of us in this state are optimists enough to believe that it can never be used long in any direction against the interests of the many, for it has the inherent power to correct its own misuse.

As for the "dreamer" and the "visionaries" who cut that stick from the forest of liberty and trimmed it into shape for Oregon, perhaps to their descendants they may bulk to the size of "constructive statesmen," and one day, a century hence, adorn in bronze effigy the public squares of some well-governed city yet to be.



*View Showing Farm Lands in Lower Truckee Valley, Near Wadsworth, Nevada.*





*Scene in Fallon, Nevada, Three Years Ago When It Had Only Sixteen People; Today It Has a Railroad and 1,100 Population.*

## The Quickening of Nevada

By C. J. Blanchard

Statistician United States Reclamation Service

**T**HE exodus of an army of our most desirable citizens to the Northwest Territory is naturally a matter of grave concern to the National Government as well as to the states from which these settlers are departing. More than 100,000 farmers have left Iowa, Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin and the Dakotas in the past three years to take up homes in British territory, and the movement steadily continues.

It is therefore timely to call attention to the opportunities in our own country which are open to homeseekers, especially of the kind who are now leaving this country to make new homes in a foreign land. Most of these settlers have money; money earned in agricultural pursuits. They are successful farmers of a high class and the Government can ill afford to lose them. They are exactly the type of men the Government would

like to have go upon the new farms under its several great irrigation projects, where it is believed they would enjoy a greater measure of success than they will in the new fields they are seeking in Canada. It is opportune to call attention now to the fact that a thousand farms are ready for settlers under the Truckee-Carson project in Nevada.

Especial interest attaches to the Truckee-Carson irrigation project because it is the initial experiment of Federal enterprise for reclaiming the desert and providing homes for settlers, and by reason of the fact that the project includes one of the largest bodies of public land embraced in any of the several Government irrigation schemes. The Truckee-Carson system is only a part of the great scheme of reclamation which is being undertaken for Nevada. In its entirety these vast plans involve the expenditure of \$9,000,000 and the intensive cultivation of nearly 400,000 acres of land.

Nevada's greatest natural resource, a soil of inexhaustible fertility, is yet almost wholly undeveloped. Farming, except in the vicinity of towns, is adjunctive only to stock-raising, the predominant industry of the state. The stockman is a horseback farmer, and always looks with contempt upon the husbandman who plows the land. In Nevada a very large percentage of irrigated land is in wild hay, which is irrigated by the simple process of flooding. Careless and haphazard as are the methods, heavy yields

#### *The Great Interior Basin.*

To appreciate the significance of the approaching completion of this work (which is distinguished as the first of the great projects carried out under the National irrigation act), it is necessary to get a comprehensive idea of the region known only forty years ago as The Great American Desert, and now better known as The Great Interior Basin. This area, roughly triangular in shape, with the apex to the south, was once supposed to present an insuperable barrier to Western



*Congressional Party Investigating the Headworks on the Carson River, Nevada, Carson Project.*

of hay have rewarded the irrigators, and most of the old settlers have been satisfied to continue as in the past. Late comers settling in the valleys under canals designed for practical farming have furnished proof of the fertility of the soil by producing a wide variety and heavy yields of crops. Their success affords a promise of even greater yields when the vast areas which have been segregated are placed under a comprehensive irrigation system, such as the Government has now in operation in the Carson Sink.

development, and a protection from invasion from that direction. Each great continent has an interior region without outlet to the ocean. The central basin of the South American continent is half again as large as the North American; the Australian is seven times as great; the African Sahara about six times, and that of Eurasia is no less than twenty-three times as large as our own.

Small as the great basin of this continent is as compared with others, it is still of considerable extent, embracing the whole of Ne-

vada, about half of Utah, a strip along the eastern border of California, and a large area in the southern portion of that state, the southeastern part of Oregon and portions of Idaho and Wyoming. Its extreme length is about 880 miles and its extreme width in the latitude of Salt Lake City about 572 miles. Its total area is about 210,000 square miles. Where the basin is broadest the general elevation of the low lands is about 3,000 feet. A central elevated region divides the desert into two areas of relative

salt industry is already a source of wealth at Salt Lake, as also is the borax industry farther south, but the soda, potash, magnesia and sulphate industries are yet undeveloped. The soil of either region is rich and fertile beyond credence when watered.

*The Mormons Conquer the Desert.*

In 1847, a generation ago, the Mormons, seeking a new home in the wilderness, settled in the eastern depression of the Great Basin, and have transformed part of it by



*A Glimpse of the Ditch Near Fallon, Nevada.*

depression, the Salt Lake region on the east and Carson on the west. Southward there is an irregular descent to and even below sea level, in what was once known as the Salton Sea, and now as the Imperial Valley. The only rivers in this region of interior drainage either flow into lakes which have no outlet, or lose themselves in sands, so that the salts and alkali set free by the decomposition of the soil cannot here be washed down and lost in the ocean, but are deposited in lakes and sinks whence they can be recovered. The

irrigation into a fertile garden spot. About 90,000 acres in the western or Carson Basin are already under cultivation through private enterprise, and the area within reach of the Truckee and Carson River waters, exclusive of that already under cultivation, comprises about 460,000 acres.

Following the settlement and subjugation of the eastern portion of the Great Basin by the Mormons, less than forty years ago, the great triangle was traversed in its broadest part by the first transcontinental railway, the

and the great barrier to Western development was broken down. The Great American Desert disappeared from the map. The Great Basin is now traversed throughout its length and breadth by several railways. Each angle of this triangle is occupied by great irrigated areas or irrigation projects.

The great plains and mountains bordering these areas once supported abundant herds of buffalo and antelope, which in turn supported the great aboriginal tribes which inhabited this region. The extinction of the wild game was soon followed by the introduction of domestic herds of cattle and by a

area is included in farms, and only 0.8 per cent is improved. Of the total value of crops in 1899 hay and forage contributed 71.6 per cent, cereals 16.3 per cent, vegetables 10.2 per cent, fruits and nuts 0.9 per cent; all other products 1 per cent.

These facts emphasize the fact that agriculture in Nevada up to the present time is simply an adjunct to stockraising, and accords with the present paucity of population. There is, however, no reason why the western depression of the Great Basin should not raise equally varied products, be as intensely farmed, and fully as densely popu-



*A New Home in the Desert and Its First Crop.*

period of overgrazing. Sheep followed the cattle and completed the work of destruction. The homesteader in turn followed the sheep; cereals were planted where bunchgrass had once flourished, and long, scattering ribbons of population began to follow the course of the streams.

Nevada is the driest of the arid states, is the most thinly populated state in the Union, 0.4 per square mile, and has the largest percentage of unoccupied land. Its area, 109,240 square miles, is equal to that of Italy, which has a population 750 times as great. Only 3.7 per cent of Nevada's

land is cultivated, and the remainder is related as the eastern, or Salt Lake, depression.

Under the Government system of irrigation in Nevada the farm units are forty and eighty acres. The lands in private ownership which are to receive water from this system, under the provisions of the law, must be divided into tracts of not more than 160 acres. These relatively small farm units insure intensive cultivation and compact communities. With the tremendous rise in land values sure to follow the inauguration of the Government system, large areas now devoted solely to the production of wild hay

will naturally be divided and disposed of to small owners. As conditions of soil, climate and water supply are fully as favorable in this portion of Nevada as in Salt Lake Valley for the support of population, it is reasonable to predict that this now sparsely settled region will soon maintain a proportionate population.

In the State of Utah eight counties in the oldest settled portion, Cache, Weber, Salt Lake, Utah, San Pete, Box Elder, Davis and Juab, contained at the last census an irrigated acreage of 348,125, and a population of 197,959. An estimate of the capacity for

*The Truckee-Carson Project.*

The works which have been completed will rejuvenate Carson Sink Valley and mark an epoch in Nevada's upbuilding. This valley occupies the bed of ancient Lake Lahontan, which in comparatively recent geologic times extended over a vast area. In 1849 the old Overland Trail crossed it and the path of the gold-seekers is marked by many melancholy reminders. Bleaching skeletons of horses and cattle furnish somber evidences of the trials and privations of the adventurers. In excavating many miles of canals the steam shovels have disinterred the bones of



*Leveling and Preparing the Land for Irrigation.*

population of the portion of Nevada which will be available for settlement on the completion of the Truckee-Carson project, and including the area already irrigated, based on the present population of the above counties of Utah, gives over 490,000 people, or more than ten times the population of the entire state at the last census.

Mines decrease in value as their store of precious metals is exhausted, and do not tend to create many permanent and attractive homes. By irrigation and intensive farming the utmost capacity for the maintenance of population is reached.

those who perished of thirst. It is a sad thought that their sufferings and untimely end were unnecessary, for we know now that only a few feet beneath these burning sands water pure and sweet is found all over the valley at depths varying from eight to twenty feet. In several places the grave-diggers were actually within a few feet of an inexhaustible supply of the precious fluid, for want of which they were perhaps even then suffering intensely. But this is one of the tragedies of the desert—a tragedy, however, which will never be enacted in that valley again.



*One of the Tunnels in the Main Canal.*

The present works provide for the irrigation of approximately 200,000 acres of land, seventy-five per cent of which belongs to the Government. The average elevation is about 4,000 feet above sea level. The principal town is Fallon, which lies almost in the center of the tract to be irrigated. This thriving little city, which today has a population of 1,000 and is the terminus of a branch of the transcontinental line, three years ago possessed a population of sixteen people. Its very rapid growth is due entirely to the work of the Government.

The climate of this section of Nevada is healthful, being essentially an outdoor climate, mild in the extreme and especially favorable for persons with pulmonary troubles.

The soils are of many varieties. The bench lands are sandy, well drained, and many sections are protected from frost and suitable to the growing of finely flavored



*Waste Hole on One of the Main Laterals.*

fruits of the hardy varieties. The bottom lands are heavier in texture and adapted to growing alfalfa, grains, vegetables and the raising of stock. The crops that can be grown under these conditions of soil and climate are too numerous to recount. Alfalfa will yield from five to seven tons to the acre. Kafir corn, milo maize, Indian corn, millet and wheat grass are adapted to conditions here. Wheat yields about thirty-five bushels, barley fifty bushels and oats seventy-five bushels per acre. Recent experiments indicate that corn can be grown here yielding from thirty to sixty bushels per acre. Apples, pears, peaches, plums, apricots and cherries all do well, and there are several areas of bench lands around the borders of the valley that promise to become valuable as fruit lands. A few sugar beets have been raised in the valley and these have tested so



*Ditch Lined With Concrete to Carry an Entire River—the Truckee.*

high that it is more than probable a beet sugar factory will be built in the valley within a year or two. All root crops and vines do especially well—potatoes, tomatoes, squash and cucumbers are prolific bearers. Many tons of potatoes are annually shipped into Fallon and from there to the mines, selling at Fallon at two cents a pound. One man sold \$1,500 worth of tomatoes from one acre in 1906. Small fruits do exceedingly well, strawberries ripen early and are of fine quality; melons and cantaloupes are prolific bearers and in quality and flavor are unsurpassed. The demand for such crops is very great. Watermelons retailed at fifty cents apiece in Fallon all during the season of 1906. The stock industry, especially the



Main Carson Canal.



The Settlers' First Crop of Potatoes, 1906.

hog industry, promises to be a paying business. There is a packing house at Reno to which hogs are shipped from as far east as Nebraska. Dairying, poultry and bee farming are other lines in which success is assured to those who conduct such enterprises in a business-like fashion.

The most hopeful feature in this section is the market outlook. The local output of all classes of agricultural products has never been sufficient to meet the local demands and the market is growing more rapidly than the production. Gold mining is being extensively developed and in the nearby camps of Fairview and Wonder, as well as in the old-established districts of Goldfield and Tonopah the Carson farmers find a ready market for their produce at the highest prices. The growth of towns within the valley promises a constant increase in the demand for home products. The Carson Sink Valley is as near to San Francisco as West Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky are to the Atlantic seaports, and is nearer to California's great market than the city of Los Angeles.

If you are looking for a home with your own vine and fig tree, Carson Sink Valley offers the opportunity. Here in an atmosphere that breathes health, under skies that are nearly always cloudless, in an environment that brings high ideals, clean thoughts and pure living, you can rear your children and lay the foundations deep for your future prosperity and happiness. It will require work, hard work, before the victory is won. It will require some money—how much depends largely upon the individual and his

family. Perhaps a few will succeed with less than \$1,000 in cash and equipment. An investment of that amount, backed by industry, should be rewarded in a few years by comparative independence. One qualification needed is a practical knowledge of farming; not necessarily irrigation farming, for both the Reclamation Service and the Department of Agriculture have their experts on hand to instruct the new farmer in methods of applying water.

Lands may be secured in three ways—by purchase from present owners, by purchase from the railway, and by making a homestead entry on public land under the terms of the reclamation act. Any citizen who has not exercised his homestead right is entitled to file upon a farm unit under the terms of the reclamation law. There is nothing here to invite the speculator. You can not get a farm unless you live on it and cultivate it. It is a rare opportunity for the *bona fide* and industrious settler. A filing fee of \$12 is the only money which it is necessary to advance when making an entry. The water right costs \$26 per acre of land susceptible of irrigation. This money is to be paid in ten annual installments, without interest, the first payment becoming due after the water has been supplied throughout one crop season.

For some time there will be plenty of employment at good wages for laborers and men with horses and wagons. The Government engineer at Fallon, Nevada, is prepared to furnish any and all information desired by intending settlers.



*A Group of Sikhs Who Have Just Arrived From the Far East.*

# The Hindu Invasion

A New Immigration Problem

By Fred Lockley

WANTED — 200 HINDOOS WANT MILL work, or work of any kind. Apply by letter to Ar Singh, Sargeant, care of Hindoo boss. —Want ad. in British Columbia newspaper.

**H**AVE you ever watched a band of sheep in a rocky and barren field, pastured till the grass has been eaten down to the roots? You will see the sheep gather near the fence and look longingly at the luxuriant bunch-grass in the next field, while they march back and forth along the line fence in hope of finding a chance to get into the grassy pasture. Presently some old ewe, her faculties made keen by hunger, will discover a loosened wire where she can wriggle under the barb-wire fence. How long do you suppose it will be, if you do not mend the gap, till the green field is dotted with hungry sheep making the most of their opportunity?

India, densely populated, plague-smitten, famine-stricken, is that overcrowded and over-pastured field; British Columbia and the United States are the green fields toward which the ever-hungry hordes of India are eagerly looking. They have found the gap and are pouring in. Will the rest follow

their leaders in an overwhelming flood? Will India, with her 296,000,000 population, of whom more than 100,000,000 are always on the verge of starvation, become an immigration menace?

Who are these tawny-skinned, black-bearded, turbaned Asiatics? Do we want them? Have they come to stay? Are they desirable immigrants? Shall we welcome them or oppose their coming? These questions and a score more of similar import are being asked by the citizens of our Northern neighbor, British Columbia. The question became acute when over two thousand Sikhs and Hindus were landed at Vancouver and Victoria last Fall.

During the past few days I have been endeavoring to find the answer to some of the above questions by interviewing American and Canadian immigration officials, the officers of railway and steamboat lines, workmen, capitalists, politicians, sawmill owners and other large employers of labor, British army officers who have retired after having spent half their lifetime in India, as well as the Sikhs and Hindus in Vancouver, Victoria, Port Townsend, New Westminster and Port Moody.



The more one studies the question the more one is brought to a realization of its complex and far-reaching character. It is a question of such serious import and one involving such grave consequences that it should not be used as political capital in party discussion nor settled in the heat of debate between Liberal or Conservative of British Columbia. It is a question to be decided only after the most thorough discussion, not only of the present aspects of the case, but of its future relations to the welfare of the country. Laying aside all preju-

a section of land in wheat and the owner of the adjacent field lets his land become foul with Russian thistle and tarweed. You know that the wind-carried seeds from his weed-infested fields will cause you serious trouble. You dont shrug your shoulders and say, "If he wants to raise a crop of weeds instead of wheat, that is his affair." If British Columbia is threatened with an invasion of undesirable Asiatic laborers we are vitally interested, since these Sikhs and Hindus, being British subjects, may enter freely into the United States. Not only *may* but *will*,



The "Home" of a Party of East Indians.

dice, either for or against Asiatic labor, it should be settled on its merits on the broad plane of statesmanship.

It is not for us to be indifferent. It will not do for us to shrug our shoulders and say, "We have troubles of our own. The influx of Hindu laborers is a question for British Columbia to settle." Suppose you have a band of sheep on their Summer range in the mountains and another sheepman comes into your territory or upon the adjacent range with a band of scabby sheep. Self-interest causes you to make an immediate and vigorous protest, does it not? Suppose you have

as most of them are looking toward our coast states as their land of promise. Already more than four hundred have settled in Oregon, Washington and California. Those who are here write glowing letters to their fellow-countrymen in British Columbia and the Punjab, so it behooves us to be very much interested in their coming. Before entering into the question of the causes which led to their crossing the sea, it will be well to inquire who they are and whence they come.

In that most ancient of classics, the Veda, we read, "*Aham blūmin adadam Aryaya,*" "I gave the earth to Arya."

"Who is Arya that he should be given the earth?" you ask. Look in your mirror and you will have your question answered, for you yourself are a part of the answer.

Arya, or to use the more familiar term, the Aryan race, embraces in its western division not only us who speak the English tongue, but also the Greeks, the Italians, the Celts, the Slavonians and the Teutons and, in the Far East, it includes the Iranians and the Hindus. Thus it will be seen the Hindus are our kinsmen. I can see you are balking at that term "kinsmen" as applied to the Hindus; yet, no matter how much you may wish to repudiate the bond that binds us to them by the ties of blood relationship, the proof is too convincing to be set aside. Were we to disregard all historical evidence our language alone would be proof sufficient to establish our common origin. Many of our most familiar words trace their lineage in an unbroken line to the Sanskrit roots. Such words as God, mother, home, son, heart and tears, as well as scores of others, are from root words which, in a slightly modified form, are still in use in India.

When we lived together in our early home in Western Asia, two thousand years or so before Christ, we spoke a common language, but, with increasing numbers, our fertile plains and valleys became crowded and we began pushing our borders onward and outward and, because we were more intelligent and enterprising than the bordering non-Aryan tribes and were their superiors in the use of arms, we overcame them and pushed our outposts throughout Central India, and from there we went further and further afield till we had overrun all Europe. On account of our removal from our early home, and because communication with it became more and more infrequent till it ceased altogether, new words crept into our language and old words, by a gradual transition, changed their form till we had evolved from our parent tongue many new dialects. Now, after the lapse of forty centuries, our kinsmen in the Far East are turning their faces westward. Here and there a tiny crevice has appeared in the dam that has held them in check for so long. They are trickling through in a slight and apparently insignificant stream



*Group of Sikhs Who Are Employed in One of the Lumber Mills at Port Moody, British Columbia. Most of These Men Are ex-Soldiers and Are Hardy and Courageous.*

into the Western lands, but will the stream gradually enlarge till it floods our land and menaces our institutions?

At Port Townsend I said to the United States immigration officer: "Suppose these Hindus prove undesirable. How can we keep them out?"

"The two-dollar head tax and the price of a ticket from Vancouver or Victoria is all they require to come in," he replied.

At Victoria one of the Canadian immigration officials, in answer to my question, said: "Can they come in? Certainly they can come

it's so bally cold for 'em. What they ought to do is to go to Southern California, Arizona or New Mexico, where they would find climatic conditions similar to their own country. I hate to see them stand around here shivering in their thin cotton clothes. They're apt to catch the pneumonia, dont you know. California would suit them to a T."

That, of course, may all be very true. California might suit them to a T. But would they suit California to a T is a question also to be considered.



*East Indians at the Depot, Where They Are Being Held by the City Officials, Preparing Their Supper of Rice Cakes.*

in. They are British subjects, so how are you going to keep them out? We impose a head tax on the Chinese of \$500, which serves to keep them out, and as to the Japs, we have no trouble with them, for the Japanese government, in addition to being proud and sensitive, is very wise in that regard. They have asked us if we wish a limited number, none at all, or a good many of their people, and they regulate the immigration in accordance with our wishes. As for these East Indians, this is no climate for them. I'm sorry for the poor beggars, dont you know;

The American immigration officials in British Columbia put the case in this way: "As we have no discretion in the matter of their admission, they being British subjects, the only thing we can do is to enforce the regulations very strictly and endeavor to keep out the least desirable of the applicants for admission." Out of the six hundred or more who have applied so far for admission into the United States, nearly one-third have had the cabalistic letters L. P. C. or D. C. D. placed opposite their names and in consequence have been refused admission. The

letters L. P. C. signify that the intending immigrant is liable to become a public charge, either through old age, slight physique, or through want of means, while the letters D. C. D. indicate that the immigrant has a dangerous contagious disease, the most common form of which is trachoma, a disease of the eyes, contagious and difficult of cure. The third and last chance to keep out an undesirable person is to prove that he is seeking entrance in violation of the alien contract-labor law. If the applicant for admission to our shores can steer his barque without coming to grief on these three rocks in the entrance he has clear sailing.

About four years ago six Sikhs who had been working in Hongkong and other Chinese treaty ports, having heard from the sailors of the scarcity of labor in British Columbia, came to Vancouver. With their swarthy skin, erect and military bearing and picturesque garb, they attracted considerable attention and were made welcome, and given work at what, to them, was fabulous wages—a dollar and a half a day. It was not strange that they wrote of their good fortune to their friends at home and said that they had discovered a land of gold at the edge of the Western sea. By twos and threes, by dozens and scores, the East Indians began coming to Vancouver till, by the middle of last October, there were 1,486 in Vancouver and vicinity. The workmen were becoming uneasy as more and more of the turbaned laborers were seen at work in the mills. When word

came that thousands more were coming and that six or seven hundred were then in transit it served to further intensify the feeling of uneasiness, and it only needed the arrival of the *Empress of Japan*, October 15, with a large number of Hindus aboard to crystalize the feeling of uneasiness into one of active hostility. A Canadian Pacific steamer arriving soon thereafter landed its cargo of over 300 Orientals at Victoria instead of Vancouver. The East Indians who had arrived on the *Empress of Japan* were placed in the detention shed for examination by the immigration officials. Right here, however, the City of Vancouver stepped in and took a hand in the game. The Mayor of Vancouver ordered the police force to guard the detention shed and to see that not a single Hindu be allowed access to the city. As the regulation of immigration is a prerogative of the government, this move on the city's part brought it into immediate conflict with the Dominion government. Next to become involved in the vexed problem were the Canadian Pacific Railway and the city officials. The City Clerk served notice on Mr. R. Marpole, the general superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, that the city police had been instructed to prevent any of the East Indians from leaving the detention sheds. Mr. Marpole in his reply refused to co-operate with the city in detaining or deporting the East Indians, and said:

I write to say that this company cannot in any way accede to the request contained in your letter. So long as the passengers on the company's vessels comply with the immigration laws of Canada, and pass the inspection of the Dominion Government officials, the company has no right to detain them. The city will have to take the risk of any action the city may take, and damages resulting therefrom.

At the meeting of the City Council that evening, October 15, Mr. Marpole's letter was read. The reading of this letter led to some very spirited debate. One of the Aldermen, who has the reputation of being somewhat impetuous, suggested shipping all the Hindus to Ottawa, so that the question would be up to the Dominion government in a concrete form. He further advised that the Mayor be authorized to cut the hawser of the *Empress of Japan* to prevent the landing of the East Indians. Calmer counsel,



Crew of Chinese, Japanese and East Indians at Sawmill in New Westminster.



*Hindus in the Detention Shed, Awaiting the Settlement of the Vexed Question of Their Admission to British Columbia.*

however, prevailed, and the following telegrams were written, signed by the Mayor, and sent to Winston Churchill, Colonial Secretary at London, and to the Colonial Secretary at Hongkong:

East Indians being shipped to British Columbia in large numbers under misrepresentation respecting state of labor market. Feeling very acute against people responsible, as liable to be large mortality among destitutes. Please take such action as you deem necessary to prevent further shipments.

Another, even more emphatic, was cabled to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which read:

City of Vancouver will not stand for any further dumping of East Indians here. Mass meeting called to consider active preventive measures unless definite authoritative assurance received that Government has prohibited importation of these undesirable immigrants.

In answer to these messages the Colonial Secretary of Hongkong replied:

Indians mostly in transit from India. Ad-

vised you should ask Canadian Government to approach Government of India.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier answered:

With reference to your telegram, Government not prepared at this moment to take action. Will wait for further communication on the matter.

These answers not proving very satisfactory, on October 18 a mass meeting was held at the City Hall, at which Mayor Bascombe and others spoke in strong terms on the subject under discussion, some of the speakers being greeted with cheers and others with hisses. Finally the following resolution was passed with a shout of assent by the large audience:

Whereas, from reports appearing in the public press the present immigration of East Indians may be taken as a mere indication of a much greater influx of this class of labor.

Be it resolved, that the Dominion Government is respectfully requested to take immediate action toward determining whether or

not further immigration shall be allowed, such immigration being, in the opinion of this meeting, against the best interests of this country.

These telegrams and the action of the mass meeting indicate the attitude of the city officials and of a majority of the citizens of Vancouver on the question of the coming of the Hindus yet, as most questions have two sides, this is no exception to the rule.

Having interviewed men of many opinions, let me, first of all, give the viewpoint of the workingman, after which that of the employer.

Here is, in brief, the way in which the workingman looks at the subject: "British Columbia is a white man's country. The coming of hordes of Asiatic laborers will keep wages down and crowd the white man to the wall, since a white man cannot nor will not come down to the Asiatic laborer's low standard of living. Forty or fifty of them will live in a house that rents for \$18 or \$20 a month. Forty or fifty white laborers means a score of families, each one living in its own home and a score of men to stay at the boarding-houses or restaurants. These Hindus pay less than a dollar a month apiece for rent, and they board themselves, so you see a white man would starve at wages which mean wealth to a Hindu. We believe they are being brought in, or at least encouraged to come, by the big corporations, railway companies, sawmills and other large employers of labor, who are already making use of large numbers of Chinese and Japanese laborers. The reason they like this class of labor is: Because such laborers will accept the wages which are offered; they will do the same work as a white man for less money; and they do not belong to labor unions and can thus be dealt with as individuals; thus enabling capital to keep their wages down and make larger profits. We do not believe in the importation of laborers who will not make citizens. Of course, the millmen will tell you that they must have cheap labor, and that the employment of coolie labor will give work at higher wages to white men as time-keepers and foremen. That was the argument in your country when the South imported the black man from Africa. They needed cheap labor to develop the country. They got the cheap labor and your country got a war, resulting entirely from your dif-

ference of opinion on the extension of this cheap labor to new states, which cost you the lives of hundreds of thousands of the flower of your land, both North and South, and in which you poured out millions of treasure in a way that was worse than wasted, and which left you a race problem festering under the skin like a cancer and constantly breaking out in lynchings and other forms of lawlessness. We, on this side of the line, want to avoid your experience. We don't want cheap labor at that price. We want living wages and white laborers, for this is and must ever remain a white man's country."

Now, on the other hand, the employer says:

"British Columbia's resources are practically untouched. To develop her material resources we must have labor. Railroads are to be constructed, forests leveled, cities built, trees converted into lumber and shingles, mines opened up and scores of other industries await but the touch of labor to transform our country into a land of unexampled prosperity. We are eagerly seeking labor. If the white man wants work, why don't he come forward? The trouble is that they are so independent they won't work except on terms dictated by themselves and, even when we are compelled to yield to their exacting demands, we frequently have to run so short-handed every Monday, waiting for the men to sober up, that it seriously cripples us. Look at the Cariboo district. It is calling for hundreds of men, and calling in vain. Do you suppose we would employ Asiatics who neither understand English nor our method of work if we could secure satisfactory white help? We have to take what is offered. If you lay off our Japs, Chinese and other Asiatic laborers our industries will be paralyzed from lack of workmen. Regardless of a man's religion or the color of his skin, we give him work. If he can make good he stays. It is merely a question of the survival of the fittest. As for these Hindus, they have not come to stay. They merely desire to lay up a few hundred dollars and then return to India, so why should we not employ them?"

The politician regards them as a menace, since they can, by declaring intention to make British Columbia their home, after a month's residence in a district, acquire the right to vote. "The question would not be so serious," said one politician, "were it not for

the Conservatives. They would do anything to get into power. In close districts you can readily understand the temptation it will be to them to urge the millowners to have their Hindu employees throw their votes to that party and so defeat the Liberal party, which is, of course, the party of progress and reform."

The next politician approached on the subject also had grave fears. "Personally I have no fear of a Hindu invasion," he said, "but I see one grave danger in the coming of these people. The Liberal party, I grieve

so the political boss haled Tim before him. "What is this I hear? The papers are charging us with crookedness and political corruption. How about it?" he asked.

"In the first place it's a lie," Tim answered. "There was no corruption. In the next place you need have no fear that the Democratic party suffered from what corruption there was, for we polled twenty-six more votes than there are voters in our precinct."

In my inquiries I constantly heard the charge made that there was some capitalistic



*Sikhs and Hindus Who Are Employed in the Mills.*

to state, will not hesitate to do things which no self-respecting Conservative would stoop to do and I greatly fear that if they needed a few votes in a close district they would not scruple to corrupt the purity of the ballot by the use of money. If you knew the Liberals as I do you would tremble to put this temptation in their way."

I could not help being reminded of a certain precinct committeeman whose brogue was as broad as his democracy was deep. The papers came out with red headlines after the election, charging fraud and corruption,

organization back of the influx of East Indians. If reiteration of a statement would lead to belief in it I would have to believe it true; however, I believe the charge is absolutely without foundation. In all my inquiries among the Sikhs I could find no evidences of it.

"No work at home. Too many people. High wages here. My cousin write and tell me, so I come," was the tenor of their reply.

Colonel Warren, a retired British army officer, who served for twenty years in India and understands Hindustani and Punjabi, has

talked to at least five hundred of them, asking this question, and he has failed to find one who has been solicited to come. Said a very bright native of the Punjab, who has traveled extensively throughout Asia and who is from the same district whence these men come:

"Hunger, actual hunger, is what is bringing my fellow-countrymen here. In India the wages are low, unbelievably low, so low that it is hard work to keep body and soul together. During times of famine the British government gives relief work, paying four cents a day to the men and three cents a day to the women. For work on the streets and similar work the usual wage is about \$2.25 a month. Naturally these men who have seen other parts of the world realize that they can do better away from home and hence come here. They prefer to come to a country under the British flag, for many of them have fought for that flag in the hill wars in India, in Egypt, in the Boxer troubles in China, and in the Boer war in South Africa. They see the English people received gladly and welcomed royally in India, and they suppose that, having borne the brunt of England's wars in the Far East, they will be welcome wherever the British flag is flying. But it seems they are mistaken. I have traveled all over Asia and I have not heard a word or read a notice in all my travels inviting my countrymen to come to Canada. They have heard of this as a country where a man has all he needs to eat, so they come."

Henry N. Gladstone, a nephew of the eminent statesman, William E. Gladstone, while in Vancouver a few months ago, said:

It is amazing to me that these Sikhs will come over here to do coolie labor. They are men of very high caste in their own country and have been employed in military work. These men work in India as policemen and military patrol. I was for fifteen years in India, and it is a matter of keen interest to me to see these men coming to Canada to do manual labor. Not many years ago it was against the rule of their caste to travel overseas, but their work as soldiers of the Empire has broken them away from this idea.

You need have very little fear in British Columbia that they will not assimilate. If I have any knowledge of them they do not want to assimilate. They will make a little money among you and then slip back to their own people. At home they get about ten

shillings a month and save money on it. If they get \$1.50 a day here they will soon make a fortune and go home again. A couple of hundred dollars is a fortune to them and, living as they do, they can save that amount in a short time. The Sikhs are scrupulously clean and I regard them as a very fine race of men.

Dr. Munro, the Canadian immigration inspector at Vancouver, in speaking of the Hindus and Sikhs, said:

"I believe that much of the dissatisfaction as to the work of the Sikhs has arisen from the fact that they are unfamiliar with our tools. Though they have never used an ax in their lives, they are given one and told to work in the timber. Until they become accustomed to its use they cannot do as much work as an experienced man, and because they cannot they are condemned for poor workmen. Another thing which stood in the way of their making good at once was that they went to work almost immediately after landing from a long sea voyage. They had been seasick and were weak and not up to their usual form. Another serious handicap is that when a few of them are hired in a lumber camp the boss expects them to eat what the Chinese cook prepares for the crew. Pork and beans, corn-beef and cabbage are set before them, and they will have none of it. To a Hindu pork is an abomination, and he would rather die than touch it. The cow is their sacred animal, and it is a sin unforgivable to touch it as a food. This condition of affairs puts the East Indian at a serious disadvantage. He prefers to prepare his own food; his staples are rice, bread, milk, fruits and vegetables, and he would much rather starve than eat what is forbidden by his religious beliefs."

I asked the police department as to the character of the East Indians. "They give us absolutely no trouble," was their report. Six of the Sikhs were arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct and assault and battery, the complaining witness being a white man. During the trial it developed that the white man, while drunk, had entered one of their houses and, going into a room where six of them were quartered, and seeing their headdresses he had decided they must belong to members of the fairer sex, whereupon he immediately had embraced one of them and so vigorous was his love-making and so fervent were his kisses that the disgusted Oriental had thrown him out and when he tried



to force his way in again, he had been roughly repulsed. The case was dismissed.

Of the East Indians now in British Columbia a considerable number are Sikhs, a semi-religious organization which has been in existence for the past four hundred years or more. They differ from the Hindus in combining the leading doctrines of Brahminism and Mohammedism. They are splendid warriors, and were not subdued and annexed to Great Britain till 1849. The boys marry on reaching the age of from fourteen to sixteen years, their wives being younger by several years, so it follows, as a matter of course, that practically all of the Sikhs in British Columbia are married and have families in India. At New Westminster I knocked at the door of a long, red, shed-like building, where a score or more of Sikhs were quartered. A gray-bearded Sikh opened the door, and with a courtly bow motioned me to come in. The air was so cold that you could see your breath. Built about the sides of the room were shelves upon which they slept. On each of these shelves sat a Sikh wrapped in a blanket. Sitting cross-legged on these shelf-like beds, with their huge turbans, their dark skin, their black beards and their impassive faces, they looked like a collection of terra cotta statuettes such as you may buy at a curio store for paper weights.

One of the number responded to my question: "My name is Sergeant Singh. There are forty-four of us at this mill, but even now the ice locks the river and we may not work."

I asked if he and his people were good workers, and were thrifty. Reaching under the matting on his bed, he took out a package wrapped carefully in many folds of cloth. Taking out a small, black, leather-bound memorandum book, he said, with a radiant and dazzling smile: "This will prove. See, herein you may behold what many men have written of me; you may examine this, my character book," and he held it out to me.

Opening the book at random, I read aloud: "This is to certify I have known Singh for some time and he is not nearly as bad as he looks."

Singh beamed with satisfaction. "Ah, is it not so, as I told you? All are like that. All say I am honest and work hard."

I turned the leaves over idly and saw that

army officers in India, merchants in Australia, bankers in Hongkong, all had testified that Singh was industrious, trustworthy and would do as he promised.

At another house where the Hindus were quartered I knocked. The door was opened and instantly, at sight of me, seven or eight Sikhs in the room sprang to attention and with heels together, bodies erect and hand at turban in salute they stood as if caste in bronze.

"Is Ram Chand in?" I asked. Six heads nodded in unison and one of the number called a message in Punjabi to someone in the back room. A moment later a slender



*Two Sikhs on Dress Parade.*

young lad, beardless and with closely-cropped hair, stepped into the room.

"Is it for me you have enquire?" he asked.

Telling him my errand, I asked him several questions. He translated the questions to his fellow-countrymen. A moment's excited talk ensued. He turned to me and said:

"They ask me to petition you to make known to them for why you wish this information. It is very particular you do not cause to be published anything which will cause to promote prejudice against our race. We do not understand why your people look at us with hard faces and feel angry with us. We wish to enquire that you enlighten

us what they say we have done. We wish to secure respect to the end that we be good citizens, so they petition you not to cause to be published that which is not so."

I told them I would endeavor to "cause to be published" only the truth. I asked Ram Chand why he wore no turban or beard as the others did.

"I am Ram Chand," he said, proudly, "a Brahmin, which is of the highest caste of all castes in India. You see I talk English very exact since I go to the university in my own land. My caste is the same as your caste here of padres or priests. Of our caste we wear not the turban, we cut the hair as with me, we wear not the beard, we eat the flesh of no creature. We may not eat that which has had life. It is forbidden. These Sikhs here, they may eat flesh, as of the hare, the deer, the mutton, but not of the buffalo, the bullock or the cow, that is sacred—that they may not eat."

I asked if these others were Sudras. He translated my question, and instantly the smiling and attentive Sikhs started an uproar which seemed to increase rather than abate. I asked Ram Chand what seemed to be the trouble.

"You have asked them a question which is a very great insult. They say to tell you the Sudras are of the lowest caste, coolies, so low that these men here may not associate with them without loss of caste. These are of the Rajput and the Vaisyas caste, soldiers and farmers. This man's uncle owns a large farm in India, where in one year he grew \$500 worth of crops. Sudras are like the dogs, and wander from place to place and starve. These are not Sudras. Our castes in chief are the Brahmins, which is my caste; the Rajputs, the warriors; the Vaisyas or the farmers, and below all are the Sudras. In my country it is not the custom that the high caste work, there the Brahmins do no labor, but here I see it is not so disgraceful to labor with the hands, so I desire to be conformed to the customs of the country that I may not create prejudice against my people, so I lay aside my caste obligations and I labor. Always on all former times my hands were soft, but no longer are they so since I handle boards at the mill where I labor."

By this time a dozen or fifteen of the Sikhs had gathered in the room. As the questions were translated to them they would

discuss them with animation and finally refer them to one of their number, a stately and dignified Sikh, gray-bearded, slender, with a finely-cut face and with the bearing of a soldier. Had you taken off his turban and changed the color of his skin you would have taken him for a general or some distinguished statesman. They would give the most respectful attention to his terse comments, nod their heads in assent, and then I would get my answer. When I left they followed me out into the yard to bid me good-bye. They made such an effective group against the white background of the snow that I took my kodak from my pocket and leveled it at them, thinking to get a picture. They scattered like a covey of quail, while Ram Chand, who had taken refuge behind me, said excitedly:

"It is desired that you be caused to hesitate briefly, my fellow-countrymen desire to make sufficient preparation for their portrait, as it is very particular we make a good appearance so not to cause a bad impression. It is desired you hesitate so they will make a more neat appearance."

A moment or two later they appeared, some clad in Hongkong police uniforms, while others had on their army coats, those not up to the mark in the way of good appearance being rigorously excluded from the picture.

At the Rat-Portage mill I watched the Hindus at work. They seemed to be competent and industrious. Those who know them best say they are obedient, faithful, respectful and exceedingly loyal, or "faithful to their salt," as they term it. One of the Sikhs who is working for Colonel Warren for \$25 a month, and who reads and writes English, was offered \$3 a day to work as time-keeper and overseer in one of the saw-mills that employes a large number of East Indians, but he refused to go in spite of the higher wages offered.

In the late Summer a considerable number of Sikhs went into the Cariboo district to work in the mines. In November the weather turned quite cold and the Sikhs, after staying about camp for a day or two, shivering with the cold, struck out afoot for Vancouver, several hundred miles distant and, being old campaigners, they footed it in.

Several of the high-caste Hindus have died during the past Fall in British Columbia and, as it is a defilement to be buried,

they have been cremated according to the prescribed rules of their religion. On November 4, Rudub Singh was killed in one of the sawmills near Vancouver.

Here, far from their native land, his co-religionists gave him his shroud of fire. A pyre of wood and brush was built, and on this the shrouded form of Rudub Singh, liberally sprinkled with butter, was placed; and as the flames leaped up and wrapped the white-robed figure in a garment of flame, the Hindus, in a plaintive minor key, chanted a funeral hymn that was old ere Rome had been thought of.

Here in the new world, as the acrid smoke rolled up from the funeral pyre and lost itself in the overarching boughs of the ever-greens, they chanted:

*Depart thou by the ancient paths to the place of our Fathers. Meet with the ancient ones; meet with the Lord of Death; clothe thyself in thy shining form; depart to the mighty in battle; to the heroes who have laid down their lives for others; to the place of those who have bestowed their gifts upon the poor; depart thou to the place of our Fathers where we also shall soon come.*

It may help us to decide whether the East Indians are desirable immigrants or not by glancing at the conditions which prevail in their home land. It is a land under a curse, or, rather under a threefold curse, that of the caste system, of gaunt-eyed famine, and of poison-breathing plague.

The caste system, with its iron-bound regulations, holds the people of India in its cruel and relentless grasp, and from its decrees there is no appeal. From birth to death the victim of this system is bound hand and foot, for him there is neither liberty, nor hope of freedom. If he is born a Sudra a Sudra he must remain, a thing too low to spit upon, a creature so debased that his mere touch

would defile one of higher caste. There is neither outlook nor uplook for him nor for his children after him; worth, nor wealth, nor energy, nor any other thing can raise him to a higher level, and unlike the other castes he can sink no lower. For he is classed with the dogs and unclean creatures, and is denied all benefit of hope here and hereafter.

More than a hundred million of India's people are always hungry and, weakened by lack of food, have not the power to resist the epidemics which sweep over the land.

Of sanitation they have not the faintest idea, in consequence the water supply is polluted, the very air filled with infected dust.

Millions of people perish in the prolonged agonies of starvation during the frequent famines. In the famine of 1900, which raged throughout the Punjab and the central provinces, more than eight millions of people died from lack of food. These famines are followed by devastating epidemics—cholera, smallpox, fever and the dread bubonic plague, the latter disease alone claiming more than a million and a quarter of victims during the year of 1905. While these diseases originate in the overcrowded and foul slums of India, they threaten the world at large, especially the bubonic plague, which thrives not only in the tropics, but where the thermometer hovers around zero, and which, through the instrumentality of rats, has been brought to Honolulu and San Francisco, to Liverpool and Hongkong.

Do you wonder when you look at India, with its low wages and high taxes, its famines and plagues, its absence of all incentive toward advancement, that the dam which for so long has held the people in check is weakening? Do you wonder that the East Indians are turning their faces westward toward the land of progress and opportunity?



*Two Young Women Who Are Making a Home in the Inland Empire.*

# The Inland Empire

By August Wolf



LIVE and virile, up to the minute.

Probably these seven words describe in an adequate way, if such a thing were possible, the swift and stirring times for the people of the Inland Empire, in which history is being made these days. Important events impend and their progress means momentous years in the annals of the heart of this domain of the interior and in the history of the Northwest. What has been accomplished in the last few years is an epic, the romance of human endeavor, the poem of achievement; what the future holds in store is not in the province of man to compute or foretell with any degree of accuracy, so numerous are the opportunities and so vast the possibilities presented on every hand. There is no menace to health, no bar to wealth in this favored country, where Nature is so bountiful in her offerings and the measure of success obtained rests wholly with those who contribute, in their own way, with brain, muscle or capital in the upbuilding of the communities in which they decide to make their homes.

It is not the purpose of this article to attract settlers to the Northwest, but to tell those in the Middle Western, Southern and Eastern States something of the progress that is being made in the Inland Empire, which, comparatively a few years ago, was a waste of undeveloped lands, rank sagebrush and forest wilds, through which the mighty waters of rivers and falls rushed with no sound save the beatings upon the basalt rocks and walls of weathered marble, and to acquaint them with some facts relative to this part of the young and ever changing West.

While they are zealous in their efforts and jealously guard their enviable reputation as empire builders, it cannot be said, in fact it has never been said that the residents of this interior domain, whether pioneers or new-

comers, are selfish. It is not the spirit, nor is it necessary; there is room and plenty for a population of 50,000,000 in the Inland Empire.

While wheat is unquestionably the king of all the farm products of the Inland Empire, the time is not far distant when diversified agriculture will take the first place. This is apparent on all sides, as large expanses of land are being broken up into tracts of from five to twenty acres, it having been found that by means of the intensified method of farming five acres of land will support the average family, giving them independence, happiness and comfort, while a farm of twenty acres with intelligent effort and industry will yield a competence to its owner.

This is not a theory, but is based upon the actual experiences of men and women who have made and are winning successes in this land of productive capacity, and from this it is taken that with the development of electric interurban railways and irrigation projects, which, in the course of a few years, must bisect the great area, that diversified farming will ultimately exceed in importance all other agricultural interests.

Probably in giving an idea of the proportions of the agricultural industry of the Inland Empire it may be well to mention that in the State of Washington alone the aggregate value of farm products was \$79,800,000 in 1906. The figures for Northern Idaho, Southern British Columbia and Northeastern Oregon have not yet been compiled, but it is safe to say that the returns from these districts are proportionate.

The fruit yield in Washington is given a value of \$12,500,000 for last year, which would mean that in the Inland Empire it aggregated \$20,000,000. That this will continue to increase is indicated by the immense irrigation plants now under construction in various parts of this domain.

The Wenatchee Valley, known as "the home of the big red apple, where dollars

grow on trees," has made rich men in a few years of men who found themselves handicapped because of conditions in the struggle for existence in the Middle and Eastern States, while in the Yakima, Snake River, Okanogan, Columbia River, Grand Ronde Valley, Kootenay and Spokane districts riches are being plucked from trees, vines and bushes. Veritable deserts and sagebrush plains are being made to blossom like the proverbial rose by the intelligent practice of irrigation, and plans now under way mean

thousands of dollars annually to the products of this rich district.

Stock raising, formerly the mainstay of the country, but falling off until the demand for higher grades brought it again into prominence, is another important industry and by intelligent breeding the ranchers are developing as good a grade of blooded stock as is produced anywhere. In cattle, swine and sheep the growers in the Inland Empire have demonstrated some of the possibilities of the country.



*Riverside Avenue, Principal Business Street in Spokane.*

stretches of orchards, fields of melons, berry gardens and vineyards which will be beyond approach in any part of this continent. Among these undertakings are included a 2,000-acre peach orchard in the Methow Valley and contiguous apple orchards, aggregating 25,000 acres, between Otis Orchard and Hayden Lake. The last project, the promoters say, will be fully realized in less than ten years. Sugar-beet culture, which is now being practiced in the Spokane Valley, as well as in many other districts throughout the Inland Empire, is adding hundreds of

Dairying, which netted the farmers of the State of Washington \$9,500,000 a year ago, is yet in its infancy. Sixty thousand cows were used last year, but their products did not supply more than forty per cent of the demands; in fact, competent authorities say there is immediate need for at least 150,000 cows to supply the dairy and creamery demands of Washington alone.

An instance of the rapid development of the dairy industry is perhaps best told by the experience of three young men who left their homes in Galena, Ill., seventeen years ago



*Spokane in 1901. View From the Bluffs in the Southern Part of the City.*

with little more than their railway fares. They had an offer to work the old homestead, but believed there were greater opportunities in the Northwest. They worked early and late, determined to win. How well they succeeded is evidenced by the fact that their farm, incorporated as a company, is clear of debt and represents investments aggregating \$500,000. They paid more than \$1,000,000 to the farmers of the Inland Empire last year for milk alone.

few years will see extensive fields wherever cows or livestock are kept. The most progressive farmers no longer practice the old-time and wasteful method of pasturing the stock, but have found that by the soiling system much better results are obtained.

While Washington is the foremost state in the Union in the production of lumber, the Inland Empire on the whole is not far behind, this being evidenced by the fact that more than 1,000,000,000 feet, board meas-



*Spokane as It Is Today. View From the Bluffs in the Southern Part of the City.*

Profitable dairying in the Northwest carries with it the growing of fodder stuffs, such as alfalfa, grasses and grains. How productive the first named is may be noted that by the ordinary process an acre of land will yield from two to two and a half tons, while under irrigation this is doubled and trebled, and there are instances where from eight to ten tons of alfalfa have been cut on a single acre. As alfalfa thrives in almost any kind of soil it is but natural to conclude that a

ure, was cut last year, its aggregate value, including by-products, being about \$1,000,000. There is sufficient timber in the district to supply the mills for generations. Idaho, which has probably the largest stand of white pine left in this country, will probably cut nearly 400,000,000 feet during the coming year.

Among the chief sources of revenue and probably the Inland Empire's richest asset are its deposits of precious metals. The pro-



duction of the world-famous Coeur d'Alenes reached more than \$25,000,000 in 1906. In Wallace alone more than 5,000 men were employed at wages aggregating \$6,000,000.

Next in importance is the Boundary country, where millions of dollars' worth of ore was taken out. Development work is also progressing in Eastern Washington and Northeastern Oregon. Some of the mines are shipping and others will soon become producers.

No one familiar with the mining situation in the Northwest will make negative reply to the statement that while millions of dollars' worth of metals have been taken out of the hills in the Inland Empire, the greatest part of the country remains unexplored, and that with development it will be among the richest producing districts in the United States. In addition to its rich copper mines there is untold wealth in its gold, silver, lead, zinc and rarer ores. The uncovering of the fabulous wealth is yet in its infancy, and its development will mean a wave of prosperity that has no parallel in the history of the Northwest. All the elements for riches are here; men and machinery are alone necessary to develop them and wrest from the earth the vast treasures, so much in evidence and so easy of access on all sides.

With railways, steam and electric, tapping the various districts, and the development of manufacturing, will come new towns, new life and new industries. In these, investors will find new spheres, while the homeseeker will have congenial surroundings, which make life in the great Northwest worth the living. It is not alone in the development of its immense natural resources that the people of the Inland Empire are concerned; there is the work of building new communities and the improvement and beautifying of those in existence. The transcontinental highways of steel have brought into closer connection the

Atlantic and the Pacific coasts and peoples from every state in the Union and from every country in Europe are building up a typical American population. Trails are being replaced by highways of iron and steel over which steam and electrically propelled coaches, fitted with every convenience, follow the pioneer's long-bodied prairie schooner. While the aborigine is still in evidence on the various reservations, the legendary days of the buffalo and the Indian warrior are all that is left. Comfortable homes of contented people occupy the stamping grounds of the migratory red men, and where once the coyote yelped in the brush and plain, the wheels of industry hum merrily. Activity and enterprise are seen everywhere.

Spokane lies in the heart of the fertile and productive Inland Empire. It is modern in all things, and, while distinctively a city for young men, it is a good place to grow old. It contains 90,000 inhabitants, men, women and children, and their chief aim is Spokane, the City Beautiful. It has various civic organizations, foremost among them being the Chamber of Commerce and its various auxiliaries, and the 150,000 Club. These people do things and their steady application and perseverance has brought adequate rewards to crown their commendable efforts in making Spokane what it is today.

That the tone of the community is good is clearly demonstrated in its religious and educational institutions. Democratic in the highest sense of the term, its people extend a ready welcome to men and women of industry, energy and intelligence who come to aid in developing the natural resources of the country. Conditions are such that it is hard to prophesy as to the future of the city, but, basing one's judgment for the future on the wonderful growth of the past decade, Spokane has a bright future.

# The Editor, Human Interest and Some Books

By Porter Garnett



HE people most easily satisfied are the hardest to please. That is what makes the position of the magazine editor such a difficult one. His task is to give the reading public what it wants, but this necessity of pleasing the multitude is a constant source of anxiety to the editorial mind. This strange creature, the Public, is the most indiscriminating, capricious and fickle of animals. It has no clearly defined standards. What it devours with avidity one year it discards with scorn the next. To gratify this monster, that wishes only to be interested and amused, is a good deal like keeping a baby quiet by timely proffers of pap, jumping-jacks, Teddy-bears, and rattles. This analogy is also borne out by the fact that paregoric and spanking in the form of criticism are woefully ineffectual in stopping the clamor of the brat. If it were the function of the editor to appeal only to persons of esthetic perception and literary taste, his task would be comparatively easy, because his field would then be confined to the really good in literature. His chief worry, in such circumstances, would be the question of supply.

This is what Schopenhauer has to say on the subject, and conditions have not mended since his time:

It is in literature as in life: wherever you turn, you stumble at once upon the incorrigible mob of humanity, swarming in all directions, crowding and soiling everything like flies in Summer. Hence the number which no man can count of bad books, those rank weeds of literature, which draw nourishment from the corn and choke it. The time, money and attention of the public, which rightfully belongs to good books and their noble aims, they take for themselves: they are written for the mere purpose of making money and procuring places, \* \* \* Nine-tenths of the whole

of our present literature has no other aim than to get a few shillings out of the pockets of the public; and to this end author, publisher and reviewer are in league.

Because people always read what is new instead of the best of all ages, writers remain in the narrow circle of the ideas which happen to prevail in their time; and so the period sinks deeper and deeper into its own mire.

There are at all times two literatures in progress, running side by side, but little known to each other; the one real, the other only apparent. The former grows into permanent literature; it is pursued by those who live for science or poetry; its course is sober and quiet, but extremely slow; and it produces in Europe scarcely a dozen works in a century; these, however, are permanent. The other kind is pursued by persons who live on science or poetry; it goes at a gallop, with much noise and shouting of partisans; and every twelvemonth puts a thousand works on the market. But after a few years one asks: "Where are they? Where is the glory which came so soon and made so much clamor?" This kind may be called fleeting, and the other permanent, literature.

The Public does not want the really good in literature, and when the editor gives the Public the really good—as happily he sometimes does—it is either because he nurses the fond delusion that thereby he will educate it to an appreciation of better things, or, having ideals of his own, he permits himself an indulgence. But woe to him if he should be reckless in such expenditures, for if he feed the Public with too many prose truffles or too much of the *rosenwein* of song, it will rise in its wrath and denounce him as recreant to his trust. On the other hand, he must not give it too much bad literature, for the Public *does* know a thing or two, and, moreover, it is prodigiously sensitive and resents being trifled with. So the editor is constantly between the devil and the deep sea. And, as if this were not bad enough, he is perpetually

exposed to the slings and arrows of outraged contributors, and not infrequently to the indignation of the publisher and proprietor, who has ideas of his own as to how the magazine should be run.

The magazine editor like the theatrical manager must have a delicate finger constantly on the pulse of the Public, and he is most successful who best diagnoses its condition. He must take account of every symptom as expressed in the fads of the moment. He must sound the patient's tastes and seek to understand his psychoses. He must deal both in literary pathology and literary therapeutics. He must not only diagnose, he must prescribe. It is not essential that he should be a critic.

The editor of one of the biggest magazines in America once said to me: "I have in mind a composite picture of the readers of our magazine and it forms itself into the Reverend O. P. Dildock, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Ottumwa, Iowa." And this is precisely the case. It is to the Rev. Dildock of Ottumwa that the magazine editor must appeal rather than, let us say, to Mr. Andrew Lang, or Mr. Barrett Wendell.

But the magazine editor is not compelled to tread his thorny path absolutely without guiding lines. In ministering to the wants of the Public he is assisted by two fundamental considerations. These are "human interest" and the writer's reputation. The Public demands human interest and it responds to a reputation. These be things to conjure with.

I have said that it is not essential that an editor should be a critic. If he have the critical instinct it is better that he smother it, for it is of little use in supplying his readers with what they desire, and the exercise of it may work much mischief in effecting the marketable value of his publication. The best proof of the truth of these statements is that while human interest and the writer's reputation are of the greatest importance in the editor's code, in the critic's they are of importance only in a collateral sense. In judging literature as an art the human element is to be taken as evidence only inasmuch as it exhibits an interpretation of consciousness. For such interpretation of consciousness, action and the record of emotion, the common factors of human interest, are not essential; which does not mean, however, that action and the record of

emotion are incompatible with literary art. If in these essays I have seemed to lay much stress upon the importance of style and form, I do not wish to be understood as meaning that style and form are to be all and end all of literature; that the *manner* is the only thing to be considered and that the *matter* is of no importance whatever. Without style and form there can be no literature in the highest sense of the word, but the interpretation of human consciousness is of the greatest importance. Human interest, however, achieved through the transcript of action and the record of emotion and without the artful graces of style and form does not make literature, though the product may make a strong appeal and gain success for its author as a writer of that class of matter which best suits the taste of magazine readers and hence best fulfills the needs of the magazine editor. The tendency, therefore, is to magnify the importance of human interest and to minimize the importance of art. Not only are a great many writers laboring toward this end, but they are being encouraged by publisher, editors, book-reviewers. The common interest of all of these is interest, because interest is the mandate put upon them by their common client, the reading public. The result is that many writers are forced into an angle where they find interest more important than sincerity. Sincerity in art—at all times the rarest of virtues—is becoming, particularly in the department of literature, rarer year by year. Not that there are fewer sincere men of letters, but that the ranks of the literati are suffering accessions of commercially inclined practitioners "soiling everything" as Schopenhauer says, "like flies in Summer." The effect of this swarm of mercenaries is to contaminate many writers of artistic integrity who are forced by competition to adjust their art to the debased standards of the public taste, preserving their ideals only insofar as the very strength of these ideals prevent them from the outright commercializing of their talents. It has come to such a pass that a writer's success depends upon how well he is able to fit himself to the requirements of his audience. Like any other purveyor of commodities, he must feel his market and be ready to respond to the demand. His commercial acumen is his capital.

But there are some writers who do not or

cannot adjust themselves to the public taste; who cannot or will not force themselves to write in any wise other than that which their artistic conscience dictates; in other words, who are sincere. They appeal to the discriminating minority and their productions do not sell, although in point of literary quality they may be better than the best sellers. Such writers occasionally have their stories, essays, or poems printed, but when this occurs it may be put down to one of two reasons. First, if it be a story it is carried not by its literary merit but by its plot, its construction, its human interest; or, second, an editor, appreciating its real worth, is moved to give to it the reward of acceptance, although he knows that it will not suit the public as well as a less worthy production. In other words, he allows himself the occasional indulgence of printing something which he knows to be good rather than popular. The writer who is thus favored is usually paid a nominal rate, while the one whose work is more in harmony with the public taste and who helps to sell the magazine has an "established rate" of from five to fifteen or even twenty cents a word.

All of this sounds very much like the railing of an unsuccessful competitor. I am moved to say, however, that I have never sought to qualify as an author—I have not submitted things to editors, partly because I have always been too lazy to write except when employed to do so, and chiefly because in the high calling of authorship I can imagine myself only as a lamentable failure. I am merely a heretic with views in the eternal truth of which I firmly believe. I have a profound conviction also that to be regarded as an ass by the majority of one's readers is the greatest compliment that one can be paid. You, most gentle of readers, of course belong to the minority, and the minority, says Epictetus, is always right, or words to that effect.

I have said that the law of the public taste which rules the writer and the editor also governs the book-reviewer. The vocation of the book-reviewer is only remotely affined to the avocation of the critic. The duty of the former is to measure the worth of a book by the prescribed standards not of art, but of the *mens omnium humanum*; the office of the latter is to appraise value of literary expression on the bases of esthetics

and philosophy. People read book reviews to find out what a book is about and whether or not it is interesting, and not with the hope of ascertaining whether or not it is a contribution to literature.

I cannot illustrate these remarks upon the editorial standard better than by considering here two books just read. One of these is the work of an author who seems to belong to the category of the worthy but obscure. People generally conversant with literary matters are not acquainted with the name of Amanda Mathews, and yet a Californian author by that name has written some of the most distinguished stories that have been produced in the West.

For the past two months I have had on my shelf a book which I have persistently ignored. A cursory inspection of the volume when I received it gave no promise. It was printed in the objectionable, pseudo-artistic manner with which the Roycroft Press has familiarized us. The title page read: *The Hieroglyphics of Love, Stories of Sonoratown and Old Mexico*, by Amanda Mathews (The Artemisia Bindery, Los Angeles). On a fly leaf appeared the following acknowledgement:

The gathering of these stories under one cover is due to the courtesy of the editors of the Land of Sunshine, the Argonaut, the Overland, the Pacific Monthly, Pearson's Magazine and Munsey's Magazine, in which publications some have already appeared.

Added to this a dedication:

To my colleagues of the Los Angeles College Settlement this little volume is lovingly inscribed.

And a foreword as follows:

These tales dealing with the Mexican peonada have been written that you who read may love, as I love, a dark and lowly people who are yet rich with the riches of the poor, and wise with the wisdom of the simple.

I am reciting the details in order to make it clear why I neglected to read *The Hieroglyphics of Love* for two months. The final touch that rounded out my prejudice was the fact that this unprepossessing volume, by an unknown author, was one of a limited edition of one thousand copies and *auto-graphed*. An element of irony was added by a book which stood next to it in unostentatious yellow paper binding and bearing the simple legend: *Anatole France de l'Académie*

*française*. THAIS, *cinquante-quatrième édition*, 3 fr. 50c. But finally, having exhausted my immediate supply of Western books, I fanned into existence a faint curiosity to see just how bad the contents of this volume with its uncompromising externals might be, and bravely undertook the task of reading it. The first paragraph, which is always an excellent test of a book's value, is as follows:

The mother of Teodota sat in the doorway with a bowl of meat in her lap. Her greasy black dress wrinkled latitudinally about her shapeless figure. Her countenance was smooth, blank and oily. As she cut the meat into bits for the tamales, an impotent dribble of monologue flowed from her flabby, pendulous lips. While awake, talking was a function as natural and continuous as respiration or digestion, and was interrupted only when her present husband exerted himself to beat or kick her into a brief interval of sniffling repression. On this particular afternoon Senor Garcia was not interested in damming the sluggish but endless current of his wife's conversation, for he lay in drunken sleep on a filthy blanket in a corner of the rough board pen, a Mexican Caliban, swart, low-browed, bestial.

This, on the whole, was not encouraging. Here was undeniably good writing, clear-cut expression; but, at the very outset, the author had fallen into the sin of over-emphasis—a striving for effect through the means of brutal diction, imparting to the passage a distinct tone, but a tone displeasing if not actually repellant, and wholly inimical to charm. This affectation, combined as it was with an unquestioned stylistic quality, was rather deplorable; it was, as I say, not encouraging.

I continued. The good writing, the clear-cut expression of the first paragraph I found maintained in the pages that followed, without recurrence of affectation, but rather with every evidence of taste and reserve. With every story my admiration for what seemed a rare instinct for artistic grace and subtlety grew, and I read the volume through with a sense of pleasure and stimulation. It is a singularly symmetrical performance. The writer's touch has the sureness of a fine perception. Her style, within its own laws, is more consistently excellent than that of any Western writer I have read, and I do not know where to find an author

with whom to compare her unless it be Gorki, her manner resembling that of the Russian more than any other.

Her art lies largely in its simplicity and directness. She displays an absence of complexity and a balance that is delightful. The plots of some of her stories are simple to barrenness and the charm with which she invests these mere incidents is due to the perfection of her touch, which is never disturbed by affectation or striving for effect except in that unfortunate first paragraph, which, however, is a very good example of a certain literary manner very different indeed from the normal and characteristic manner of its author. Miss Mathews's humor is deft and she handles the delicacies and difficulties of pathos with subtle effect and without sentimentality. She visualizes the setting of her stories without finicky or redundant descriptions, and by the adroitness of her touch the consciousness and humanism of her characters are suggested in a way that makes for conviction. Her effects of whatever kind, graphic or psychological, are deeper than the immediate or surface effects of the mere words and this, it may be argued, is the ultimate proof of art. Her methods are those of the higher impressionism—the impressionism of precise workmanship, which conveys a secondary and tertiary stratum of meaning in contradistinction to the impressionism of hazard by means of which literary charlatans frequently gain the attention of the unthinking.

How much of the merit of Miss Mathews' work is due to conscious method and how much to artistic instinct it is difficult to judge; but from the evenness of her performance it may be concluded that native sensitiveness, rather than applied mechanical skill, is responsible for her uniform exhibition of feeling and reserve. Her stories are not of the imaginative order; they are rather the expression of a modern romanticism. They have in them nothing of what the Greek influence stands for; in such sense she is not a creator of beauty. There are not to be found in them passages that lend themselves to quotation in illustration of her mastery of style. This author's art is the art of the modern story-writer marked by refinement and dependent for its charm not upon beauty of phrase, but upon subtlety of feeling. Most emphatically

it is not dependent for effect upon blustering action and overstrained emotionalism. No better example could be found to point out the fact that while beauty of style is essential to the highest order of literature, there is a kind of literature directly expressive of human consciousness, which is occasionally presented in such artistic guise that it is lifted from the category of mere story-telling—the record of emotion with the commonplace equipment of human interest—to an art form of distinct esthetic significance.

It is this uplifting of unimaginative literature from mere human narrative to the dignity of an artistic expression that most writers of magazine stories—many even of the most famous—fail to achieve. It is this transmuting of modern life and modern consciousness into literature holding some of the factors of permanence, that is achieved by the masters of modern fiction; who have forged a new literary art form, and I do not hesitate to say that Amanda Mathews has in her stories—particularly in such tales as *By the Stragglng Cypress* and *The Miracle of San Juanita*—approached the best standards of the modern short story more closely than any other Western writer in the same *metier*. If she has not received recognition commensurate with her deserts, it is because her work is too good to have unqualified success.

The other book that I wish here to consider is *Caybigan*, by James Hopper (McClure, Phillips & Co.). In an article I wrote for this department some months ago I mentioned the names of Joaquin Miller, George Sterling, Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, James Hopper, Mary Austin and Gertrude Atherton as representing the Californian writers now living who seem most likely to attain to permanent fame. The inclusion of Mr. Hopper's name in this list may be thought by some to want justification. My opinion that Mr. Hopper may be expected to do enduring work is based almost wholly upon the unusual merit of a single story of his bearing the same title as his book of collected tales—*Caybigan*. It may appear rash to predicate the future fame of a writer upon one story, but *ex minimi digni pedis Herculem*. Now, the potentiality exhibited in *Caybigan* is not manifest in Mr. Hopper's other stories of the Philippines, which are variously vulnerable. An admirable quality of this writer's work is an

unusual feeling for visual beauty, which expresses itself again and again in passages marked by more poetry of expression than is to be found in other writers of the West or the East. This alone is a welcome grace and goes far to give to his work a literary charm in addition to the qualities of interest and the psychological content of his best stories. But this expression of an art sense is a special manifestation; it must not be supposed that because of it his stories are thoroughly artistic in treatment. This they decidedly are not; displaying in some respects very noticeable faults. The architectural arrangement of Mr. Hopper's tales—excepting always *Caybigan*, upon which I have based my high appraisal of his powers—is generally bad. His manipulation of plots is assymetrical and scattering. The thread of interest is not sustained. In short, his stories do not hang together, but wander from episode to episode, and are frequently loaded with pages of redundant narrative and impertinent humor, albeit adorned with artful passages of intrinsic beauty. The writer seems to be so much concerned with the detail that he loses sight of the composition as a whole. He apparently allows his capricious fancy to lead him into digressions that cannot but abridge the commercial as well as the artistic value of his work. There is abundant evidence, too, that Mr. Hopper places a considerable importance upon the commercial value of his stories; he endeavors to please his editor, which is another way of saying that he endeavors to please the public. His stories do not seem to have the quality of stories written in response to an impulse stronger than any consideration of editorial or popular approval. They have not the quality of spontaneity, which may be attained by the most deliberate and artful methods, and which is essential to literary excellence. This, however, is not true of his best moments, which are all too brief and infrequent. He seems, most of the time, to have in mind the *desiderata* of magazine buyers, and thus we find the kernels of his stories to consist of episodes of action and emotion over-accentuated and artificially intense. This much achieved, the story is in a fair way of meeting the requirements of the editorial arbiter, but the unskillful management of the plot and lapses of interest have a tendency to

offset what has been accomplished by the fundamental appeal to the human sympathies. Then, too, the author of *Caybigan* is disposed to write with a frankness that is little in accord with the moral code and literary standards of the Rev. O. P. Dilldock, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Ottumwa, Iowa. In these observations may be found an explanation of the fact that Mr. Hopper's success is not as yet firmly established. It is devoutly to be hoped that, some day, in conjunction with his pot-boiling endeavors, he will write stories that will be addressed to the minority and by virtue of his unusual gifts for the depiction of the beautiful, produce, as it is in him to produce, and as I have made bold to prophesy that he will produce, enduring literature.

I do not think that Mr. Hopper has the native gift of perception which enables Amanda Mathews to write short stories with that unerring touch, which, as I have said seems to be more a matter of instinct than of skill; but he has imaginative power that is not hers, and the development he has already shown is an evidence that he can train himself to constant improvement.

A quotation from one of his stories will serve the two-fold purpose of showing the charm of Mr. Hopper's manner in description and pointing out a faulty method he frequently employs of putting passages full

of imagery into the mouth of one of his characters reciting a narrative. Spaniards, and all Latins for that matter, touched as they are by the spirit of romance, may be expected to employ an idiom of imagery; we have also come to associate something of this kind with the parlance of primitive peoples, to whom imagery is the natural mode of expression, but Mr. Hopper endows them with a poetic diction of a far too great refinement. No ordinary mortal would use in a casual narrative such phraseology as is contained in the following passage, and yet instances of this kind abound in Mr. Hopper's stories. Here is the illustration:

"Beneath the moon Manila was agleam. The whole firmament was liquid with the light; it poured down like luminous rain, slid in cascades over the church domes, the tin roofs, the metallic palms, till the whole earth shimmered back to the skies. In the entire city only one spot gloomed—the old fort, mysterious and pestilential with its black oozing walls, its fever-belting moat; but beyond it, as if in exasperation at this stubborn nonconformity, the brightness broke out again triumphant in the glimmering sheen of the bay."

A man that can write like that may, I think, be expected to achieve at least as much in literature as any of his congeners in the West.



## New York Theatricals As the Curtain Falls

By William Winter



ACTIVITY in the realm of the New York stage dwindles about the end of March and, as to important enterprise, it ceases about the beginning of May. The dramatic season now closing has been one of persistent industry and of some notable achievement. The conspicuously interesting facts of it were a production of "Cymbeline," by Miss Viola Allen, in which that earnest and gentle actress, playing Imogen, considerably advanced her professional reputation; a creditable revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by Miss Annie Russell, who pleasantly presented herself as Puck; the advent in America of Mr. H. B. Irving, eldest son of that great actor and good man, the late Sir Henry Irving, who showed himself, by intellect and imagination, worthy of his noble artistic lineage; the triumph of Mr. Robert Mantell, who, by several fine performances in Shakespearean tragedy, decisively established his rank among the leaders of the dramatic profession in our country; the ample success of Mrs. Fiske, whose characteristic authority and sparkling faculty as a comedian raised to importance Mr. Langdon Mitchell's farcical play of "The New York Idea"; the reappearance of Miss Ellen Terry on the local stage, where she was received with affectionate admiration, notwithstanding the impediment of a

couple of heavy and somewhat repulsive plays; the prosperity of Mr. F. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe, who, after a long New York engagement, marked by ambitious and, for the most part, worthy endeavor and received with considerable public enthusiasm, have shifted their ground to the stage of London; and the example of genius victorious over folly that was afforded by Richard Mansfield in his presentation of "Peer Gynt." Two or three foreign actors—Herr Thaller, speaking German; Signor Ermete Novelli, speaking Italian, and Mme. Alla Nazimova, imperfectly speaking English—have disclosed themselves, and have been duly appreciated. A certain trend of public taste has been manifested, toward various forms of Fad—that is to say, toward Symbolism, enigma, and the theatrical analysis of individual physical disease and of social evil. A more healthful and far more auspicious tendency has been manifested toward plays concerning American life—the romantic aspects of it, as shown, for example, in the Belasco play called "The Rose of the Rancho," and the practical aspects of it, as shown in Mr. George Broadhurst's "The Man of the Hour"—on the whole, the most interesting and effective *new* play produced in New York this season. A few spectacles, a few melodramas, and a copious provision of inane musical farces have occupied prominence and have received much un-



merited attention. Discreditable effort has been made to force upon the community such abominations as "Salome" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," but such things can remain only for a little while (to borrow Byron's expressive figure), "buoyed by their own rottenness"; and, happily, the endeavor to exploit them has practically failed. People in general crave sensation. Life, to most persons, is, perhaps, somewhat monotonous. Anything in the way of change, so it but promise novelty, is, for the moment, acceptable to many seekers after the relief of entertainment; but abnormal exhibitions, sooner or later, become tedious and nauseous, and are repudiated. There is, after all, a healthful instinct in human nature, upon which it is nearly always possible to depend.

Richard Mansfield, the most distinguished of contemporary actors on the American stage, in closing his season in New York, reverted to a selection of plays from his old repertory, incidentally making known his purpose to drop the drama of Ibsen, into which field of fog and homily he had adventured, by way of experiment, producing "Peer Gynt." That is one of the good signs of the theatrical times, and it is well to hail with a glad welcome whatever good signs can be discerned in the theatrical firmament. There was once a time when Acting was considered the most important element of a dramatic representation, and when the audience would assemble, night after night and season after season, to see plays which it had frequently seen before, and with which it was perfectly well acquainted, the reason being that it could, and did, enjoy the *acting* of them. Forrest could always command attention, with Othello, Virginius, or Damon; Davenport could always give delight with Brutus, St. Marc, Aranza, or William; Edwin Booth could always charm the community with Hamlet and Richelieu; J. W. Wallack, Jr., could win all hearts with the King of the Commons; the performance of Touchstone by William Warren was a perpetual feast of humor for the people; custom could not stale either the Cap'n Cuttle of Burton or the Jesse Rural of Blake; and when John Gilbert lived, to act Sir Peter Teazle or Old Dornton or Sir Anthony Absolute, with such actors around him as Lester Wallack, John Sefton, George Holland, Mary Gannon, Mrs. Vernon, and Fanny Morant, the public never

wearied of seeing the old comedies. It is not so very long since Augustin Daly's presentations of "The School for Scandal," "As You Like It," and "The Taming of the Shrew" attracted crowds, and pleased and satisfied them, because that great manager made those presentations, with Ada Rehan, Charles Fisher, Charles Leclercq and other such actors—who really were actors, charming in themselves and proficient in their art—in the casts of those well-known plays. Henry Irving's marvelous career is not distant as we look back upon it, and one of the most continuously popular of all his splendid productions was "The Merchant of Venice," perhaps the best known play that ever has been acted. There has, however, been a change, and the prevailing conditions are different today. Clever actors, indeed, are still extant, and good plays are still occasionally shown; but there is no such group of actors as once existed on our stage; there is no man acting, in the present period of the American theatre, who possesses, for example, the astonishing variety, versatility, authority and always capable talent of Henry Placide; nor, apparently, does there seem to exist, except within a limited circle, any such public feeling for the romance and mystery of the stage as formerly was general. Will the old-time poetry of the stage and the old-time sentiment of devotion to it ever revive? Perhaps. But it will not revive while the theatre is dominated by sordid syndicates and administered by vulgar money-grubbers; nor while the every-day life of our people remains, as it is now, a frantic scramble for material "success," a rough-and-tumble scene of haste, discord, racket, and fever. The age is one of fermentation; the prosperity of the arts requires, above all things else, dignity and tranquillity. Nothing noble was ever yet accomplished, in any one of the arts, by persons operating from merely mercenary motive. Incidentally it is with regret that friends of the stage, believers in its mission, supporters of its dignity and practical utility, will read the observations that an actor so excellent and of such auspicious note as Mr. David Warfield thinks it proper to divulge, as to the purpose by which henceforth he intimates that he will be actuated, in the conduct of his professional career. "I'm going to make a million dollars out of the

'Music Master,' says Mr. Warfield; "I'm going back to New York in October, to produce a new play in Mr. Belasco's new theatre. I intend to build up a repertory of 'The Auctioneer,' 'The Music Master,' and the new play; that combination may mean a million more." Well, what of it? Cupidity is not a virtue. The pursuit of lucre was never yet important to anybody but the pursuer. The possession of millions never yet endeared an actor, by making him essential to the mental and spiritual advancement of society. "A clergyman," said old Jeremy Taylor, "must not keep a tavern, nor a judge be an inn-keeper." In the same vein of thought it might properly be said that an actor should not keep a shop nor plume himself upon the contents of his till.

It is not surprising, though, in a period that is literally grazed with the desire of sudden wealth, to find that a custom has become prevalent of measuring artistic achievement by the standard of money; it is only a mournful indication of the habit of contemporary thought. The future of the theatre in our country presents a somewhat perplexing prospect. As a "business," the field of "amusement" seems to abound with temptations for speculators of a particularly vulgar and odious class. Much profit can be gained by ministering to the lower instincts of the multitude—by sensual exhibitions, by sensational stage effects, and by all manner of tricky devices. There is possible profit,

also, in acting even when the acting is no more than merely respectable. Once fairly started, the fortune of a star actor seems to gain speed and accumulate prosperity with its own momentum. Yet, strangely enough, the men of wealth in our country, the possessors of so much money that, literally, they do not know what to do with it, seem to look with absolute indifference upon that vastly lucrative realm of enterprise, or to overlook it altogether. Movements are occasionally initiated, or at least they get themselves mentioned, toward the establishment of an endowed playhouse; but they end in vapor—mostly because it is found that they have originated with quixotic experimentalists, wishful to disinter some monstrosity, such as "The Cenci," or to ventilate some morbid folly, such as "Margaret Fleming," or to exploit some sickly, mad-house degenerate, out of Italy or France, who thinks that delirium is genius, that indecency is originality, and that ordure is poetry. The thought that the theatre reaches a much larger public than libraries can ever reach; that it exerts an influence upon the multitude scarcely second to that of the press—an influence which is far-reaching and colossal; and, therefore, that, necessarily, it would repay the most liberal investment, and, imperatively, that it ought to be governed and directed by the best order of mind, seems never to occur to men who might readily cure all its defects and to make it a universal blessing.

# Impressions

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

*The world is ruled not by leaders of thought, but by the average thought of the average mass.*

Wall Street does not produce wheat or corn, potatoes, beef or wool, coal or lumber.

Men live upon wheat, corn and beef, clothe themselves in linen, wool and cotton, and warm themselves with wood and coal. Why

## *Wall Street and Panics*

should the country concern itself with the fevers and hysterics of Wall Street? What are hard times? Can there be hard times with the fields fertile, the flocks fat, the granaries overflowing, the earth offering wood, coal and minerals to the workers? It seems absurd. Yet it is so.

There can be full crops and food, clothing and shelter in abundance, and yet hard times and the gamblers of Wall Street produce panics. Why is it? I say gamblers as a mere economic classification. Economic gambling is necessary to modern commerce. It is the gamblers of the Chicago Board of Trade who balance production against consumption until value is determined. It is the gamblers of Wall Street who make the barometer of money and stocks. Every insurance policy is a bet, and taking out a policy on an overdue vessel is as purely a bet as buying a twenty-to-one-shot from a bookie. I want to make it clear I do not join the ignorant cry against Wall Street gambling. Like everything else which exists, it exists because there is a present need for its existence. That fools speculate and kill themselves or that railroad magnates and others work the market by means more or less fraudulent are incidents which do not alter the necessity for a place of exchange. The remedy lies in human nature, not in laws against stock exchanges. But to get back to our sheep and away from our lambs, why is it the gambling on Wall Street may ruin an unsuspecting farmer in the Willamette Valley? It is a question of money. What is Secretary Cortelyou now doing in the present Wall Street flurry? What does every Secretary of the Treasury have to do at irregular intervals? Cure sick Wall Street with a dose of money. Now you can't eat money nor wear it, and though many burn it, it is not a fuel, so why should a scarcity of this useless commodity bring ruin when the country is full of food and clothing and the real necessities of life? Money is a medium of exchange. It is a vehicle. It transports wheat

from the country and stoves into the country.

The farmer may have plenty of wheat or apples, but he cannot carry them to town and swap them for stoves or harness, and the stove man may not want wheat or apples, but if the farmer can sell his wheat and apples, he can with the money buy stoves or whatever he wants, and the stove man can buy clothes or more stoves, and so money, the circulating medium, circulates and effects numerous exchanges. This advantage of money over barter or swapping is very elementary, but it seems best to begin at the beginning, because bankers and men of finance are worshipped by the common herd as if of some superior mould, and the common man never dares express himself on a question of money. With bated breath and awe-struck face he leaves all such questions to a bankers' convention, a sort of holy of holies. It is well to be rid of the idea that money and banking are occult sciences to be left to the priests of the temple. Tackle the next banker you meet on constitutional history, the Henry George doctrine, the Karl Marx theory, or take him on his own ground and question him on Prudhomme's Bank of the People, coinage under Pericles, bills of exchange in Roman commerce, and you'll soon see the enamel dropping off your idol. Ten chances to one he thinks rent is the money he collects or pays for the use of a building or even that the Gresham law is some rule established by Secretary Gresham.

The fact is, to be a banker one must be honest, have average intelligence to judge of men and securities, and be able to say No continually. Not till people get over the idea that the common man cannot understand the money question will there be any relief from Wall Street panics.

To resume our kindergarten (bankers welcome), the office of money is to enable men to carry on trade without resorting to barter or swapping. It is a mechanism of exchange, as Jevons puts it. Money is of three sorts: First, money of intrinsic value, as gold; melt it and it is as valuable as an ingot as it was as a coin: Silver and nickel have also intrinsic value, but silver especially has not in our coinage the full bullion value it represents as a coin. Its intrinsic value is some thing more than half its coin value,

Second, money of credit value, which, like an unsecured promissory note, derives its value from the credit of the person issuing it. For example, our greenbacks are credit money. Their value is the credit of the government. That is the same thing in practical effect as the government's power to tax the whole people. Abolish the taxing power of the government and greenbacks would be as worthless as Colonial scrip or Confederate currency.

Money of representative value, which is analogous to a promissory note well secured. For example, the National bank notes are representative money. They represent National bonds which are held by the United States Treasury to secure the payment of the bank notes.

These are the three sorts of money. There is a theoretical risk in any but the intrinsic money of full standard value—gold. The United States may be overtaxed, or lose the power of taxation or repudiate. Today these are theoretical risks, and these same wise gentlemen, the bankers, used to tell us that no money ought to be issued except such as in some way was backed by the United States. But now, under the provisions of the Aldrich bill, these same gentlemen are mighty glad to increase their bank note issue, secured not by Government bonds, but by state and municipal bonds and approved securities.

The fact is that during the Civil War, in order to force a sale of Government bonds, all bank notes issued on the security of anything but Government bonds were taxed ten per cent. This was of course prohibitory as was intended, and all bank currency other than National bank notes went out of existence. As no one can issue bank notes except the National banks, as the issue is in effect limited by the bonds of the United States outstanding, as the gold or intrinsic money is very insignificant in amount compared to the volume of business, and as the greenbacks are also very limited in amount, it follows that under what has been denominated our patchwork system the amount of money is not in proportion to the business done, and there is no elasticity whatever. That is, currency cannot be issued to meet a growing need and retired when that excessive demand for money has diminished. The scarcity of money is like a scarcity of cars, only worse. There are not enough vehicles to transact the business.

The great bulk of commerce is done really on credit, and the great bulk of speculation is done on credit, whether it be buying wheat or stocks on a margin or real estate on a part payment. No bank ever was or could be conducted on the plan of paying every depositor

in full on a simultaneous demand. The bank would be merely a safe deposit company. It makes its profit by lending its customers' money at interest to other people, and it relies on the fact that all its depositors or any great part of its depositors will not want their deposits at the same time. The basis of the banking business, therefore, is the confidence the people have in the bank. In other words, the bank runs on a species of credit.

Now here comes the panic. Commerce is running on credit, as it always does and must; banks are running on credit, and men have bought real estate with a return mortgage. There is a Wall Street bull and bear fight, or some other excitement, and a big brokerage house goes to the wall. It must have money to pay its debts. It calls on every one who owes it, and so drags down others in its fall. In short, confidence is gone in Wall Street and nothing but cash goes in settlements. So, like a row of bricks falling, one failure brings on another. The banks, fearful of runs, call in loans and refuse to make loans. Money is scarce. Fright takes the place of confidence, and the farmer up the valley, though he may have wheat in abundance and a farm clear of incumbrance, cannot get the money to pay his notes, and he goes to the wall.

It is very common in every real panic that men with plenty of good assets, really wholly solvent, are ruined because they cannot get money to meet the demands of their creditors. The remedy is more money. Not money thrown off by a printing press, and having no value, but money which is either of intrinsic credit or representative value. The intrinsic money cannot be added to, for the world's stock of gold changes but slowly in volume. The credit money is a dangerous expedient, even with a nation as wealthy as ours. Money which represents some tangible thing of a value certain within limits is the most natural and most expedient. Now, as I have said, according to these infallible solons, the bankers, who take on preternatural wisdom when they change from grocers or lawyers to bankers (the lawyer evolution is rare), nothing would do to give faith and credit to representative money but Government bonds. This, of course, suggests that a National debt is a National blessing (another bit of political and banking buncombe). A nation is only a mass of individuals. A city is the men who compose it. And a National debt or a city debt is just as much a blessing as a man's debt, no more and no less. It depends on what was got in exchange for the debt and what the debt is costing year by year, and the ability to finally wipe out the debt. But nothing is so sure to come as those things the infallibles say cannot come.

There are libraries of excellently reasoned books, including the Bible, to show that kings rule by right from God, and revolt against kings is wicked. That used to be the belief of the world. So was witchcraft. And it was quite sure England would fall into the sea if entails were abolished. Slavery was the only salvation of the South, and wampum the only circulating medium among the copper-colored victims of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Today we are told by the railroad rate experts that to have an absolute rate fixed and simple, based wholly and only on the number of miles carried, would be impossible; would ruin towns and railroads, and a man is supposed to be a superior being who even partly understands rate making. I hope someone will have the thoughtfulness to bury in a leaden box this valuable essay for one hundred years and arrange to have it unearthed with the prophecy that eventually all rates will be invariably based on the actual service rendered; that is, the actual miles carried.

So as to money. The very thing the banking infallibles declared would work ruin has come to pass. National banks are allowed for a limited period to issue bank notes on the security of other approved bonds than Government bonds. The ignoramus has been howling for this for years. He still howls, if for a limited period why not unlimited? If National banks, why not other banks? Are not the approved municipal and other securities and mortgages of first-class city improved property at half the face value, which are approved by the courts for trust funds, good enough to secure a note of issue? Tut, tut! say the bankers. You do not understand this. Why man alive! This is a money question! This is a matter of banking and finance! And the poor ignoramus slinks under the table. The fact is, the ten per cent tax against notes of issue by other banks gives the National banks a money monopoly, and the restriction

to Government bonds as security limits the currency. Were it not so, as hard times and tight money approach with panic in their brows, the man having solid approved securities could take them to the banks and under the rules and laws in the matter could receive the bank's notes of issue to the proper amount on his securities. Thus just as good currency as now would be available, and it would expand and contract as need required, and panics could not inspire the terror they now do.

But (say the bankers, in an awful tone), remember the wildcat banks. The cumbersome state bank issues of the fifties, and the panics! Pish! Tush! My little banker, remember the panic of thirteen hundred and something, which wiped out the rivals of the Medici and made that family the bankers of Italy. Do we have no panics under this system? Did no banks fail in 1893? Were all National banks good and solvent in that exhilarating period? Rubbish! The antebellum panics were due to mere credit money of private banks. The banks of the good staid old State of Massachusetts had out-standing nine and one-half dollars of notes of issue for every one dollar of specie or securities in their vaults. And not even Massachusetts can on demand pay nine and one-half dollars with one. No one is proposing loose or irresponsible banking. I am trying to suggest that the ability under proper restrictions to turn certain safe tangible assets into currency would prevent or relieve panics. It is the equivalent of furnishing more cars for a congested traffic. Moreover, the old state banks themselves, with all the evils attending the loosely conducted ones, showed in the ably conducted ones this very virtue in time of money stringency. Lastly, let me again quote Herbert Spencer against an excessive paternalism: "The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly is to fill the world with fools."



# Crestmore

Southern California's New Manufacturing City

By M. E. L. Allen



EVERYONE recalls how his childish imagination was thrilled by the wonderful tales of the Arabian Nights, wherein the genii by the waving of a wand created great cities with domes and glittering minarets, situated in beautiful parks full of sparkling fountains and lovely lakes, or called into being the bustling marts of trade. The modern fairy tale is no less fascinating. It is the story of great achievements, far reaching, enduring and beneficent. Men and money are the modern genii that accomplish the marvels of today. I believe it is a great mistake to call the age materialistic. Never has the imagination and ambition of man been so daring in its flights. With the aid of unlimited capital and scientific knowledge man has become Nature's master and has accomplished what a former age would have deemed impossible. We have become so accustomed to marvels that their significance is often forgotten in the familiarity of their use. The tireless machines, in doing the work of millions of men, release them to new achievements and bring within the reach of all the varied products of the globe, shorter hours of toil, and many other advantages of modern civilization.

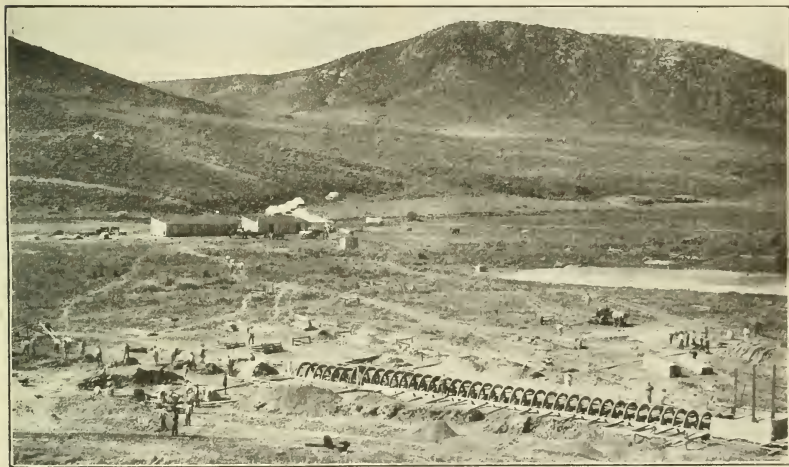
It is the joy of the magic work of creation,

and not mere lust of gain that chains the gray-haired millionaire to his desk for longer hours than his clerk, when every luxury is already his. Great railways are spread out like a web over a continent, affording food, farms and homes to millions. Great industries spring up as if by magic. Rivers are bridged and mountains tunneled. Enormous business enterprises ramify to every rural crossroads and bring to all the comforts and necessities of life. The men of modern industrial genius today find expression for their powers in a vast ambition to surpass all others. The Alexanders, Caesars, Napoleons, Richelieus and Bismarks of today are "captains of industries" rather than captains of legions, and find constructive industry more exciting and satisfying than the conquest of nations or the intrigues of courts. J. J. Hill, in gaining wealth and power, practically created an empire in the Northwest; Carnegie reduced the price of steel to the former price of iron by his wonderful organizing genius and the employment of modern machinery and methods.

The cities built for the operatives at Pullman and Ivorydale and the rapidly rising city of Gary, Indiana, now being built by the United States Steel Trust at an outlay of \$75,000,000, are practical examples of the power of capital.

The history of the genesis of Crestmore, the new model industrial city of Southern California, is more than usually interesting in an age full of surprises. One unconsciously associates California with the idea of sunshine, fruit and flowers, with great mountain ranges and green valleys where grow in profusion every species of plant and flower. Yet within a year after the plans were announced there has sprung up a bustling town, fast being provided with every necessity and luxury of modern life. Hundreds are gaining a livelihood and establishing homes in a spot of surpassing beauty where only a few years ago cattle roamed.

cents to a dollar per barrel over the prices of one year ago, with no corresponding increase of cost. Crestmore bids fair to become one of the greatest cement manufacturing centers of the United States and will add to the great revenues of Southern California already derived from citrus fruits, oil and minerals. The greater and more certain returns from this growing industry will not be subject to the uncertainties of mining or of other investments. Following up a clue furnished by the United States Geological Survey, Los Angeles capitalists set competent experts at work to make a series of exhaustive tests upon the material found in



*The Cement Plant in Course of Construction.*

The *raison d'être* of Crestmore is cement. Edison's prophecy that the day was at hand when wood was to give way to cement for nearly all building purposes has come true. Buildings, bridges, dikes, dams, conduits, sidewalks, nearly everything from the filling in your tooth to the vast reservoir dam is now made of cement. The demand far outstrips the supply. Notwithstanding the 45,000,000 barrels manufactured in the United States annually, millions of barrels are imported each year from England, France and Germany. In short, the demand of today so far exceeds the supply that the price of cement has increased from fifty

two great mountains, three and a half miles from Riverside, California. A large number of prospective borings, made to a depth of 300 feet, revealed inexhaustible deposits of cement rock of the finest quality suitable for the production of the highest grade of Portland cement and revealed such favorable conditions for its profitable manufacturing that a company of representative business men formed a company with a capitalization of \$2,500,000 for the development of the property. All necessary buildings and machinery for the production of 3,500 barrels a day, requiring the services of 500 men, is being installed. The main building will be



*Some Homes Designed for Workingmen.*



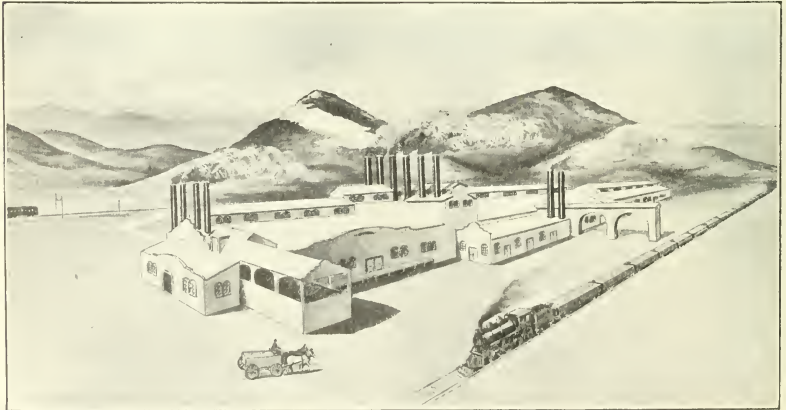
*Type of California Cement Homes.*

145x1400 feet, and another building will be 140x1000 feet. An imposing office building for the company is in course of construction.

Few ever forget the panorama spread before the eye as the transcontinental train enters the San Bernardino Valley and approaches Riverside. After a ride of thousands of miles across snow-covered prairie, endless chains of barren mountains and vast reaches of alkali desert there bursts upon the

vision thousands of acres of orange and lemon groves under a high state of cultivation, dotted with prosperous towns and spacious ranch homes. Magnificent snow-capped peaks overlook the happy valley and present such a picture that President Roosevelt, on a recent visit, exclaimed, "This is glorious. I never knew there was a spot so beautiful."

The new town of Crestmore is located almost adjoining Riverside, in the heart of the finest orange and lemon growing district



*The Southern California Cement Company's Mill.*





*Hotel for Employees at Crestmore.*

of Southern California, at an elevation of about 1,000 feet above sea level. To provide homes for the thousands who will be dependent on this industry, a syndicate composed of leading Los Angeles capitalists has planned and laid out what is said to be the model townsite of Southern California, a section already distinguished by many picturesque towns populated by home-loving and home-owning people. The site of Crestmore is on a tract of level valley land, nearly 600 acres in extent, at the foot of the two vast mountains of cement rock which will supply the cement plant with raw material for many years to come. Crestmore will be connected by both steam and electric lines with Los Angeles, San Pedro, Long Beach and intervening towns. Crestmore is only seventy-five miles from tidewater, thus securing ready access to the markets of the world. The nearness of the plant to its raw material, and its fine railway and ocean-shipping facilities afford the industry unrivaled advantages.

The climatic conditions at Crestmore are ideal. Its slight altitude above the sea, its proximity to the mountains which ward off the desert heat in the Summer, its freedom from coast fogs and winds, and its moderate rainfall which gives it an average of 300 sunny days in the year, combine to make the location among the healthiest and most delightful in California. The Winter temperature rarely falls below 40 degrees, nor does its Summer temperature rise above 100; frost is rare, and sunstrokes are unknown. Many people from preference practically live, sleep and eat out of doors the year round.

Instead of overcrowding, bad ventilation and squalor that too often renders the modern manufacturing city a menace to the health of its operatives, Crestmore will put within their reach large plots of ground, pretty bungalows, located in a beautiful and invigorating climate with beautiful natural surroundings. Here they will find themselves in a veritable "spotless town" with broad streets, cement curbs and cement walks; its streets lit with electric lights and its homes supplied with an abundance of pure artesian and mountain-spring water. The syndicate building the town will also assist in the establishment of churches, schools, public libraries, hotels and stores, and will help to promote all social and commercial activities necessary for the large population assured to Crestmore within the next few years. Every inducement is made to the worker to become the owner of his own home, a system having been devised whereby the workingman may take immediate possession, building his house and paying for his lot in small monthly payments.

The early purchasers of lots will naturally share in the increase in value of real estate as the development of the town continues. This is well exemplified in the history of many of the newer towns of Southern California in the suburbs of Los Angeles, such as Pasadena, Hollywood, Monrovia and others, where the price of land has quadrupled in the past few years. New manufacturing industries affording added opportunities for profitable employment have doubtless been one of the principal causes for the phenomenal demand for houses and lots. Los



*Library Designed for Corona.*

Angeles has doubled its population in the past six years and similar conditions prevail

in all manufacturing towns. In fact, Southern California seems to be entering a new period of industrial development. An abundant supply of crude oil, great water power derived from the mountain streams and electrically transmitted to any desired point, great deposits of clay and lime, all bid fair to enrich those who participate in the growth of such new manufacturing communities as Crestmore.

The population is increasing at the rate of about 100,000 annually. The tourist travel is becoming larger yearly. The amount of land available is limited. A steady growth of values is inevitable, making investments an almost sure source of future wealth.



*A Home Near Crestmore.*



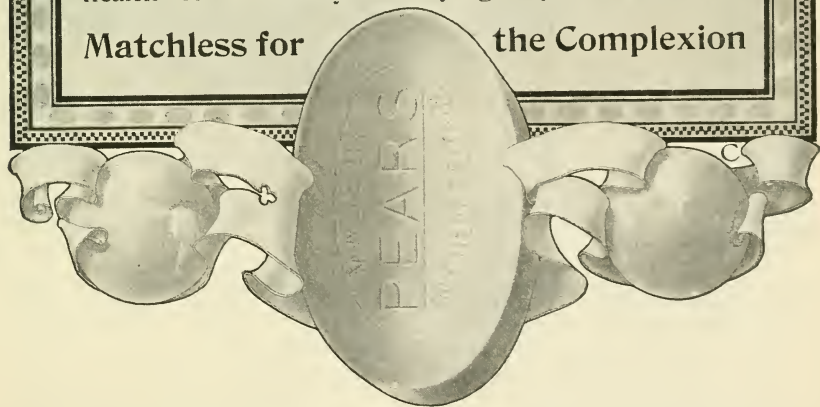
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## Harnessing the Priest Rapids of the Columbia

By Forsythe Innes

**R**ADLED in the eternal snows and glaciers of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, with sources both north and south of the international boundary, the ultimate founts of the Columbia River are situated a thousand miles apart, and the eccentric courses of these tributaries as they seek to break through the ranges to the westward and parallel with the main Rockies, have ever been a source of interest and curiosity to students of geography.

These headwater tributaries of the Columbia are mighty rivers in themselves, and

when their floods combine to flow across the plains country of the Inland Empire of Washington and Oregon they have created the second largest river in volume upon the Pacific side of the North American continent. The Columbia River passes through three distinct rainfall belts from its sources westward to its debouchure into the Pacific Ocean at Astoria. The most easterly belt, a jumble of mountains, lays up plentiful Winters' snows which by their slow melting maintain a constant volume in the river throughout the entire year. The central plateau region of the Inland Empire in its middle course possesses a distinctly light rainfall, and a

peculiar climate of its own, while from the Cascades west to the Pacific there is another belt of heavy rainfall. In the middle climatic district, that of the Big Bend country or basin of the Columbia of the Inland Empire, peculiar qualities of climate and soil combine to create what is now known to be distinctly the most favorable climate for the production of fruits of temperate climate known in the United States.

In south Central Washington, where the Columbia River has worn for itself a broad, alluvial plain of decomposed volcanic ash of rich and most persistently fertile soil, these factors of temperature and soil attain the acme of their most favoring conditions. Fortunately at the upper end of this plain there is a series of cascades and falls in the river, known throughout the Pacific Coast as the Priest Rapids of the Columbia. Here the river, confined to its bed by solid bottom and banks of basalt, divides into several islands and its mighty mass is hurled through four channels from upper to lower levels. At this point are created the favoring conditions for utilizing the power of the river itself,

for spreading its life-giving waters by irrigation over its valley to the southward. These conditions have attracted the attention of engineers and financiers for a number of years and various projects have been mooted for the utilization of this vast power, estimated at a potential of 100,000 horsepower, for a force to irrigate the lands, and in addition create power for commercial purposes. As the value of the irrigated lands of Central Washington have become demonstrated by actual experience, and it is now known that when planted to the commercial varieties of fruit their value can hardly be overestimated, the conditions have become favorable for developing the Priest Rapids power, an undertaking which is now actively under way, under the auspices of the Hanford Irrigation and Power Company, of Seattle. This company, when it lately awarded contracts for the final completion of these works at Priest Rapids, marked the culmination of the successful organizing and financing of a company which will have far-reaching results, the extent of which at this time it is almost impossible to estimate. Composed



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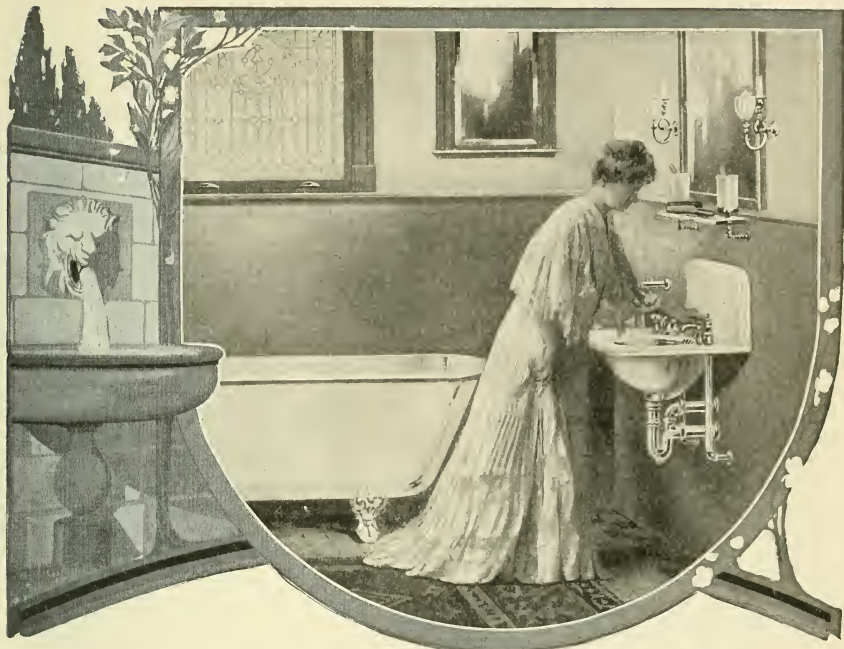
as it is of broad-minded citizens of the state, it might be called a patriotic corporation, with the highest possible aim, that of developing by the two powerful agencies, irrigation and power, the wonderful latent wealth of the state, and creating conditions which will give homes for the thousands of its rapidly increasing population.

This company is unique in that it has been entirely organized and financed at home, its bonds have been subscribed for at home, and its capital stock has also been subscribed entirely by home people who knew best the great merit of the enterprise. The margin between the first cost of the land, plus the cost of the application of water for its irrigation and the market value of the irrigated land, is alone sufficient to make the investment most attractive from the stockholders' standpoint; but this market selling price to the settler is but a small percentage of what he can make his land worth by the application of skill and industry. In fact, the price asked for the land with water ready to place upon it included in the price, is but a fraction of what it will earn him every year, when brought into a high state of cultivation.

The reclamation of desert lands cannot be compared to any other of the state's industries. A mere combination of soil and climate, no matter how favorable in a dry climate like that of the Priest Rapids district, does not make it possible to produce profitable crops, but when human hands combine this favoring soil and climate with the life-giving water for irrigation, there is created a condition which permits of producing the most intensive crops and the highest-priced products per acre known to the science of agriculture. Irrigation really creates something from nothing, and that of surpassing value; uncertainties like mining are eliminated. Instead of exhausting the wealth of the land like the lumbering industry, the value under irrigation is increased with each year's harvest. The horticulturist stands alone as the one who gets the highest direct and sole benefit in proportion to his industry, and the Hanford Irrigation and Power Company holds the record for having stocked and bonded their company to the extent of nearly a half million dollars in its home cities of Seattle and Tacoma, unaided by Wall Street or any outside money market.

The power that can be developed from the Priest Rapids of the Columbia is estimated by eminent engineers to be in excess of

100,000 horsepower, and it is the intention of the company to develop this power progressively as the demand increases for it, hand in hand with the development of the Inland Empire. The plans of the company, as developed by its chief engineer, Mr. H. K. Owens, at present include the production of 4,000 horsepower, an amount amply sufficient for irrigating the 32,000 acres of the company. This will be effected through diversion works at Priest Rapids, which will carry the water to powerhouses where water will be delivered into the main canal of the company, which will flow for many miles southeast over the rich and fertile plain, bringing to it its life-giving waters. Ray Joyce, of Seattle, has secured a contract for the construction of the headworks and power plant, and the work which is now commenced will be completed during the year 1907. The entire system is contracted to be completed and the 32,000 acres placed under irrigation by the early Spring of 1908. The contractors for the construction of the main canal and laterals, Messrs. Allen & McKiver, of Seattle, now have 150 teams and 200 men at work upon the main canal. Mr. Allen, of the firm, is one of the largest irrigation contractors of the West, having built many hundreds of miles of irrigation canals in Colorado and Washington, and he was one of the main constructors of the Sunnyside Canal, the canal at Prosser, and the Kennewick Canal. The profits derived from the raising of the commercial varieties of the large fruits, such as apples, peaches and pears, have been phenomenal and almost without precedent in the peculiar climate of which this basin of the Columbia is the center. Here is raised an apple which sells for two to three times the price in the London, New York or Yokohama markets that the very best Michigan, York State or Ozark apple of the East will bring. This is caused by the remarkable perfection of the apple, not only in quality but in its appearance. The apple raised under the climatic and soil conditions of the Priest Rapids irrigated lands possesses the bloom, beauty and fragrance which secures for it unheard-of prices in the markets. A prominent horticulturist of the Northwest, the Nestor of horticulture in Oregon and Washington, Hon. E. L. Smith, in a recent address before the Horticultural Society of British Columbia, Washington and Oregon, stated that 1,200 feet altitude was the upper limit of production



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for the apples of this surpassing quality, and that the combination of soil and climatic conditions necessary for their growth was confined to the series of valleys below that elevation reaching along the Columbia River east to the Cascades, including the states of Oregon, Washington and Southern British Columbia.

There are abundantly authenticated instances of a net profit of over a thousand dollars having been realized from one acre of apples grown under these favoring conditions. The Winesap, the Spitzenberg, the Newtown Pippin, the Rome Beauty, the Jonathan, are the varieties which have brought these astounding profits to their owners. One fruitgrower, Mr. E. L. Stewart, who has a six-acre apple orchard in a developed region in the vicinity of the Priest Rapids lands, in the year 1906 sold \$6,228.90 worth of apples from this six acres, leaving him a net profit of \$4,313.75, or an average of \$719.00 per acre. This amount is ten per cent interest upon a valuation of \$7,190.00 per acre, and it and many other like cases are apparently justification for the remark of a fruitgrower that in this particular apple belt it really did not make much difference what a purchaser had to pay for his land, as it would earn a liberal interest on valuations of from one to five thousand dollars per acre. Mr. Stewart in 1905 realized a net profit of \$3400.00 per acre; in 1904 of \$400.00 and in 1903 of \$200.00 per acre, thus in four years his net profits were \$1,700.00 per acre.

Lack of space prevents giving many other similar instances of the profits derived from apple-raising in this favored elime. It is only proper to state that such large profits as those above mentioned are only realized by fruit growers who give the most careful and painstaking attention to the production of their fruit. Sunshine, water and soil in this apple belt are ideal, but they require that man should do his part in planting the proper commercial varieties, and then giving them the cultivation, pruning, spraying and marketing that the best methods require to secure these marvelous profits. Of course, with such profits as these, the price of desirable lands in bearing fruit have pursued a meteoric career upwards. In one of the adjoining developed irrigation districts to the Priest Rapids lands, well located lands have increased in value at the rate of \$200.00 per acre per year, during the past four years.

while in another one the increase has been approximately \$100.00 per acre per year. These increases in value of agricultural lands are of course almost without precedent. The Priest Rapids lands now open for settlement and purchase will almost certainly increase in value at a rate per year almost equal to the entire purchase price now asked for them. Stretching along the Columbia River for forty miles these lands have a varying width of from one to four miles. They are being subdivided into five, ten, twenty and forty-acre orchard farms, and situated in the midst of them is the new town of Hanford, the centering point for this great and growing irrigated district. Surrounding the town of Hanford are one to five-acre fruit land tracts, thus creating a well rounded plan for the development of this new and most desirable irrigation district, situated in the heart of the State of Washington. So promising and certain are the developments here that four projected railroads are, already pointed toward the Priest Rapids lands. Following the completion of the canals for irrigating these lands will come the development of the Priest Rapids for power purposes. Probably in excess of 90,000 horsepower will be available after providing to the fullest degree for the irrigation of the lands. This will make the town of Hanford a centering point for distributing electric heat, light and power transmission lines throughout Central Washington.

Quickly following the application of water on the Priest Rapids lands will come the dense settlement, practically settling the entire country like an Eastern village, which is a feature of all irrigated districts in mild climates. As the orchards come into bearing electric passenger and freight railways will stretch their steel arms throughout the district covered by the Priest Rapids irrigated lands; and if values follow the lead of the surrounding improved irrigated districts a reasonable basis of profits may be stated as follows:

Increase in the value of the lands purchased, \$100.00 per acre per year;

Profits from fancy commercial kinds of apples of the varieties heretofore named in this article, from \$200.00 to \$500.00 per acre per year.

Thus we have probabilities of returns as high as \$600.00 per acre per year, of which \$500.00 will be from fruit and \$100.00 per





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
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acre from increase in value. It need scarcely be said that these figures have been exceeded, as instanced by the experiences of Mr. Smith and Mr. Holemb, and which, in the case of Mr. Stewart, netted \$719.00 per acre from his apple crop, and in the case of Mr. Holemb netted \$2,200.00 per acre profit. While these gentlemen have had many counterparts, it is but on the side of conservatism to limit the average profits year in and year out at from \$200.00 to \$500.00 per acre. The various other deciduous fruits, such as peaches, pears, prunes and apricots, are equally at home in this part of the State of Washington. Many fruitraisers hold to the opinion that peaches will prove even more profitable than apples, and there is no doubt whatever but that the faney, tender European varieties of grapes, such as the Flame and Tokay, will net equally great profits. Upon the Priest Rapids lands themselves a Mr. Craig raised 164 sacks of potatoes from one-half an acre and from 40 to 100 pounds of grapes from single Malvashia grape vines. Bunches of grapes raised by John W. Brice weighed four and one-half pounds each, but while all other fruits will attain great per-

fection, the apple raised in this part of the State of Washington stands alone in pre-eminence in quality and in the profits to be obtained per acre from its cultivation.

\* \* \*

#### Revenge.

He was a chubby, sturdy little fellow of about eight years. He was evidently on his way home from school, for in his hand he carried a book, or rather he had a book in his hand just long enough to raise it as high above his head as he could, and then dash it down upon the sidewalk with all his might. To complete the performance, he thereupon jumped and stamped on the book four or five times. And immediately he would go through the same operation.

His actions drew my attention, and I crossed the street and walked leisurely up behind him, so as not to attract his notice. He, however, was thoroughly intent on his purpose, and paid no heed to me.

As I drew near, I could hear him saying something each time that he slammed the book down and trampled on it. Finally I was close enough to hear what he said.

"There," he said, as he brought both feet down upon it, "darn you, you will keep me after school, will you?"



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## The Lighter Side

Written by Hugh Herdman unless otherwise designated

### A Regular Cut-Up.

The Collie—Hello! You look rather cut up over something.

The Pug—Cut up? I should snarl! I've been cut up and down and crosswise over a cold marble slab until I feel like a premature sausage.

The Collie—What was the matter? Operator for some trouble?

The Pug—No, for some pleasure—to the operator.

The Collie—Been barking at the moon?

The Pug—No.

The Collie—Chasing some old maid's cat.

The Pug—No.

The Collie—Chasing chickens?

The Pug—No.

The Collie—Inspecting somebody's refrigerator?

The Pug—No, not any of those things. You see, it was n't revenge at all that they were after, but knowledge.

The Collie—Knowledge of what?

The Pug—Of what was inside of me, how I was made, and how I worked. You see,

it was this way. I was poking around down by the hospital the other day looking for company. I was mosing around there making friends with the patients who were out sunning themselves, and incidentally picking up a few cakes and other things to eat. Presently a man dressed in a white duck suit came out and whistled and offered me something to eat. When I went to get it, he grabbed me by the nape of the neck and hustled me into the hospital. I did n't know what sort of a game I was up against, but I soon found out. He took me into a place all white and clean and nice like a bathroom, and I began to yelp because I thought he was going to give me a bath. But say, if that had only been all that was done to me! I raised a deuce of a row, but he did n't pay any attention to me. Just let me hike around and back. But after a while another fellow came in, and they began getting out knives and scissors and all sorts of things. I tell you I commenced to get scared, and I made up my mind that if I did n't get out of there, it was all off with me. So I played I was

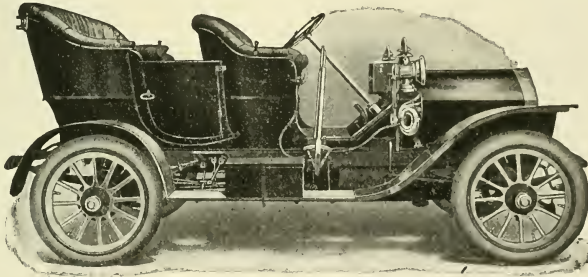
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mad. I frothed and spit and yelped and howled, but they did n't even look at me; so I lay down in a corner and pretended to be dying. But that did n't go, either. It's a wonder I did n't die, I was that scared. Then one of them came over and picked me up and looked me over. "He's a dandy specimen; we'll learn something from him," he said. Then he put me on a cold marble slab, fastened straps to my legs, put a muzzle on my nose, and strapped me down so that I could not move the least little bit. Of course I whined and yelped, but that did n't do any good. One of them grabbed a knife and the other a pair of nippers or tweezers, and then they went after me. The first day they took out one of my eyes, put it to soak over night and tried to put it back the next day. But they got it in crooked, so you see I am cross-eyed. Every day for a week they did something like that to me. They split my head open, monkeyed with my brain and got me drunk to see what effect it had on my sarry-bellum. They would take a needle and stick it into the end of my tail to see what effect it would have at the other end of my spinal column. They injected indigo into my veins. They took my heart and liver out, and when they put them back, they got them mixed; hence my liver is where my heart ought to be, and my heart where my liver. They cut off all my legs and reversed them, my hind being in front and my front behind; so that when I seem to be going I am coming, and when I am going I seem to be coming. They put my tail on wrong end first, they reversed my ears; in fact, they did everything but kill me.

The Collie—But what could their object have been?

The Pug—Why, being doctors, they did n't need any object; I was both subject and object.

The Collie—But surely they did n't subject you to all that torture just for fun?

The Pug—Oh, no; not exactly. You see they were investigating in the interest of science.

The Collie—But I dont see yet what good they could hope to accomplish or what knowledge they could expect to gain by such inhumanity.

The Pug—Oh, that's very easy to explain. By trying it on the dog, so to speak, they could find out how far they could go without causing death. The knowledge thus gained will be of great value to them in diagnosing the complaints of wealthy clients and enable them to perform a great many unnecessary but remunerative operations.

The Collie—But you dont seem to feel very much resentment toward them for all their cruelty. If I were in your place, I should be bent on revenge.

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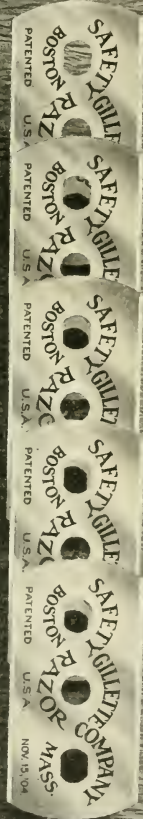
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will bring you, but briefly, it will do your sweeping in one-quarter of the time the corn broom requires, and with 95 per cent less effort. Confines all the dust, brightens and preserves your carpets and rugs, and will last longer than fifty corn brooms. Makes no noise, can be used in the sick room, cleans deeply and thoroughly.

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If you are not totally deaf—nor born deaf—the Way Ear Drums I believe will enable you to hear perfectly—or at least will very decidedly improve your hearing.

I know because I was deaf, myself, for 25 years but now, by means of my ear drums, (which I invented) can hear faint whispers. My ear drums are delicate, sensitive little devices that are not only invisible but you can not feel them in the ears. Easily placed in the ears.

Write me today about your deafness. One cent invested in a post-card now may be the means of restoring your hearing. GEORGE P. WAY 505 Majestic Building, Detroit, Michigan.

The Pug—No, I don't feel very pugnacious toward them. The fact is, you know, they have done me a kindness. I so little resemble what I formerly was or what any other dog of respectable parentage does that I can now be entered in the bench shows and be practically certain to take the blue ribbon for the best English bulldog in the show.

### Balanced.

"Well," remarked the flatdweller, "after all this is a pretty square sort of world."

"What brought you to that conclusion? Only this morning you were complaining that the world was out of joint because of the injustice practiced everywhere."

"Yes, I know I was, but that was before I saw the law of compensation at work. A man may be a tyrant and tyrannize over someone, but just as sure as he is alive someone will come along and give him what is coming to him.

"Here is a case in point. I went down into the basement a while ago to complain to the janitor about our heat, or, rather, our lack of it. It was cold up here, but that frigidly was nothing compared with what I met down there when I first began to talk to him. Of all the supercilious, insolent auditors I ever had, he was the worst. Then he began to warm up, and by the time I found the door he was radiating enough heat to warm a dozen flats. Say but he did give me and all other flatters a nice, rich, brown roasting. He was boss of that flat, he was. He would n't be dictated to, no sirree, by a lot of finicky, childless cranks, who did n't know what comfort was. He would run that heating plant the way he blamed pleased, and if we did n't like it we could just go plumb to some other flat. And that was straight goods, see? He would just like to see anybody tell him what to do, he would.

"Just then the law of equivalents appeared in the person of the janitor's wife.

"Mieky, you flannel-mouthed old goat, stop ye'er blattin' an' come here. I want yez."

"In a minute. I'm busy," Micky replied,

"Busy, ye'er fut! Come here, or I'll crack yez over th' head with this mop. Ar-re yez comin'?"

"Mieky looked at me and tried to smile. His effort produced a result that looked very much like a crack in a pumpkin.

"Yes, I'm comin'," Micky answered, meekly, as he shuffled toward the door. Turning to me when he reached it, he said, "Women is queer, aint they?"

"So you see why I've changed my mind about the world being all one-sided."

### The Question of the Hour.

How many horse-power has it?



# WE WILL GIVE YOU TWO MAPS FREE



## WE WILL GIVE YOU TWO MAPS

For a long time there have been no satisfactory maps of the Coeur d'Alene district of Idaho.

Now we have two good ones.

One is a topographical picture of all of the Panhandle of Idaho, showing all mines, towns, mountains, rivers, gulches, railways, and all else that one would see if one went up in a balloon and took a bird's eye view of the entire district. This is a splendid map and it's yours gratis.

The other is a map of the Coeur d'Alene district alone, showing all surveyed claims from Wardner on the west to the Montana line on the east. Just say you want it and it's yours.

Here is the kind of letter that will tickle us best, just say: "Tell me about your operations in the Coeur d'Alenes and send me two maps free."

The output of the Coeur d'Alenes last year was \$25,000,000.

The Coeur d'Alenes annually produce about half the national output of lead.

In the district is the most remarkable copper mine of modern times.

We will tell you all about it. Send for the maps.

## THE C. E. MITCHELL CO.,

300 to 322 Columbia Bldg.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Or 411 Betz Bldg.,  
Philadelphia

Or 618-20 Railway Exchange Bldg.,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

H E C T O R

# LAST YEAR

**W**E handled the property of the Alameda M. & M. Co., Ltd. We advised our clients to buy this stock at 5 cents and 10 cents per share, and those who did, who were many, made from 200% to 500% on their investment in less than six months. **NOW** we are advising our friends and clients to buy HECTOR stock, which is in the heart of the great Coeur d'Alene mining district, at 5 cents a share. We do this again because we believe their profits will be as great or even greater than in the Alameda. At 5 cents a share, the outlay for what you receive is very small and the possible returns in the Hector are greater than you dare hope. **IF YOU WILL** drop us a postal we will mail you "The Parable of the Fat Pocket-Book." It tells you about the Hector Mine, its management, and some other things you ought to know. Do not delay. Do it today. This is the very opportunity for which you have been looking.

**PARIS H. RENSHAW & CO.**  
WALLACE, IDAHO

### One More Marvel.

At a recent performance of "Madam Butterfly" an incident occurred which shows that this is indeed an age of wonders, and that we have become so accustomed to seeing the miraculous performed that we try even the impossible.

During one of the most touching scenes of this heart-wringing opera, a couple persisted in making audible comments, much to the annoyance of everyone within a radius of ten feet. They were both in evening clothes; so of course they knew better—or, perhaps, they were trying to live up to the clothes. However, she, with opera glasses up to her eyes, kept up a running fire of comment on the scenery, the setting, the cute Japanese dresses, and he, out of politeness, of course, replied distinctly. This continued for about twenty minutes, and everyone near them was furious.

Seated next to them was a woman, apparently unaccompanied. Then came three men, who, being bachelors, were most furious of all. They squirmed and turned and looked viciously at the offenders, but so absorbed were those two in their own conversation that they paid no heed to their neighbors. One of these three men was nearly wild with a murderous "brain storm," and to give vent to the passion, leaned over and in a

vicious half-tone said to the disturbers: "Shut up, will you?"

But they didn't even hear him and went right on interpreting the opera to each other. Then the bachelor who sat nearest them was driven by desperation to action. He is kind-hearted and temperate under ordinary circumstances, his gray eyes twinkle merrily beneath a furrowed brow, and although he talks savagely at times and threatens all sorts of punishment upon dissenters from his authority, he is generally "joshing." This time, however, he was angry clear through. His face flushed, his short, sandy hair bristled on end, and his "navy" mustache stuck straight out.

Clutching the arms of his chair, he half-leaned, half-stood over those two culprits. He is a man of honor, and upon his honor he avers that he said, "Say, will you kindly keep quiet? You are disturbing the rest of us." But his companions, conceding his probity by admitting that such was what he intended to say, affirm that he leaned over them and exclaimed, "Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-ugh!"

At any rate, the effect of that flushed face, that bristling hair and mustache, and that angry, guttural voice was instantaneous and enduring. Neither of them cheeped thereafter.

Isn't he a wonder?

# Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

Strength  
Vigor



## For the Anaemic

Pale-faced individuals, listless and with no apparent ambition, have often enlisted your deepest sympathy. You may have been brought even closer to face with such a condition in your own family, or perhaps right now you are reading the symptoms of your own case, the cause of which you have been trying in vain to discover. Chances are it is anaemia, often brought on by worry or overwork. The blood has become impoverished and is not furnishing sufficient strength to the system. This happens frequently with young people, caused by too rapid growth or overstudy. At this critical stage the the best reconstructive agent is

## Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

combining the rich, tissue building elements of barley malt with the tonic properties of choicest hops, retaining all the food value of the barley grain in predigested form, and carrying in it muscle, tissue and blood making constituents. The nourishment thus offered is readily assimilated by the system, being rapidly transformed into rich, red blood and absorbed by the tissues and nerves, making the recovery of health rapid, quickly restoring the boy or girl to youthful activity, and giving men and women strength and energy to fight daily battles.

## Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

vitalizes the nerves, makes rich, red blood, rebuilds wasted tissues, restores the tired brain. It builds up the convalescent, refreshes the overworked, and is a boon to nursing mothers.

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law.  
U. S. Serial No. 1921.

Booklet and picture entitled "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request.

PABST EXTRACT DEPT. "P" Milwaukee, Wis.

25c at all Druggists  
Insist Upon the Original

Jersey City, N. J.  
I recently prescribed The "Best" Tonic for a young lady who was very anaemic and run down, with the most gratifying results. I can, therefore, and do recommend it where the circumstances permit me to do so.  
Leonard G. Stanley, M. D.



TRADE MARK  
**"Perosknit"** Summer Underwear  
 REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**LETS YOUR BODY BREATHE** ventilating it through the tiny holes in the fabric, cooling and cleansing the skin, banishing odor and drying the garment while you wear it.

Ask Your Dealer for "Perosknit" If he does not sell it, write for free sample of the fabric and booklet, "Inside Information."

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY  
 16 Washington Street, Amsterdam, New York

**YOU OUGHT TO TRY**  
**No. 4711 WHITE ROSE**  
 GLYCERINE SOAP

**PURE—DELIGHTFUL—ECONOMICAL.**  
 Ask for "No. 4711." Beware of Imitations.

FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne o/r Germany.  
 Mühlens & Kropff, 298 Broadway, New York.  
 Send 15 cents in stamps for full size sample cake.

# SANTAS

THE WASHABLE WALL COVERING

**THE HOUSEWIFE WHO USED SANTAS LAST YEAR**

has had clean walls every day since. It has become but an incident of the morning's work to quickly clean every soiled spot—to wipe away all dust and dirt.

**THIS SPRING HER WALLS ARE AS GOOD AS NEW**  
*SANTAS* colors will not fade. Her pictures can now be re-arranged at will—no difference in colors behind or around them.

**CONTRAST THIS WITH WALL PAPER!**  
 Cleansing impossible. Fading inevitable—doubly evident the moment a picture is moved.

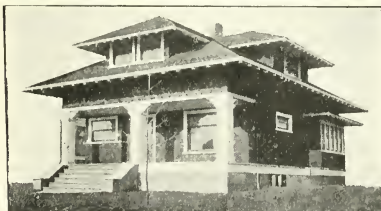
**USE SANTAS THIS SPRING INSTEAD OF WALL PAPER!**

*SANTAS* has all the beauty of wall paper, but is made on strong muslin with oil colors. Many patterns—dull or glazed surface. Costs no more than good outside paper.

**\$200 IN PRIZES**

For photographs of the most artistic interiors showing how *SANTAS* has been used, we will give four prizes: 1st—\$100, 2nd—\$50, 3rd and 4th—\$25 each. Photographs must be received by May 27th and to be our property. Prizes awarded June 27th. Contest open to all who desire to enter, without charge or consideration of any kind. Contestants need not personally be users of *SANTAS*. Send for samples of *SANTAS*, together with special pencil sketches of artistic and suggestive interiors. Send now.

**STANDARD TABLE OIL CLOTH CO.**  
 Dept. P., 528 Broadway, New York

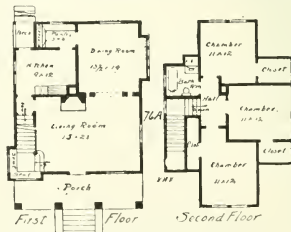


Send 50 cents in silver for my new 1907 book containing 75 house, cottage and bungalow plans. Free—send for my \$5.00 sketch proposition.

**V. W. VOORHEES, Architect**  
 22-25 Hotel Bldg., SEATTLE, WASH.

## Are You Going to Build?

Complete plans, specifications and details of this cosy little six-room house, only \$5.00 if ordered THIS month.



**The Way of the Boss.**

SCENE I.

The Boss's Office.

The Boss (to reporter)—So they are talking of an investigation, are they? Well, let them investigate. They will not find anything crooked here. Since I have been at the head of the committee, affairs have been on the dead level, see? Investigate? Let them come on. I welcome investigation. I'll help them investigate. Whom are they going to investigate? Me? Ha, ha! As if I had either the opportunity or the inclination to be crooked.

Me a grafter! That's too good. My boy, you just tell them to come ahead. I am more than anxious to see them and their hired blood-hounds.

SCENE II.

The Same.

The Boss (to his lieutenant)—Now who piped off this game to their crowd? Tell me that! Some of youse must have done it. Now who was it? Say, do youse think I'm a mut? Do youse think I'm goin' to stand for bein' peached on by a lot of guys that I've put in office and made rich? If youse do, youse have got sand in ye'er bearings. See? So youse wont tell, eh? Well, you'll see that it dont pay to go back on the man that made you. When anybody goes to jail for graftin' off the street car people and the telephone people, it wont be me, youse can bet ye'er last ill-earned dollar on that. I know the game and youse dont, and youse had better stand by me, see?

SCENE III.

The Same.

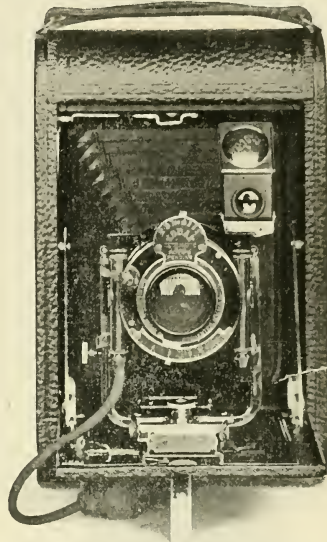
The Boss (to reporter)—Indictment, huh? Against me? Oh, say, that's too good. The idea of their indietin' me! The idea! Why, say—but oh, ho, ho—why dont they go and indiet the guilty ones? Here I've been spendin' my time and strength and money tryin' to give the city good, honest government, and that's what I get for it. Indictments! How many did you say? Forty-five? Is that all? Are they sure there will be enough to go round? All right, let 'em come right ahead with their proof. I'm innocent, and I can prove it. All I want is a chance to do it, and I want it quick. I want a speedy trial. I dont intend to let my character rest under this defamation any longer than I can help. A speedy trial and a square deal. That's all I've got to ask of 'em.

SCENE IV.

The Same.

The Boss (to his lawyers)—You can't fix the judge? Nor the district attorney? Well, you claim to be lawyers; now get to work and find some way of preventin' this case

\$20. ————— \$25.



**A New 4 x 5**

**KODAK**

**The No. 4**

**Folding Pocket.**

Rapid Rectilinear lenses of high speed, Automatic Focusing lock, Rising and Sliding front, Reversible brilliant finder, two tripod sockets. Aluminum construction—Kodak quality in every detail.

No. 4 Folding Pocket Kodak with F. P. K. (Single valve) Shutter, . . . . .	\$20.00
Do., with Kodak Automatic Shutter (as shown above), . . . . .	25.00

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.**

Rochester, N. Y.

*The Kodak City.*

*1907 Kodak catalog free at the dealers or by mail.*

from goin' to trial. It must not go to trial, see? I'm not guilty, but they've got it in for me, and they'll fix me plenty if they get a chance. Fix it some way, but fix it.

SCENE V.

Hotel de Frank,

The Boss (to the elisor)—Say, I'm gettin' tired of bein' indicted and imprisoned and held up to public scorn. You go to the district attorney and tell him I'm willin' to tell all I know, all I know, see? I'm not guilty, but I know a lot of soulless guys who have been robbin' this city right and left, and I've made up my mind that they ought to be brought to justice, see? You tell him what I say. Tell him that I am willin' to give up all I know, and all I ask is that he quash the indictments against me and let me off, see? That's all I ask. I'm innocent, and I want people to know it.

\* \* \*

The Doctor's Kind.

She is a wonder. She is one of these we-always-have-the-best-of-everything women, whether it be paintings or pancakes. Not that she isn't sincere and really believes what she says, but that out of the exuberance of her impressionable and impressing heart she merely desires to be effective.

At one time she had an attack of indigestion, and, thinking that the pains in the region of her heart were caused by some affliction of that organ, she went to a doctor. He diagnosed the trouble, and, instead of writing a prescription for her and sending her to the drug store, he gave her a little bottle of digestant which the manufacturers had sent to him, and which was marked, "For doctors' use only."

"And, oh, Gladys," she exclaimed in her voluble, earnest way, "do you know, I was awful sick. I had such pains around my heart that, do you know, I thought I was going to die. So I went right straight to the doctor and I know he was sure it was an awful critical case, because he didn't write me no prescription and send me to the store for just common medicine. It was too serious for that. He just gave me a bottle of doctor's medicine. That's what doctors all use; that's why they keep so well. And, Gladys, the next time you get sick don't you let them give you none of that other medicine; just you insist on having doctor's medicine."

\* \* \*

Still Deeper In.

Mr. Henry Peck (in desperation)—I will not stand it, I say. I will not be ordered about any longer. From the way you dictate to me, one would think that when you married me you took me for a fool.

Mrs. Henry Peck—No, I did n't find it out so soon as that.

See  
**Waterman's**  
 The pen with **Ideal** the Clip-Cap  
**Fountain Pen**

Manufactured and exhibited  
 at the  
**Jamestown Exposition**

The careful making of the parts, the time taken in adjusting the spoon feed to the solid gold pen, the purity of the materials used, and many of the details that enter into the manufacture of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen will be fully demonstrated in Booth No. 1, the Interior Court of the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building.

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 742 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO. 12 GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E. C.

**"Lincoln" Leather Garters** 50c

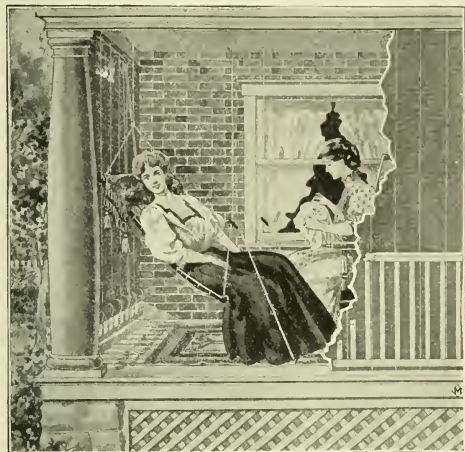
are superior because our patented sliding glove clasp holds them securely, yet allows adjustment to the smallest fraction of an inch. They are made of finest English pigskin, which is moisture proof, soft and pliable, and wears for years. They are made in three sizes, and rights and lefts. At your dealer's, or sent postpaid for 50 cents, with your initial on support, if requested

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 Lincoln Lisle Suspenders  
 1218 Market St., Philada.

# “How to Cool a Hot Porch”

is the title of our *free* booklet. You ought to have it, and we'll gladly mail it on request. It tells you how to get the greatest enjoyment and comfort out of your porch this summer—how you can make it a cool, shady retreat at an astonishingly low cost—a place where the entire family can work, rest, and *live*—by means of

## TRADE *Vudor* MARK Porch Equipment



We have cut away a portion of the Vudor Shade in this picture to show the privacy and comfort enjoyed by the occupants of a Vudor-Equipped Porch.

*Vudor Porch Shades*, as shown in the illustration, absolutely exclude the hot sun, yet admit every cooling breeze. They are made of Linden Wood fibre strips or slats, closely bound with strong Seine Twine, and stained in soft, harmonious weather-proof colors.

From within the Vudor-shaded porch you can clearly see every one passing, yet no one on the outside can look in. These features are *exclusive* with the Vudor Shades. They are extremely durable—you can use the same shades many summers—and they are so simply constructed that any one can put them up in a few minutes. Vudor Porch Shades are the only ones that really *do shade*.

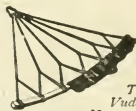
Vudor Porch Shades give you the maximum of comfort at the minimum of cost—the average porch can be fitted for from \$2 to \$10. Vudor shades harmonize with and add to the appearance of any porch or veranda.



The Ordinary Hammock  
Fig. 1

## Vudor Hammocks

are built on the “made-to-wear” principle—especially strong where the ordinary hammock is especially weak. The illustrations tell the story. Fig. 1 shows the ordinary method of suspension. Fig. 2 illustrates the Vudor way. Vudor Hammocks are made in the most desirable



The Vudor Hammock  
Fig. 2

patterns. They sell for \$3.00 and \$4.00—no more than the ordinary kind—and are guaranteed to *doubly* outwear any other hammock at the price.

## Vudor Chair Hammocks

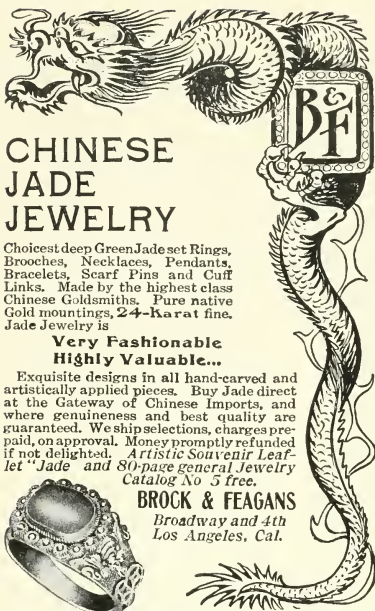
(As pictured in the large illustration) combine the comfort of an easy chair, with the restful ease of a hammock. Instantly conform to the body no matter what position you assume. Save space, as they can be hung on the wall, out of the way, when not in use. If no dealer in your town sells Vudor Chair Hammocks, we will express you one prepaid, on receipt of \$3.50.

**CAUTION:** Inferior products—bamboo shades, which let in the sun, and do not retain their shape or color, and cheaply constructed hammocks—are sometimes sold by unscrupulous dealers as Vudor goods. Look for the Vudor trademark on an aluminum plate on every genuine Vudor Shade or Chair Hammock, and on the cloth label sewed to every Vudor Hammock. It means *quality* in porch equipment, and it's there for *your* protection.

Prepare now for the hot summer—write for the free booklet, “How to Cool a Hot Porch.”

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION,

84 McKey Blvd., Janesville, Wis.



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Choicest deep Green Jade set Rings, Brooches, Necklaces, Pendants, Bracelets, Scarf Pins and Cuff Links. Made by the highest class Chinese Goldsmiths. Pure native Jade Jewelry is

**Very Fashionable  
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Exquisite designs in all hand-carved and artistically applied pieces. Buy Jade direct at the Gateway of Chinese Imports, and where genuineness and best quality are guaranteed. We ship selections, charges prepaid, on approval. Money promptly refunded if not delighted. *Artistic Souvenir Leaflet "Jade and 80-page general Jewelry Catalog No 5 free.*

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Advantages in the cost of producing power in Portland, in comparison with other cities of the country, enable us to make lowest rates and give the best service in the supplying of LIGHT, HEAT or POWER.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET "A"

**Portland Railway Light & Power  
Company**

Telephone Main 6688

First and Alder Streets, Portland, Oregon

### Such a Difference.

Jinks—Did you ever notice the difference between men and women as regards their clothes?

Binks—Of course I have. Men wear—

Jinks—No, I don't mean what they wear, but—

Binks—Oh, I see. You mean how they buy them. Sure! A man goes into a tailor's shop and says, "I want a suit of clothes. What have you got?" The tailor shows him three or four rolls of cloth. "I'll take that one. You have my measure. Double-breasted sack. Let me know when you are ready for me to try it on."

The woman goes to every store in town, and looks over everything in stock. She paws over bolt after bolt, she feels and scrutinizes stuff that she has no notion of buying; she spends an hour and a half in each place, and finally says to each clerk, "Well, I'll see." Then she goes home and thinks and talks it over for a week. At last she makes up her mind to take a certain pattern. She returns to the store where she saw it, and asks for it. The clerk tells her that it has been sold. "Why, the idea!" she exclaims. And then she goes right up in the air. The idea! The very idea of his selling that pattern when he knew that she was considering it! And maybe you think she doesn't do a thing to that clerk. Finally she comes down with a flutter and a founce and ends the monologue by telling him that after all she didn't think she would have bought that one. She didn't like to deal with his firm, anyhow. Two weeks later she decides on a pattern and secures it. Then begins a six-weeks' siege with the tailor or dressmaker, during which she vows that nobody ever had as much trouble getting things done as she, and that she is becoming a complete nervous wreck. At the end of the campaign she comes out of it all as fresh and smiling as a daisy. The next week she sallies forth to stalk a hat. Isn't that about the way of it?

Jinks—Yes, but I meant rather as regards the way they wear their new clothes.

Binks—I can tell you all about that, too. A man gets a new suit, and proceeds to break it in. He wears first the trousers a time or two, then the coat and vest, but he never starts right off with it all on. When he does get up his nerve, however, and appears in it all, and someone says, "Hello, Smith has a new suit," he affects an air of indifference and witheringly replies, "Aw, rats! I've had this a long time. Haven't you seen me with this on before? Where have you been?"

But the woman! Say, she can't get into it too quickly. She has everybody in the house



# SAVAGE



## TARGET RIFLE

Here is a really reliable, inexpensive target rifle, single shot, 22 calibre, and uses short, long and long rifle cartridges. It is rifled specially to give the greatest possible accuracy, and altogether is the most satisfactory target arm ever put on the market.

It feeds itself, cocks and ejects automatically. All working parts are in the bolt action. Simple pressure on the trigger removes the breech bolt, and thorough cleaning can then be done from the breech end.

No matter what is your idea of a trigger, you can have it, because of the Savage adjustable screw regulating the trigger pull. It is on the under side of the trigger and is instantly reached by taking off the stock. This is a very important factor in target shooting and insures great accuracy.

The Savage Target Rifles have ivory bead front sights and the famous Savage Micro-meter rear sights—the most satisfactory aim ever devised. 22 inch heavy barrel—*browned*, not blued. The arm weighs 4¾ pounds, has Swiss butt plates, is beautifully balanced, and has no equal for target or offhand shooting. Price \$6.50.

These features cannot be found in any other rifle made. Go to your dealer and examine one before you buy. All Savage arms are guaranteed. A very interesting catalogue for your name on a postal.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 255 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y., U.S.A.



## Money For the Ladies!



FRANCIS G. LUKE  
Gen'l Manager

- \$300.00 We collected \$300.00 for Mrs. Adeline E. Moore of Wells, Nevada.
- \$5013.35 We collected \$5013.35 for Mrs. Mary Ann Frew of Syracuse, Utah.
- \$300.00 We collected about this amount for G. B. McFall and the Western Publishing Co. of Oakland, Cal., from a lot of small accounts
- \$60.00 We collected \$60.00 for Reed & Rossell, Merchant Tailors, 18 West 33rd St. New York City, N. Y.

We collect about \$800.00 every day from old accounts, notes and judgments, scattered all over the United States, Mexico and Canada. We can collect some for you if you turn in your claims.

## Merchants' Protective Association

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FRANCIS G. LUKE, General Manager

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**RECAMIER CREAM**  
**For the Complexion**



Will cure a bad skin and preserve a good one.

Used by celebrated beauties for near a century.

For Sale Everywhere.

**Two sizes—  
 50c and \$1.00**

Recamier Man'g. Co., No. 127 W. 31st St., N. Y. City  
 Send for free sample and interesting illustrated booklet

**SHIRT WAIST, 99c**

**Do You Embroider?**



To advertise our shirt waist patterns, we will send to any address this handsome shirt waist pattern, stamped for shadow embroidery, complete with floss for working and lesson showing how to do the work, all for 99c.

**IMPORTANT!**—If you wish your parcel sent by registered mail, enclose 3c extra.

**THE NEEDLECRAFT SHOP** 382 Washington Street  
 PORTLAND, OREGON

fastening buttons and hooks, while she poses before the glass and looks at this side and that, and cracks her spinal cord trying to see how it fits in the back. Then, when she is hooked up, she prances forth with a trip and a wiggle that only a new dress can inspire. She is as proud as a snake with a new skin. The man is ashamed of his new clothes; the woman not only isn't ashamed of hers, but she boasts of them by flaunting them in the faces of her friends—and her foes.

Jinks—You seem pretty wise on this subject. Where did you learn it all?

Binks—My dear fellow, I am the only boy in a family of eight children. Wise? Why, I have Solomon in all his sapience skinned a mile.

\* \* \*

**Profane.**

She was a schoolteacher, and of course she belonged to the Woman's Club. Her distinguishing trait, however, was her piety. In addition to being exacting of herself as regards conduct, she was most scrupulous in her language. In moments of exasperation over the stupidity of some pupil, or at times of annoyance or humiliation over the unreasonable-ness of a too fond parent, she never permitted herself the indulgence of even "Oh, dear!" No, indeed!

During the course of a certain Winter the Woman's Club decided to read "Hamlet" as a means of promoting the intellectual welfare of the members. Naturally the school-teacher, because of her superior advantages and her familiarity with matters literary, was selected to interpret the part of the melancholy Dane. She applied herself assiduously to the task of mastering the meaning of the lines, and when the readings took place, it must be admitted that she acquitted herself to the satisfaction of the other members.

One incident occurred, however, which added nothing to her record as an example of higher education for women. The scene was that on the platform where Hamlet has Horatio and Marcellus swear never to make known what they have seen, and where the ghost of the elder Hamlet underneath the platform says, "Swear." After the three have moved, and the ghost still beneath says, "Swear," Hamlet exclaims:

"'Hie et ubique? Then we'll shift our ground."

But the schoolteacher omitted "'Hie et ubique," much to the surprise of the others, because it had been agreed that they should read the play as it was written, without substitution or emendation. And when they took her to task for her sin of omission, she exclaimed, with righteous indignation, "Well, I never; you certainly dont expect me to use profane language like that, do you?"



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 —as millions of others have—**The One Perfect Collar Button.** Have you?

**KREMENTZ COLLAR BUTTONS**

made from one piece, cannot break by use.

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SICILIAN  
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Congress.

"Pop."

"Yes, my son."

"What is Congress?"

"Congress, my son, is a large-size Turkish bath, where there are many cubic feet of hot air and many easy berths."

\* \* \*

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"I tell you," remarked the Breakfast Food Philosopher, "that one's environment has a great effect upon one. Merely the physical conditions which surround us place their stamp upon us. Take for example a family who, instead of having a home of their own, live in that modern contrivance of the devil, the flat. No matter what their condition previous to moving into one, they soon become narrow."

"Sure," remarked the Prune-Fed Idiot. "They have to if they expect to turn around in it."

\* \* \*

Like Mother, Like Son.

Father—Now, my son, I want you to be very careful not to lose your temper again and say things that may hurt somebody's feelings.

Son—Why dont you tell ma that when she gets mad at you?

\* \* \*

Definitions.

An Inheritance—The old clothes a boy's dad hands down to him.

Congress—A place where men who receive meager salaries by judicious economy become wealthy.

State Legislatures—A tumor that needs to be cut out.

Murder Trials—A source of unprintable information which everybody reads.

The Literary Fire—A match and an old pipe.

\* \* \*

He Had Kicked the Hat.

"There 's one thing I have always noticed," said the philosophic man, as he straightened up and walked along as if nothing had happened, "and that is that being a fool and being a sinner are very much alike; they both consist largely of being found out."

\* \* \*

Quits.

"I dont see," he remarked, impatiently brushing his coat, "why a girl always wants to wear powder on her face. It is sure to rub off on a man's coat."

"And I dont see," she said, with some irritation, as she scrubbed her lips with her handkerchief, "why a man will persist in putting dye on his mustache when he knows it will rub off on a girl's face."

# It Is Yours

I want to mail you my market letter for three months. It will keep you informed as to the conditions in the CŒUR d'ALENES. It will advise you when to buy for a quick profit. It advises you when to sell or when to hold for a greater profit.

As an illustration of the value of the advice my market letter contains, I cite the case of Oom Paul. This stock was selling at around 23 cents on February 1st when I advised my clients to get in. About the 20th of February the price had gone to around 31 cents and it is still going up. I am writing this February 27th. Those of my clients who have bought will clear about 40%. CŒUR d'ALENE stocks are safe, sure and profitable if bought on the advice of a broker who has practical experience and knows the camp thoroughly.

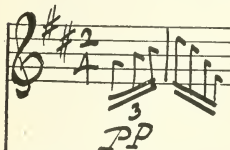
My market letter costs you nothing if you name The Pacific Monthly.

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105 Howard Street, Spokane, Wash.

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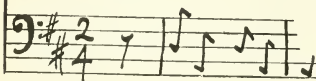
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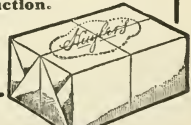
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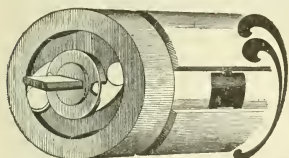
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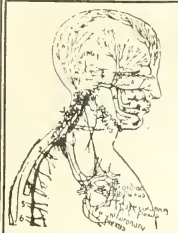
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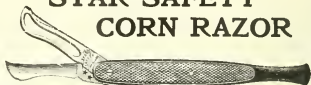
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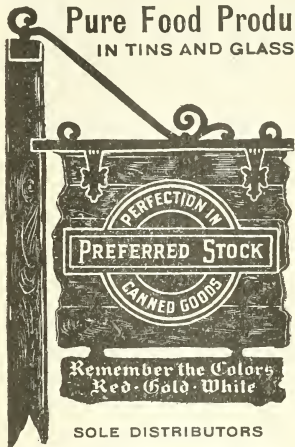
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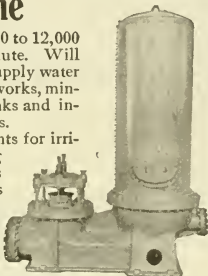
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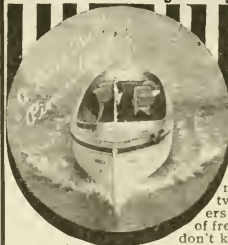
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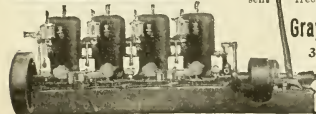
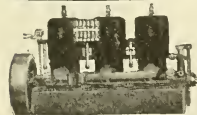
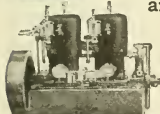
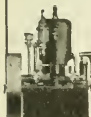
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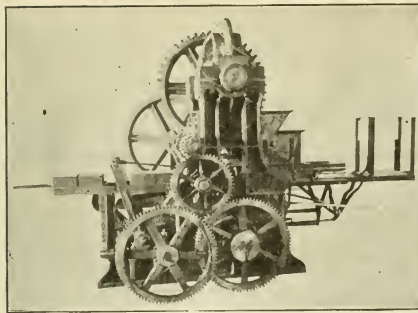
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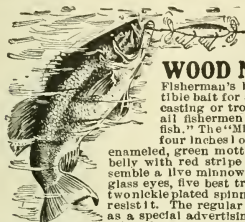
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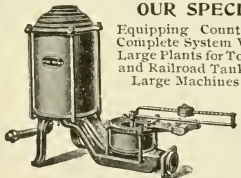
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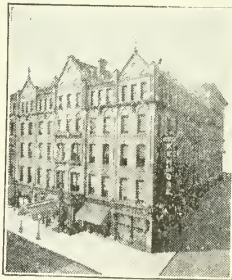


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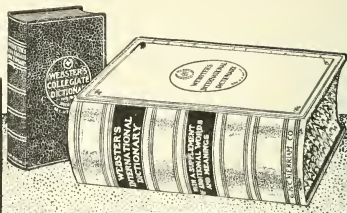


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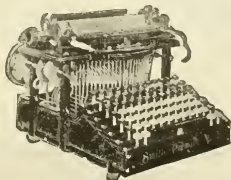
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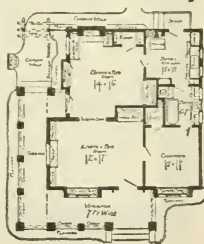
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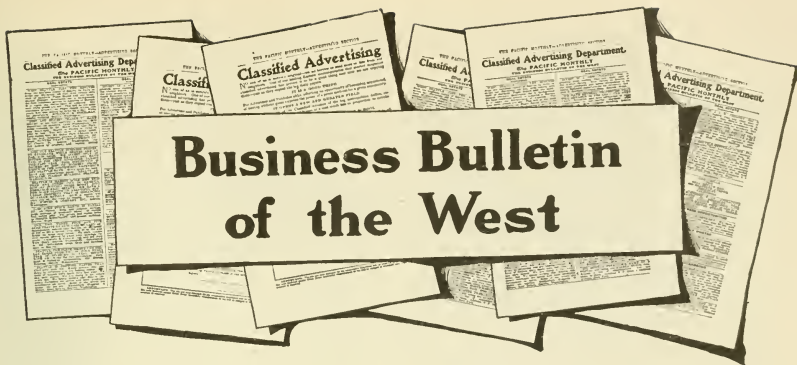
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**PREVENTS CAR AND SEA SICKNESS** IF taken in time. Positive cure for the most acute attacks. Money refunded if it fails. Don't travel on land or sea without it. Vest pocket size prescription, 25c postpaid. Dr. Raymond, 505 Chamber of Com. Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

**YARD WIDE SILKS, DIRECT FROM FACTORY** to you. Plain and figured silks. All colors. Send for free samples. Los Angeles Silk Wks., 511 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

**FREE**—Mathematical view of some events in the life and death of Jesus of Nazareth with other matter of similar nature. Sent upon application. W. E. Gould, Hotel Pelham, Boston, Mass.

**Have You Anything to Sell to 300,000 Western Readers**

**FILL OUT COUPON BELOW AND MAIL WITH COPY AND CHECK**

Rate for 4 lines (smallest accepted), 75 cents per line, \$3.00 per issue. Each additional line up to 12 lines (largest accepted) 50 cents per line.

Thus a five line advertisement will cost \$3.50 per issue, six lines \$4.00 per issue, twelve lines (largest accepted) \$7.00 per issue.

Ten per cent discount for six consecutive insertions.

Bills payable monthly in advance on receipt of invoice.

Always allow not more than eight words to the line and all of the last line for name and address.

Date.....

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT THE PACIFIC MONTHLY  
Lafayette Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Kindly enter my order for.....lines to run.....times in the Classified  
columns of The Pacific Monthly, beginning.....issue. Enclosed please  
find.....payment in full for first insertion—copy attached.  
Upon receipt of invoice on the 20th of month preceding date of publication I will remit promptly for next inser-  
tion, advising whether to repeat or run new copy.

Signed, .....

**IMPORTANT:** The ten per cent discount for six consecutive insertions will be credited on your sixth invoice. Do not deduct same from your monthly remittance or we will be obliged to withhold your copy until full amount is received



BUY LAND WHERE

ORANGES LEMONS GRAPES OLIVES

# PRODUCE PRINCELY PROFITS

TERRA BELLA, TULARE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

THE TERRA BELLA DEVELOPMENT COMPANY are placing 8000 acres of the choicest orange land on the market

**OPENING SALE APRIL FIRST**

Experienced orange growers pronounce this the most desirable acreage for oranges *now possible to obtain* at these prices

**\$50 TO \$125 PER ACRE**

Terms: Quarter Down, Balance Two, Three and Four Years

---

ENTIRELY PROTECTED BY TWO MOUNTAIN RANGES FROM THE HOT AND CHILLING WINDS, PRODUCING A CLIMATE THAT RIPENS ORANGES FROM SIX TO EIGHT WEEKS EARLIER THAN IN ANY OTHER ORANGE DISTRICT

FIRST EASTERN SHIPMENT OCTOBER 26TH  
(Officially Recorded)

---

Ten acres of this land planted in oranges when four and five years old can be made to yield an income of three to four thousand dollars a year, increasing this amount for several years. Absolutely reliable information willingly furnished; also maps, booklets, etc.

**EDWARD D. SILENT & CO.,** General Agents

214-216 WEST SECOND STREET

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

A. L. MILLS, - - - - - President  
J. W. NEWKIRK, - - - - - Cashier  
W. C. ALVORD, - - - - - Assistant Cashier  
B. F. STEVENS, - - - - - 2nd Assistant Cashier

## First National Bank

OF PORTLAND, OREGON

Capital - - \$ 500,000.00  
Surplus - - 1,000,000.00  
Deposits - - 13,000,000.00

OLDEST NATIONAL BANK  
ON THE PACIFIC COAST

BANKING BY MAIL  
Correspondence Invited

## The SAVINGS BANK OF THE TITLE GUARANTEE & TRUST COMPANY

PAYS INTEREST AS FOLLOWS

**4** PER CENT INTEREST  
ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS  
Interest Compounded Semi-Annually

Pays 4 per cent Interest on Certificates of Deposit  
Pays 3 per cent on Daily Balances of Check Accounts

J. THORBURN ROSS - - - - - President  
GEORGE H. HILL - - - - - Vice-President  
T. T. BURKHART - - - - - Treasurer  
JOHN E. AITOHISON - - - - - Secretary

240-244 WASHINGTON STREET  
(Corner Second Street)  
PORTLAND, OREGON

W. M. LADD

C. E. LADD

J. W. LADD

## LADD & TILTON BANKERS

PORTLAND, OREGON

ESTABLISHED 1839

TRANSACT A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

## SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

SAVINGS BOOKS ISSUED ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

## "FORTUNES IN THE FOREST" SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET

The lumber business has made more fortunes than mines of any kind and is growing better every day. Our booklet tells how you can buy a large or small interest in our big lumber company, and receive from 40% to 60% every year in dividends. First-class bank references given. No risk. Stock sold on easy terms if desired. Send your name to-day on a postal card.

**IDAHO LUMBER & DEVELOPMENT CO., 945 Harrison Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.**

## WESTERN HOMESTEADS THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFE TIME COEUR D'ALENE INDIAN RESERVATION

NOW is the time to prepare to file on a claim at the time of the opening of the Coeur d'Alene Reservation, one of the richest sections of the State of Washington. Join the Coeur d'Alene Reservation Information Bureau, an organization offered by responsible business men of Tekoa, Washington, "The Gateway to the Reservation," who are thoroughly familiar with the entire reservation, conditions governing the opening, government requirements, etc. MEMBERSHIP ONLY \$10.00, entitling members to all necessary information to secure a home. Such an opportunity will never again be offered. Public lands are nearly exhausted. WRITE TODAY FOR APPLICATION BLANKS, ETC.

## COEUR D'ALENE RESERVATION INFORMATION BUREAU

Reference: Lombard & Co., Bankers, Tekoa, Washington

TEKOA, WASHINGTON

## ALFALFA RANCH

In the heart of homeland, where crops never fail. Let us send you our booklet on how to secure an income alfalfa ranch on easy terms. We help you pay for it. An unusual offer. Just cut this "ad" out and send it to us, and we will do the rest. The booklet is free.

H. L. MILLER & CO.,

414 W. 7th St. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## TEKOA WASHINGTON

The HEART of The Famous Wheat Belt

A live, hustling town of 1600 population and growing rapidly.

### Fine Schools, Public Buildings and Churches

City owns the water works and supplies best artesian water in unlimited quantity. Modern electric light and power plant.

### A Railroad Center

Tekoa is located on the main line of the Spokane Div., O. R. & N. Ry. and both the C. M. & St. P. and North Shore Line now building will pass through Tekoa. Also the Tekoa & St. Marie River Electric Line, making three steam and one electric line.

### The Finest Wheat Lands in the World

Large flouring mills located at Tekoa. Splendid opportunities for diversified farming. All kinds of grains and tubers, also fruits. The great Coeur d'Alene Indian Reservation will soon be thrown open for settlement and Tekoa must become the central city and base of supply.

We want Farmers, Merchants, Mechanics and Capitalists. For complete information and booklet, address

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB  
TEKOA, WASHINGTON

## Coos Bay Real Estate

We Are Headquarters for All Kinds of

We furnish Correct Abstracts at short notice. **MAKE INVESTMENTS FOR NON-RESIDENTS.** **LOOK AFTER ASSESSMENTS AND TAXES.** **For reliable information about COOS BAY, address**

Title Guarantee and Abstract Co.

H. SENGSTACKEN, Manager  
Marshfield, Ore.

**INCORPORATE** Organization effected in ARIZONA with least trouble and expense. Can begin business day papers reach us. No franchise tax. No public statements required. Stockholders exempt from company liability. Hold meetings, keep books and made non-assessable. Any kind of stock may be issued and paid up in cash, services or property, and officials now prohibited by law from serving companies. Our president, I. T. Stoddard, was for years Secretary of Arizona, and officially in charge of the incorporating business. Write or wire today for copy of laws, blanks, and full particulars. By-laws gratis with each incorporation.

STODDARD INCORPORATING CO., Phoenix, Ariz.

## SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA THE OCEAN FRONT OF LOS ANGELES

Property in this city is sure to be a good investment. It will grow when all other beach towns are dead, because the trade of the orient goes through this port. \$15,000,000.00 improvements now going into the harbor. The Blumck and Marten Tract is within to blocks of the water front. Every lot high and level, and commands splendid view of the ocean and harbor. We are now selling this tract for only \$750 per lot, easy terms. Write for information to

**CALIFORNIA EMIGRATION CO., 412-415 Huntington Building LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**

# Boston-Johnnie, 30c

In Nevada a chain of gold-bearing properties has been opened up to the marvel of the world, for it is without parallel in history. After Tonopah, Goldfield and Bullfrog come the discoveries at JOHNNIE, as vast and valuable as any that have gone before. Never were such opportunities offered for making *big* fortunes with *small* investments as *now*. Have no fear to take the risk, when you can get into gold mining in company with men of integrity, and become a shareholder when the price of stock is much below par.

The essential difference between buying stock in a mining company and the securities of an industrial corporation is that while the industrial stock may, in rare instances, advance above par value, there are hundreds of mining stocks which are selling at from 100 to 1,000 times their original price. The prospective *profits* in mining are *unlimited*. No form of investment has made so many fortunes out of a few dollars.

The BOSTON-JOHNIE MINING & MILLING COMPANY owns five full claims and two leases. By purchase and by lease we have acquired the right to take out ore upon the most valuable ledges in the district of Johnnie, and but for the fact that the owners have taxed their pocketbooks to get possession of these *gilt-edged* properties, there would be no stock for sale at any price.

As it is, only enough treasury stock at 30 cents a share has been allotted me to sell, which will realize a sum sufficient to perfect the development work now partly done, and which reveals to us great glittering masses of ore in *untold quantities*, ready to be converted into bullion.

## Honest Management

If any reader of The Pacific Monthly is not acquainted with the officers and directorate of the BOSTON-JOHNIE M. & M. CO., let him ask his banker to get a report from either Dun's or Bradstreet's on any officer of the company or its fiscal agent, and he will be satisfied to do business with men whose business record is clean and whose credit is unimpeachable. The personnel of directors is as follows:

President—W. D. Wilson, president Wilson Oil Co., for ten years identified with the oil development of Southern California, and a considerable owner of choice business property in Los Angeles. References, Broadway Bank & Trust Co. and German-American Savings Bank, of Los Angeles.

Vice-President—Walter R. Wheat, vice-president Bank of Venice, former City Trustee of Ocean Park, Cal., and secretary of the Abbot-Kinney Co., builders, of Venice. First National Bank, Security Savings Bank, Broadway Bank & Trust Co., Los Angeles, and Bank of Venice, Ocean Park, Cal.

Secretary and Treasurer—James R. II. Wagner, secretary and half-owner of the Dana-Burks Investment Co.; organizer and former president of the Santa Barbara Realty & Trust Co.; organizer and former secretary of the Santa Barbara Home Telephone Co.; president of the Wilsuire-Normandie Land Co., and the San Vicente Land Co., of Los Angeles. Bankers, Los Angeles Trust Co., Bank of Venice, Ocean Park, and Commercial Bank, of Santa Barbara, Cal.

Director—William G. Stewart, general contractor and builder, owner of houses and hotels, Security Savings Bank, Los Angeles.

Superintendent—F. E. Bennett, mining operator in Johnnie, Nevada. The practical man at the mine, and a pioneer in the district.

After you have consulted the above references, and are fully satisfied that the BOSTON-JOHNIE M. & M. CO.'S affairs are being administered by business men of integrity and mining men of experience, then write to the postmaster of Johnnie, Nevada, and ask him how the BOSTON-JOHNIE properties compare with others in the same district; ask him if they have only prospects, or a mine with ore blocked out; ask him what he thinks of the future of the Johnnie district in general, and of BOSTON-JOHNIE in particular.

## A Penny Postal Card, A Drop of Ink

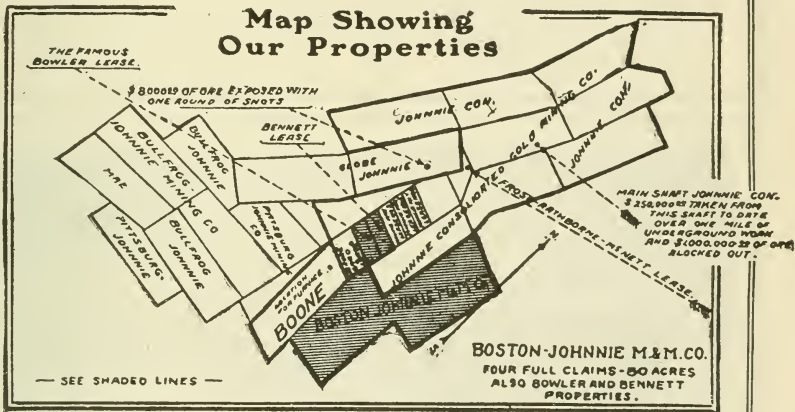
Send me a postal card today, containing your name and address, and I will send you back detailed information concerning the development of the property, with engineer's reports thereon, and a map showing the Johnnie camp and its relation to the rest of the mineralized district in Nevada. I send this

# MAP FREE



# Watch Johnnie Grow

If there's any BOSTON-JOHNNIE stock left unsold at 30 cents a share when this number of The Pacific Monthly gets into your hands, you'd better order by wire, or you may have to pay more than 30 cents. Look at this map and see the relative positions of the choicest properties in Johnnie.



**WE'VE BOUGHT THE BOONE CLAIM.**—Our next map will show shaded lines across the white space, lettered "BOONE." We have just taken up the bond, and thereby added to our holdings the choicest piece of undeveloped property in the district.

**WE'VE GOT A MILL.**—The company has contracted for a mill to be built, and has agreed to supply 25 tons of ore a day. After deducting milling charges of \$7 a ton, we expect to realize \$28 a ton net, or \$700 a day, or over \$250,000 a year. The builders promise to have the mill running before June 1.

**TWO LEASES IN RICH ORE.**—The Bowler and Bennett leases, in which we have 9,000 tons of ore blocked out and ready for delivery to the mill, should yield during their life between \$600,000 and \$800,000.

I predict that Boston-Johnnie stock will be selling at 50 cents as soon as our mill is completed. The price will advance from 30 cents as soon as my present allotment is subscribed. I am willing to stand the expense of paying for your telegraphic orders at 30 cents, and I will make delivery of all the stock I can at that price. Oversubscriptions I will fill at the advanced price or refund your money. BUY NOW. Cash or credit. I do not require full payment in cash, because the company's disbursements will cover a period of months. You may pay one-fourth down and balance in three monthly installments.

## JAMES R. H. WAGNER CO.

FISCAL AGENTS BOSTON-JOHNNIE MINING AND MILLING CO.

22 H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

# Three Cents Per Share

## LEE'S CREEK GOLD MINES

ADVANCED TO 3 CENTS APRIL 1st. BUY NOW. THE NEXT ADVANCE WILL BE TO 5 CENTS PER SHARE.

**Lee's Creek Gold Mines** are listed on the Portland Stock Exchange and has been for three months the strongest stock on the market. See report Portland daily papers.



The above picture shows a group of Lee's Creek stockholders at the property, including bankers, professional and business men. We will furnish you their names and addresses on application.

Detailed information furnished on application to the

**COMMONWEALTH TRUST COMPANY**

Fiscal Agents

Sixth and Ankeny Sts., Portland, Ore.

# In California \$AN DIEGO'S SUPREMACY

for HARBOR for CLIMATE  
for OPPORTUNITY for  
INVESTMENT for PROFIT  
— Is Worthy Your  
Immediate Investigation

**GOOD LUCK**—is buying a good lot in a growing city on a new electric car line "before the cars begin to run" and making the natural increase in land values.

I call that rapid transit good luck.

Every one of our famous big Tracts are in line of just this kind of good luck in addition to the general increase in values on account of the new direct railroad east via Yuma.

Deal with the good luck house. Fortunes in lots at four cents a square foot in our famous seven Swastika Tracts. \$5.00 down, \$5.00 a month. Questions answered. City Map Free.

**WEST** **HOMELAND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY (Inc.)**  
939 Sixth St., SAN DIEGO  
208 PACIFIC ELECTRIC Bldg  
LOS ANGELES CAL.

## Seattle Today

What would your yearly income be today if you had bought a corner lot in the heart of New York when it had a population half what it is today? That's food for thought—just so—Seattle is the New York of the Pacific Coast. Population 210,000.

Buy a lot now and your fortune begins as soon as the investment is made.

Seattle is growing faster than New York or Chicago ever did. Figure Seattle's population at 400,000 in 1912 and see what the profit for you will be.

In 1906 property values increased on an average of 100%. In the next five years Seattle Real Estate will increase in value more rapidly than that, because it has the resources behind to make it grow.

These are facts, Mr. Reader, we can substantiate all of them.

'Tis your duty to learn more about the opportunities Seattle offers the investor. The man with a few hundred has a golden opportunity awaiting him in Seattle.

Write today no matter whether you have \$100.00 or \$100,000.00 there's money in it for you.

ACT NOW.

**McGraw, Kittinger & Case**

Colman Building

Seattle, Washington.

## AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

CAPITAL (paid up) - - - \$100,000.00

SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS, \$40,000.00

Officers and Directors

LOUIS J. WILDE, President.  
R. M. POWERS, Vice-President.  
H. E. MILLS, Vice-President.  
CHAS. L. WILLIAMS, Cashier.  
L. J. RICE, Assistant Cashier.  
E. STRAHLMAN.

SEND US YOUR PACIFIC  
NORTHWEST ITEMS. SEND  
US YOUR VISITORS FOR  
GOOD TREATMENT

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

It will pay you to carefully investigate the openings for capital in this beautiful and healthful city whose magnificent harbor is becoming so important since the Panama Canal is assured.

What the Pacific Banker Says

The American National of San Diego.

Every successful bank has its policy, which it strives to maintain. The American National has hewed to this line: Plenty of cash on hand; numerous small loans in preference to a few large ones; courteous treatment; prompt balancing of pass books and 'yes' or 'no' on loans. It also has a policy on the question of general banking and was the identical institution that broke the combination of a charge for items in the seven southern counties of California, being the first bank in San Diego to clear all items at par in these counties. It owns its own quarters, a handsome bank building on Fifth street. It has a paid up capital of \$100,000, and practically \$50,000 of surplus. Louis J. Wilde, known to Pacific Coast bankers and capitalists as the man "who makes good," is president of the bank. The other officers are: Vice-President, Dr. R. M. Powers, one of the oldest bankers in San Diego; cashier, Charles L. Williams, for fifteen years cashier of the National Bank of Commerce in San Diego, and assistant cashier, L. J. Rice, former teller in the Redlands National Bank. —*The Pacific Banker, Portland, Ore., March 30.*

# VACATION TRIPS IN OREGON AND CALIFORNIA

---

Send for any of the following publications. They tell all about the most beautiful and attractive summer retreats in the west and are a splendid aid in deciding where to go

**Oregon Outings**  
**Restful Recreation Resorts**  
**Shasta Resorts**  
**Lake Tahoe and the High Sierras**  
**Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees**  
**Kings River Canyon and the Giant Forest**  
**Big Trees of California**  
**Hotel del Monte**  
**Southern California**

Sent free to any address on receipt of a two-cent postage stamp for each publication. Write to

**WM. McMURRAY**

General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific Co. (Lines in Oregon)  
PORTLAND, OREGON

OR

**CHARLES S. FEE**

Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Co.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

# Free Transportation to CALGARY, ALBERTA



Strange as it may seem, the markets of Alberta and British Columbia at times have to depend upon mutton from Australia and New Zealand. *Why?* Because this whole North-western country is settling up so fast that the demand wholly exceeds the supply, notwithstanding the thousands of sheep on the ranges nearby. What can be more convincing as to the profits to be made from the sheep business in the Calgary District where Canadian Pacific Irrigation Company's rich land, both irrigable and non-irrigable can be obtained in any amount at from

**\$12.00 to \$25.00 PER ACRE**  
**ON EASY TERMS**

Land also grows: Wheat, 50 bushels per acre; Oats, 80 to 100 bushels per acre; Alfalfa, three big cuttings; Sugar Beets, 12 to 15 tons to the acre, worth \$5.00 per ton F. O. B. cars; Potatoes, 400 bushels per acre, etc.

Great opportunities for mixed farming. Good markets, cheap rich land and an unlimited supply of water fifty cents per acre per year.

Write *today* about free transportation and for illustrated literature to

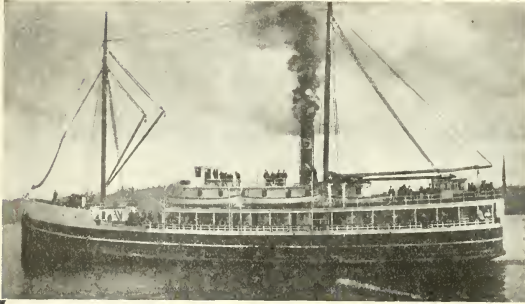
**Department "D"**

## **FERRIER-BROCK COMPANY**

**General Pacific Coast Agents**

**J. E. GREEN, Manager**

**18 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal.**



STEAMER ALLIANCE OF COOS BAY, SAN FRANCISCO AND PORTLAND

**“YOU”  
ARE  
WANTED**

At **NORTH BEND**, on **COOS BAY, OREGON**. Opportunity is here awaiting the “Hour and the Man”. Over one hundred billion feet of uncut timber and eight hundred million tons of coal await the ax and the pick.

## North Bend--Its Payroll Talks

☞ **NORTH BEND'S** present site was a tract of timber in 1902—today there are 2200 people. ☞ \$60,000 is the monthly payroll, conceded to be the largest in the United States for a city of this size. ☞ \$700,000 were expended for building and improvements in the year 1906. ☞ Coos Bay is the next harbor for Trans-Pacific traffic on the Pacific Coast of the United States. ☞ Congress has ordered a survey of the Coos Bay Bar for the purpose of giving it the same depth as Golden Gate—40 feet. ☞ Puget Sound, Coos Bay and Golden Gate stand in a class alone as Pacific sea ports. ☞ Lumber mills, ship yards, machine shops, and quarries are here and generous inducements are held out for others. ☞ Come now and “Beat the Railroad.”

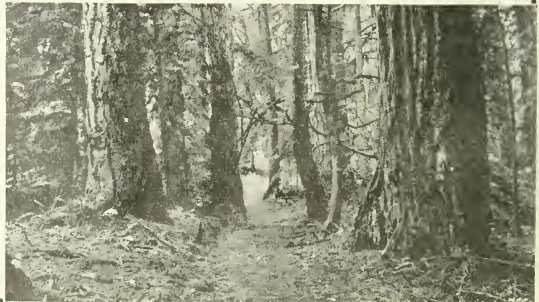
LOVER'S LANE IN SIMPSON PARK

WRITE THE

**North Bend Chamber  
of Commerce**

**NORTH BEND, COOS BAY,  
OREGON**

An organization of the citizens  
for the upbuilding and develop-  
ment of the Coos Bay country.



*It's the  
Soil.*



Hayden Lake  
Irrigated Lands

Illustration by O. S. Smith

# BLACK SANDY LOAM SOIL IRRIGATED

1500 acres now in  
Sugar Beets and  
paying a net profit  
of \$50.00 per acre.

35 MILES FROM  
SPOKANE, WASH.

The most beautiful home  
location in the Northwest

Send for birds'-eye  
view of entire  
SPOKANE VALLEY

## MALLOY BROS.

AGENTS

S. 12 HOWARD ST.  
SPOKANE  
WASH.

Please send illustrated pamphlet and information regarding  
Hayden Lake Irrigated Lands.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

To MALLOY BROS.,  
S. 12 HOWARD ST.  
SPOKANE  
WASH.

Stocks and Bonds  
High-Grade Securities  
Mines and Mining

Codes— | Western Union  
          | Private  
Cable—"Borlini"

ALFRED A. BORLINI, President.

E. L. McCLURE, Secretary.

# Alfred A. Borlini & Co.

INCORPORATED

Capital, \$100,000.00

## OUR SPECIALTIES

*High-Class Investments in  
Tonapah, Goldfield, Bullfrog, Manhattan  
and adjacent districts*

We Handle None But the Best

OUR AIM: PROFITS FOR CLIENTS

*Keep your eyes on Nevada! Another big boom  
is coming! You can't stop it! Why? Because  
the ore bodies are there!*

FORTUNES WERE MADE LAST YEAR. THE OPPOR-  
TUNITIES TODAY ARE GREATER THAN EVER.

*The best time to buy is now.*

WRITE IMMEDIATELY FOR OUR LATEST AND BEST. It will cost  
you nothing to investigate.

REFERENCES UPON APPLICATION

Address

**ALFRED A. BORLINI & CO.**

INCORPORATED

Suite 33, 1300 Golden Gate Avenue

SAN FRANCISCO



# \$2,500 PER YEAR

ALL THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

IN RETURN FOR \$2,500 INVESTED NOW

IS THE OPPORTUNITY OFFERED IN THE

## WENATCHEE VALLEY

Don't take our word for it. We will give you the testimony of  
resident fruit-growers to prove that  
ANYBODY CAN DO AS WELL  
The majority have done much better  
**INQUIRE NOW**

When our land is sold there will be no more land in Wenatchee  
Valley to be put under irrigation.

### EAST WENATCHEE LAND CO.

WENATCHEE, WASH.

# **A NEW OIL FIELD!**

## **STOCK SELLING RAPIDLY!**

A FEW shares of our stock now on sale at only **\$10** per share will be a handsome investment for you. Already many of the best business men on the Coast have bought blocks of stock after carefully examining the properties and the Government records, the latter showing the geological formation to be the same as that of the oil fields of California, Texas and Pennsylvania. That a natural gas well is now in full operation, with the other many indications of oil, is positive assurance of the presence of the richest oil field in the West.

The money realized on the present sale of stock is being devoted exclusively to the development of the property; several car loads of machinery are now enroute for such purpose.

Write us at once for our free prospectus, describing our properties. Read carefully, then return us your order for stock. Take this unusual investment opportunity in; its too valuable to overlook. Do it **to-day**.

PHONE PACIFIC 316 OR WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS TO

## **PACIFIC COAST GAS & OIL CO.**

**401-402 Commercial Bldg., Washington St., PORTLAND, OREGON**



## MONTANA IS An Agricultural State

Farm Lands in the valley of the YELLOWSTONE are equal to any on earth. Great crops of Alfalfa (3 crops), Timothy, Clover and all kinds of Grains and SUGAR BEETS. The newest, largest and best Beet Sugar Factory in the United States at BILLINGS now completed and in operation, making into Sugar the first crop of 70,000 tons. *Land at \$50.00 and up on your own terms. Write*

**BILLINGS LAND & IRRIGATION CO., BILLINGS, MONTANA**

**CALIFORNIA IRRIGATED FARMS**

Rich, black sediment soil, level, without stones or alkali; climate unsurpassed, free water right, the best in the U. S. Rail and steamboat transportation to ready markets. All fruits and vegetables grown to perfection. Excursion rates from all Eastern points after March 1. For information and literature, write

**C. M. WOOSTER COMPANY**  
1666 O'Tarrell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

or **F. E. ROBINSON & CO.**  
216 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

We are opening the western side of the Sacramento Valley under irrigation. President Roosevelt has signed the Special Act of Congress granting our great Central Canal enough water from the navigable Sacramento River to irrigate 200,000 acres. Prices the lowest ever known in California for first class land under irrigation. **Ten, Twenty and Forty Acre Lots from \$30 to \$100 per Acre;**

**Terms, One-Sixth Cash, Balance in Five Years.**

# CHINO RANCH



60 MINUTES FROM LOS ANGELES

**PROLIFIC FARMS**  
**\$85 to \$175 Per Acre**

**EASY PAYMENTS**

**D**O you want a farm—a country HOME, where you may more profitably and easily raise a wide variety of Fruits, Nuts, Berries, Grain and Forage Crops and Vegetables, including Sugar Beets, Onions, Potatoes, etc.?

Where climate is favorable; water abundant and inexhaustible; markets and metropolitan advantages alike quickly accessible?

Where you can LIVE more comfortably, on a higher plane, with less labor, than in any other agricultural section of California?

Then locate at Chino Ranch.

Leads all ranch properties of the Southwest; 35 miles east of Los Angeles; three railroads, electric line building, schools, churches.

FOR MAPS, BOOKLETS,  
FOLDERS AND SPECIFIC  
INFORMATION,  
ADDRESS

## CHINO LAND & WATER CO.

516 WILCOX BUILDING

Main 761

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Home A7827

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.



## THE MOST PRODUCTIVE LAND IN ALL THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

**The Finest Soil, a Perfect Climate, Water in Inexhaustible Quantities  
a Perfect Irrigation System, Ample Water Rights With Every Deed**

Farming in Fairhaven will lead to certain wealth. One acre in this garden spot will produce as much in products and as much in profits, as five acres in the states back East. No floods, no droughts, no extremes of heat or cold—absolutely nothing to detract from prosperity, pleasure and health.

### A Crop Every Month in the Year

So productive is the soil, so dependable the climate, that a continuous round of crops is possible in this fertile valley. The following table gives a hint of what can actually be raised on Fairhaven farms, under suitable conditions, with a conservative estimate of returns.

Melons, Cantaloupes .....	\$200 to \$400 per acre
Alfalfa .....	60 to 125 per acre
Potatoes .....	50 to 100 per acre
Beans .....	30 to 75 per acre
Cucumbers .....	40 to 100 per acre
Garden Truck .....	80 to 150 per acre
Strawberries.....	100 to 400 per acre
Celery.....	75 to 300 per acre
Loganberries and other berries.....	80 to 250 per acre
Sugar Beets .....	40 to 100 per acre
Walnuts.....	60 to 200 per acre
Wine Grapes.....	90 to 150 per acre
Oranges .....	150 to 450 per acre
Lemons.....	100 to 750 per acre

### Demand for All You Can Produce—Great Southwest's Best Markets Close at Hand

**Only 50 Miles From Los Angeles, 9 Miles From Riverside**

Within quick and easy reach of the metropolis of Southern California. Best of transportation facilities—both passenger and freight. Good roads, schools, churches, neighbors. Every modern convenience of home and farm life available.

### A Few Acres Here Will Make You Rich

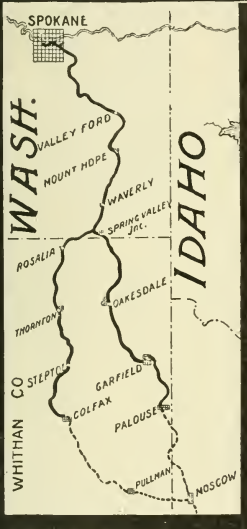
This is the last large tract in this valley of gardens. There are but 7,000 acres in all. A 5 or 10 acre farm here is all you need. We can make the price very low to immediate buyers, with liberal terms. Descriptive matter costs you nothing—just send your name and address. For health, wealth and happiness, this is the most attractive proposition in California today. Investigate.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT CO.

608 PACIFIC ELECTRIC BUILDING

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

# SPOKANE



## New Townsites and Fruit Lands in the Spokane Country

There's money to be made in Eastern Washington.

The building of an electric road from Spokane south for over 100 miles to Colfax, Wash., and Moscow, Idaho, is creating openings in business and in investments which will seldom be found again. This road cuts through the heart of the famous Palouse—one of the richest agricultural districts in the Northwest. It is developing new towns, adding resources to towns already established, and bringing ideal farming conditions to a vast empire of rich wheat, fruit, beet and vegetable land.

As right of way agent for the electric railroad company, and selling agent for its affiliated land company, we offer town lots at farm prices in new towns which will soon become the most thriving places in Eastern Washington. We also offer choice suburban tracts and irrigated and non-irrigated fruit and vegetable tracts within a few minutes' ride of Spokane, and farms in all parts of Eastern Washington.

No better investment than these can be found anywhere. This property will increase rapidly in value. It is one of the few chances you will ever have to get in on the ground floor of large towns, and the possibilities of profit are almost unlimited.

These fruit lands are some of the richest in the State, easily capable of paying from \$200 to \$1000 an acre a year, and they are on an electric line within from a half hour to an hour's ride of the center of Spokane, a city of nearly 100,000 people.

All this property is sold at low prices on the easiest of installments, with either monthly, half-yearly or yearly payments.

Write for free literature and detailed information; write at once before the sale of some of the choicest of these townsites open. State whether you are interested in fruit lands, in suburban tracts, town lots or farms and we will tell you where you can make the most money. We gladly give you the benefit of our expert knowledge derived from 19 years of continuous and successful real estate business in Spokane. We can make money for you or establish you on a delightful and profitable home.

### SPOKANE REAL ESTATE INVESTMENTS

Spokane real estate pays from 8 to 15 per cent., and in many parts of the city values are increasing as rapidly as 25 and 50 per cent. a year. If you want bigger returns from your money than you are now getting, write us.

## ARTHUR D. JONES & CO.

Cor. Riverside Ave. and Lincoln St., SPOKANE, WASH.

# The Call of the Orchard To You

In the valley of the great Columbia River in south central Washington, great hydraulic water power works are now being built at Priest Rapids to supply irrigation for 32,000 acres of land and electric heat, power and light for your dwelling, whether in city or country. The Priest Rapids irrigated lands are the cream of creation for producing all fruits, berries, melons and grasses of temperate climates.

A deep soil of everlasting fertility derived from decomposed basaltic ash combines with highly favoring conditions of temperature to produce remarkable results in fruit-growing and other branches of horticulture.

## THIS IS THE RECORD

Fruit raising and melon growing upon these irrigated lands will make the following average profits. In individual cases these figures have been largely exceeded. \$2,200.00 per acre net profits has been realized from one acre of apples in one case, and in another \$719.00 net per acre in developed irrigation districts in the vicinity of the Priest Rapids lands.

Apples	-	-	\$500 to \$700 per acre each year.
Peaches	-	-	250 to 600 per acre each year.
Pears	-	-	250 to 600 per acre each year.
Grapes	-	-	250 to 800 per acre each year.
Apricots	-	-	200 to 400 per acre each year.
Cherries	-	-	250 to 1000 per acre each year.
Prunes	-	-	150 to 300 per acre each year.
English Walnuts	-	-	250 to 600 per acre each year.
Nectarines	-	-	150 to 400 per acre each year.
Almonds	-	-	150 to 500 per acre each year.
Watermelons	-	-	150 to 300 per acre each year.
Muskmelons	-	-	150 to 300 per acre each year.
Strawberries	-	-	250 to 700 per acre each year.

You clear \$150 to \$1,000 per acre each year from your fruit, and in addition your land rises in value \$100 to \$200 per acre per year, two sources of large and certain profits.

Thirty-two thousand acres being placed under irrigation, divided in five, ten, twenty and forty acre tracts. Five acres in bearing fruit will net \$2,000 to \$3,500 per year, and larger bodies of land in proportion. The townsite of Hanford, distributing point for the Hanford irrigated lands now being surveyed. Abundant opportunities for business in all lines.

## "IT'S THE CLIMATE AND SOIL"

Our "Question and Answer" Circular with map tells all about it. Sent free.  
Address

## Hanford Irrigation and Power Company

E. C. Hanford, Manager

Department 5

Seattle National Bank Bldg.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

(Ten Acres Enough)

# FIVE BOOKLETS FREE!



Farming in the fertile delta lands of

# CALIFORNIA

Four of the booklets give specific information regarding four very profitable products; the fifth booklet gives general information regarding Tulare county farms and Tulare County in general.

Tulare county is situated in the **Heart of California**, surrounded by lofty mountains and watered by adequate rivers and irrigation plants. These books are intensely interesting to any one who desires a profitable farming property for investment or actual occupancy. They tell all about the enormous profits to be made. \$70 per acre on sugar beets; \$150 an acre on table and wine grapes. Grain and vegetables pay \$80 per acre. Alfalfa is a money maker. In February, the market price in Tulare was \$13.00 a ton, and the crops run from 6 to 8 tons per acre per year. Dairying and stock raising are more profitable than in eastern localities. The local demand for poultry and eggs cannot be supplied. Fresh eggs were 5 cents each last winter in Los Angeles. These booklets give **facts and figures that are indisputable evidence** of the vast superiority of California farms. A 20-acre farm in Tulare county will pay better than a 160-acre eastern farm.

**Write for these booklets and get the absolute vital facts.**

The land offered is the famous Paige-Mitchell ranch which is being subdivided into farms and sold on **easy terms**. There are three propositions open to you; if you put in the crop we suggest we will contract with you for your products at a price that will pay for the land in two to four years, or you can pay one-fourth down and the balance inside of three years, or you can pay spot cash.

This land is located a **few miles from the city of Tulare** and has every **market advantage**. The climate is excellent and the land is the famous **delta land** which is not surpassed anywhere in California.

**Write today for the booklets.**

## California Farmland Co.

OWNERS

**74 Grosse Bldg., Los Angeles, California**



HE aggregate commerce of the port of Seattle during the calendar year 1906 amounted to \$129,325,619.

HE business of the coastwise ports includes that of Alaska. The shipments to Alaska amounted to \$15,074,222 and the receipts from Alaska amounted to \$6,014,465.

HE commerce of the port for the year 1905 amounted to \$114,349,524. The gain for 1906 was \$1,976,105.

Good markets, cheap raw materials, cheap fuel, cheap power, cheap transportation and most convenient facilities for the distribution of the products of her mills and factories, are some of the advantages which have made manufacturing enterprises profitable in Seattle, and which will make her a great industrial center.

1907	{	Number establishments . . . . .	1,500
		Capital invested . . . . .	\$28,000,000
		Value of products . . . . .	\$60,000,000
		Wage earners . . . . .	17,000
		Wages paid . . . . .	\$15,000,000

Shipbuilding is one of the most important industries of the Northwest, and particularly of the City of Seattle. The most extensive plant on the North Pacific Coast is that of the Moran Company, where the battleship "Nebraska" was recently completed. The "Nebraska" is one of the largest of the new vessels in the American Navy. It was launched October 7th, 1904, and completed in 1906. There are other marine engine works and shipbuilding plants in Seattle, Ballard West Seattle and Quartermaster Harbor, on Vashon Island, all located in King County. These plants have marine ways, or floating drydocks, and carry on extensive construction and repair works, giving employment to a large number of skilled mechanics.

Timber is the greatest single resource of the Pacific Northwest at the present time. The timber of the State of Washington alone, if sold at its present value, standing in the forests, would bring more than \$300,000,000, but cut into lumber and placed on the market at present prices would bring at least \$3,000,000,000 or close to \$3,000 for every inhabitant of the state.

The rock-ribbed hills and mountains of Washington are rich in mineral resources, which have barely been prospected. There are vast deposits of coal, iron, copper, lead, and other minerals as well as gold and silver, awaiting the touch of capital and enterprise to turn them into productive mines. Most of the mining districts of Washington have exceptional climatic, timber and water power advantages, and the further advantages of contiguous coal fields and nearness to deep sea harbors.

The fisheries of Puget Sound have assumed vast proportions, and may well be accounted as one of the leading industries of Western Washington. The output of the Puget Sound canneries runs from \$5,000,000 to \$8,000,000 a year, according to the run of salmon. In addition to the Puget Sound fisheries, Seattle is the headquarters and base of supply for a large number of the leading companies engaged in the salmon packing industry of Alaska and other places. The value of the canned salmon put up by these companies is approximately \$20,000,000 each year.

Between the Cascade Range and the Rocky Mountains there lies a vast area of the most fertile soil in the world—soil that is scarcely surpassed in fertility by that of the world-famous Valley of the Nile, where the finest fruit in the world is grown. Eastern Washington alone produces about 35,000,000 bushels of wheat each year.

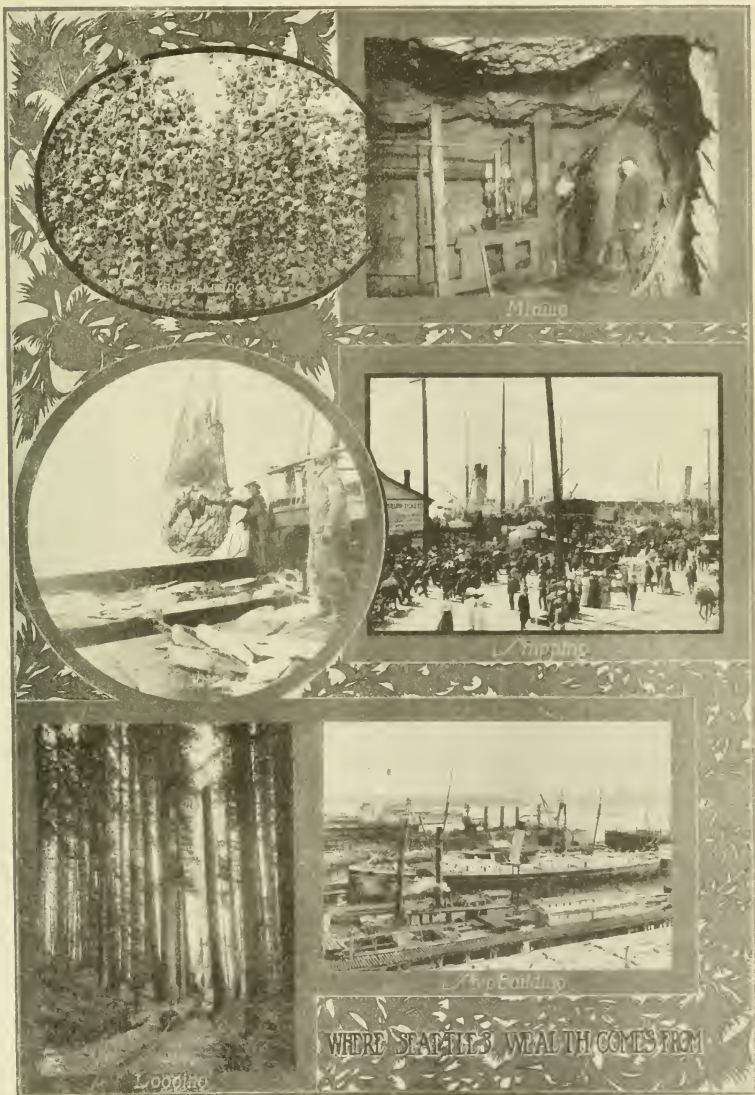
W. G. Ronald.  
John Davis & Co.  
Crane Realty Co.  
Adolph Behrens.  
Lewis-Littlefield Co.  
David P. Eastman.  
Puget Sound Realty Associates.  
T. L. Quigley Co.  
H. S. Turner Investment Co.

If you are interested and desire detailed information regarding the opportunities for any particular industry address any of the following:

Scandinavian-American Bank.  
Dexter Horton & Co., Bankers.

Lewis-Dillon & Daugherty.  
R. W. Hill.  
Moore Investment Co.  
Jos. E. Thomas & Co., Inc.  
Calhoun, Denny & Ewing.  
H. E. Orr Co., Inc.  
Cogswell & Perry.  
The Trustee Company, of Seattle.  
Holmes & Harling.





Photos by Webster and Stevens, Seattle.

# BUY LONG BEACH, CAL. PROPERTY

For Safe Investment  
Increasing Values  
and Large Profits

---

## A FEW PROFIT-MAKING SUGGESTIONS

Corner lot on the best business street in the city.  
Lots on the new harbor.  
Residence lots near the harbor industrial section.  
Frontage on Ocean Avenue facing the ocean.  
Eligible apartment house sites.

**THESE ARE GENUINE BARGAINS. WE RECOMMEND  
THEM AS SAFE INVESTMENTS BASED UPON  
VALUES THAT ARE SURE TO ADVANCE RAPIDLY**

---

**RANCHES**—73 acres near Downey, Cal., 25 acres in walnuts. Excellent land, plenty of water. Can be had very cheap.

**ACREAGE**—50 acres in Altadena, Cal. Will cut into 3 and 5 acre lots at \$300 per acre, or will sell the whole piece at \$100 per acre if taken at once.

**DEBENTURES**—To those who wish to invest small amounts, we submit our new plan of making profits from real estate, which makes every investor, in proportion to the size of his investment—the equal of the capitalist, and enables him to share in the largest and most profitable real estate investments.

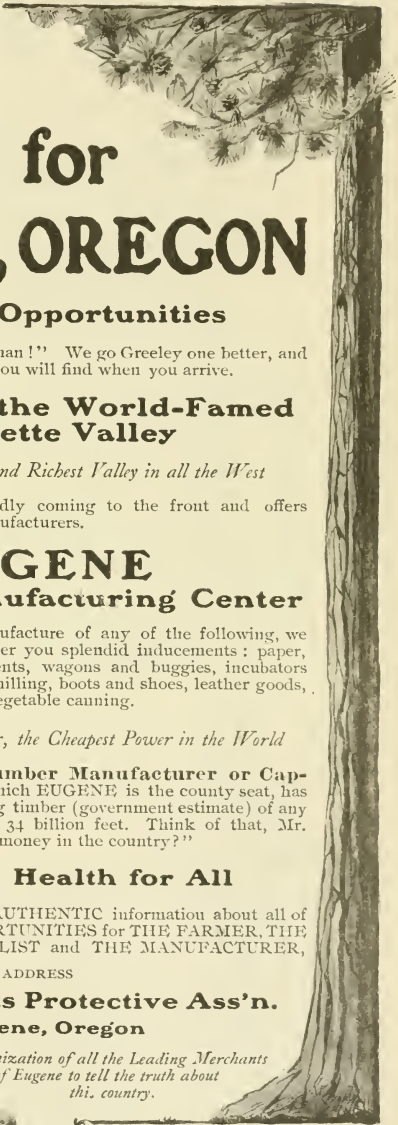
WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS

## MINTON-MAY COMPANY

14 PACIFIC AVENUE

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

REFERENCES—National Bank of Long Beach, Cal.; Metropolitan Bank & Trust Company, Los Angeles, Cal.



# Ho! for EUGENE, OREGON

*The Land of Opportunities*

Horace Greeley said, "Go west, young man!" We go Greeley one better, and tell you where to go and what you will find when you arrive.

**The Heart of the World-Famed  
Willamette Valley**

*The Most Beautiful and Richest Valley in all the West*

The great West is rapidly coming to the front and offers splendid inducements to manufacturers.

**EUGENE**  
**will be a Manufacturing Center**

If you are interested in the manufacture of any of the following, we can interest you, because we can offer you splendid inducements: paper, furniture, woodenware, farm implements, wagons and buggies, incubators and poultry supplies, flour and cereal milling, boots and shoes, leather goods, woolen goods, hosiery, etc., fruit and vegetable canning.

*Unlimited Water Power, the Cheapest Power in the World*

**Timber for the Lumber Manufacturer or Capitalist**—Lane County, of which EUGENE is the county seat, has the largest amount of standing timber (government estimate) of any county in the United States, 34 billion feet. Think of that, Mr. Investor, doesn't that mean "money in the country?"

**And Good Health for All**

For COMPLETE and AUTHENTIC information about all of these MARVELLOUS OPPORTUNITIES for THE FARMER, THE DAIRYMAN, THE CAPITALIST and THE MANUFACTURER,

ADDRESS

**The Merchants Protective Ass'n.**  
**Eugene, Oregon**

*An organization of all the Leading Merchants  
of Eugene to tell the truth about  
this country.*



# CRESTMORE

RIVERSIDE COUNTY, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

EVERYTHING THERE FOR YOU

## PRICE OF LOTS

Residence, \$300

Terms:

\$10 down,

\$10 a month

Business Lots:

\$25 down

\$25 monthly payments

Size of Lots  
50 x 150

2-3-5 acres on  
special terms

Opening sale  
April 1st

See booklet

## Climate=Health

LARGEST CEMENT PLANT  
in SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
and OTHER MANUFACTURES

WEALTH, Beautiful Homes,  
Delightful Scenery, HAPPINESS

Three and one-half miles from  
RIVERSIDE, in the heart of  
the famous orange district.

SAME SOIL - SAME CLIMATE  
SAME GENERAL ADVANTAGES

## Splendid opportunities for the man with small capital

Three Electric Car Lines now under way.  
When completed Crestmore will be in touch  
with all surrounding cities and two great sea-  
ports. Crestmore will have all modern im-  
provements, electricity, abundance of water.

Crestmore is  
destined to be-  
come the largest  
manufacturing  
town in Southern  
California

There will be a  
great demand  
for Lots

Prices sure to  
advance

Consider the  
terms: \$10 down,  
\$10 a month

Consider the  
opportunity

Make your  
reservation now

In justice to everyone, lots will be assigned in  
the order of the date of your letter received,  
or the order of the date of personal application.

**GRAND OPENING DAY, APRIL 1st**

Write for **FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET** that tells all about it

**The WINTON-MCLEOD COMPANY**

330 South Hill Street

**LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**

The name "CRESCENT CITY" has been changed to "CRESTMORE"

# Beverly Hills

“Between the City and the Sea”

The natural beauty of this foot-hill country is unsurpassed and with the vast amount of improvements that are being provided makes it the most popular and complete high-class suburb in Southern California.

## Here You Have

water, gas, electricity, telephones, cement sidewalks and curbs, beautiful wide curved tamped oiled boulevards, a complete sewer system and three car lines.

**Prices \$800.00 up. Lots 80 x 160 up**

**Terms Easy**

*Stockholders and  
Directors*

H. E. Huntington  
Gen. M. H. Sherman  
J. D. Bicknell  
M. W. Whittier  
J. A. Chanslor  
W. S. Porter  
W. E. Dunn  
W. G. Kerekhoff  
C. A. Canfield  
Barton E. Green

## Percy H. Clark Co.

**312 H. W. Hellman Building**

**Los Angeles, Cal.**

**Send at once for descriptive booklet**

*An Opportunity for Careful Investors*

## Newport Heights Acreage

**Cheapest Land in Southern California**

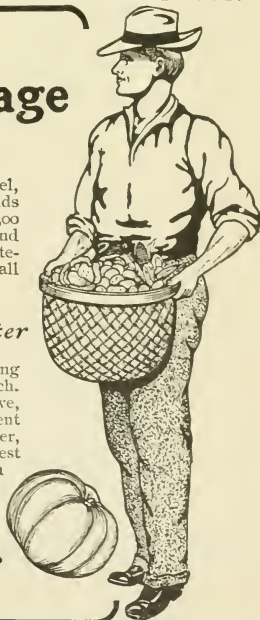
Newport Heights is a high plateau, almost perfectly level, with the lowest point over 70 feet above the sea. It extends back from Newport Bay for several miles and comprises 1300 acres of deep, rich, slightly sandy loam soil, very fertile and productive. It is subdivided into five acre tracts with artesian water, of the finest quality, in abundance for all irrigation purposes, piped to each tract.

*Deep, Rich Soil---Abundance of Water*

We are the owners of this property and are now placing these five acre subdivisions on the market at \$1500 each. One-fifth to be paid in cash and the balance in six, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four month installments. Six per cent interest on deferred payments. Considering the soil, water, location and transportation facilities this is the cheapest acreage in Southern California. Pacific Electric cars run every hour from Los Angeles. Write to us for printed matter and more complete details regarding this valuable property.

**The Townsend-Dayman Investment Co.**

OFFICES { 499 Pacific Electric Bldg., LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
          { 123 East First St., LONG BEACH, CAL.



Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

# Will You Be Our Partner in This Enterprise?

We are forming a new company to mine and market a marvelous mineral earth which has been discovered in Ventur County, California, and in conjunction therewith to operate an asbestos mine and several gold mines in the vicinity, to which we have taken title. We have incorporated as the **CONSOLIDATED MINERAL & CHEMICAL CO.,**

with \$500,000 capital stock in 50,000 shares, of a par value of \$10 each. Under the laws of Arizona each share is forever full paid and non-assessable. We need a few capitalists to join us, and we will make a special offer to the readers of this magazine, good until May 15, of Treasury Stock for only \$1 a share. This is one tenth of par value

Write us at once for complete information. You may reserve stock until we convince you of the immense profits to be made.

We expect to raise sufficient funds for development and manufacture by the middle of May. Let us hear from you at once. Certificates of stock issued upon cash orders only.

We have named this mineral earth "ANTI-CONGESTOL," because of its medicinal qualities. It is a natural product, far superior to any of the scientific preparations of the anti-phlogistic group, and is unequivocally and enthusiastically recommended by physicians for application in all cases where inflammation or congestion is present. The anti-phlogistical remedies are prescribed by the medical profession extensively and successfully in the treatment of Pneumonia, Inflammation of the Bowels, Erysipelas, Poisoned Wounds, Tumors, Felons, Sprains and Synovitis, as a substitute for old fashioned poultices, and instead of camphorated oils or liniments. By analysis and experiment this earth has been proven to have all of the curative properties of the manufactured preparations which have made fortunes for their exponents despite the fact that they were produced by laborious and expensive processes. Anti-Congestol practically needs no preparation for the market beyond sterilization and enclosure in a hermetically sealed package. A special Anti-Congestol, perhaps under a distinctive name, will be marketed for veterinary use. The by-products of this natural plaster will be made into soap, polish, lubricant, cement and bleaching preparation. This is not a proposition involving expensive mining. No development is needed. The earth lies in a wide expanse of soft mud, which needs only to be shoveled into vehicles and transported to a plant where it may be placed in proper receptacles for market to druggists. We have twenty acres in area of this deposit, and its depth seems inexhaustible. The property lies within a few miles of existing lines of railway. The chief expense to be incurred is that of packing the product and putting it upon the market. We can cut the prices of any anti-phlogistic preparation and still make more money with our natural plaster than they can with their artificial mud. Upon our property also we have the Asbestos Queen Mine, which was worked thirty years ago in a primitive way, and the asbestos was packed on burro back fifty miles to market. This asbestos is of long fibre, 18 to 20 inches in length, and is of the highest quality known. Its commercial value is \$400 to \$500 a ton. We also own the Lincoln Gold Mine, worked by Indians a hundred years ago under the direction of the Spanish padres, proving ore of \$8 to \$30 value. We have two other gold properties, the Victoria, with a gigantic outcrop and good values in both gold and copper, and the Marie Gold Mine, partly developed with a 60-foot tunnel and a shaft. These properties are included in the scope of our operations, and each of them separately is a prospect entirely worth the price we have put upon the Treasury Stock which covers Anti-Congestol, Asbestos, Copper and Gold.

**ANTI-CONGESTOL**

**CONSOLIDATED MINERAL & CHEMICAL CO**  
353 Pacific Electric Bldg., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

**ORDER FORM**  
CONSOLIDATED MINERAL & CHEMICAL CO.,  
353 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.  
I wish to purchase \_\_\_\_\_ shares of Consolidated  
& C. Co. stock for \$\_\_\_\_\_ in shares of \_\_\_\_\_  
I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ to  
You may receive the same by check for \$\_\_\_\_\_ payable to  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_  
Pac. Mo. \_\_\_\_\_



HOME OFFICE  
ALASKA BUILDING  
SEATTLE

## ONE GOOD INVESTMENT IS WORTH A LIFETIME OF LABOR



**A** CERTAIN gentleman owned a large and prosperous store, but being suddenly stricken with sickness, his physicians ordered immediate change of altitude, and that he dispose of his business at once, thus removing all worries. Of course, to do this by ordinary means would involve great sacrifice and loss of money, so to a trusted clerk in his employ he put this unusual proposition: "I will sell the store to you, naming a fair valuation, and you are to pay me for it in monthly installments, which you will earn from the business." In this way the proprietor received a fair price for his store and was relieved from all worry. The clerk, in turn, received a great opportunity to grow wealthy because of his pluck in assuming the responsibility, and by conscientious work. **Q** His monthly installments were easily paid from the profits of the business. **Q** You say: "Yes, very fine, but opportunities like that are not flying around loose." Well, that is true, but nevertheless, we have just such an opportunity for you, only better, as we take the responsibility and you get the dividends. A certain big proposition has been placed in our hands and we are to act as fiscal agents, being instructed to close up this proposition at a very early date, write **NOW** and let us explain the full details of this unusual opportunity.

#### REFERENCES

Bradstreet  
R. G. Dunn & Co.  
State Bank of Seattle,  
Northwestern Trust & Safe Deposit Co.  
J. G. Leslie & Co., Real Estate  
Washington State Mining Association

*Rogers-Hesseltine Co.*

Investment Securities  
Seattle, Wash.

*A dollar sown with judgment will grow to twenty dollars at harvest time.*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. DES. 1901



# Brentwood Park

Statistics show that a large percentage of the people who visit Southern California, especially Los Angeles, are purchasing property for future use, or for an investment. The rapid growth of the city and its surroundings are increasing very rapidly. Choice locations which command all the essential points are getting harder to purchase every day. This is especially so in Brentwood Park, the ideal home place.

Eighty thousand trees and shrubs, eight hundred varieties, are now being planted in Brentwood Park. Graceful, winding walks, drives and boulevards are all through the park. A mammoth garden, covered with a wreath of foreign trees and shrubs—there is nothing like it in Southern California. Brentwood Park is the only reproduction of the Golden Gate Park, at San Francisco. Sixty miles of an ocean sweep, one and a quarter miles from the ocean, still just far enough back to escape any harsh winds; entirely frostless; no fogs; the best of soil; the best of water and in abundance.

Great activity is now taking place in this location. You can't possibly make a mistake if you buy a lot in Brentwood Park. Do it now. Don't put it off. You may not want to use it just now, but you will be glad in the future. As an investment, nothing better as a homesite, the very best. Large villa lots for sale at fifteen hundred dollars and up, according to the location and the size of the lots. Easy terms. The best transportation. The Los Angeles-Pacific main line passes Brentwood Park, on the beautiful San Vicente Boulevard.

Investigate and investigate at once. We refer you to all of Los Angeles. Write us today for plats, maps and prices, which will be sent cheerfully to all. Address

**Western Pacific Development Company**

**OWNERS**

**203-204 Germain Building**

**LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**





# TACOMA

## THE CITY OF OPPORTUNITY

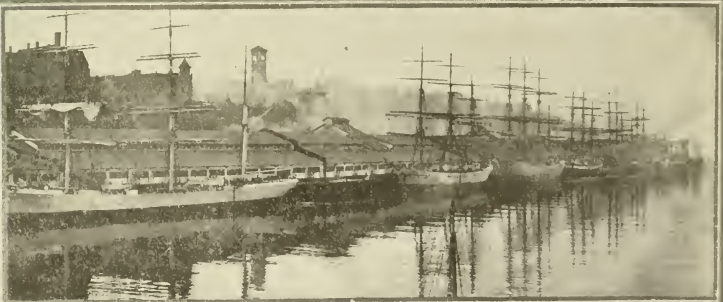
WHY? Read what the Seattle Times of February 10th says: "Because Tacoma is the GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT, the GATEWAY TO ALASKA, the OUTLET for the millions of bushels of GRAIN RAISED IN THE INLAND EMPIRE—the greatest granary in the world; the OUTLET FOR THE PRODUCTS MANUFACTURED FROM the trees of the VAST pineval FORESTS thereabouts as well as the IMMENSE DEPOSITS OF RICH MINERALS taken from the mountains rising on all sides; and, not least, because of its splendid location at the HEAD OF OCEAN NAVIGATION on Puget Sound, having the FINEST DEEP-WATER HARBOR in the world and UNLIMITED FACILITIES FOR RAILROAD TERMINALS AND MANUFACTURING SITES."

These are SOME REASONS why the C. M. & St. P., U. P., C. & N. W., and other RAILROADS HAVE PURCHASED LARGE TRACTS OF LAND IN AND AROUND TACOMA FOR TERMINAL FACILITIES; and why capitalists are buying acreage for platting, and business and residence property in this city.

There is a BIG DEMAND FOR REAL ESTATE in all parts of the city, and while PRICES ARE NOT HIGH, thousands of dollars are being made through such transactions in Tacoma.

Nineteen years residence in Tacoma has given me a KNOWLEDGE OF VALUES, and if you wish to make investments in real estate, I can serve you. WRITE ME FOR PARTICULARS, and I will put you next to YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE MONEY—and lots of it.

A. M. RICHARDS & CO., Inc.  
TACOMA, WASHINGTON



## Hood River Lands

HAVE abundant water, perfect drainage  
PRODUCE finest apples and strawberries  
in the world.

We also have lands for  
sale in White Salmon  
and Mosier districts

TWENTY YEARS RESIDENCE IN HOOD RIVER

**W. J. BAKER & CO.**  
Hood River, Ore.

## Hood River Apple Lands Bring

*Net Profits: \$300 to \$800 per acre*

HIGHER PRICES and  
greater demand for apples  
each year. 40,000 acres  
still available, WRITE

**J. H. HEILBRONNER & CO.**  
HOOD RIVER AND PORTLAND, ORE.

# A Life Income From Small Payments

**Better, Safer, Surer  
Than Life Insurance and  
Costs Less to Mature**

An Interest in a sugar plantation. No other  
crop of the soil produces so tremendous a profit.

We own 9489 acres of the finest cane sugar  
lands in the world. Situated in famous State  
of Vera Cruz, Mexico, on Tamesi River, with  
unequaled transportation facilities. \$2.50 per  
month per acre will buy in on this proposition  
and insure you a life income on our profit-sharing  
plan. Deeds given with every sale. Your  
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Write Us for Complete  
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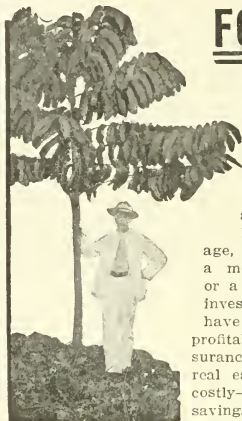
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Fifth Floor Union Trust Bldg.

References:  
**Broadway Bank  
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**Los Angeles  
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One of Our  
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age or provide for  
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age, you can not find  
a more conservative  
or a more reasonable  
investment than we  
have to offer—more  
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surance—safe as city  
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why those who can spare from \$5 to \$25 a  
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who saves profitably. The demand for rub-  
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plantation is more hopeful than a gold mine  
—our booklets tell you the facts that have  
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ment, paid for at the rate of \$25 a month,  
will bring you an average return of 25 per  
cent on your money during the period of  
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safe—absolutely and certainly—our book-  
lets will prove these statements—write for  
them today.

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610 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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There are homes for thousands in the Klamath Basin where the United States Reclamation Service is building an irrigation system to furnish water to 250,000 acres of land adapted to extensive farming.

It is land that will produce the most profitable class of crops, including sugar beets, celery, asparagus, potatoes, wheat, oats, barley, rye, alfalfa, timothy, vegetables and fruits. Several thousand acres under irrigation demonstrate its adaptability.

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Lines of railroad under construction will soon link this region with both Portland and San Francisco, and through these ports of the Pacific to markets of the world.

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*Street scene at Miramonte showing improvements and trees.*

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**LOTS \$15—\$5 DOWN, \$5 in 3 and \$5 in 6 MONTHS**

*"The Most  
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*Climatic  
Conditions  
and  
Natural  
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Unequaled  
Anywhere*

An ideally located piece of high mesa property, gently sloping to, and fronting on this magnificent bay, has just been sub-divided into residence lots, 25x100, which are now offered for sale at the above prices. A climate said by old travelers to be the finest in the world. Hot springs, excellent boating, bathing, fishing and the best small game shooting found in the west, combine to make ENSENADA BAY an ideal place to spend your vacation—either summer or winter.

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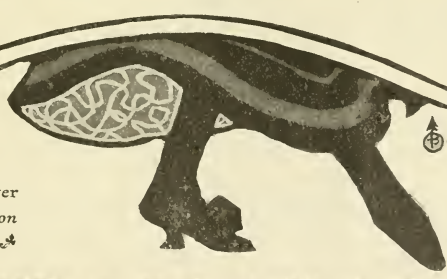
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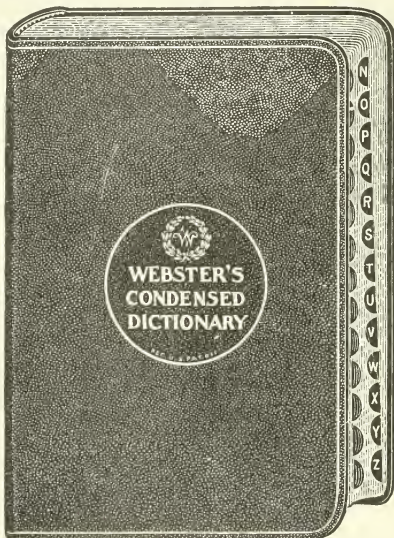
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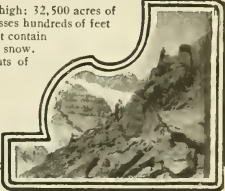
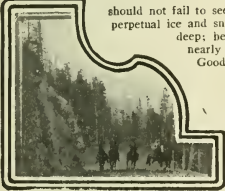
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**S**ITUATED just to the right of Yosemite Falls, in a magnificent grove of black oaks, about half a mile from the Hotel, in the "IDEAL CAMPING SPOT" of all Yosemite. Table and service excellent. Bath house on grounds. Sanitary arrangements perfect. Particular attention is called to the location of this camp, it being situated off the main driveway, guests having the same privacy as in a camp of their own. In direct telephonic communication with the Sentinel Hotel, Glacier Point, the Livery Stables and all points in the Valley. Mail, express and laundry called for and delivered. Resident physician. Camp Yosemite coupons good at camp at Glacier Point.

Ladies, unaccompanied by gentlemen, can spend the entire summer at the Camp, and be assured of every attention and courteous treatment by all. MISS FRANCES HICKEY, who has been in charge of the Camp since its opening, will see that you are made to feel at home and that nothing is left undone which might add to your pleasure or comfort.

At the Camp will be found GALEN CLARK, the discoverer of the Mariposa Big Tree Grove, and one of the first white men to enter the Yosemite Valley. Mr. Clark is probably more familiar with Yosemite, and its Indian legends, than any other living exponent, and consequently makes a very interesting host at the camp-fire in the evening.

**RATES** { CAMP YOSEMITE, American Plan, \$2.00 Per Day; \$12 Per Week  
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View of Danby Lake—Crude Soda from one to six feet deep



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## A New Coast Product

The soda beds of California have long been known to mineralogists and their enormous importance fully appreciated. Lack of railway facilities only has hindered development. The new Tonapah & Tidewater R. R., now parallels most of our deposits making this raw material easy to reach.

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In its plant near Los Angeles, The Pacific Coast Soda Company will refine this crude soda from these limitless natural deposits into eight principal products, *i.e.*, Soda Ash, Caustic Soda, Sal Soda, Bleaching Powder, Cooking Soda, Soda Hypsulphite, Washing Powders, Glauber Salts, and about 29 other chemically pure chemicals. There is no mysterious process about this enterprise. It is simply a control of the largest and purest natural beds of this crude soda, bringing it to the laboratory by rail and converting it into a high priced product of general use. It does not only promise, but assures a tremendous profit to the investor in the enterprise.



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**PACIFIC COAST SODA CO.**

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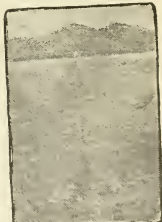
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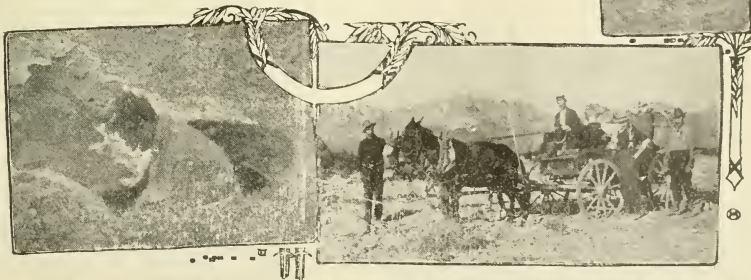
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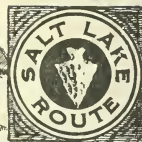
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Soda Lake by moonlight.



Showing the depth and a load sacked to bring in for analysis.





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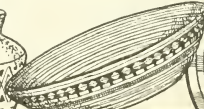
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*A beautifully illustrated 88-page book telling all about the state, its climate, resources, soil, transportation facilities and special information regarding the different cities in the state, may be had by sending four cents (4) in stamps to Wm. McMurray, General Passenger Agent, of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co. Portland, Ore.*

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**Chicago to New York in Ten Hours for \$10 by the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line—Each Division a Paying Railroad—Cars Will Run in Thirty Days**

**CARS WILL RUN IN 30 DAYS.**

With reasonable weather cars will be running over the first 15 miles of the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line in 30 days. The first section of the road will connect Chicago and La Porte, Indiana. A strong attempt will be made to push the line to Goshen, Indiana, by the end of this year. This will complete the first division of the road and will be a railroad in itself, with every promise of making big profits from the start.

The first division will pass through five Indiana counties with an aggregate population of 200,000. The residents of this section welcome the road. They are actually impatient for its completion.

**CHICAGO, THE METROPOLIS.**

Chicago, with its 2,000,000 population and a marvelously growing business, wants all the roads possible. Those it has now are so woefully inadequate that canal projects to aid the city are taking definite form. Deep waterways connecting Chicago with the Gulf of Mexico, and by way of the Georgian Bay, to tidewater at Montreal, would make Chicago the metropolis of the continent.

When ships can load for Europe at the docks of Chicago there will be no limit to the business possibilities of that city and to the electric roads which would be its passenger and freight feeders.

**EACH DIVISION A PAYING RAILROAD.**

Now, however, the fact to be emphasized is, that the first division of the road will be a paying railroad in itself. The first 100 miles with Goshen, Indiana, as the eastern terminal, will fill a want long felt. Already the population is there and the business is there to insure the success of the road. And, as Governor Stuart, of Pennsylvania, said in his inaugural address, the electric railroad builds new business in any territory wherever it acts as a freight carrier. Increased production comes with better transportation facilities. As it becomes easier for people to travel, the more travel there will be.

**ELECTRIC TRANSPORTATION CHEAPEST.**

Railroading is the manufacture and sale of transportation. In a given territory the road which sells the best transportation at the lowest figure will get the most business. There is no questioning the fact that electric roads furnish the best transportation and can afford to do it at less than the price charged for the inferior service of steam roads.

The average cost of running steam roads in country similar to that of the Aurora, Elgin and Chicago Electric Line is 69 per cent of the gross earnings, as against 55 per cent of the gross earnings of that long-distance electric line. In 1906 the Aurora, Elgin and Chicago Line paid 5 per cent interest on a bond issue equal to the entire capital stock, paid dividends on its preferred stock and had enough left for a dividend of some 3½ per cent on the common stock. The Air Line has no bonds and no preferred stock. The entire net earnings will be available for dividends on the common stock. The first issue of stock is against the first section of the

road, from Chicago to La Porte. Already enough money has been received to put cars in operation on that section.

**ALL IS ACTIVITY.**

The principal camp of the Co-Operative Construction Company, which is building the first 100 miles of the road, is at South La Porte, and presents a scene of the greatest activity that region has ever known. The siding from the Pere Marquette Railroad and the big warehouse have been completed. Work is progressing on the cement house. Within two weeks the foundations of the power house will be in and the brick car barns will have begun to rise. All the labor available at La Porte is on the job, and 200 Italians from Chicago and 300 negroes from Tennessee will arrive any day and give new impetus to the advance of the line. Two construction locomotives and trains are on the way to the camp. All the machinery for the power house is ordered. It includes the most modern Westinghouse equipment, with a 400-horsepower engine. Fifty-foot combination model Pullman passenger cars have been ordered for delivery in April. The enormous steam shovel, costing \$10,000, and doing the work of a big gang of men, is on the way from the Vulcan Iron Shovel Company of Toledo. Three new work camps will be established and over 1,000 men will be working on the road here within a month. In the first division territory there are no more doubters as to the success of the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad. As the tangible assets of the line increase the value and the price of the stock advance.

**HOW TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE CHICAGO-NEW YORK ELECTRIC AIR LINE RAILROAD.**

Many have written us asking all manner of questions concerning the building of this remarkable railroad. We could not answer all questions, and as the questions followed the same line, we have prepared some simple literature which outlines its plans and scope and which describes the men back of it and the work accomplished. This reading is intensely interesting, and if you care to become fully acquainted with the building of the first great electric trunk line railroad ever built in this country, fill in your name and address in the coupon below and mail the coupon to us. We will also be pleased to send you, free of charge, a copy of the "Air Line News," which is a little illustrated magazine devoted to railroads in general and the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad in particular.

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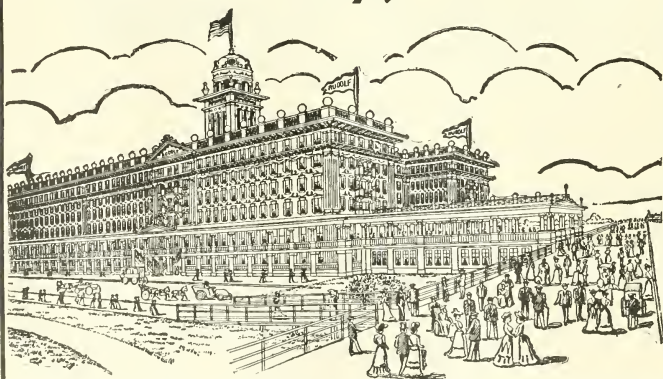
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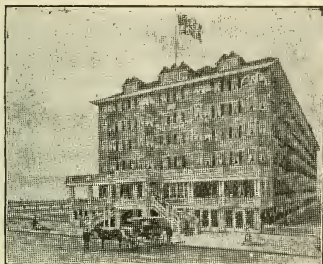
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# The Pacific Monthly for July

The Western Out-of-Doors forms the theme of the most of the articles, stories and illustrations that will appear in the July issue. With so broad and fertile a field the magazine will present an unusually attractive bill-of-fare, suited to the palates of all lovers of fresh air, sunny beaches, beautiful mountains and brilliant seas, and all that they offer of recreation, sport and education. Among articles specially written for this issue of The Pacific Monthly are these:

**THE ROD ON THE PACIFIC COAST**, by Charles F. Holder, author of "The Log of a Sea Angler," "Life in the Open," etc. The illustrations are from a beautiful and unusual series of photographs.

**OUTDOORS IN CALIFORNIA**, by George Wharton James, author of "In and Around the Grand Canyon," "In and Out of the Old Missions," etc. This article will be splendidly illustrated.

**AN IDYLL OF THE TROUT STREAMS**, by Jules Verne des Voignes, well known for his writings on various outdoor pleasures. It is his own narrative of a fishing trip in the Lake Coeur d'Alene country, and is illustrated by his own photographs.

**A DAY WITH A VOLCANO**, by Arthur Muirhead Burns, a prominent journalist of Hawaii, is his account of the great eruption of Mauna Loa this year and the experiences of a party that saw it during its climax. The illustrations are specially novel.

**THE HERMIT OF SAN NICHOLAS ISLAND**, by W. A. Tenney, is the story of a discovery on an island off the California coast of a race now extinct but a factor in the history of Southern California. It will excite the adventurous to a trip to San Nicholas and further explorations in the Land of Out-of-Doors.

**THE INTRODUCTION OF THE CHINESE PHEASANT**, by Fred Lockley, describes the method by which Oregon gained for her valleys the king of game birds, at once gamey, a delicacy and a thing of beauty. Fine photographs will be reproduced to illustrate this article.

Among other subjects of interest will be articles on motor boating on the many beautiful waters of the Pacific States, on yachting and cruising, all well illustrated.

## Announcement by the Editors

The Pacific Monthly is famous for its illustrations. In this Outdoor number special pains have been taken to set forth fittingly the beauties and novelties of the West. Among the special features will be

**THE UNDOMESTICATED INDIAN**, a series of eight reproductions in two colors of photographs depicting Western Indians as they really are in their native state. This fine series shows the seven ages, so to speak, of the Red Man, from cradle to the grave.

**THE BEAUTIES OF THE CLACKAMAS RIVER**, being a series of photogravures in colors, showing the loveliness of a country within an hour's ride of Portland, will please all lovers of fresh Western scenery.

Many other reproductions in color will adorn this issue of the magazine and illustrate the letter-press.

Fiction has not been neglected, and among the stories by Western writers that will give great pleasure to the readers of The Pacific Monthly are

**CARMELITA**, by James Hopper, author of "Caybigan," etc. This is the first story Mr. Hopper has written in a California setting. It is also, in many ways, his strongest story. The scene is in the heart of California's Country of the Eager Visitor, Carmel and Del Monte. It is illustrated by a striking painting by Maynard Dixon.

**A MIX-UP IN SOULS**, by Robert Whitaker. It is an amusing story of a warm California Sunday morning and the love affair that a strange soul-transference brought to a fitting climax.

**AS PHILOSOPHER UNTO PHILOSOPHER**, by Elizabeth Vore, is a love story told in a score of sentences. It is a most engaging piece of fine work.

**THE CURIO**, by John Fleming Wilson, is the life-affair of two men, both of whom found their careers culminating on a little island in the heart of the Pacific.

**THE SETTLER**, Chapters 16 to 19, bring Herman Whitaker's splendid serial up to one of the great climaxes of the book.

With all these attractions, the magazine will have many articles of general interest, as well as a brilliant lyric by Charles B. Clark, Jr., entitled "**The Old Trailer**," and William Winter's distinguished essay on "**The Pulpit and the Stage**."

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### Readers of The Pacific Monthly

are invited to send us any such conversations or incidents overheard in the street, on steamers, railway trains or anywhere else, that have excited their curiosity and made them wish to know what human tragedy, cheering comedy or heroic feat lay behind the words.





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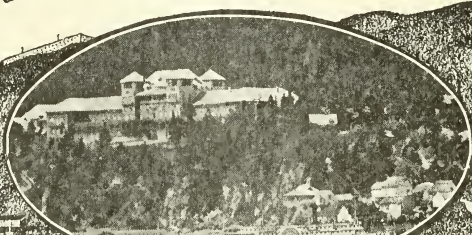
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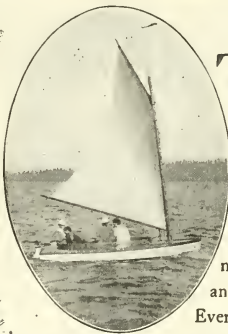
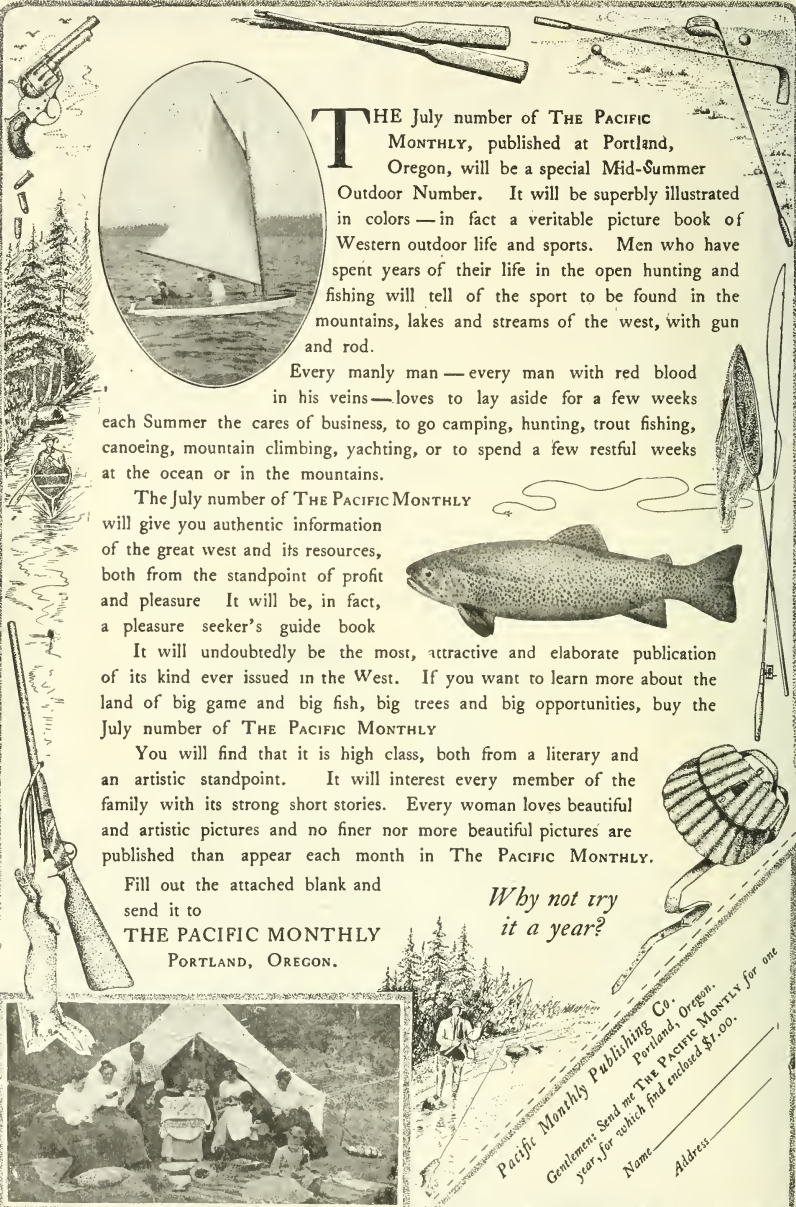
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A SCENE ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.







Vol. XVII

JUNE, 1907

No. 6

## Evolution of the Pacific Coast Sailing Fleet

By James G. McCurdy

Photographs by H. H. Morrison



ONE need not be a pioneer to be able to recall the time when American square-rigged vessels carried most of the commerce of the North Pacific Coast; when nothing larger than a two-masted schooner was to be seen in the fore-and-aft rig; and when many of the freak types now in vogue were unknown. In those days steamers plying on the Pacific Coast confined themselves almost exclusively to passenger and coastwise traffic, leaving the over-seas' trade largely in the hands of the ships, brigs and brigs.

Those were the halcyon days of the square-rigger. Although the clipper ships had been mostly driven from the routes where quickness and dispatch were demanded, a sturdy fleet of Eastern-built vessels had succeeded them, carriers, not racers, and many had found their way around the Horn to enter

the lumber trade of the North Pacific Ocean, where freights were high, and where foreign-built craft had not invaded the field to any great extent.

Someone has said that the sailing vessel is the most sentient creature of man's production, and those of us who for years watched the coming and going of the white-winged fleet will heartily concur in this sentiment. Certain it is, that in the days before the advent of the steam tug, when they came sailing to an anchorage within a stone's throw of our homes, they seemed more like living, reasoning creatures than dull, inanimate productions of wood and metal.

Small wonder that we came to look upon them in the light of old friends. A record voyage aroused our pride and enthusiasm; a prolonged passage awakened grave anxiety; while the news that another had made the port of missing ships, provoked feelings of the keenest regret.

Like men, ships differ greatly in the record they leave behind them and by which they are remembered. Some ply back and forth along accustomed routes, attend strictly to business and awaken no comment. They have no great experiences and in many cases end their days in the boneyard or as coal-hulks.

Others meet with misadventures enough to satisfy the most exacting demands of a Russell or a Doyle. They keep their names in the newspapers and their owners in constant trouble and expense. Some were known as "easy ships," good feeders and humanely officered. Others were veritable floating hells, with such unsavory reputations that it was difficult for them to get crews in any port of the world.

The old *Tidal Wave*, known to every shipping man on the Coast, is a good example of the plodding, reliable commerce-carrier. Built at Port Madison back in 1869 of selected timber, she has lasted as long as many of the New England vessels constructed of live oak. During her long career she has kept free from serious accident and has made good money for her various owners. Although "hog-backed" from long service, and with upper works showing vividly the effects of the gnawing tooth of time, she is still afloat, and bids fair to outlast some of the vessels that came from the stocks when she was over the legal voting age.

In the class that has attained newspaper notoriety, the old bark *Hesper* is entitled to a place near the head of the list. In every port she is pointed out as the "blood ship," and this name will cling to her as long as she plows the sea. She is still actively engaged in the carrying trade, and no one viewing her would imagine for a moment that upon her decks one of the greatest mutinies of modern days took place.

Like the old *Tidal Wave*, she is a Pacific Coast product, having been built in Port Blakeley in 1882, and has been in the lumber trade out of Columbia River and Puget Sound ports to China and Australia during practically the whole of her career. About fifteen years ago Captain Sodergren was bringing her back home from a successful voyage to Australia. He had one of the hardest crews afloat on board, and although he used them well, their leader, a big Irishman named St. Clair, talked them into mutiny.

He told them the captain had some \$20,000

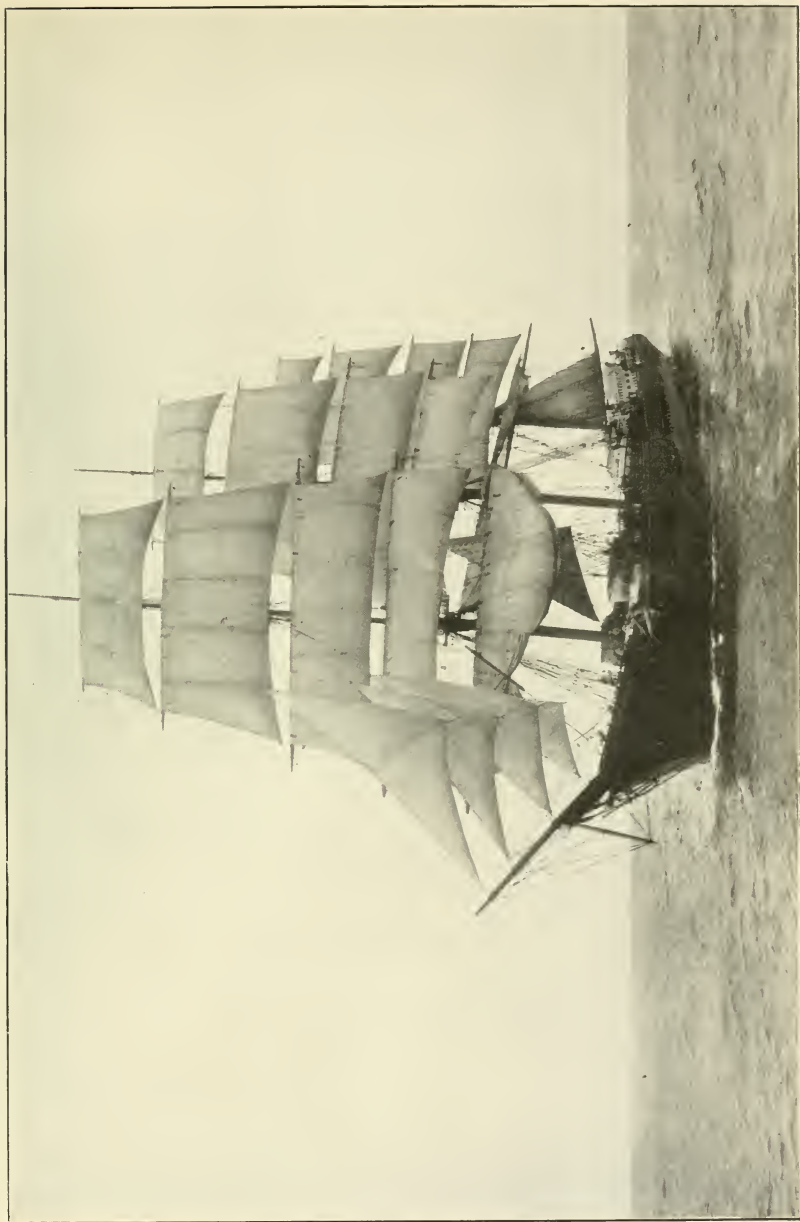
freight money aft in his cabin and that it would be an easy matter to kill the officers, secure the money, run the vessel ashore on one of the South Sea islands, and give out to the world that they had met shipwreck. He won over the majority of the crew, and hostilities were opened by killing Fitz Gerald, the second mate, in cold blood. Their plan



Old Brigantine "W. G. Irwin," a Type of a Vessel Almost Obsolete Upon the Pacific Coast.

was to kill off the officers one at a time, and they would probably have carried out the plot to the full had not the captain's wife surmised that something was wrong, and put the cabin in a state of siege.

Seeing their plot was known, the mutineers made no further attempt at secrecy, but began a determined attack upon the cabin, in which the officers and several of the sailors who had refused to join their companions were barricaded. The siege went on for several days, when the mutineers found that there was not one among them who could navigate the ship. Thereupon they began to weaken, and opened negotiations with the captain, who managed the affair with such skill that ere long he had the ringleaders in irons.



*American Ship "St. Paul," a Fine Example of the Old American Wooden Vessel Rapidly Passing.*



Bark "Olympic," a Freak Rig.

The men were eventually taken to San Francisco, where after a long and stubborn trial St. Clair was hanged and several others were sent to the penitentiary for a long term of years.

Another vessel that gained for herself considerable unenviable notoriety in early days is the old bark *Gatherer*. During her career on the Atlantic Coast she was known as one of the hardest vessels afloat, and more than once her decks were stained with blood. Her trip around the Horn in 1882 added a revolting chapter to her history.

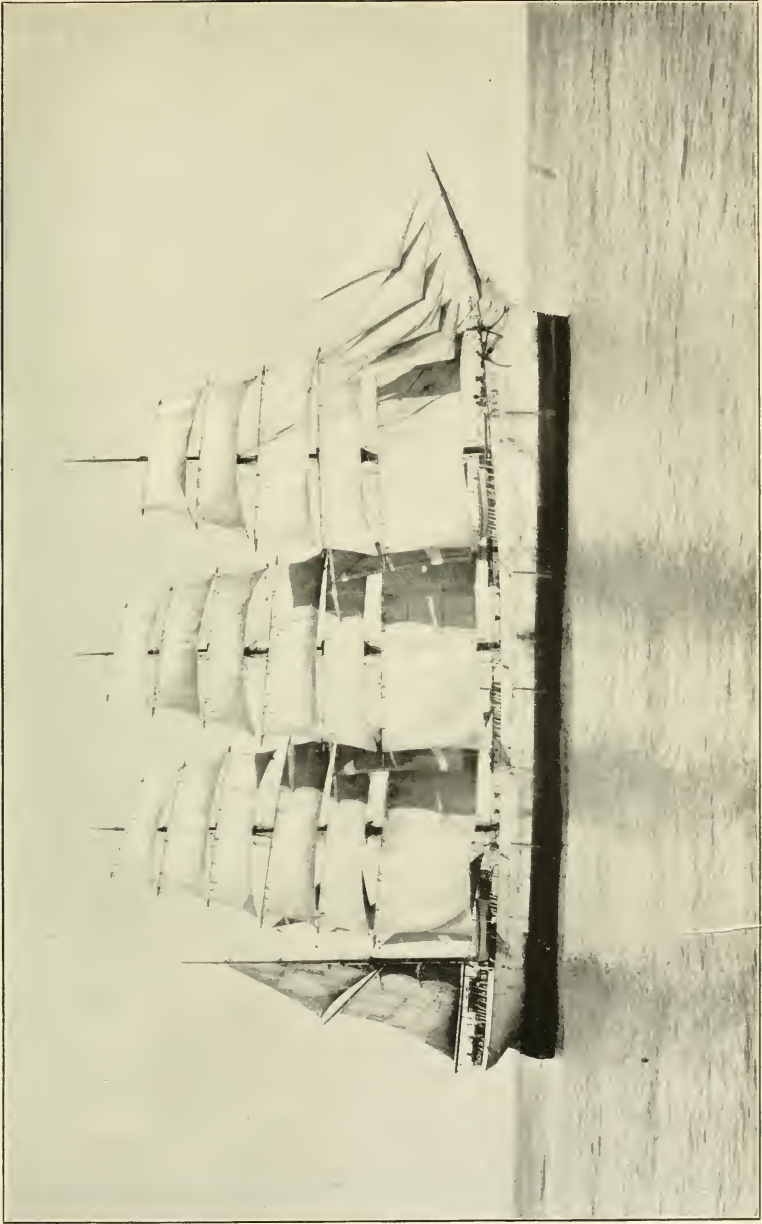
Her master, John Sparks, was a fiend aboard ship, and upon this voyage he had a gigantic mate named Watts, who coöperated with him in subduing the crew. When rounding Cape Horn one man, who had been brutally used by the mate, ran aloft and, yelling curses at the astonished officers, jumped into the sea. No attempt was made to rescue him. Another man was deliberately shot by the mate, while a third, named Swanson, climbed to the rail, and cutting his throat with a sail knife, toppled into the sea. The particulars of the worst atrocity committed on the voyage, wherein Watts gouged out the eye of a young sailor, are too sickening to be related. But it is refreshing to know that upon the arrival of the *Gatherer* at San Francisco the captain was unceremoniously removed from his command and Watts was given a long sentence in Folsom Prison.

The *Harvester* was also known among seafaring men for her "red record." Her captain was a tyrant of the first order. On one voyage he put a number of the crew into a pigpen which was on deck and kept them there for days. One man, whom he particularly disliked, he had headed up in a barrel, which was then driven full of spikes and rolled around the deck. The imprisoned man was not released until at the point of death.

But the removal of these infamous officers brought about a radical change in usage of crews aboard the *Gatherer*, *Harvester* and others of their kind, and since then their records have not been tarnished with such deeds of barbarity.

Then, too, the Government had taken upon itself the matter of protecting the lives and improving the conditions of sailors, and any questionable acts committed by the officers of ships were promptly investigated, and summary punishment meted out to the guilty, no matter how high in authority.

In every forecabin today is a "sea-lawyer," a sailor who knows every section in the navigation laws, and who is not backward in reporting any infringement of the same. Upon the other hand, the worst class of sailors do not lose sight of the fact that owing to the far-reaching cable lines and prevailing extradition treaties, mutiny upon the high seas can no longer be made profitable, and can have but one ending.



*English Iron Ship "Samantha," a Type of Foreign Vessel That Is Helping to Crowd Out American Sailing Vessels from the Deep-Sea Trades.*



*Schooner "Snow and Burgess," Formerly a Full-Rigged Ship.*



*Bark "Hesper," the Celebrated "Blood Ship."*



Bark "Tidal Wave," Built in Port Madison in 1869 and Still in Commission.

Today, those of us who, probably owing to the blood of seafaring ancestors coursing in our veins, if even in a diluted form, love the smell of salt air and tar, and enjoy nothing better than to prow about the water-front, cannot help noticing that the forces of evolution have been at work upon the sea, and that types of American sailing craft have been radically changing. We can no longer blind our eyes to the fact that the days of our square-rigger fleet are numbered. Not a vessel of that type has been built in the United States since 1902. According to the last report of the Commissioner of Navigation there are but 276 square-riggers left flying the American flag, and scarcely a week goes by without some old-timer dropping from the lists, the *Coloma*, *Seawitch* and *Skagit* being the first victims of the Winter of 1906-07.

Staunch ships, like the *Invincible* and *Snow & Burgess*, are being cut down into schooners, while others hardly less seaworthy are being converted into barges for towing. The majority of the square-riggers left upon the Coast make but one or two trips during the Summer, and lie up the rest of the year at anchorage.

As noticeable to the observer as the disappearance of the square-rigger fleet is the increase of the schooner-rigged vessel, showing conclusively that the scepter of our sailing fleet has passed from the ship to the fore-and-after. During the past twenty-five years Pacific Coast schooners have grown from two-masters to five-masters, and from fifty tons up to 1,100 tons burden.

The first three-masted schooner on the Coast was built at Port Ludlow in 1875, and was named the *Emma Utter*. The first four-master was the *Novelty*, built at North Bend, Oregon, in 1886. Although the *Louis*, a steamer hull built at North Bend, Oregon, in 1888, was rigged with five stubby masts, the first genuine five-masted schooner on the Coast was the splendid craft *Inca*, constructed at the shipyard of Hall Brothers, Port Blakeley, in 1896.

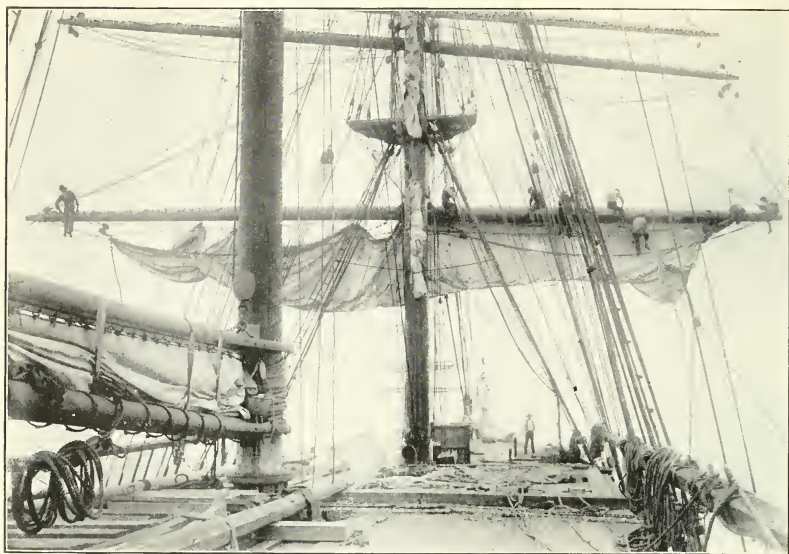
This firm of builders, by the way, has been in business for years, and during this period has built eighty-two schooners, ten barkentines, two barks and other vessels, a record that the writer believes eclipses that of any other concern of like nature on the Coast.

Primarily built for coastwise trade, our schooners have invaded the deep-sea trades,





*Weighing Anchor on Ship "Abby Palmer."*



*Bending Sail on Barkentine "James Tuft."*

and make voyages to China, Australia, South Africa and even round the Horn to Boston.

Why it is that the square-rigger is passing, while the schooners are fairly prosperous, is readily understood when the characteristics of the different rigs are contrasted. The square-rigger is expensive to operate, and is not adapted to our coastwise trade, which is the only portion of our commerce that is protected.

Being of so lofty a build, she requires a large amount of ballast, and in the lumber trade is handicapped by the reason that she cannot with safety carry a deckload. A large crew is required to handle the heavy top-hammer and the cost of these men at the sailor boarding-houses, the only places where they can be procured, is a large item of expense. Under such a handicap, it is not at all singular that she cannot compete with steam, bounty-paid foreign vessels and schooner-rigged craft.

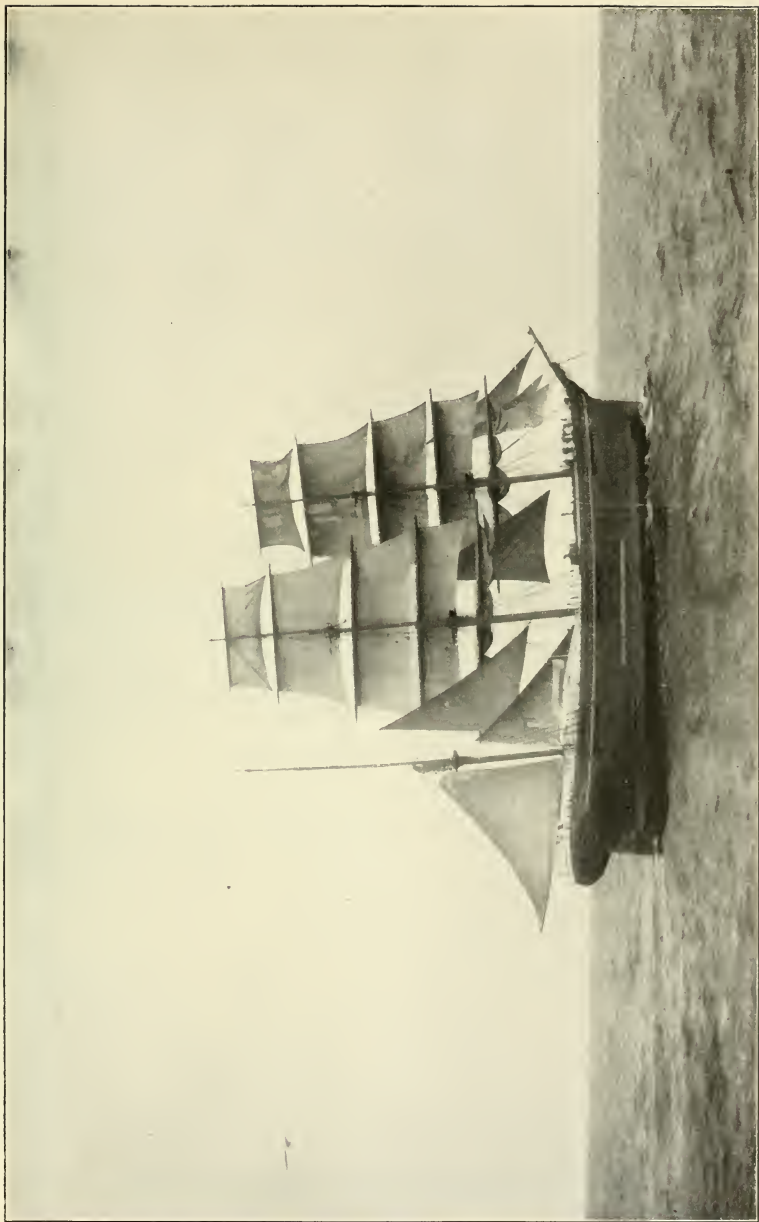
The schooner, while not presenting so striking an appearance under sail as a ship, is nevertheless a handsome craft, with clean, tapering hull constructed on clipper lines,

and rigged with beautiful lofty spars such as are found in no other part of the world.

Having no cumbersome yards to handle, they require but half the usual ship's crew. Although not as deep as the ship, they can take on such immense deckloads of lumber that they are better carriers than square-riggers of the same tonnage, and can sail several points nearer the wind. Add to their great economy of operation the ease with which they can be loaded and discharged, and it is not difficult to realize why they are regarded as the ideal American sail carrier of the day, and why they can exist where the ship is being driven to the wall.

In their trans-Pacific voyages these schooners frequently make almost steamer time. The *Solano* made the run from China to Port Townsend in twenty-three days in 1902, while the *Inca*, *Lyman J. Foster*, *H. K. Hall* and others have made some rattling good passages to and from Australia.

While barks and diminutive brigs are becoming as scarce as the ship, four-masted barkentines are still quite numerous on the Coast. They are really a compromise between the square and fore-and-aft rig, with



*Old Bark "Gatherer," a Vessel With a History.*

the schooner hull. Some think that the square-rigged foremast has a tendency to steady a vessel and make her draw better when the wind is directly astern, although this opinion is by no means universal.

The latest addition to the barkentine rig is the six-masted *Everett G. Griggs*, the first of her type afloat. She was formerly the English ship *Lord Wolseley*, but getting dismasted in a hurricane off Cape Flattery, she was sold to American parties, who figured out that they would save several thousand dollars yearly in operating expenses by converting her into a fore-and-aft rig.

She was so long and narrow that many masts were required to provide necessary sail area, while the square-rigged foremast was deemed of value in steadying her. While many predicted that she would be dismasted on her first voyage, no such accident befell her. On the contrary she made a fine run to Australia and is now embarked upon another passage.

Almost as great a freak in the barkentine rig is the *Olympic*. This vessel differs from the ordinary four-masted barkentine in that she has the two forward masts equipped with yards, and the two after ones schooner-rigged, whereas all the others of her class have only the fore-mast ship-rigged.

While six and seven-masted schooners have appeared on the Atlantic Coast, thus far our schooners have not got beyond the five-mast stage, although now and then the question of constructing six-masted vessels of this type on Puget Sound is discussed by ship-owners.

Some see in the present activity in steam-schooner building, a threatened extensive invasion of the field now enjoyed by our sailing fleet. Some go so far as to predict that within a few years American sailing carriers of every kind will have disappeared from the ocean highways, and become as obsolete as the ships of the ancient Vikings.

But as yet conditions do not warrant such a pessimistic view. The winds afford such an inexpensive form of motive power that they are not to be lightly discarded, especially when the fuel problem is becoming each day more difficult of solution. And as

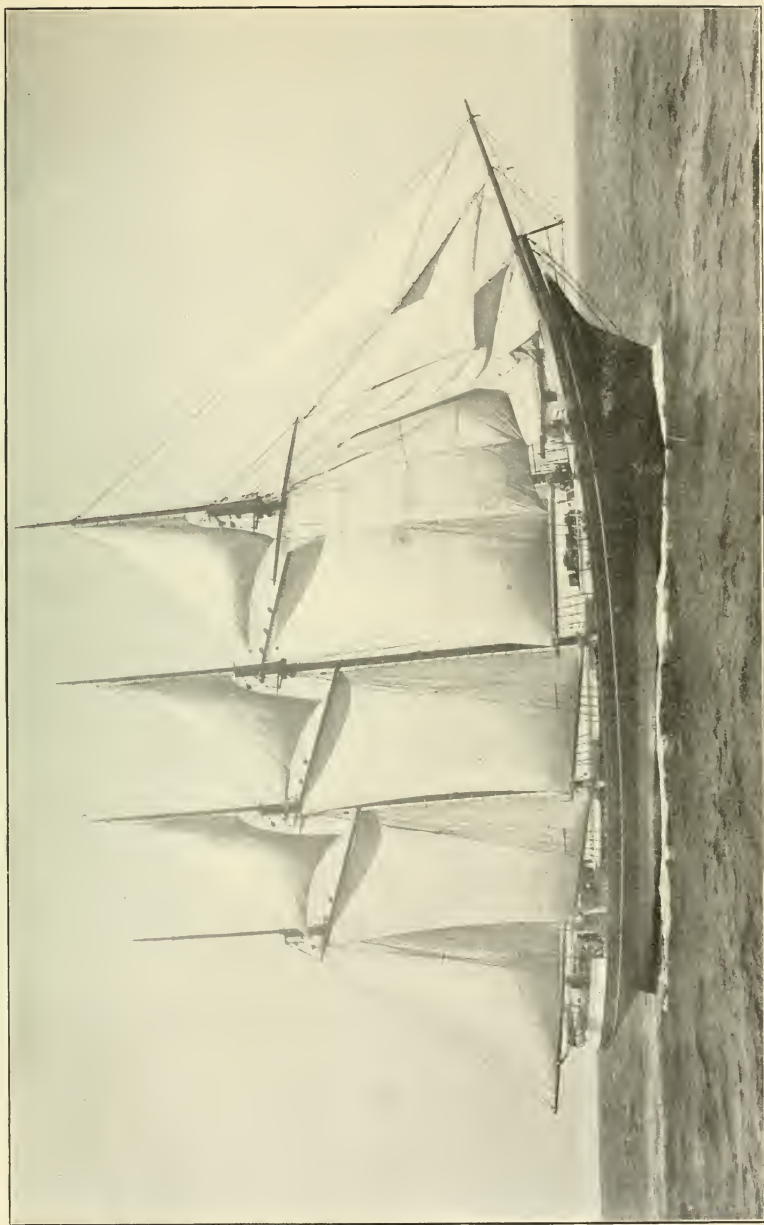
far as can be now foreseen, there will continue to be trades where certain forms of sailing craft will be able to compete with steam tonnage, so the depressing outlook of a sea wholly devoid of sailing vessels has but little foundation for existence.

As in the past sailing vessels have been creatures of evolution, changing their forms to meet varying conditions of trade, so in the future they will doubtless be called upon to undergo many transitions to meet the demands that will be made upon them. But that they will continue, in some shape, to retain a place in the nation's carrying trade is the belief and earnest hope of those who hold to the idea, old-fashioned though it may be, that there is not a more beautiful and inspiring sight today than that of a white-winged vessel speeding over the sea, driven along by nature's own propelling power.

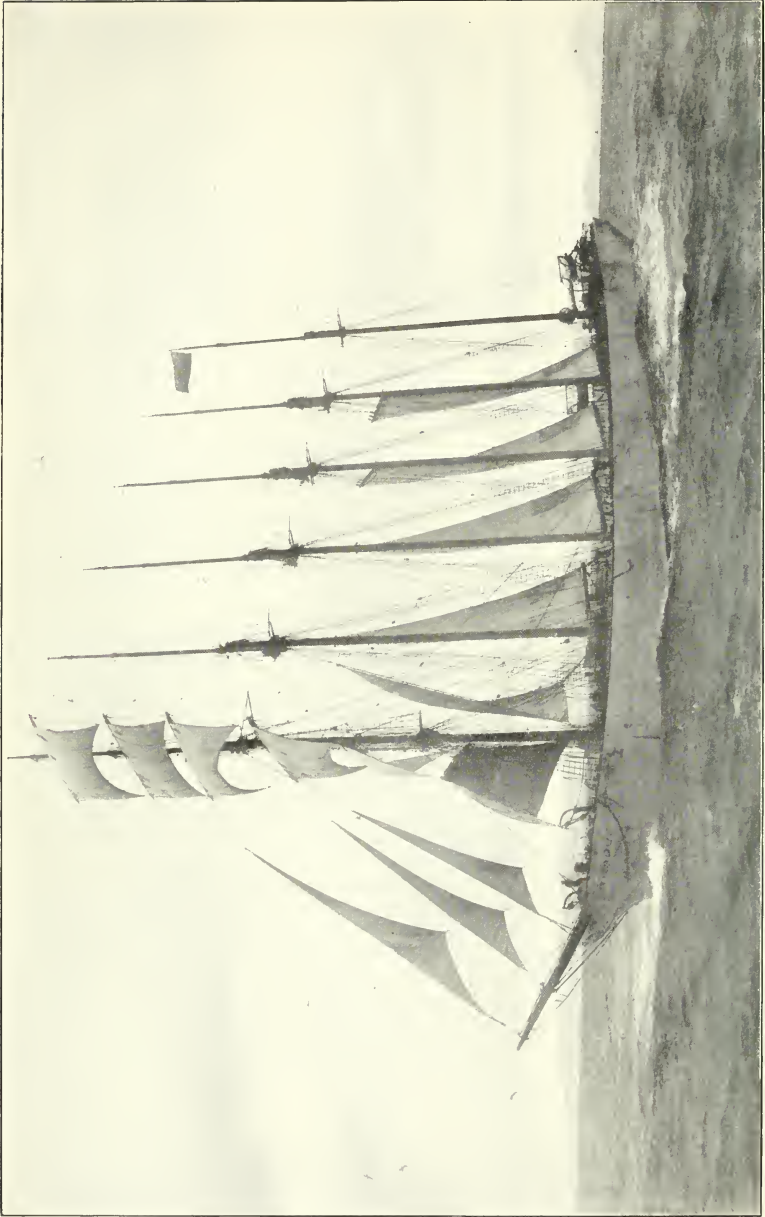
Certain it is, that if Congress will grant some aid to our struggling Merchant Marine, whereby they may be able to compete with cheaply-built, and cheaply-manned foreign bottoms that have secured the cream of our ocean-going commerce, an American vessel, manned by American sailors, need no longer be regarded as "a stranger on the seas."

In spite of the many changes that have overtaken his floating home, during the flight of time, Jack Tar remains much the same as in the days when Dana, Maryatt and Cooper knew him and wrote so graphically of him. Generous and happy-go-lucky by nature, he is usually improvident and continues to fall an easy victim to those who lie in wait for him upon shore, although our Government endeavors to safeguard his interests with a solicitude accorded no other class of its citizens.

Steam has robbed his career of much of its by-gone romance, although lightening his labors. Nearly all sailing craft now have steam winches that do the work of many hands, and seldom is it that we of the present generation hear the sweet, plaintive strains of the "chanty songs" with which the sailors of other days enlivened the monotonous drudgery of weighing anchor, floating across the water.



*The Schooner "Commercer"*



*Sir-Masted Barkentine "Everett G. Griggs," Only Vessel of Her Class Afloat. Formerly the English Ship "Lord Walseley."*

# A Border Affair

By Charles B. Clarke, Jr.

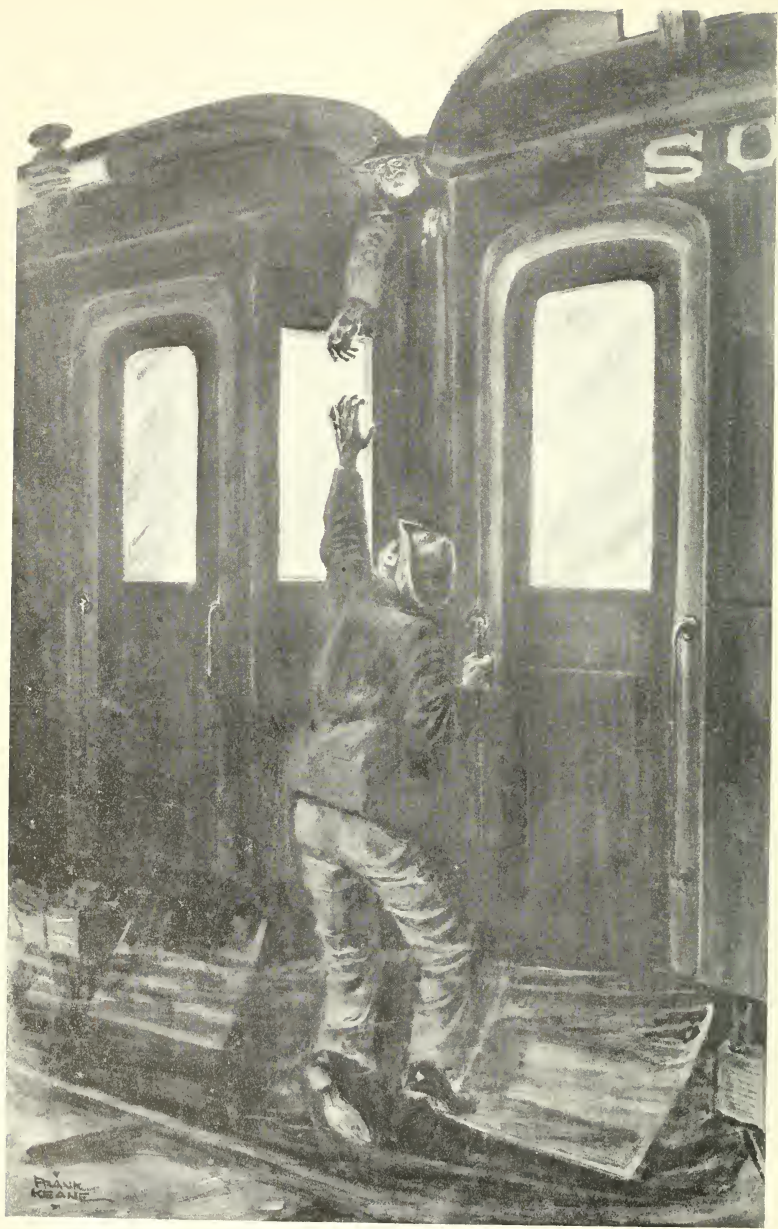
Spanish is the lovin' tongue,  
Soft as music, light as spray;  
'T was a girl I learnt it from  
Livin' down Sonora way.  
I dont look much like a lover,  
Yet I say her love-words over  
Often, when I'm all alone—  
*"Mi amor, mi corazón."*

Nights when she knew where I'd ride  
She would listen for my spurs,  
Throw the big door open wide,  
Raise them laughin' eyes of hers,  
And my heart would nigh stop beatin'  
When I'd hear her tender greetin'  
Wh'ispered soft for me alone—  
*"Mi amor! mi corazón!"*

Moonlight in the patio,  
Old Señora noddin' near,  
Me and Juana talkin' low  
So the "madre" could n't hear—  
How those hours would go a-flyin',  
And too soon I'd hear her sighin',  
In her little sorry-tone—  
*"Adiós, mi corazón."*

But one time I had to fly  
For a foolish gamblin' fight,  
And we said a swift good-bye  
On that black, unlucky night.  
When I'd loosed her arms from clingin',  
With her words the hoofs kept r ngin'.  
As I galloped north alone—  
*"Adiós, mi corazón."*

Never seen her since that night;  
I kaint cross the Line, you know.  
She was Mex. and I was white;  
Like as not it's better so.  
Yet I've always sort of missed her  
Since that last, wild night I kissed her,  
Left her heart and lost my own—  
*"Adiós, mi corazón."*

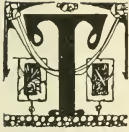


*"Glim Onto Me Knocker, Terie."*



# A Ride for Home

By John Kenneth Turner



HE tramp shuffled slowly over the ties, his tall body stareless from an excess of repose, his head falling forward like a scarecrow hung by the neck, and his dull eyes rolling restlessly, as if in perpetual apprehension of the appearance of a blue-coated officer or a lantern-jawed canine.

He slunk behind a pile of lumber and, unrolling a bundle, put on extra garments,—two pair of ragged trousers, three soiled vests, a faded sweater, and a misfit coat. It left nothing of the bundle, and the now more corpulent individual flung himself onto the bare ground, where he lay with his face to the sun just drawing its head behind the low, western hills, after a last sweep of its glowing red eye over the gray and barren desert.

Presently his restless eyes espied a greasy newspaper half buried in the loose sand. A crust of stale bread beside it suggested the use it had served. Reaching out a hand, the tramp drew the paper to him and glanced listlessly over it. His eyes fixed on an item near the bottom of a column and suddenly his body became rigid.

"Damn!" he ejaculated, with an effort at unconcern, when he had read it through. With a hand that trembled slightly he carefully tore out the article and put it in an inside pocket, then rolled over and gazed for a long time down into the sand.

After awhile he fished the bit of paper from his coat and read it a second time, more slowly. It was a telegraphic dispatch dated at Fresno, and read:

The mangled remains of a man, picked up in the railroad yards here this morning, have proved to be those of a long-lost son of Mrs. Mary Garner, a widow, residing four miles south of this city. The body was recognized by a former acquaintance only after it had been prepared for burial by the Coroner. Though the features were horribly mutilated,

Mrs. Garner later identified the dead man as her son. He left home four years ago, and had not been heard of since. It is supposed that he was beating his way home on a freight train when he fell under the wheels. Though a poor woman, the grief-stricken mother refused to allow the county to defray the funeral expenses.

"Hell!" muttered the tramp. "A double! That settles it. No turning back for me now. It's get home quick. Poor old mother!"

He carefully replaced the slip of paper in his pocket.

Suddenly the gravel crunched behind him and the body of the tramp drew itself together with a jerk. He raised a pair of startled eyes, but these became tranquil the instant they lighted upon another shuffling figure carrying an unwrapped roll of garments under an arm.

"Goin' ter make 'er out?" queried the newcomer.

The other nodded without speaking, and as if in answer to any question as to who "er" might be, a long-drawn "oo-oo-oo-o-o-o!" rose and died away far to the southward.

"De bulls is mighty fingery in dis burg," remarked the stranger, proceeding to get into a long, threadbare coat, evidently a gift from some charitable minister's wife, "and de shacks rides 'er out ter de water-tank. It's a soakin' bum burg ter shake. I tries de blind, but if I's spotted it's a hot mooch down de pike or get pulled ter de cooler."

"Me too," responded the one on the ground. "Been ditched here for two days. I'll make 'er out tonight if I have to ride the rods, and on this division you've got to eat dust every ear's length under there."

"De togs comes slick on de deck dese crimpy nights," said the later arrival, as he finished his toilet, a grotesque, humpy figure in the waning sunlight. "Where yer from? I'm from Denver. Denver Peggy; dat's me—a blowed-in-de-glass-bo."

"Texas," answered the other. "Here she is."

The whistle sounded again, the sun's haloed head was gone from the western wall, and the overland passenger from Los Angeles boomed into Mojave.

Behind a pile of ties one hundred and fifty yards below the depot, their dilapidated hats drawn low, the two wanderers crouched. Both were alert and eager now, and whatever of abjectness there had previously been in their demeanor was gone. Their eyes shone with suppressed excitement and they bore the attitude of daring adventurers. Tex was young, on the sunny side of thirty, with a face from which the signs of intelligence and good-breeding had not been wholly eradicated. The other was of uncertain age, with a ragged gray beard, a man not touched with the stiffness of aging joints, but his face inevitably suggested a life-long outcast and beggar.

From their hiding-place the two men could see the swinging lights and discern the "shacks," or brakemen, one on the locomotive pilot and another on the step of the first baggage-car, peering into the fast-deepening twilight on the lookout for hoboes. At the

water-tank the trainmen dropped off and, swinging aboard the first passenger coach as it swept by, disappeared.

At that moment the two tramps glided out into the open. As the engine puffed abreast them they turned and lumbered along at full speed beside it. It pulled rapidly away and, swerving closer, they made a flying leap for the front end of the second express car, caught the hand-hold, and by the speed of the train were whisked off their feet and flung in a heap on the lower steps.

There they huddled, paying no heed to the short toots which announced crossings or switehes, but springing to their feet the moment the long whistle sounded again. Despite their cumbersome clothing, they clambered nimbly on the hand-brake, boosted themselves upward and, as the air-brakes far below them screamed in pain, they flattened their faces to the roof of the forward car.

They lay on the farther edge from the station and the curve in the roof wholly sheltered them from observation in that direction. Though it was dark and still, they watched with keen attention the right side of the car. Their heads bobbed incessantly



"Denver Pegg": Dat's Me—a blowed-in-de-glass-bo."

over the precipitous edge and their eyes peered, now forward, now back. The precautions were well advised, for suddenly a shack's lantern popped into view below. Each tramp, with a quick movement, flopped to the center of the roof, out of range of the lantern's flash, though into the sight of anyone who might happen to be standing a half-dozen rods distant on the depot side.

"Cheese it fer a bawl-out now!" whispered the old-timer, as one of his ears came in contact with a sprawling heel of the younger man.

But a "bawl-out" did not come. The train moved on again and, unseen, the vagrants slid to the platform, where they huddled in the partial shelter from the whistling wind.

At every stop the performance of climbing to the deck was repeated. Soon the jagged peaks below the Tehachapi loomed up to the right and left and the train was following a sinuous, snaky track. Now to the right steps of the platform and now to the left the vagrants scooted, to avoid being seen from the rearward coaches as the train described curve after curve.

Suddenly a solid blackness laid its weight upon them and a whirl of fire and smoke besieged their nostrils. They choked, lurched forward and buried their faces in their slouch hats. The half-minute seemed an age, then the burden was lifted and the blessed air of heaven rushed in to cool the profuse perspiration which had broken out in the dash through the narrow tunnel.

To Tex the relief came like a dash of icy water, which for a moment vivified, but afterwards froze him stiff. In another brief space they were again in a narrow tunnel and both train and tunnel seemed on fire. Tex was half-suffocated. He was revived a moment later when the train rushed into the open, but only to be again plunged into the volcanic belly of a mountain passage-way.

Hours passed in this way, for on the one railroad division between Mojave and Bakersfield there are twenty-six tunnels. Once Tex fell on his smoke-blackened face, suffocated to insensibility, and at another time his companion was momentarily overcome; but each helped the other pull himself together for the next plunge into the inferno. The alternating flashes of stifling heat and congealing cold affected Tex as the tapping of his veins for his life's blood, and when

the overland passenger pulled into Bakersfield at midnight he felt himself a helpless and broken old man.

Denver Peggy himself was little better off and the two dropped nerveless from the baggage-car, tottered against a pile of ties, slid to the ground and for two hours lay in a half-stupor. They arose recuperated, but with chattering teeth, when a second passenger, the fast night limited, arrived from the south.

This time, instead of waiting up the track, the vagrants sidled stealthily up to the dark side of a car, mounted to the platform, and shinned to the roof in a jiffy undetected. There they lay until the train moved swiftly, when they sat up and looked about them.

"Hully! glom onto de boes!" growled the one in the minister's coat, pointing a finger at the top of the next car.

Tex looked to see one dark form after another appear from below until the adjoining deck was alive with human bodies.

"Bakersfield bums!" continued Peggy in a disgusted voice. "Dey'll get us ditched, 'less we hide out. It's a sloppy hike ter de flopper, but down de line I goes."

"Me, too," said Tex, and the two rose cautiously to their feet, leaped from one curving deck to the next one, picked their way over the dark forms, and continued on a half-trot toward the rear end of the train.

The tops of the cars rolled and tossed like the deck of an ocean liner in a choppy sea. On either side of that long black streak the ground whizzed below like a whirling torrent, and each jump from car to car was a leap over a yawning chasm at the bottom of which was death.

But the men ran on, with bodies bent low and arms thrown far apart to save them if perchance a larger lurch should hurl them off their feet. That narrow black streak was long, miles long, it seemed to Tex, for they were rushing down grade at fifty miles an hour. Once Tex dropped to his hands and knees to save himself from going over the brink. At last the dizzy journey was completed without disaster and on top of the rearmost sleeper the pair lay prone.

At the next station above the din they heard angry shouts—footsteps, too, resounding from the metal decks, and they knew that their fellow-craftsmen forward had been discovered and ditched. As Peggy had

guessed, there had been too many of them to escape observation and their own wild scamper over the train-top was all that saved himself and his new-found pal.

The train moved on again. The two men remained on top of the sleeper, for now there were no blind baggage platforms handy to shelter them. Far away, at the head of the snaky length of train, the locomotive puffed forth its shadowy blackness. The smoke trailed the sky to the eastward. Then at a swerve of the track, it swept the deck, carrying with it blinding cinders. The tramps lay on their bellies and

sheltered their faces in their folded arms. Still the dust sifted through, filling their eyes and laying a deeper coat of black upon their faces.

The track swerved again, and again the trail of smoke shifted to the eastward. Rolling over, Tex lay flat on his back and gazed up into the starry vault of blue. The track was smooth now, the mountains were behind them, and the tramp imagined himself floating through the air; far, indeed, from heaven's flaming candles, but farther still from earth. He was floating home. In his travels he had passed as coming from Texas, but the little city near which he had been born and reared was less than fifty miles farther up the valley. In a few hours at most he would be there, and his heart thumped violently at the realization of it.

It was four years since he had left home. Now he was coming back. Empty-handed? Yes, but happy, insanely happy, just at coming back. He had gone forth to seek his fortune. He had tried for awhile, tried hard to make something of himself. But somehow he had not made much progress. He had been too impatient of results, and too proud, though he possessed neither education nor ability to be proud of. He had been proud of his simple manhood. Perhaps that was it. Bossism, he called it, the bossism which prevails in Western labor camps and on Western ranches—this had caused him to revolt time after time. He had drifted about—looking for something to turn up, feverishly on a will-o-the-wisp hunt for something that never did and never would turn up. Gradually he fell into the hobo life.

But now—now—he was going home! There was a tiny farm waiting for his labor and a widowed mother. Even though he returned penniless and in rags, how the welcome would kindle in those dear old eyes! How she would fly to meet him as he slouched up the garden walk!

But she thought him dead. Poor old mother! How she was grieving now! How slowly the train was going! He must get home quickly to break to her the glad news that he was alive. She would know him from a distance as he came across the fields, know that she had been mistaken, that he was well and unharmed. Yes, she—

"Get down off there!" cried a voice, for the train had come to a standstill.



"Bakersfield Bums—Dey'll Get Us Ditched."

At the same moment a rail spike clattered on the roof.

"Ditched!" grunted Peggy, and sullenly the pair rose, slid down the precipitous rear platform, and slunk away in the darkness.

"De jig is up fer tonight," remarked Peggy solemnly. "Le's sneak ter a box-car and flop."

"No, no," urged his companion, eagerly. "I want to try her once more. Come ahead!"

Peggy peered through the darkness with curious eyes at the face of the younger man. Then, "I's with ye," he said.

The two tramps quickened their pace, made a detour, and boarded the front end as the line of cars started forward.

But a shack on the lookout had caught a glimpse of them, the engineer was signaled to slow down, and two angry brakemen ran forward with their lanterns. Then began a merry chase. Doggedly the tramps ran forward and back, from side to side, over and even through cars in an effort to elude their pursuers, the most relentless of whom was a gigantic, shaggy-haired brakeman, who screamed curses at them and promised all manner of torture if he should so much as get his hands on them. Finally, thinking they had "unloaded the boes," one of the shacks gave the signal to go ahead.

Peggy had found a hiding-place somewhere and Tex was crouching behind the tender when at the last moment, the burly brakeman caught sight of him again. Seeing that the game was up, the tramp dropped to the ground, while the wary trainman kept him in view.

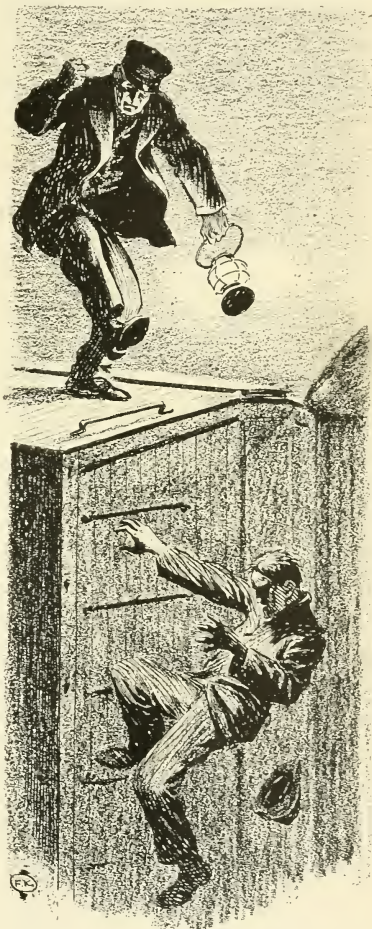
The baffled tramp stood still while the cars rolled by, one after another. He looked longingly at the inviting steps of the passenger coaches as they passed, but knew that it would be no use to try them now. Suddenly he noticed that the front end of the train was curving away from him. As the first Pullman came opposite he saw the light of the brakeman's lantern blotted out.

"Now's my chance!" he breathed.

The Pullmans were of the regulation vestibuled kind, with a step projecting below each of the platform doors. Tex caught the hand-holds at the junction of the two rear-most cars and spread his legs to balance himself between the steps. He found the position uncomfortable, even dangerous, and he tried the knob of one of the glass doors.

It was locked! He tried the other knob, but it was locked also.

The train was now going at full speed and Tex was fairly hanging on by his eyebrows. It was like clinging to a perpendicular cliff by nothing more than two toenotches and a twig; more, a cliff moving swiftly across the sky and lurching continually from side to side. He could get to neither platform, nor was he in a position



"The Fingers Slipped Off the Rods and He Tattered and Fell."

to jump with safety. Moreover, he was not ready to give up yet. Home was so very near now. He MUST get home!

His legs seemed torn apart by the spread of the steps and his arms ached from the weight upon them. He glanced upward to the top, but it was far beyond his reach. At the risk of falling backwards, he loosed one hand and felt about in vain search for some projection that might afford him a precarious footing in a climb for the deck. He cast his eyes at the whizzing ground below. It put him into a panic. Desperately he tried the brass knobs again and, throwing caution to the winds, frantically he beat, now one fist and now another against the glass doors in a vain effort to smash them in. He screamed aloud.

Suddenly he heard a voice from above:

"Glom onto me knocker, Texie!"

The tramp raised his head to see a dark form above and a friendly hand reaching down to him. His strength was almost gone, but he managed to straighten up a foot higher and catch the hand of Denver Peggy. He swung clear of the steps and kicked wildly with his feet and eluded with his fingers in an endeavor to find a foot-hold or a hand-hold that would help him to the top. He lunged in mid-air, between the edges of the cars, with only one firm wrist the thread that held him from a horrible death. Denver Peggy was heaving hard. Tex felt himself drawn up a little, then the finger of his free hand fell into a groove at the junction of the vestibules, there was a short struggle, and he was dragged exhausted to the deck.

Another station was passed and still the vagrants stayed with the train. A gray light began to break in the east and Tex recognized old land-marks which he had not seen for years. Day dreams filled his mind.

Suddenly a lantern cast its paling light along the deck, a "brakey" clambered to the top and came toward them. It was the big, burly fellow.

"You get off of here and be mighty quick about it," he snarled, thrusting his lantern into the face of Tex. "Ah, you're the stiff I told to get off awhile ago. You'll get off this time and stay off."

Without vouchsafing a reply the outcasts hurried toward the front end of the train, followed by the enraged brakeman. The forwardmost car was a fast fruit express, built

with a ladder at each end, like a box-car. Peggy dropped to the platform of the smoker and prepared to get off the train when it should slow down. His companion kept on toward the fruit express.

The brakeman paid no heed to Peggy, but followed hard upon the heels of his friend. "Get down and hurry up about it."

"All right, I'll get off as soon as you stop the train," responded the tramp, starting down the ladder of the express car.

"Stop nuttin'! You jump, and jump quick, d—you!"

His face on a level with the deck, Tex glanced up at the huge figure above him. He dodged, but too late. A heavy boot struck him in the face. His brain reeled, but he tried to steady himself for a jump. Then the boots, with two hundred and fifty pounds of weight above them, crashed down on his hands. Broken and bleeding, the fingers slipped off the rods and he tottered and fell.

When Tex regained consciousness, Denver Peggy was bending over him and the train was a dim shadow in the shimmering distance.

"Waugh! De brakey near croaked ye dat time, Texie. Hokey! he was horstile. Well, here's me fist. It's hit de grit now."

The fallen tramp accepted the proffered hand and was helped unsteadily to his feet. He glanced about him and his face suddenly overspread with joy as his eyes lighted upon the modest buildings of a small farm a half-mile to the eastward. Tex lurched toward his companion and grasped his hand.

"It's shake, old fellow," he said, huskily. "See that ranch? It's home—I'm going home."

"Wot? Home? Yer kiddin'. No? Goin' dead, eh? Back ter perlite sassiety? Punk and plaster tree times a day! Aw, thought yer wuz goin' ter be me pal. Home! Well, here's me fist again. Ta ta!"

Denver Peggy squatted beside the track and watched his companion of the night crawl through the barbed wire fence and start across the newly-plowed ground. Once the latter looked back and Peggy waved a tattered arm at him. Then he arose, skinned off his extra garments, made them into a bundle which he tossed over his shoulder, and began counting the ties toward Frisco.

"Hully! Times is when I wish I had a home meself," he muttered.



*American Avocets—Regardant.*

## Among the Avocets

By William Leon Dawson



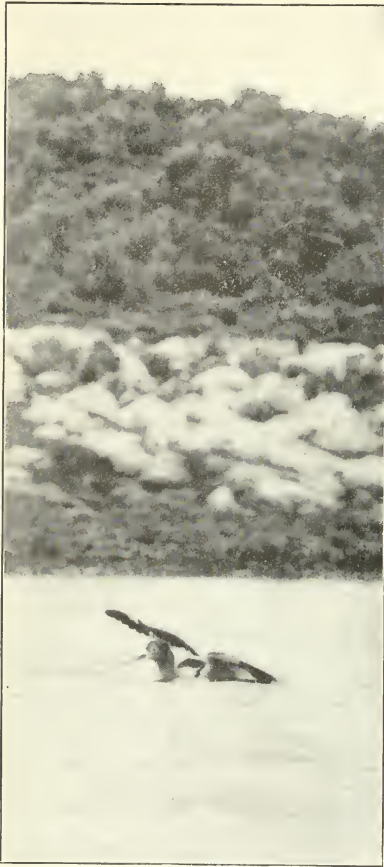
NATURE never made anything altogether awkward. Even stilts and chop-sticks are graceful when fashioned in the great workshop. The chop-sticks in this case are delicately curved and skillfully handled, while the stilts support their owner most jauntily at a height of seven or eight inches above the ground. These unique implements belong to a soft-plumaged, dove-eyed creature which the pioneers knew well, but which is now almost extinct within our borders: the American avocet.

The waters of a certain lake in Eastern Washington, being relieved by a new outlet, fell eight feet in a few days, some two years ago, leaving a shallow cove with its ancient bottom of ooze exposed here and there in the form of low mud reefs. There are mazes of cat-tails and bulrushes on one side, and low alkaline slopes, acres in extent, upon the other. These conditions, it seems, exactly meet the requirements of these strange birds; and here we found them to the number of a score in May, 1906.

Of course the avocets were not alone upon

this favored spot. Yellow-headed blackbirds gurgled and screeched in the reeds, and marsh wrens sputtered and chucked over their quaint basketry, while mudhens and ducks of a dozen species, but chiefly redheads and ruddies, paddled in the channels or brooded in the teeming brakes. Once during our stay a regatta of whistling swans descended at early dawn, but they were soon off, upon what high mission we could only guess. There was indeed a constantly shifting panorama of life, but the only creatures to dispute with the avocets the possession of the tiny mud islands were the turtles and a lazy band of lumbering white pelicans. One S-shaped reef in particular seemed to be the favorite lounging place of the pelicans, and twenty-five of their comfortable, fat bodies appeared to about exhaust the accommodations, yet a pair of avocets managed to live through the daily inundation and to maintain a nest of four eggs. Forster terns also occasionally bent an inquiring eye upon the reefs in passing, but they would not raise proprietary questions till June.

The avocets are not rigidly gregarious, but they associate freely upon the nesting ground



*An Avocet Trailing a Broken Wing.*

and are to be seen in small, scattered groups as often as singly. Since the tones of the surroundings are chiefly wrought out in gray greens, grass greens and pale blues, the birds have no recourse to the arts of protective coloration, but appear boldly in a garb of black and white, softened on head and neck by cinnamon brown, and this habit serves to keep them ever before the eye, the observed of all observers. If I were to make for them a claim of uniform gracefulness, some might dispute me on the ground of photographs

herewith submitted; but it must be remembered that the eye catches only the restful modes of motion, while the unfeeling camera sometimes surprises the subject, when he is only getting ready to be graceful.

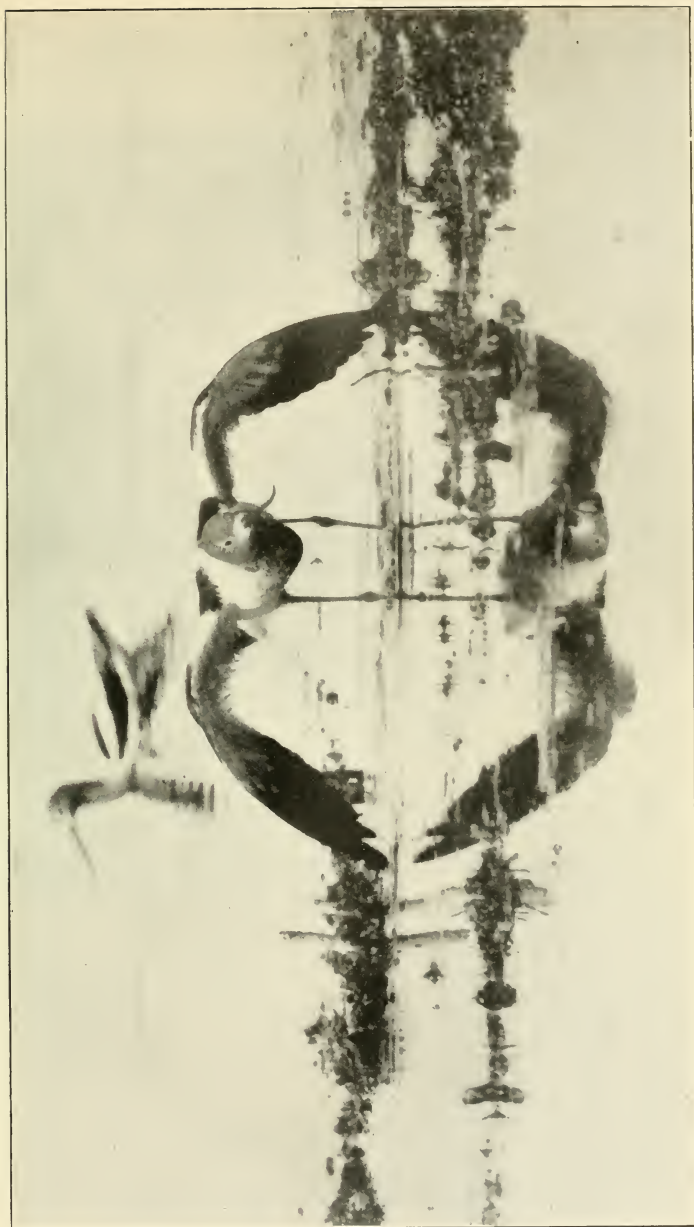
These birds are not only waders, but swimmers and flyers as well, and they show little preference among these modes of activity. If you approach a little too closely a wading avocet, he may walk off with dignified carelessness; and if the retreating bottom takes him beyond his depth, he is instantly at ease upon the water and swims off, duck-fashion, with keel held low in front, now glancing at you over one shoulder and now over the other. Or else, either from land or water, he takes quickly to wing, letting the long legs first dangle and then straighten out behind him as he progresses. Rising is thus a bit awkward, and in settling also the legs must first be brought forward to engage the surface of reef or pool before the wing motion ceases. In flight the motion may be either fairly rapid or quite leisurely, according to whether the bird is frightened or merely curious; while at sailing he is a past master, the neck and bill being outstretched to fullest capacity to offset the long rudder of the legs.

How exactly fitted these handsome creatures are to their somewhat unique environment may not be fully realized until one attempts to wade through their oozy haunts. The bottom here is very treacherous, with frequent concealed pitfalls and subaqueous passages. Both Mr. Bowles and myself



*Nest and Eggs of the Avocet.*





*The Appeal to Pity.*



*You're Coming a Little Too Close.*

shipped water in our hip-boots repeatedly in spite of the greatest precaution, and once I went into a hole so neatly with both feet that I had momentary visions of total disappearance and shouted in terror. Fortunately, however, the sides held when my outstretched hands met them. But the bird is prepared to meet any inequality of bottom, since it does not fear submergence; and the legs are carried at a slight angle, that is divergent, to preserve the equilibrium and guard against sudden surprise.

In feeding along the water's edge, or at moderate depths, the avocet does not dabble at random, but sees and snatches its prey from the surface of the water with great agility, assisting the passage of the morsel down the long bill by a quick forward thrust of the head. In advancing, the legs are withdrawn rapidly along the line of the tarsus, with folded or collapsed foot, and thrust forward again in such fashion as least to disturb the ooze of the bottom.

As is not, perhaps, so generally known, the avocet is also a ready diver, or more accurately, dabbler, since it feeds from the surface of the water with the tipping motion charac-

teristic of some of the ducks. In this operation the legs are not at all exposed, but only the tail and rump, the legs evidently being required under water to maintain the vertical position. In dabbling the birds must depend more or less upon the sensitiveness of the bill, for the water becomes too much disturbed for vision. The confidence in strangers sometimes exhibited by the birds in carrying on their diving operations is very flattering, and one only wishes that it had been uniformly deserved during the years which have so sadly reduced their numbers.

The avocets are rather noisy when disturbed or threatened, but are not especially so at other times. Their notes consist chiefly of simple shrill cries, neither very musical nor yet strident, *crik-crik-crik-crik* or *creek-creek*—something, in fact, after the order of the curlew's, with many excited quaverings beside.

It is, however, when its nest is threatened that the bird displays its utmost charms. It is anxious at the outset to distract attention, even before discovery of the eggs is certain; and as one pokes about in a flat-bottomed boat or canoe, a half-dozen of them at once

may be seen hoisting signals of distress and inviting pursuit. One example may suffice. With a splendid light and well equipped for photograph appreciation, we put the canoe against a tiny reef upon which we saw a nest with three eggs. The mother bird had flushed at a hundred yards, but seeing our position, she flew toward us and dropped into the water some fifty feet away. Here she lifted a black wing in simulation of maimed stiffness and flopped and floundered away with the aid of the other one. Seeing that the ruse failed, she ventured nearer and repeated the



*A la Japonaise.*

vances. Mr. Bowles hit upon the scheme of splashing gently in the water, and it served admirably to excite the birds and make them reckless. And the *click, click* of the camera was sweeter music to our ears than the explosion of death-dealing cartridges before a band of elk.

The birds were driven to the very limit of frenzy, dancing, wing-trailing, swaying, going through last convulsions and beginning over again without regard to logical sequence.



*Avocet in Flight.*

experiment, lifting now one wing and now both, in token of utter helplessness. After awhile the male joined her, and we had the painful spectacle of a crippled family whose members were uttering most doleful cries of distress, necessitated apparently by their numerous aches and breaks.

Once, for experiment's sake, we followed, and the waders flopped along in manifest delight, coaxing us up on shore and making off through the sagebrush with broken legs and useless wings. But we came back, finding it better to let the birds make the ad-



*Posing for Its Picture.*

all in an agony of effort to divert attention from those precious eggs. It may seem cruel to have harassed them so, but we were sustained by the integrity of our purpose, which was not robbery but snap-shottery, and we neglected no opportunity to work upon their feelings. Neighbors came up and looked on sympathetically or joined in the clamor.

As time elapsed, however, the color of the play changed. Finding that the appeal to cupidity was of no avail, the birds appeared to fall back upon the appeal to pity. Decoying was useless, that was plain; so they stood with upraised wings quivering and moaning in tenderest supplication. It was too much even for conscious rectitude, and we withdrew abashed.

Chancing to exhibit my photographs to some friends in a store, a stranger asked per-

mission to see them. "Why," he exclaimed, "those are the very birds I saw over at ——— Lake a few weeks ago! Curlews, are n't they?" "No," I said; "something like them, but a deal handsomer; avocets." "Beautiful! beautiful!" Then with a sigh, "Are n't many left, I guess. A fellow killed twelve of them the day I was there."

I swallowed hard. Our avocets! Probably the last surviving colony in the state; butchered to a bird, no doubt! And for what? Say, Mr. Rancher (I got the particulars), when you get tired of beef and mutton (and I happen to know that both are plentiful in your neighborhood), draw on me for the price of a dozen peacocks (their tongues are said to be good eating, I believe), but please spare these beautiful, inoffensive, confiding avocets—that is, if you ever see any more of them.



*Hoisting a Signal of Distress.*

# A Dog That Was 'Different'

By Millard F. Hudson



THIS is a familiar saying that dogs, as well as men, have individuality, but it may be doubted if many, even of Rab's warmest friends, realize the full truth of the statement. It is not in minor characteristics, alone, that dogs differ; now and then there appears an individual so different from the rank and file of his fellows as to seem to belong to a different order of beings. Among the traits supposed to be common to all dogs,—to form the very foundation of dog nature, as it were,—common consent would probably include an attachment to one master and one domicile; but the dog which is the subject of this sketch steadfastly refused to allow any man to call himself his master and the only spot he loved was a whole city. And this, not because he lacked an affectionate nature, for he was everybody's friend; nor because he was an outcast, for no dog was ever welcomed in more homes; but because he deliberately chose to turn his back upon that monopoly of the affections which is so dear to most of his kind, and to be everybody's dog, instead.

If you had been walking in the business section of San Diego, a few years ago, you might have come upon a large, fine, silky-haired St. Bernard dog, lying in the middle of the sidewalk at the busiest spot. If he were asleep, you would have been struck by the care and good humor with which the people walked around him, however great their haste; and if awake, the number who paused to give him a friendly word and gentle pat would have roused your curiosity. This was "Bum," San Diego's town dog, holding his daily court, just as he looks in the picture. If you had added your homage, he might not have paid the slightest attention, or, if it suited his humor of the moment, he would have acknowledged your civility with a wag of his stumpy tail and

looked you straight in the eye; but in either case you must have acknowledged that never before had you seen such perfect poise and dignity in a dog.

It is to preserve a record of some of the characteristics of this famous citizen of the Pacific Coast that these lines are written.

Bum was born in San Francisco on the third day of July, 1886, while his mother was a prisoner at the city pound. She died some two weeks later, and his six brothers and sisters were drowned, so that he began life destitute of family ties. There is no record of what befell him for some months after this bereavement; but when nearly six months old he emerges from obscurity as a stowaway on the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's steamer *Santa Rosa*, bound for San Diego. It would seem that the *wanderlust* in his blood was beginning to make itself felt as he started on this first of many adventurous journeys. He landed in the town of San Diego, then at the beginning of its great boom, on Christmas day, 1886; and from this circumstance the people loved to think of him as a Christmas gift to the town.

After a few days spent in looking around, he was adopted by a Chinese gardener and fisherman named Ah Wo Sue, and in his cabin and little garden led a happy life, as a rollicking pup, for almost eight months. His good looks and intelligence won him many friends, but for a time he showed little of the roving disposition which afterwards became so characteristic of him. But one August day, when a little over a year old, he left home for a stroll and, as often happens to idlers, got into trouble. Full of joyous young life, interested in all that went on, with his silky plume proudly waving in air, he marched through the railroad freight yards, where fate approached him in the form of a bulldog, challenging battle. The gauge was promptly accepted, and soon the two were fighting furiously on the track.



"Bum," Showing the Stump of His Foreleg, Which He Used as a Club in Fighting Other Dogs.

What insult had been offered our hero we shall never know, but it must have been a dreadful one. An approaching switch engine now rumbled in the distance, but the combatants were too intently engaged to hear it. Nearer and nearer it drew, the whistle blew, the bell clanged; but all in vain; they were both run down.

When the engine had passed and the spectators came upon the scene, they found the bulldog dead, and poor Bum sadly in need of a surgeon's care. His right forepaw and tail were crushed and his body severely bruised and cut. He was picked up and tenderly cared for; his paw and tail were amputated, his other wounds dressed, and Ah Wo Sue nursed him back to health. But this catastrophe marked a turning-point in the life of the dog. The *wanderlust*, working in him more and more, took complete possession in the long days of convalescence. As soon as he was able to hobble about on his three sound legs he ungratefully turned his back upon his benefactor, and threw himself upon the hospitality of the city. It may be that he felt a career was awaiting him; at any rate, no entreaties could induce him to return, and never again did he willingly remain long a member of a private home.

His success as a town dog was instantaneous; the city seemed to catch its breath and exclaim: "Bum is ours!" He went

everywhere, inspected shops, factories, wharves, homes, and laid out a regular calling route. His face was so radiant with good nature, and his good will so genuine, that he was welcome everywhere. The butchers and restaurant-keepers were glad to lay aside their choicest tidbits, to be kept for the hour of Bum's call; and wherever he chose to spend the night, there was bed and board provided, free as air. But while thus developing as a public character, Bum managed to preserve his personality in a remarkable degree. Other dogs he usually ignored, and they gave him the right of way with an instinctive feeling of his superiority. He was the Diogenes of the canine world and as careless of public opinion as was that famous cynic.

He early discovered that many things interesting and exciting to a town dog were continually going on. His chief delight was to run to fires with Engine No. 1. Whenever he might be when the alarm sounded, he would run to the engine-house as fast as his three legs could carry him, barking joyously, and accompany the engine to the scene of the conflagration. The good-natured people, seeing him coming, exclaimed: "Clear the track; Bum's coming!" and all stepped aside and gave him the right of way. After fires, his favorite diversion was on the Fourth-of-July, when he celebrated his own and the Nation's birthday with enthusiasm.

from dawn till dark, catching lighted firecrackers in his mouth and tossing them into the air with glee. For some time he made a regular practice of attending funerals, but later gave that up. He also took delight in the parades of the Salvation Army, when they were a novelty, but soon tired of them. He went everywhere, seeking new sensations, and took an intelligent interest in all that went on. One of his most amusing habits was to visit the courtroom and sit in the judge's chair. But perhaps his happiest seasons were during political campaigns, when he took great pleasure in marching at the head of the processions and afterwards lying on the platform, and listening to the speeches.

From exploring the city itself, Bum's penchant for seeing new people and places, grew until he became a noted traveler. In those days, the streetcars were drawn by mules, and the drivers were pleased when he began to mount the platforms and take rides with them around the city. He thoroughly explored all the lines of streetcar travel and then began to look about for more worlds to conquer. One day he left a car at the ferry, walked aboard the boat, visited Coronado, inspected the foundations of the great hotel there, and returned safely. From that time he was a frequent visitor at Coronado, and always chose the proper car to carry him to the ferry. He then extended his travel to the south and visited National City. But here, disaster awaited him; he became involved in an altercation with another dog, in which he got the worst of it; and thereafter he not only ceased to stop off at that town, but, whenever in his travels he approached its suburbs, he would quit the platform and sneak inside the car, with every appearance of disgust.

When the "Belt Line" began running around the southern shore of the bay to Coronado, one of his friends took him "around the circle," and thereafter he frequently made the trip, alone. He would hobble down to the depot, never missing the proper train, and climb upon the rear platform of the last car. There he would lie and bark loudly until the city was left behind, when he would go to sleep. He was also fond of picnics, and traveled many miles as a free excursionist. On one such occasion, when accompanying a large party

to the Sweetwater Dam, he took his station in the passenger coach. The conductor, as in duty bound, removed him to the baggage car, an act which caused the dog great humiliation. "I declare," said the conductor, "he made me feel like asking his pardon." On the return, he was the first passenger to alight, but waited to see everyone safely off the car before proceeding on his way.

One of Bum's staunchest friends was Captain James Edward Friend, a newspaper writer. Being at the railway station one day, Captain Friend found Bum there, cavorting about as though about to start on a journey. When the train for Los Angeles pulled out, the dog lay upon the rear platform, barking, and thumping the floor with his stumpy tail. Being an operator, the captain stepped into the telegraph office, and sent this message to all stations from San Diego to Los Angeles:

Bum, San Diego's town dog, is on No. . . . bound the Lord knows where. Should he decide to honor your city with a visit, please extend to him the courtesy and keys thereof, seeing that he has a good time and travels home on a pass.

But it was another private dispatch to a former San Diegan then living in Los Angeles which was the cause of Bum's finding a friend waiting to greet him at his journey's end. This man saw that Bum saw all the sights and enjoyed the best that the city afforded; but, on the second day, he showed such unmistakable signs of homesickness, that his host was glad to see him on the train again, homeward-bound. Had he been absent for months, his homecoming could not have been more joyful. With eyes glowing like live coals, he hurried up the street at full speed to his favorite market and, after eating the best they had in stock, threw himself once more in the middle of the sidewalk and watched the people stepping around him, with an air of the deepest satisfaction.

The estimation in which he was held by the people of San Diego is shown by a number of incidents. One morning, while on a tour of investigation, he entered the door of a newly-opened store. The proprietor, not knowing the dog, struck him with a broom. Bum's surprise and indignation were great, but scarcely greater than those of a



*"Bum" Undergoing a Second Surgical Operation.*

policeman who, seeing the act, stepping up and, in angry tones, ordered the storekeeper to "let that dog alone!" A new poundmaster conceived it his duty to "run in" the city's favorite, and started to lead him to the pound. On the way he was met by a crowd of rough fellows, one of whom slapped him on the shoulder, and asked: "Where 's youse goin' wid dat dog?" The reply being unsatisfactory, the poundman got a thrashing, then and there, while Bum stood by and howled with delight. Captain Friend then appeared before the City Council, made an earnest plea for the exemption of his old friend from the dog tax, and carried his point; the Council unanimously passed, and the Mayor signed an ordinance which relieved Bum for life from the fear of poundmen. One year, the form of dog license was headed by his picture, and a citizen presented him with a handsome silver collar.

Although, as a rule, he ignored and disdained all other dogs, there was one exception. This was a dog called "Toodles," who was a ward of one of the hose companies, and as fond of going to fires as himself. Their friendship had a tragic ending, however, when Toodles was run over by a hose cart and killed. It is said that Bum moped,

and was not himself for some time after that event. One day a little spaniel had been hurt and was lying on the streetcar track. Bum, coming by, and seeing a car approaching, picked him up by the nape of his neck, carried him to the shelter of a dry-goods box, licked his wounds, and stood guard over him till his master came and took him away. Is it not clear that the big-hearted Samaritan remembered his own unhappy experience?

The reader will, ere this, have perceived that our hero was not faultless; but, like a true hero, his merits were so great that he could afford to have the whole truth known. One fault was that he would sometimes fight with other dogs. His method of fighting was peculiar; he tried to get his antagonist down and, if he succeeded, would then hammer him with his crippled leg. Another characteristic was a great aversion to having water thrown upon him. He once loafed about a busy store until, to drive him away, the proprietor turned the hose upon him; whereupon he left at once, in righteous indignation, and never returned. Dearly as he loved fires, he could never quite forgive the men of his favorite hose company for throwing some water upon him in play; and, after that event, he never again set afoot within



their engine-house. When an alarm rang, he would stop near the engine-house, and wait, trembling, for the engine to appear; but nothing could induce him to pass its door. The fact that he would often voluntarily go swimming in the bay, shows that it was not so much the water, as the personal affront of having it thrown upon him, that hurt his feelings.

His greatest trouble can scarcely be said to have been his own fault. At a time when he was still low in his mind over the loss of Toodles, some mischievous men forced him to drink liquor, until he acquired a taste for it. He became intoxicated while attending a political rally at El Cajon, and after that rapidly lost his self-respect, and became a "bum" in the true sense of the word. He grew mangy, dirty, and disreputable. All his friends noted the change, and even the children grieved over it. It was felt by all that some way must be found to save the city's favorite from a dreadful fate, but it was left for his first benefactor, the deserted Ah Wo Sue, to find the means of doing so. Coaxing the dog to his cabin, he shut him up, and kept him on a strictly temperance diet until his depraved appetite was gone and his health restored. Several weeks later, when he re-appeared in his old haunts, and resumed his Bohemian life, the people rejoiced, exclaiming: "Richard is himself again!" But you are not to suppose that he wasted any regrets over the final parting with his Chinese friend; his affections were as large and impersonal as ever, but Ah Wo Sue did live to reap his reward.

This came about by the action of the children of the seventh grade, Sherman Heights School, who, at Christmas time, 1891, wrote and published a booklet of ten pages, bound in white, entitled: *Bum, Our Christmas Gift of 1886*, and dedicated it to "Ah Wo Sue, who so kindly cared for and nursed our 'city dog.'" Several thousands of these booklets, in which all Bum's virtues were rehearsed and dwelt upon, were sold and read; and thus Bum's first humble friend shared in his glory, even though he shone only by a reflected light.

Three busy, happy years followed, and then misfortune came again, this time in the shape of a broken leg. Bum had formed a habit of spending considerable time in the

store of George W. Magwood, who had often befriended him. One day, while lying in the street, near the merchant's delivery wagon, the horses suddenly started and, before he was aware, one of them stepped on him and broke his left hind leg.

Once more his friends came to the rescue, and he was chloroformed, and the leg carefully set. In the photograph, you see Doctor Stone on the right, Mr. Magwood in the center, and Captain Friend on the left. The operation is over, and they are watching his breathing as he slowly rallies from the shock. Mr. Magwood fitted up a room for the patient and employed Friend to nurse him, paying him wages as long as his services were needed. So keen was the public interest in the dog's welfare, that the daily papers published bulletins of the progress of his recovery. The leg healed and he grew fat, and apparently well once more; but both he and Captain Friend had led happy-go-lucky lives, with no provision for old age, and the day soon came for both when they needed all their friends. In 1896, the captain, who had shortly before been obliged to spend some time in the county hospital himself, wrote feelingly:

When Bum dies, if I should "not be at home," his obituary is ready. The newsboys will see that both of us have decent funerals and the band will be present.

Two years later, the old captain died suddenly, alone in his room, and the newsboys, to whom he had been so kind, did see that he had a decent funeral; but it turned out otherwise with Bum, and when he died the captain was "not at home." When he lost this faithful friend, the infirmities of old age were already a burden to Bum, and rheumatism soon crippled him so that he became helpless. He was then given a home in the county hospital, where his few remaining days were made as comfortable as possible. On the tenth day of November, 1898, he passed away peacefully, in his fourteenth year, and the city mourned him sincerely.

He died, as he had chosen to live, at the charge of the public, and not of any individual. Surely, it was a career worthy the emulation of any dog, to win and hold the loving admiration of a whole city.

# The Freeze-Up

By Lute Pease



T was in the time of the freeze-up. By day the uplands of the vast North sparkled like a Mogul's crown in the low-slanting rays of the departing sun; and now at night the weird Aurora waved and fluttered its luminous ribbons far and high over the bleak and melancholy waste.

The wilderness, in white shroud, was fallen to the stillness and rigor of death—all but the somber Yukon. Shrunken to half the might of its Midsummer prime, the river, like some aged but still formidable monster, grimly fought off the grip of November. Harshly sibilant and fuming in clouds through the interminable leagues of solitude, it hurled onward an endless burden of ice—a sinister yet stately pageant of gray and ghostly forms.

Suddenly from out the misty gloom upstream sounded a human cry. Above the grind of the crowding floes it echoed faintly from lofty crags and dark, wooded bars, with a note of despair, as from some spirit adrift upon the mournful Seventh Deep. Then the round moon, lifting grandly above the neighboring heights, drove into the rolling vapor and disclosed the blurred but tragic and solitary figure of a man erect upon the wreck of a Lake Bennett boat.

Upborne upon a giant floe the man and the shattered craft swept steadily on with the majestic rout, volitionless as a soul thrust out of the infinite upon the tide of existence.

His fur-clad figure, huge and tall, grew less indistinct in the struggling moonlight. The face, framed obscurely by the fox-tail fringe of the parka-hood, bristled white about the bearded lips with frost and icicles. A great, shapeless, frost-bitten nose divided the deep-set eyes that glowed brutelike.

Intermittently he shivered and swung long arms about him vigorously and stamped his feet. But constantly he glared at the surrounding floes, now breaking forth in hoarse

curses, now aimlessly shaking a mittened fist. He seemed the embodiment of defiance, of fierce resistance to the inexorable; and yet, as his gaze searched the drifting masses about him, he seemed to bristle fearsomely—as a hound bristles at something sinister in the dark.

That the menace of an ice-jam which might overwhelm the man and his frail support was enormous could scarce explain the intentness of his stare, now at one, now at another of the floes.

The flotilla presented a monotonous sameness of appearance in the form and character of its units. The masses along the flanks of the current moved somewhat slower than those in the middle because of friction with the shore-ice, so that units were continually—though almost imperceptibly—changing position. All were coated thick with frost from the condensation of the vapor in the bitter cold; the wreck and its tumbled cargo and even the figure of the man whitened with fine crystals.

Once the man's gaze centered upon a slight and formless mound upon the surface of a floe just ahead. Instantly his bearing changed; he crouched low, catching the gunwale near him with both hands, and again he mouthed forth a horrible, inarticulate cry of infinite dread and despair.

After a moment he seemed in doubt. He straightened, shouted a defiant curse: he whirled sharply and glared behind him. Presently he relaxed somewhat, and his gaze roved across other adjacent floes, then returned to the one ahead. It was nearer now and the mound showed merely as a slight roughness on the surface of the floe.

At the beginning of the Fall run in the Yukon, the ice drifts in small, scattering discs. As days wear on with ever-increasing cold, the fringe of shore-ice widens, the channel narrows and the ice begins to crowd. Floe adhering to floe creates huge rafts, the surfaces of which show ridges and slight

mounds of crushed ice where the ragged rims have joined.

The man shook himself with a movement of rage and again fell to swinging his arms and stamping his feet. Once he stooped and began fumbling in the litter of cargo at his feet. Presently he stood up, holding a quart bottle. He drew the cork with his teeth; then, hesitating for some moments, held the bottle at arm's length. Suddenly he thrust back the cork with a blow of his palm, dropping a mitten to do so, and, with a curse, set the bottle down. Liquor has a dangerous reaction well known to men of the North; death by freezing may be the penalty following indulgence.

The man fumbled at a pocket and awkwardly drew forth a pipe. His benumbed hand refused further service in searching for matches and, resuming the mitten, he began frantically to beat the member against the side of the boat.

Again the roving eyes swept the flocs. A change was taking place in the wreck's position; the mass on which it rested was working gradually out of the center of the run; perceptibly nearing shore. The man stepped to a higher place and began to peer with some show of eagerness into the dimness down stream.

As the wild procession swept steadily around an enormous bar, an island dividing the current, favored, bringing the wreck yet closer to the bank.

All at once the man threw up his head with a great shout for help. A light shone faintly to his straining gaze and he yelled again and again. A thick mass of flocs now seemed to be crowding hard behind, but to them he gave no heed.

"Hoo-lo; the river!" came an answering call, startlingly near; and the wrecked boatman saw a blurred figure leaping down the bank ahead. Long piles of cordwood lined the shore and above them glowed the mist-diffused light from an open cabin-door. It was the lonely camp of a Yukon woodchopper.

"Get ready for a line!" shouted the man on shore, cautiously approaching the treacherous edge of the pack. Behind the wreck the flocs pressed savagely and at that moment one great, flat mass thrust irresistibly in between the wreck and the shore-pack, shoving the boatman's floe outward.

"Jump!" yelled the woodchopper, heaving his coil. Its end fell across the intervening mass.

"Out on that ice! Jump, man, jump for your life! Grab that rope!"

On the wreck the man had gathered for the leap when, suddenly, he checked himself with a shrill, almost feminine scream. He crouched and leaning upon the gunwale, stared at the flat, unbroken white surface of the interfering floe.

"Jump, you fool! Jump for the love of God!"

The woodchopper, yet holding his end of the rope, had turned and was now running down along the rough and dangerous edge of the shore-pack, keeping abreast of the drift.

"See!" screamed the wrecked boatman, pointing at the floe, "There—see him! Oh God! He's follered me! He's follered me!"

"See nothing—y' crazy fool," panted the woodchopper. At that moment he stumbled and sprawled full length. He lost the rope and when he regained his feet the wreck was far away.

"You're crazy—to hell with you!"

The man on the wreck seemed scarcely to hear the words of disgust. As if spellbound he continued to glare at the strange floe until, becoming separated from the other, it was presently lost in the obscurity. The man glanced backward. The woodchopper and the cabin light were together blotted from view.

Shivering fearfully and with chattering teeth, the boatman again burst forth into inarticulate mouthings and ferocious curses, shaking his mittened fists wildly at the ominous, gnashing rout. In rough, elemental beings, as in some brutes, unspeakable fear finds expression in terrific rage. It could not be said that the note of insanity sounded in the giant's ravings; but he roared, beast-like, gritting his teeth and snarling discordantly at the slow, sibilant, eternal seraping of the ice.

The white flocs fled majestically on in a current of ink. High over the waste the moon now queened the solitude and made half-luminous the ghostly cloud that hid the river's course. Far back from the shores spread endless leagues of glittering silence—a stillness like a spell upon the world; vast tundras quiescent; unnamed

mountains sphinx-like; far-stretching valleys dumb in shadow, and forests where all the trees drooped sorrowfully under great weight of snow. Grim cold held these enthralled and constantly tightened its grip on the river while it searched sharply through the furs of the shuddering boatman.

Mechanically the man fought off the frost, but cold of a deeper nature—the chill of dread—routed caution. He took up the bottle. The whiskey was half congealed and the man drained the residue of almost pure alcohol—drained it with long gulps to the last drop. With methodical care common to men with bottles, he replaced the cork and with a sort of bellow suddenly stretched forth his arm and hurled the flask far out among the flocs.

The liquor flamed through all his veins; he seemed to become rejuvenated and, thrusting back his parka-hood, bared his head to the biting air. He began to dance fantastically—crazily—up and down, uttering short, excited yells.

"Bah! you're frozen and stiff: what can you do? Come back, will you! Come on, damn you! I'll leave you in again! Pardner, ha-ha! Dear pardner, come on! You're frozen and stiff!" The repetition seemed to strike him ludicrously and he roared with drunken laughter; finally breaking into maudlin song:

*"Pardner, dear pardner, you're frozen an'  
stiff!*

*Come on—come on!*

*Pardner, dear pardner, you're frozen an'  
stiff!*

*Come on—come on!"*

After a time he grew quiet, staggered a little and sat down on the heap of boxes and sacks of the cargo. He swayed there for a few minutes; then, as the cold seemed to revive him, he roused stupidly, reached toward the broken bows and pulled forth a fur robe. Drawing this awkwardly over his head he fell back at full length and slept; the lower part of his legs protruding from the robe.

Past mysterious, mournful-seeming islands, long and narrow, fringed with black, funereal spruce adroop over the ice-strewn shores; past long, curving, sombre bars, and vast, melancholy heights silvered above the

vapors by the moon, ever onward drifted the wreck and its unconscious occupant, still unhindered and unharmed.

The flocs crowded close and closer, gnashing triumphantly on the almost vanquished current. Occasionally great sections of the tremendous flotilla half paused; yet, seeming to gather renewed power, the river drove on, implacably, its burden.

The form stirred under the robe and slowly the man sat up, shaking with cold. An ominous crashing sounded downstream. He sought to rise, but something seemed wrong with his lower limbs. They were nerveless and numb, frozen to stone!

In a panic, the man struggled upon his legs. Dimly in the gloom ahead showed the form of a great bluff where the river swept in a magnificent bend to the north. Close set in the elbow was a small island and, in the narrow channel between it and the bluff, the pack was jamming terrifically.

Helpless as a gnat in Niagara, the man was being hurled to destruction. At this moment his frame seemed to stiffen and expand as with a gigantic courage, and he uttered no cry. As his ice-raft crashed into the wierd confusion he loomed erect on his frozen limbs, a pathetically lone and defiant figure.

The scene was indescribably awesome; floe leaped upon floe, scattering spray that froze almost as it fell; some great discs turned upon edge and thrust forward aslant or vertically, cutting into the chaos like mighty blades. The long, slow crashing had suddenly swollen to a roar through which the river impotently sent upward its last chill vapors.

The wreck suddenly tilting, plunged downward, burying itself in a rush of water. The man uprose, dripping, and sprawled out upon a heaving floe. All at once the uproar seemed to subside, the ice for a moment was motionless. The man, struggling upright, stared at a huge crystal mass towering out of the water and half toppling over him.

He tottered backward. At that instant the movement of the ice renewed; the river yet struggled. The floe on which the doomed man had fallen now heaved aslant steeply toward the larger wall of ice and the man slipped swiftly downward, feet first, but was checked suddenly as the movement of the pack again ceased.

Again the man struggled feebly, with-

out avail. His legs were crushed by the huge, glistening wall leaning above him. Moreover, his stiffened garments held him fast-frozen to the ice on which he had slipped.

He uttered no sound, but his eyes were set staring upward where, in the moonlight, imbedded darkly in the translucence of its crystal sarcophagus, loomed the body of a man—the partner murdered months before.

The subsidence of the monstrous movement of the floes had been orderly, yet strangely abrupt. Now the slight sound of dripping ceased. In the face of the brilliant moon the last vapors thinned and dispersed. Here and there the ice cracked sharply. Then dead stillness, absolute silence settled over the world.

It was the freeze-up.

# Deserters

By Neil Gillespie



ON the edge of the newly-made intrenchment, paced the deserter, encouraging, directing, careless of his own safety, defying the troops across the river. He towered head and shoulders above the tallest of the little Filipinos, colossal in his loose, white blouse. A crimson dawn rioted at the eastern end of the gorge, and the storm clouds were gathering fast.

From time to time he paused to scan the dense jungle which covered the opposite side of the cañon. No evidence of human life was visible to right or left; even the enemy was hidden from view. A bullet passed him, droning wickedly, but he only threw back his head and breathed a sigh of content. At last, there was no one to hinder him; he was master of himself and fifty savage fighters, face to face with the power he hated.

Again he turned and paced the length of the intrenchment. He wondered if they saw him from across the river; if they recognized him. Well, even if they did, they could n't know how he despised them and their slavish cringing to a set of bullying, nagging officers.

His thoughts went back readily to those long months of isolated garrison duty. What a pest-hole that concentration village was! Strange that the whole command had n't been dead and planted considering the shortness of the rations and the rotteness of

the whisky. As it was, hardly ten sound men could be found in the camp. His own temperature had been up to a hundred and three often enough, but that was Reeves's fault. Reeves was at the bottom of everything, the smug-faced, red-headed, little fool! *He* did n't know what it was to go on outpost duty every other night, to walk his beat in the lonely forest, with his nerves screwed up so tight he could hear them creak, straining his eyes into the shadows till daybreak, and then to take his little rest with nothing better to think of than the next night on guard. *He* did n't care what the men had to suffer so long as he was fairly comfortable himself. Looking back on that time, the deserter marveled that the others had not shared his bitter hatred of Reeves. Not one of them had rebelled against the injustice of it all. But then,—they were a poor lot, cowed by ill-treatment and listless with fever. He had been the only sensible man in the detachment.

Not once in the last six months had he regretted the shot, fired from his hiding-place in the jungle, that sent him into the wilderness, branded and outlawed. The memory of that morning was still vividly real. He could hear the short crack of his rifle, see, through the bushes before him, the man on horseback reel in his saddle, fall sideways and lie still, his red hair smeared with the mud of the road. He was glad he had killed his officer, glad he had gotten his

revenge. Other men might cringe and knuckle, but he was not the man to sit quiet under such an injustice. He did not regret that shot, but—what was the thing Reeves had done to him, anyhow? For the life of him, he could only recall petty, smarting littlenesses; yet deep in his mind was the conviction he somehow could not shape, of a huge injustice, an unforgivable wrong. He paused to stare perplexedly before him; then, as suddenly recollecting himself, resumed his nervous pacing to and fro. It was no time for thought.

"Remember!" counseled the lieutenant in command of the detachment of dismounted troopers and Philippine Scouts. "When you fire, I advance."

The native saluted with precision, and faced about. There was nothing in his face that betrayed excitement.

"*Adios, sargento,*" the subaltern called after him. "*Mucho cuidado!*"

The officer stroked his red hair thoughtfully. Was he making a mistake. Should he have sent his white troops on the flanking movement and kept the natives in their stead? Was the sergeant absolutely trustworthy? Much depended on the success of this affair, and he had put the decision in Ramos's hands. It would be ruinous to his own reputation if anything went wrong. With an effort, he roused himself. This beastly gloomy weather was getting on his nerves. The sergeant had two years' good record, the major put unlimited trust in him, and the man knew his own interests too well to turn traitor. Of course he was all right.

Across the cañon, a bit of the insurgent earthworks was plainly visible, and in the watery sunlight a tall figure moved about recklessly. As he looked, the lieutenant's mouth tightened. He turned quickly. Behind him, a man squatted, indolently dropping shells into the magazine of his Krag.

"Brett!" said the officer, sharply. The man started. "Go tell Sergeant Ramos that I want that white fellow taken alive. He is not to be hurt unless absolutely necessary. Understand?"

Then he called himself a fool. The man was a murderous deserter who would hardly have raised a finger to save an American

had it been in his power. He deserved the worst death the natives could devise.

The scouts trailed single file through the jungle. Their faces showed little interest in the situation, yet they held their carbines lightly with both hands. In half an hour, they had worked their way up the cañon a mile beyond the spot where the two forces faced each other. Considering that they had gone far enough, Ramos led his men out from cover. The river, swollen by rain, was a furious mountain torrent, too deep for wading. Precious moments were being wasted, and the sergeant decided to look no farther. Choosing a comparatively quiet stretch of water, he set his men to felling bamboo and cutting out cable lengths of *bejuco* and the smaller, tough vines.

The scouts ran to and fro, dragging the freshly cut wood down to the stream. The struggling sunlight had faded into coppery grayness, and heavy clouds roofed the cañon. Working like beavers, the men soon had two rafts of bamboo, lashed pole to pole with the fibrous creepers. By dint of careful handling, the whole detachment was ferried across in safety.

This side of the river was more open, and the men had no difficulty in making a path through the woods. Ramos led them up the slope at a jog trot. Reaching the top of the ridge, they skirted along below the crest until they came into position directly behind and above the insurgents. Opposite them, across the cañon, the deployed Americans kept up a desultory fire to engage the enemy's attention. Leaving his men behind him, the sergeant crept forward until he reached the edge of the clearing where the Filipinos had thrown up their earthworks.

He lay outside the line of the woods, hidden in a patch of coarse grass. Below him, a confused mass of humanity sprawled and huddled in the trench. A wide straw hat looped up with a tri-color cockade, and occasionally a costume of blue-striped "hickory," was all their uniform. The smoke of many cigarettes, improvised from tobacco leaves, hung over the ditch, and fifty pairs of eyes wandered dreamily over the jungle as if seeking the easiest path for retreat. A hemp-bound bamboo cannon crowned the breastwork, and for some distance in front

of the defences, the ground had been cleared of underbrush. The position could have been made impregnable against attack on its lower side.

A long while, the sergeant watched the men below him. Somewhere in the recesses of his brain, he was considering an important question. The idea might have been new to him; he might have conceived it since he left his lieutenant on the other side of the river. But more probably it had been smouldering for months, only waiting some opportunity like the present to spring full-grown into life.

Rejoining his men, he spoke to them quietly in the dialect of their native province. No surprise was visible on their faces. They listened and accepted as a matter of course. When he called for answers, the majority agreed instantly, and the rest hastily threw in their consent. For two years Ramos had been their sergeant. Though American officers were in command, he was their oracle in everything. They had followed in his lead so often that it seemed the most natural thing to do so now.

The deserter's hand dropped to the big Colt on his hip when a jaunty figure clad in blue shirt and muddy khaki, barefoot, with his shoes slung to his belt, stepped out of the woods and flirted a dirty, white scarf as a token of amity. The man was unarmed, and he announced that he wished to speak with the *commandante*. Wonderingly the deserter advanced, one hand still fingering his revolver.

Ramos saluted him with a flourish. "I wear the uniform of the United States, but I am a good Filipino," he said. "Back there in the woods are thirty like me, all patriots, sent by our American *teniente* to surprise you. He remains across the river with fifty men. One shot from me, and he advances, fords the river, and with my valuable assistance, puts you all out of business."

The white man regarded him doubtfully. "Are you going to desert?" he asked.

The sergeant drew himself up. "I am a good Filipino," he repeated with a superb gesture. "Though I wear their uniform, I detest these American pigs."

The fingers that held the deserter's revolver twitched. He would teach this fellow that if there was any cursing of Ameri-

cans to be done, he would attend to it himself.

"How do I know I can trust you?" he said.

"I will stand here, unarmed as you see me now. Should I prove false, what target could be fairer for your pistol?"

"That's no proof," returned the other, curtly.

The sergeant crossed himself. "I swear by the emblem of the Blessed Virgin that I am sincere. What could it advantage me to come out and show myself when otherwise I might have shot you down from cover?"

The deserter appeared to see the logic of this. "What's your plan?" he demanded.

"Simply to bring my men into your trenches, and then to fire and shout as though we were fighting each other. The Americans will advance and run up here expecting to find the battle won. As soon as they enter the clearing, we will shoot them down without mercy. They have good guns and much ammunition."

The natives in the trench watched this dialogue, of which they could hear nothing, with open-mouthed interest. Their two *tenientes* approached cautiously and Ramos repeated his argument. The insurgent officers were visibly elated. They understood the sergeant perfectly; he delighted them. The deserter could doubt no longer.

Ramos waved his hand toward the woods. The scouts arose and straggled down to the trench where the *tenientes* were explaining matters to their men. The new arrivals grinned sheepishly as the insurgents embraced them. From his point of vantage on the breastwork, the deserter watched the exulting welcome of the scouts by their countrymen. He listened to the gibberish of their talk, saw their significant glances across the cañon, and sudden revulsion sickened him. What was he doing here, he, a white man, in this den of savages! Was he to lead them in their dirty, treacherous plot to murder Americans! Was he to stand by while they worked their fiendish tortures on men who had been his comrades, men who were his kindred! He had no time to remember his old ambitions, his old hatreds; he forgot that he was as rank a deserter as this monkey-doodle little sergeant, and a murderer into the bargain. He

only knew that he was no cold-blooded Gugu guerilla, that he had been born and bred in the land of the free, and that his countrymen were in peril.

Drawing his revolver, he watched while the scouts fired their first volley skyward. The insurgents took up the game, yelling diabolically. In the pandemonium that ensued, the deserter singled Ramos's figure from the crowd, aimed deliberately and fired twice. Then he leaped over the breastwork, and sprinted down the uneven, debris-littered slope toward the woods that hid the river.

The shots were fired in the air no longer. Something struck the deserter in the back. He staggered under the blow, and putting his hand to the place, found on his fingers a trickle of thin blood. With set jaws, he plunged on faster than ever. The ground reeled and swung under his feet; once he stumbled but was up again like a flash. Instinctively, he seemed to know where to place his feet; nothing hindered him. When he reached the woods, he felt a wave of encouragement, knowing that the river must be close ahead. In a frenzy of strength, he tore his way through the brush. Over logs he vaulted, under vines he crept and wriggled. He clawed, he thrust, he fought his way through the tangle, lunging, kicking, scrambling downward. Even as he labored, everything swam before him eyes. If he should die now without warning them! If they were to be victims of those traitors, their helpless bodies to be given over to nameless heathen atrocities! He was numb to the hips, but his legs still moved and his arms still fought. His breath came in rasping, throaty gasps, and his lips formed one word. It was not blasphemy, but a desperate, hopeless prayer.

Then he collapsed. Of a sudden, it became a small matter whether white men lived or died. If the fools would fight, it was nothing to him. All he wanted was to

lie quietly, to be left in peace. The singing of the bullets through the woods was his lullaby—or his requiem. But strong arms lifted him, held him, carried him away. He swore feebly, begging them in the name of Heaven to let him rest. Looking up, he saw a familiar face. He stared a moment, struggling to remember.

"I'm an American," he told them, weakly. "I tell you I only deserted because they treated me bad. Maybe I was nutty then. I can't remember—it hurts my head to think."

His sight was blurring fast. The familiar face grew dimmer. Darkness was shutting in, and there was something he had to say.

"I can't seem to think," he muttered, irritably, "but, say, I'm no damned traitor like—!" He clutched at the men who bore him. "Get back! Get back!" he shrieked. "Look out for the scouts! Get back!" He raved at the blue figures, beseeching them to flee, to save themselves.

Again the familiar face came near. The deserter fell back. "I'm an American," he insisted, feebly. "I've taken their dirty heathen *paga*, but I'm no stinking Gugu traitor!"

A soothing sense of rest came over him. For a time, he lay with closed lids, dimly conscious of motion, of hands that dressed his wound. At length, sounds broke upon his peace. Someone was speaking, yet the voice seemed unintelligible. "If the crazy galoots had n't fired into the woods after him, sure we'd a-walked right into the lovin' arms of them." He pondered these words, vaguely aware that his brain was playing him some trick. Then he opened his eyes wearily. A smile was what he saw, and above the smile, a crop of dark red hair. The face was the face of a man whom he had killed.

"I deserted," he began, slowly, deprecatingly.

"Oh, shut up, you fool!" said Reeves.



# The Settler

By Herman Whitaker

## SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The story opens in the "Park Lands of the Fertile Belt," in Northern Manitoba, with a scene between Carter, "The Settler," a young American of the Middle States, and one Hines, a low-caste Canadian, who is trespassing on unpatented hay lands that belong, by settler custom, to Morrill, a young American lawyer, who is dying of consumption. Calling on Morrill after disposing of Hines, Carter learns that his sister, Helen, has been left homeless by the death of their father, and will be at Lone Tree Station, sixty miles away, the following day. Goes to meet her, and while waiting for her train acts as spokesman for a deputation with a petition for a branch line, and much impresses the general manager of the road by his knowledge and address. So is laid the foundation for the historic railway struggle in future chapters. At first sight, Helen Morrill classifies Carter with her tradesmen at home, and is much disconcerted at the end of a reckless drive to find that he has been trying her out by his own peculiar standards. Discovering that Hines has incited Bender, a brutal giant of the lumber woods, to trespass on Morrill's hay rights, Carter outwits the pair by calling the neighbors in for a mowing "bee." Angered, thereafter, by a taunt from Hines, Bender cuts on him instead, and, afraid to venture out himself, Hines sends Jenny, his orphan child, a thin overworked girl of seventeen, to rake hay that is spoiling in the sun. Relenting, Bender cocks her hay, but not until, at midnight a month later, he picks her up on the prairie, turned outdoors by her father, does he realize the real cause of the sick misery in her eyes. Confined in his cabin, he, his chum, the Cougar, Carter and the Morrills, silence Hines and conspire successfully to keep the wronged child within their rough social pale; and the delicacy which all display in the matter gives Helen a new viewpoint, and mightily raises Carter in her estimation. Determined to win her, he makes himself necessary to her by his kindness, consideration and helpfulness through Morrill's long sickness and death; is true to her under temptation from Mrs. Leslie, a stylish Englishwoman, and wins her away from Molyneux, a retired captain of English cavalry and exploiter of "farm pupils." This forms the first climax. The second section opens one year after the Carters' marriage. Everything has gone wrong. The promised branch was not built, the frost destroys their grain, Helen's clothing is grown more than shabby, she is aware of a coarsening of body, feels herself being dragged down, down, down to the low level of the gaunt settler women. At a picnic she is humiliated by the rough badinage of neighboring women until rescued by Mrs. Leslie and Molyneux, and goes thence in a condition of active rebellion against her lot. In the eleventh and preceding chapter her humiliation is crowned by a visit from wealthy and cultured Eastern friends; and, knowing that they are coming, she is influenced by pique, chance and Mrs. Leslie's temptation, and so allows her husband to go away for a week's jaunt to the lumber woods without informing him of the proposed visit.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### *The Camp.*



HAT was a hard Winter.

From five feet of snow, the settlements thrust up, grim ugly blotches on the whiteness. And it was very cold. Once the spirit dropped down, down, down to seventy-two below zero, one hundred and four degrees of frost. Fifty was normal; forty, rather warm. Also it stormed, and when the blizzard cut loose earth, air, or sky was not, merged in blanchéd chaos.

Nestling snugly in the heart of the spruce, Carter's camp, however, was free of the blizzard. Let the forest heave to upper air currents, tossing skeleton branches with eerie creakings, yet the gangs worked in comfort,

cutting and hauling logs while, outside, a hundred-mile wind might be herding the drifts.

By New Year his work was well in hand. Eight million feet of logs lay on the ice, filling Silver Creek bankful like a black flood for a long half-mile. Not that this had been accomplished without friction. Such jettison of humanity as drifts to a lumber camp does not shake down to work in a day. From earth's four corners a gallow's crew of Swedes, French, Russians, Irish, Canadians, Yankees drifted in, and for one month thereafter internecine war raged in the bunk-houses. Then having bit, gouged and kicked itself into some sort of a social status, the camp concentrated upon the Boss.

The choppers, strangers to him, soon took his measure. A swift answer to a mutinous glance, an order quietly drawled, and the

relation was duly fixed. But it was different with the teamsters. They, with their teams, were all drawn from the settlements and knew him personally or by report. Even Hines had condescended to accept three dollars a day and board at the hand of his enemy. But than this no man can greater offend against his neighbors: to rise superior in the common struggle for existence. From them he obtained no credit for the initiative which had conjured the camp out of nothing. Now that it was in full swing, each man felt that he could have done the trick himself. A man may have no honor in his own country; so as always was, always will be, they, the weak, snarled at him, the strong, carrying their envious spite to the length of trying to kill the goose which was laying the golden egg. Though the money earned this Winter would make an easy Summer, they struck at the source of supply—wasted his fodder, tipped over his sleds, cast logs off to lighten their loads, manifested their jealousy in a hundred mean ways.

The matter of the fodder he easily corrected. Discovering the teams, one evening, bedded to their bellies with his choicest hay, he sent for Bender, who expressed himself profanely over the waste.

"If this keeps up we'll be out of hay an' a job in another month," Carter said. "What's got into them?"

"Search me," the giant foreman answered. "They know a heap better. Pure malice, I reckon."

"Got a good man in your gang?"

"Big Hans, the loader. He's licked every man in his outfit."

"Well, put him in charge of the stables, with fifty cents a day raise."

"Dont need the raise," Bender suggested.

"He'd sooner fight than eat."

"Oh, give it to him."

Events justified the expenditure. At the end of a week, it were, indeed, difficult to locate a feature of big Han's face; to distinguish nose from cheek, or discover his mouth. But beyond this uncertainty of visage, there was nothing undecided about Hans. He had worked steadily through the teamsters and come out on top. The waste stopped.

The derelict logs and loads were not so easily settled. Once, sometimes twice a month, business called Carter to Winnipeg,

and though Bender ruled the camp with an iron fist, one pair of eyes cannot keep tab on fifty teamsters. Driving in one evening, Carter counted fifteen cast-off loads between the dumps and the skidways. The last lay within three hundred yards of the skids, where a halloo would have brought the Cougar—loading boss—and a dozen men to the teamster's aid.

That was the last straw. Through gray obscurity of snowy dusk, Carter stared at the dark mass as though it incarnated the mulish obstinacy which dogged his enterprise. Perhaps it did, to him, for he muttered, "I'm real sorry for you. Must have troubled you some to make back to the stables. Guess you was n't late for supper."

Vexed, indignant, he drove slowly by the skidways where the sleds stood, loaded for the morning trip. Enormous affairs, built on his own plans, fourteen feet across the bunks, they were loaded squarely with four tiers of logs, then the tiers ran up to a single log. In the gloom they loomed like haystacks, and a stranger to the woods would have sworn that no single team could start one. But they ran on rounded runners over iced tracks, and Carter knew that they were not overloaded.

"No kick there," he muttered.

Further on a rise in the trail gave him a view of the camp across a wide slough; a jumble of log buildings that shouldered each other over the inequalities of a narrow open strip between slough and forest. Under the rising moon the sod roofs, flat and snow-clad, gleamed faintly. Patches of yellow, frosted windows, blotched the mass of the walls. Beyond, dark spruce towered against the skyline. It spread, that gloomy mantle of spruce, illimitable as night itself, northward to the frozen circle, its vast expanse unbroken by other center of warmth and light. Solitary splash of life, the camp emphasized the profundities of environing space, accentuated their loneliness.

Reining in, Carter gazed, thoughtfully, at this, the work of his hands. The clear air gave him many voices. He could hear Big Hans swearing quaintly at the stables. A teamster sang on his way to the cookhouse. An oblong of brighter yellow flashed out of a mass. That was the cookhouse door, opening to admit the singer. Came a murmur and clatter of dishes; then light and sound

vanished. Suddenly, far off, a long howl troubled the silence. Wild, mournful, tremulous, it was emblematic of his problem. Here, a hundred miles beyond the stretch of the law's longest finger, the law of the wolf-pack still obtained; only the strong hand could rule.

The howl also signalled his arrival at a conclusion. "They're at supper," he muttered. "I'll tackle them there an' now."

First he went to the office, a rough log hut, which he shared with Bender. The giant lay, smoking, in his bunk, but he sprang up at Carter's news. "An' I busted the head of the Russian on'y yesterday for pitching off a load. Who's at the bottom of it? Now you've got me. Michigan Red's as mean as any. Jes' this morning he busted two whiffle-trees running an' I happened along jes' in time to save the third. Of course his runners was froze down hard an' him snapping his heavy team like all get out.

"'From your looks,' I says to him, 'I'd have allowed you'd sense enough to loosen your bobs?'"

"He on'y grinned. 'Clean forgotten, Boss. Kick that hinter bunker, will you?'"

"That man," Bender finished, "has gall enough to fix out a right smart tannery."

Carter frowned. The man, a red-haired, red-bearded fellow with a greenish pale face and cold bleak eyes, had come in from the wheat settlements about the Prairie Portage, driving a huge team of blacks. The one, a stallion, rose sixteen and a half hands to the crest of his swelling shoulder. Reputed a mankiller, he wore an iron muzzle in stable or out. His mate, a rat-tailed mare, equally big, differed only in the insignia of wickedness, wearing a kicking strap in harness, a leg chain in the stable. Man and team were well mated.

"If he'd make his pick on me," Bender growled on, "'t would have been pie-easy. I'd have smashed him one an' you could have handed out his walking papers. But no! It's you he's laying for.

"'Your boss aint big enough to do it,' he says, when I tell him that there'll be other things busted than whiffle-trees if he dont look out. 'You're a privileged character till I'm through with him.' An' that's just the way of it. He'll swallow all I kin give him while waiting for you."

Carter's nod confirmed Bender's reasoning. No one else could play his hand in this game of men. The giant had referred to that unwritten law of the woods, which reads that every man must win his own battles. "Know anything of him?" he asked.

"Congar ran acrost him once in Michigan. Dont lay no stress on his character, but says he's mighty good with his hands."

"Well, come along to the cookhouse."

As they opened the cookhouse door, a hundred men looked up from the three tables which ran the length of the long log hut. These tables bristled with tinware, and between them and the stove three cookees ran back and forth with smoking platters of potatoes, beans and bacon. At the upper end a reflector lamp shed a bright light over the cook and his pots; but tables were dimly lighted by candles, stuck upright at intervals in their own grease. Their feeble flicker threw red shirts and dark hairy faces into Rembrandt shadow. Hot, oily, flushed from fast and heavy eating, intensely animal, they peered through the reek of steaming food at Carter.

"I wont keep you a minute," he answered the resentment which his interruption had called to all the faces. "I just want to say that too many logs have been dumped by the trail of late. Now if any teamster thinks that the loaders are stacking it on him, he can report to the foreman, who'll see him righted. But if, after this—"

"More beans!" A laugh followed the harsh interruption. The faces turned to Michigan Red. When the others paused, he had continued eating, and now, his greenish face aglow with insolence, he was holding an empty platter out to the nearest cookee.

It was a difficult situation. There was no mistaking his intent, yet the interruption was timed so cunningly as to leave no actual cause of offense. Behind Carter, Bender bristled with rage, ready to sweep casualistic distinctions aside with his fist. Malignantly curious, the faces turned back to Carter.

He waited, quietly, till the red teamster was served; paused even then, for as the latter fell to his eating, shoveling beans into his mouth with knife loaded the length of the blade, Carter experienced an uncomfortable twinge of memory. The squared elbows, nimble knife, bent head, grossly caricatured

himself in the first days of his marriage, and vividly recalled Helen's gentle tutelage. For a second he saw himself with her eyes, then pride thrust away the vision.

"After this—" he began where he left off—"any teamster who dumps a load without permission or good cause will be docked time and charged for his board."

"More pork!" It was the red teamster again. Resting an elbow on the table while he held out the plate behind him, he permitted his bleak glance to wander along the grins till it brought up on Carter.

Choking with anger, Bender stepped forward, but Carter laid a hand on his arm while he spoke to the cook. "The man has a tape worm; send him the pot."

Blunt and to the point, the answer exactly suited lumberman's primitive humor, and as the door closed behind them, Bender's chuckles echoed the men's roaring laugh. "Fixed him that time," he commented. "But he'll come back right smart."

"Can't come too soon. It all helps to fill in."

Bender sensed sadness in the other's tone and the big heart of him was troubled. These three months past he had seen Carter pile task on task, seeking an anodyne for unhappiness in ceaseless toil. Every night the office light burned unholy hours. Waking, this particular night, long after twelve, Bender saw Carter still at his desk.

"Time you hired a bookkeeper," he remonstrated. "Trail you're traveling ends in the 'sylum.'"

"Bookkeeper could n't do this work."

"No?" Bender's interest showed in his tone. "What's the brand?"

"Figuring—grading contrac's, bridges, trestles, timbering."

"For what?"

"A railroad."

Bender snorted. "Shore! You aint surely calculating on the C. P.'s building that branch?"

"No."

His accent discouraged further questioning. Bender returned to his objections. "If you keep this up you'll railroad yourself into the graveyard. It's two now; at five you'll be out with the loaders."

"Correct."

The laconic answer brought the giant up in his bunk. "Good God, man! I've seen

you do this fool trick night after night. Dont you never sleep?"

"I'll sleep tomorrow night. Now shut up."

Growling, Bender subsided, and long after he had slid again into the land of dreams Carter sat, staring at the opposite wall with eyes that gave him neither the bales, boxes, ranged along its length, nor the shirts, socks, overalls and other lumberman's supplies on the rough shelving. He saw only Helen's flower face, blossoming out of the blackness of the far corner.

The replica of himself that he had seen, that night, in Michigan Red, was but the climax of similar if milder experiences. Naturally enough, his Winnipeg trips had brought him in contact with people of more or less refinement. He met them at hotels; or in the parlors of his business acquaintances when, as sometimes happened, they invited him to dinner. Such circumstances had simply forced him to set a guard on his speech and manners; to imitate those about him. There had been nothing slavish in his imitation; no subtraction from the force of his personality. It was rather the grafting of the strong wild plant with the fruit of hot-house culture. It inhered in a dawning realization that manners, courtesy, social customs, were based on consideration for others' happiness, besides being pleasant of themselves.

Not that he was ready to admit the fact as sufficient excuse for Helen's treatment of himself. Hurt pride forbade. "She did n't give me a chance," he murmured. "I'd have come to it—in time. She was ashamed."

Yet each concession to social custom became an argument for her and was turned against him in the nightly conflict between pride, passion, love and reason. Often love would nearly win. While her face smiled from the corner, love would whisper, "She is yours. Six hours' ride will take you to her."

But pride always answered, "Wait till she sends for you." And he would turn again to his figuring.

For pride had enlisted ambition in its aid. Long ago his clear sight had shown him the need of a competing railroad, and gradually a scheme had grown upon him. What man had done, man could do. If a great trunk

road could develop from the imagination of one man, a transverse line that should strike south and find an outlet on the American border could hatch from the brain of another. He would build it himself. Already he had broached the matter to his financial backers and they had given it favorable consideration—more, were interesting other capitalists in the project. So, in camp, on trail, his every spare moment was given to the working out of construction estimates.

Only once was his resolution shaken. From Lone Tree, the camp "tote" trail slid due north, passing the settlements a half dozen miles to the east. Save on this one occasion, when the need of men and teams caused him to take the other, he always used the "tote" trail, and even this time he did not dally in the settlements. Having advertised his need at the Assinaboine mission, Flynn's and the postoffice, he headed up for the camp as dusk blanketed the prairies. Dark brought him to his own forks where, reining in, he gazed long at a yellow blotch on the night, Helen's kitchen light. A five-minute trot would put him with her! Love urged go! Pride said nay! And while they battled his ponies shivered in the bitter wind. He waited, waited, waited. Which would have won out will never be known, for presently a cutter dashed out of the gloom, swung round on his trail, and as he turned out to let it by he caught voices, Helen's and Mrs. Leslie's, in lively chatter.

Leaning over, he lashed his ponies; raced them into the camp.

After that he turned with renewed assiduity to his figures. Still, figures are dry things, matters of intellect, devoid of feeling. One emotion requires another for its cure, and the trouble with Michigan Red promised more forgetfulness than could be obtained from the most intricate calculations. That is why he had said, "He can't come back too soon."

He quickened at the thought of the coming struggle. In himself the red teamster embodied the envy, spite, disaffection, which, from the first, had clogged Carter's enterprise. He materialized the vexatious forces, impalpable things, that Carter had been fighting, and he felt the relief which comes to the man who at last drives a mysterious enemy out to the open.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*Michigan Red.*

S Bender prophesied, Michigan Red came back "right smartly."

The following Sunday was one of those rare Winter days when the mercury crawls out of its ball sufficiently to register a point or two. At noon its silver column indicated only four below zero and, accustomed to sterner temperatures, the men lolled about the camp bareheaded and shirt-sleeved. One hardy group was running a poker game on a blanket under the sunny lea of a bunkhouse; the younger men, choppers and teamsters, skylarked about the camp, essaying feats of strength. Some tossed the caber, others put the shot, a third squad startled the forest with platoon fire from a whip-cracking contest. Standing in his doorway, the cook, autocrat of the camp, remarked patronizingly on the latter performance.

"Pretty fair," he judicially observed as one young fellow raised the echoes. "Pretty fair, Carrots, but Sliver, there, has you beat. Need n't to look so cocky though, Sliver," he qualified his praise, "or I'll call up Michigan Red."

"Oh, shucks! I aint scared o' him," Sliver grinned. Then, rising to his slim height, he writhed body and arm and let forth a veritable *feu-de-joie*.

"You would, would you?" the cook warned. "Here, Red!" he called to the gamblers. "get up an' give this kid a lesson."

"You go plumb to —" The location was drowned by a second discharge from Sliver.

"Oh, come, Red!" the cook urged. "This kid makes me tired; he's that airy."

The red teamster went on playing and would, no doubt, have indefinitely continued the game but that, looking up to curse the importunate cook, he saw the stable roustabout interestedly watching the whip-crackers. A man in years, the latter was a child in intellect; simple to the point of half-wittedness. Picking him up, starving, in Winnipeg, Carter had brought him up to the camp early in the Winter, and ever since he had served as a butt for the teamsters' jokes.

Michigan rose. "Lend me your whip, Carrots."

"Now you'll see," the cook confidently

affirmed, as the long lash writhed about the red teamster's head. Exploding, it sent a trail of echoes coursing through the forest. As is the pop of a pistol to the roar of a cannon, so was his volley compared to that of Sliver. Then, to prove himself in accuracy, Michigan snapped a fly from the cook's bare arm.

"A trifle close," he exclaimed, rubbing the spot. "Do it ag'in, Red, an' I cut out your Sunday pudding."

Grinning, Michigan swung again, turned as the lash writhed in mid-air, cracked it explosively within an inch of the roustabout's ear. "Stan' still, you son-of-a-gun!" he swore as the poor simpleton flinched. "Keep him in, boys. Stan' still, or I'll take it clean off nex' crack. Now we'll play you've a fly on the tip of your nose."

The play was too realistic. A spot of blood followed. Yelling from the pain of it, the roustabout swore, begged, plead piteously to be let alone, but a circle of grinning teamsters hedged him in on all sides save where the red teamster stood with his whip. Man in the aggregate is always cruel. Let a few hundred blameless citizens, fathers of families, husbands, brothers, be gathered together and flied with passion's whip, and you have a mob equal to the barbarities of Caligula. And these men were raw, wild as the woods. Shoving the simpleton back whenever he tried to break out of the ring, they stood, grinning, while Michigan cut cracking circles about the frightened fellow's head. Sometimes his hair moved under the wind of the lash; sometimes it grazed his nose. There was no telling where it would explode. He could not dodge it. Trying, once, the whip drew blood from his neck.

"Stan' still, then!" the red teamster answered his yell of pain. "I aint responsible for your c'avortings."

"Spoiling Red's aim," the cook admonished severely. "I never seed your like."

"Now open your mouth wide," the tormentor went on. "I'm a-goin' to put the tip in your mouth without teching your lips—if you dont move. Open, wide!"

But the roustabout's small wits were now completely gone. He opened his mouth, obediently, then uttering a scream, the raucous cry of a stricken animal, he sprang at his tormentor. But a dozen hands seized and dragged him back.

"Hold him, boys! I'll skin the tip of his nose for that."

As Michigan swung his whip, the roustabout gave forth scream on scream. Foam gathered on his lips. Terror had driven him insane.

"No, no!" the cook remonstrated. "That's enough, Red, that's enough."

Unheeding, the teamster took aim, swung—then another lash tangled his and, yelling with sudden pain, he grasped a twisted wrist and swung round on Carter. Unobserved, the Boss had run across from his office, snatched up Sliver's whip, tangled Michigan's lash and jerked the whip over his shoulder.

"Boys," he said, facing the flushed crowd. "I dont allow to mix up with your fun, but what do you call this?"

One glance at the bloody weal on the roustabout's neck and the brutal mob resolved into its individual components, each a unit of sorrow for its share in the torture.

"Jest a poor fool at that." Carter laid his hand on the roustabout's shoulder.

"Shore, shore! yes!" the cook agreed. "It's too bad. We did n't go to do that. No, we jest calculated to have a little fun an' carried it a bit too far."

"That's so! That's so!" Carrots and Sliver seconded the cook, voicing public repentance.

"No, Red did n't go to do that," the cook continued. "He moved. Red did n't mean it, did you, Red?"

After that one yell of pain, the red teamster's eyes had glued to a handspike which lay nearby. But the useless wrist checked the impulse, and he now stood, sullenly noting changed opinion.

"Is this a Sunday school?" he answered, sneering. "Or mebbe a Young Folks' Christian Endeavor. Sliver, what's the golden tex'?"

"Oh, shore, Red!" Sliver remonstrated. "It's this." Carter looked round the group. "Any man who lays a hand on this poor lad again gets his time." His glance fixed on Michigan Red.

The red teamster shrugged. His chance had gone by and he was acute enough to recognize the fact. Not that he lacked courage or strength to try it out, man for man, bite, gouge, kick, in the brutal fashion of the lumber woods. Taken by surprise, he had lost his vantage and now saw that his adversary

had cleverly ranged against him an adverse public opinion.

"It's not him I'm laying for," he growled. "Some other day."

The "other day" came a week later. Entering the stables at noon in search of Brady, the water-hauler, Carter saw the red teamster perched on the top rail of the black stallion's stall, in his hand the iron muzzle which he had unstrapped that the brute might feed with ease. As the beast snapped rather than ate his oats, he cast vicious uneasy glances from the tail of his eye at Red, but, indifferent to the anxious glances of his fellows, the teamster calmly chewed tobacco.

It was by just such tricks that he had gained ascendancy in camp. Whereas it was worth another man's life to step in their stall, the blacks would stand and sweat in rage and fear while Michigan slapped and poked their ribs. The devil in the beasts seemed to recognize a superior in the pale green fiend in the man.

"Brady here?" Carter asked. "Oh, there you are!"

He stood immediately behind the stallion, and as he spoke Michigan brought the iron muzzle down with a thwack on the brute's ribs. Snorting, it lashed out, just missing Carter. One huge steel-shod heel, indeed, passed on either side of his head. Under such circumstances a start was a little more than justifiable, yet after that tribute to surprise, Carter stepped quietly beyond range and went on talking to Brady.

"This afternoon you can hitch to the water-cart an' ice the track in to them new skid-ways."

Then, turning, he eyed Michigan Red. "That's a techy beast of yourn, friend."

"Techy!" Michigan sneered. "There aint another man in this camp as kin put the leathers on him."

"No?"

"No!" Swinging his heels against the stall, Michigan added, "Not a d— man."

Picking up a spear of hay, Carter chewed it while he looked over the beast, now foaming with rage. It was a dare. He knew it; saw also the amused interest in the onlookers. They felt Michigan had him in the door. "The leathers," he remarked, "are on him."

It was a skillful move, throwing the initiative upon the red teamster. Not one

whit phased, however, he exclaimed in mock surprise, "Why, damme! so they are." Sliding down, he laid a hand on the stallion's crest. Instantly the brute ceased his plunging, uneasy stepping, and while the teamster stripped the harness only long slow shivers told of his smothered fury.

"There you are!" He threw collar and harness at Carter's feet.

"Look here, Boss!" Brady remonstrated as Carter picked them up. "I would n't go to do it. Shure, I would n't. The haste is a man-killer be Red's own word. L'uk at him for the proof."

Ears laid flat to his neck, glossy hide shivering, chisel teeth protruding through grinning lips, the stallion stood, the whites of his eye showing viciously. His appearance bore out his reputation.

"I would n't!" a dozen teamsters chorused.

Unheeding, Carter entered the stall. As he ranged alongside, the stallion tried to rear, but was snapped back by his halter chain. So foiled, he humped his shoulders, dropping his head between his knees; then, just when the teamsters expected to see the sixteen hundred pounds of him grind Carter against the stall, he suddenly straightened and stood, still as before, save for the slow shivers.

"Mother of God!" Brady exclaimed. "What 'll that mane?"

Carter's hand rested on the beast's crest. What did it mean? Only the red teamster knew. But whether the animal shook to the memory of some torture, or merely mistook the firm hand for that of his master, he moved but once while Carter adjusted and buckled the harness. That was at the cinching of the bellyband; but he quickly quieted. The click of the breeching snaps sounded like breaking sticks through the stable, and as he stepped out from the stall a score of breaths issued in one huge sigh of relief.

"Now hurry, Brady," he said. "The job will keep you humping till sundown."

Respectful glances followed him away from the stable. He had touched his men in a vulnerable spot, and though, hereafter, they might growl and grumble—the lumberman's sole relaxation—he could count on a fair amount of obedience from all but such malingers as Shinn and Hines or a natural anarchist like Michigan Red. The latter assumed the yoke of authority only to defy it;

and though even his bleak face lit up as sunlight struggles through frost of a Winter's morning, he soon found cause for further trouble.

Dropping into the smith's shop a few days later, Carter found Seeback, the German smith, ruefully contemplating a half-dozen broken sleds. "Herr Gott!" he exclaimed. "In one-half day these haf come in. Alretty yet I vorks like t'ree tefils an' this iss the leedle games they play on me. It is that you gifs me a helper or I quit, eh?"

Too surprised to laugh over the other's ludicrous anger, Carter puzzled over the breakage. As aforesaid, the sleds had been built on his own plans to carry enormous loads. To four-by-six runners shod with an inch of steel, hardwood bunkers a foot square were fastened with solid iron knees braced with inch strap-iron. Every bolt and pin was on the same massive plan. The best of a dozen patterns of as many logging camps had gone into the making of those sleds. Yet though they ought to have been good for twenty tons on the roughest kind of a road, they were racked, split or twisted, bunkers torn off some, ironwork on all was badly sprung.

Carter whistled. "How *did* they do it?"

"Brady, he says it vhas the new roat into the pridge timbers. In one place it goes like h— over a bank down to a lake with a quick turn at the pottom. The Big Glide, Brady calls it."

"I'll go out an' look at it."

A half-hour's walk brought him to the hill. Debouching from heavy timber, the trail inclined gently for two hundred yards, then sheered down at an angle of forty-five degrees to a lake below. As the smith had said, an abrupt turn at the bottom added to its difficulties. Too steep for ice sledging, hay had been spread over the face of the hill, and with this to ease the descent Carter could not see why the sleds should have been racked so badly.

A man had been told off to respread the hay after each passage, and he grinned at Carter's question. "Bust 'em here? You bet! How? Well, they come down on a gallop. Teams is coming now, so if you set down in the scrub there you'll see 'em do it."

It was as he said. One after the other the teams emerged from the forest, gathered speed on the incline and came flying down

the hill, the great sleds cracking and groaning under the strain of enormous loads as they skidded around the bottom turn. Michigan Red came last and Carter's anger could not altogether drown a thrill as he watched the red teamster take the hill. Whooping, whip-cracking, blacks stretched on the gallop, he tore down that plumb hillside and skidded round the turn, load balanced on one runner. It split with a pistol report, but the steel shoe held and he passed safely on down the lake.

"He was the first to ent loose," the trackman explained. "T'others followed his dare."

"Well, they'll have to quit it. Warn each man, Joe, an' report them that disobey."

When, that evening, Joe reported that all but Michigan Red had obeyed the order, he sensed hot anger under the Boss's calm. Expecting an explosion, he was the more surprised when, after a thoughtful pause, Carter dismissed him with an order to take a couple of handrakes out on the job the following morning. To the Cougar he gave orders that the red teamster was to load last. Obedient, the Cougar sent Michigan Red to break track into a new skidway; thus all of his fellows had passed on down the Glide while Michigan was still loading.

"Load him light, dry logs an' not too many," Carter had ordered. But, incensed at the delay, the teamster indulged in such sarcastic allusions to the loaders' ancestors that the ribald crew piled logs on till his load bulked like a haystack. None other than the blacks could have started it from the skids and while, with jerks and sudden snatches, the fierce brutes worked it out of the snow to the iced tracks, the loaders looked admiringly on. It was a triumph in driving. Man and team worked like a clock. But, returning blasphemous answer to the loaders' compliments, Michigan slid off down the trail.

To make up his lost time, he urged the blacks to a trot and so came swinging down the incline at twice his usual speed. Not till he reached the very edge did he see that the hay had been raked off the face of the hill. A mask of ice it glittered in the sun.

Half way down Carter stood with Joe. Looking up, they saw Michigan poised on the top log, a red sinister figure against the sky. He seemed to pause, throw back on his lines, a quick involuntary movement. Then cran-



ing forward, he looked down that glittering stretch; a comprehensive look that took in Carter, Joe and their plan.

"Give him a forkful under the runners as he goes by," Carter whispered. "Otherwise we'll kill his team."

A second, as aforesaid, the red teamster paused, then, loosing his lines, he leaned over and lashed the stallion under the soft of the belly.

"My God!" Joe cried.

He saw the black brute rear, snorting. Saw the blacksnake bite the mare's flank. Saw the pair plunge over the grade, then water bathed his eyes. He heard, however. Heard the rush and roar, a thunder of hoofs as the long steel calkings cut through the ice and struck fire from the face of the hill. He felt the wind as the sled passed and waited for the crash—which did not come.

A voice, cold, deliberate, restored his vision. "I did n't think it was in horseflesh." Carter was gazing after team and sled, now a black patch on the snow of the lake. "Beat us this time, Joe," he continued, "but we'll fix him tomorrow."

That evening, however, the red teamster enjoyed the fruits of his exploit. It seasoned the beans at supper, provided food for speculation during the stable choring. Opinion agreed that it was now "up" to the Boss, but split on his probable action. One-half the stable held with Hines that Michigan had surely earned his discharge; the other, that settlement, by battle, would be the certain ending. Neither event had come to pass by bedtime, and the mystery was intensified by the chucklings of the road gang, which came in from work long after the teamsters retired. Next morning, too, the loaders—evidently in the secret—added to the suspense by asking the teamsters if they intended to toboggan down the Glide this trip.

"Bet you dont!" they yelled after Michigan Red.

Though not exactly nervous, the mystery yet affected the red teamster. As his load slid through the forest, uneasiness manifested itself in thoughtful whistlings, broken song snatches, unnecessary talk to his horses. Not that he was a whit afraid. The half-dozen or so men whom he expected would try to enforce the new order could not have prevented him from at least sending his team at the grade. The fierce soul of him thrilled

at the thought of a fight and, coming out of the forest, he set a pace that would have ridden it down.

But he reined in at the hill. Instead of the force of his imaginings, only Joe Legault stood at the foot of the Glide. The hay had been respread on its face but—the road gang had built a rough bridge over a deep gully, and now the Glide led, straight as an arrow, out on the lake. The racking curve was utterly abolished.

Grinning, Joe said, "The Boss allows that it's your privilege to kill your own hosses. So go it if you want. Haint going to hurt his sleds none."

Michigan walked his horses.

Carter had won out. Moreover he had done it without the loss of prestige that would have ensued by the usual brutal methods in vogue in lumber camps. Law, of a man or people, cannot endure, of course, without force behind it. Yet behind his imperturbability, quiet taciturnity, the men felt the power to enforce his commands. So his authority was no more called in question. Not that envious spite ceased to dog him. Hines, Shinn and their coterie stood always ready to stir up discontent, foment trouble.

It was their sympathy that caused the cook to maintain one can of poor baking powder to be valid excuse for leaving. But Carter disposed of minor troubles with the same easy good humor that he had given to big ones.

"I reckon you've been scandalously mistreated," he told the cook. "I'm right sorry to lose you. Must you go?" Mollified, the cook stayed.

Then Baldy, chief of the "tote trail" teamsters, rose to the point that "thirty hun'ed was load enough for drifted trails."

"Thirty it is, Baldy." Carter cheerfully answered, and Baldy yanked forty and forty-five hundred, all Winter, over the worst of trails.

He had proved himself in the mastership of men just at the time that opportunity was stretching out her hand; and the proof and fruit of his winning came the very day the last load of logs were delivered at the dumps. "It is a go!" Baldy had brought that bit of slang up from Lone Tree, and with the wire buttoned in an inside pocket, Carter made his way to the stables where the teamsters were, as they thought, bedding up for the last time.

"We have feed for three months left," he said. "And I can promise work through the Summer. At what?" He turned, smiling, on Brady. "Never mind, all those that want it kin have it till freeze-up. In the meantime I'll feed an' care for your teams till the log drive is down."

Grumblers from the cradle, kickers born, teamsters and choppers had looked forward to this last day in camp, swearing all that ten dollars a day would not hire them for an hour longer. No, sirree! not an hour! Now they looked their doubt.

"What's the pay?" Brady asked.

"Half a dollar a day more'n you're getting."

"That beats farming in these parts. You kin sign me, Boss."

And me! Me! Me! The answers floated in from all over the stable. Only a few of the older men elected to return to their farms, and after all had spoken, Carter turned to Michigan Red, who occupied his old perch on the stallion's stall.

"Well, Red? You have n't spoken yet?"

"Did n't s'pose you'd need me."

Carter went on writing down the names. He could afford to be generous. He had beaten the man at every point. To retain him where another would have discharged him was, indeed, the crowning of his victory.

Michigan knew it. Had he doubted, he had but to read it in the countenances of his fellows. A good gambler, however, he hid resentment of the fact, and where a poor loser would have taken his discharge, he accepted re-employment.

His red beard split in a sneering grin. "Oh, guess I'll trouble you for a little longer."

The day was eventful for another reason. Coming up from a short visit to the settlements, Bender handed Carter a letter that evening. The superscription sent the dark blood flooding over Carter's neck, for it was the first he had seen of Helen's writing these months. Was this the answer of his longing? Had she sent at last? His fingers trembled as he tore the wrapping, then he paused, staring over the enclosure at Bender. It was his last check, returned, without an explanatory scrap.

"She's hired to teach her old school again," Bender answered his blank look.

## CHAPTER XV.

*Travail.*

F the white months seemed to lag with Carter up at the camp, they dragged wearily with Helen down in the settlements. Christmas had been particularly dreary, for it did not require a woman's marvelous memory for anniversaries for her to live over again every incident and experience of last Yule-Tide. In their living-room Carter had built a chimney and fireplace of mud, Cree style, and on Christmas Eve she had cuddled in against his broad breast and talked of a sweet possibility. They had had the usual pretty quarrel over sex and names—has the tongue one good enough for the first-born? Then he had hung her stocking and none other would suit him, forsooth, but the one she was wearing. He had laughed away her blushing protestations and had kissed the white foot and toes that squirmed in his big hand. Sitting alone, this Christmas, she had blushed at the memory, then a gush of tears had cooled her hot cheeks; tears of mingled sorrow and thankfulness that their pretty dream had not taken form in flesh.

One January morning she sat, chin on hands, and stared across the humming stove at the white drift outside. Nels, the Swedish hired man, had killed three pigs for Winter meat the day before, and with a touch of humor that was foreign to his bleached complacency had set them on all fours in the snow. Stiff, frozen—so hard, indeed, that the house dog retired disconsolately after a fruitless tug at an iron ear—they poked marble shoulders out of a drift. The eye of one was closed in a cunning wink. His neighbor achieved a grin. The mouth of the third was open and thrown back as though defying death with derisive laughter.

Steeped in thought, Helen did not see the grim grotesques. These months she had undergone three distinct changes of feeling. First she was becomingly repentant. Viewed under the softening perspectives of time and distance, Carter's crudities waned while his strength and virtues waxed. The insignificant sloughed away from his personality, leaving only the strong, the virile. During this stage she formed small plans toward reconciliation, and bided patiently at home, ceasing her vis-

its to Mrs. Leslie. Not that she felt them wrong. But, besides the shame natural to her position, she liked to feel that she was gratifying what she deemed her husband's prejudice; she experienced the satisfaction which accrues from a penance.

When, however, he did not return, she relapsed into hurt silence; would not speak of him to Jenny, nor listen when Bender dropped in on one of his periodical visits with news from the camp. Lastly came cold resentment; anger at the grass-widowhood that was being thrust upon her; a feeling that was the more unbearable because she secretly admired his boldness in cutting the knot of their difficulties. She recognized the wisdom of the act. Had he not taken the initiative, the process of disenchantment would have continued till she herself might have taken the first step to end their misery. But the knowledge did not mitigate the sting. He had forced the separation! The thought rankled and grew more bitter day by day.

This morning she was in particularly dangerous mood. Conscious of her original good intention, knowing that her fault had been the product of conditions as much as her own weakness, she was ripe for revolt against the entire scheme of things that had forced the lot of crabbed age upon her flushed youth, compelling her to sit by a lonely fire. And as she sat and brooded, a clash of bells broke up her meditations, the door opened letting in a bitter blast, which froze the warm interior air into chilly fog, from the center of which Mrs. Leslie emerged, heavily furred and voluble as ever.

"Anchorage!" she screamed. "Or is it anchoress? Three, four, no—six visits you owe me—explain? Bad weather? Hum!" She tilted her pretty nose. "If I could n't fib more artistically, Helen, I'd adhere to the painful truth. You were afraid—of hubby."

"I—I was n't!"

Mrs. Leslie surveyed the girl's flushed anger with sarcastic pity. "Tut! Tut! More fibs. Huddled over that stove you make the loveliest study of despair. You have been crying, too."

"I—I have n't!" The lines of Huddled Despair flowed into Radiant Anger.

"Your eyes are red."

"Well—if they are—if I did—it was through anger."

Mrs. Leslie accepted the modified admission. "That's right, my dear. He—no man is worth the compliment of regretful tears. They are all foolish, selfish, fickle as children. They cry for love like a child for the moon, throw it away when the toy wearies, howl if another tries to pick it up. They only value the unattainable. Bah!"

The ejaculation was comical in its feigned disgust, but just then Helen had ears only for the serious or sympathetic—preferably the latter. "Tell me, Elinor," she asked, "do you really think I have deserved this at his hands?"

"No." For once in her life Mrs. Leslie dealt in undiluted truth—because, perhaps, lying would not serve her purpose. "One could understand his pique"—with incredible hardihood, considering the part she herself had played, she commented—"really, my dear, you ought not to have done it. But he has been altogether too severe, unforgiving. I don't see how you stand it? I should freeze these cold nights without someone to warm my feet on."

"To think"—speech was such a relief after months of bitter silence that Helen never noticed the funny climax—"to think that this should be dealt to me by a man of whose very existence I was unconscious a short two years ago? Is he a god to exercise such power, to command me to the bread and water of affliction during his pleasure? Why, I was twenty-two before I ever saw him! Does n't it seem ridiculous—silly as though one pebble on a beach were to establish limits for another. They roll and rub where and with whom they list and why should n't I?" Ignoring the fact that monogamy was her sex's greatest achievement, and that the first woman who bartered love for protection, cookery for maintenance, had not driven such a bad bargain, she finished, "Would n't it be funny if pebbles were condemned to rub and roll in definite pairs till winds and waves had buried one or other affinity deep in the sands. Why—"

"In other words," Mrs. Leslie interrupted, "why should vertical distances count for more than horizontal, death for more than distance; seven feet under the sod carry advantages and opportunities that do not go

with seventy miles above. There is n't any reason. It is just so."

"Well, I wont stand it!" Rebellion inhaled in Helen's stamp. "I wont! I wont! I wont!"

Mrs. Leslie shrugged her hopelessness. "Thousands of women have to. What *can* you do, my dear?"

"Do?" the girl answered hotly. "I have already done it—applied for and secured my old school; unfortunately I must remain here till the Spring term opens."

Now to accuse Mrs. Leslie of trailing a definite purpose were to reveal lamentable ignorance of her ruling traits. She was no fell adventuress of romance, stealthy of plot, remorseless in pursuit. Persistence was foreign to her light character. Unstable as water, she veered like a shuttlecock under the breath of emotion, yet, withal, grasped greedily at such straws as the winds of opportunity brought within reach. If she lacked force to plot Carter's capture or to revenge herself for his slight through Helen, she was helpful enough now that Chance served.

"In the meantime," she said, "you will stay with me?"

"Oh, I could n't do that!" Oh, complex feminine nature! Helen balked at the freedom of her agonizings. The quick earnestness of her answer told of the hope that still glowed in the ashes of despair.

But Mrs. Leslie turned Hope against her. "Oh, yes!" she mocked. "You were not afraid of him; certainly not. But that is not the way to get him back, my dear. If you would regain your recreant—give him a rival."

Now though this piece of worldly wisdom was strictly in line with Helen's crooked metaphor of the pebbles, the idea sounded grossly common in plain words. Hastily she said, "You dont suppose that I would—"

"No! No!" Mrs. Leslie skilfully retrieved her error. "I only meant that it would be as well to keep him on the anxious seat. Never let a man feel too sure of you—it is n't healthy, for him or you. Dont wait here till it pleases him to extend magnificent forgiveness for so small a fault. Go out—visit—let him see that you can be happy without him; that you have still attractions for others."

"But I dont care—why do you persist,

Elinor, in hinting that I still love him? I dont."

"Then you'll come with me?"

"I'd like to, but I can't leave Jenny alone with Nels."

Mrs. Leslie might have replied that this was exactly what she would have to do when school opened; instead she contemplated the love which masqueraded behind this unparalleled obstinacy from sphinx-like eyes. "Jenny must be dying to see her friends in Lone Tree," she suggested. "Let her take a vacation. As for Nels—he can bach it."

Helen looked troubled. It was really astonishing to see how she ran from Liberty. But she had, perforce, to make some show of living up to her professions, so she called Jenny and anxiously inquired if she *did n't* want to visit her friends. Unfortunately, Jenny had been oppressed these many days with a longing to see the good doctor, and the expression of her wish carried the day for Mrs. Leslie.

"Oh, well," Helen sighed, and Mrs. Leslie prudently confined her laugh within her own hollow sepulchres.

Accepting the invitation with misgivings, Helen was astonished on her return home to find how thoroughly she had enjoyed her two weeks' visit. Yet it was only natural. Besides the change, Mrs. Leslie had been at pains to amuse and entertain her. There were cosy chats over the tea cups on matters dear to the feminine heart and daily sleigh rides, mad dashes over hard-packed trails to music of jingling bells. Once the drive was extended as far as Regis Barracks, twenty miles to the west, and Helen was introduced to captains of the mounted police in scarlet splashed with gold, their ladies, the agents and clerks of the government land office—pleasant people, at first sight, of whom she was to learn more. Of nights, Molyneux and other remittance bachelors would drop in, and with drawn curtains excluding the vast Arctic night, there would be music, songs, games. Small wonder that she enjoyed herself or that, the ice thus broken, she gravitated between home and Leslies' during the remainder of that Winter.

Speaking of Molyneux, a greater surprise inhaled in the fact that she had been able to meet him without embarrassment; a condition due to the tact and real consideration which he displayed. Their first meeting he

paused only for a pleasant greeting. Next, he ventured a chat, and these lengthened until he felt safe in staying out an evening.

He marked his greatest gain the day that—Leslie being under the weather with a cold—she allowed him to drive her home. By those gentlemen, the romanticists, this fact would not have been accorded a tender implication. They paint love in colors fast as patent dyes; good girls love once, or if a second passion be grudgingly allowed, it is only after the first is safely bestowed in cold storage underground. In face of the fact that the little god occasionally shoots a double arrow; that the sigh of many a wife would be unwelcome if intelligible to her husband; that many a maid has slipped into spinsterhood between two passions; they lay down, as the basic principle of ethical romance, the canon that neither wife nor maid can entertain two loves other than in sequence.

Now Helen may not have been in this case, and if she had it goes without saying that she would never have admitted the preference even to herself. For she had been raised in the very shadow of the aforesaid canon. Yet he had certainly won on her—for good reason. In person he was above the average of good looks; his manners touched standard. In that he, alone of the English set, had been able to wring a living from the stern Northland without the aid of a fat allowance, he commanded her respect. Also she thought that he was trying to sink his past—he entertained the same illusion—and as every good girl loves to imagine herself as an “influence,” the thought brought satisfaction. Molyneux had no cause of complaint.

To do him justice, he tried, in a slovenly fashion, yet undoubtedly tried to live up to this, the one pure love of his life—purity must be interpreted as applying to intention rather than motive. Of all the remittance men who frequented Mrs. Leslie's house, he, at this time, showed the least moral taint. Often he thrust in between Helen and things offensive. Though, during her visits, Mrs. Leslie made some attempt to put the house in order, she could not always bridle her male guests, who smoked Leslie's imported tobacco and offered herself veiled love before his innocent eyes. But Molyneux sterilized most of their polished blackguardism, nipping *entendre* with a chilly stare, destroying dou-

ble meanings by instant and literal interpretation, did it so effectually that Helen never noticed the pervading sensualism. Indeed, he did it so much as to draw Mrs. Leslie's fire. “Virtuous boy,” she said, teasing him, one day. “You almost convert me to the true love theory.”

His grimace gauged the depth of his reformation. To him, as to Mrs. Leslie, the text could be fitted, “Can the leopard change his spots or the Ethiop his skin?” Really he had not changed in quality or purpose; it was the same Molyneux in pursuit of the same end. His tactics were merely altered to suit his game. He would, of course, have denied this—probably with the warmth of honest conviction. At times his reflections on the subject attained highly moral attitudes. He would tell himself that he had known from the first that Helen could never live with Carter! Duty certainly called him to end her bondage! Yes, he believed himself honest, and would continue to so believe until some unexpected check loosed the Old Adam again. This was proved by flashes of passion at the very thought of failure. It would have been much more natural for him to have attempted a raid on Carter's Eden. But, warned by previous experience, he waited, waited, waited and watched as the snake may have watched the maiden Eve over the threshold of Adam's garden. Now that time seemed to have verified his prediction, that, albeit with hesitant steps, Helen was approaching the gate of her own accord, he held back the hot hand that fain would have plucked her forth.

There were many watchers of the girl's progression during the Winter months; Mrs. Leslie, who might be said to await the moment when a shove might throw the girl off her balance headlong into Molyneux's arms; the settlers, who anticipated such a dénouement with scandalous tongues; the remittance men, who betted on the result, basing odds on her lonely condition. To these there could be but one end. Always the human soul reaches for happiness, and the fact that she had once mistaken Dead Sea fruit for Love's golden apples would not prevent her from tiptoeing to pluck again. Would she pluck?

Molyneux, for one, was sure that she would and, having the courage of his conviction, put his hope into speech, choosing an opportune time. Nels always drove her over

to Leslie's and, at first, brought her home. But by the middle of February the latter part of the task fell by consent of all to Molyneux, and he spoke while driving her home one afternoon.

"Read this," he said, handing her a telegram that called him to his father's death-bed.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed, impulsively.

"For what?" he questioned. "His sickness or my absence?"

"Both," she frankly answered. "You have been very nice to me. I shall miss you."

Now this was all very proper, but when he stated that he should be gone at least seven weeks, she ought to have veiled her concern. But she did not, and the regret that swam in the hazel eyes strengthened his purpose. "Before I go I must say something. How long is our present relation to last?"

The raise of her eyebrows might have meant anything, but he took it as encouragement and ran on. "You know that I love—have always loved you!"

Here, according to the canons, she ought to have withered him. Instead she gave him the truth. "I am not blind."

"Thanks for your candor. Now, a step further—do you intend to remain his bondswoman?"

This was harder, and her answer correctly interpreted her feeling. "I—I—really dont know."

The doubt spurred him. "You do not love him. You could not—after the way he has treated you. You must have love. A glance at your face would tell a dullard that it is necessary to your existence as air or water. You cannot be happy without it. It is life to you, more than sustenance. You must be wrapped in it, touch it at every point, feel it everywhere around you. Your being cries out for a passion all-absorbing; you will take nothing less. I would—"

"—give me such a love?" She had thrilled under his truthful analysis of her nature, and now she cried out the passion of her sex, the eternal desire for a love everlasting as that of a mother. "Is such possible? A love that never stales, that endures after the hot blood cools and beauty fades? Could you love me through old age? No, no! A woman can, but never a man!"

"I can! By G—! I can!" he swore, blazing in response to her passion. "I'll prove it, for, sooner or later, you are going to love me."

She laughed, a little wearily. "There spake the bold man. Dont flatter yourself." Her staying hand checked his enthusiasm. "You said, just now, that I did n't love—my husband. Perhaps you are right. I dont know. I have no standard by which to judge, and so far—you have failed to supply it. I like you—very much, but—if I ever love again, the man must lift me out of myself, make me forget—*him*, myself, the whole world."

"I'll do it!" he confidently exclaimed; then, sobering, added, "I want you to promise one thing. It is n't much—simply to give serious thought to your position while I am away. To remember what I have just told you, and to forget that first foolish mistake that cost me so much. Now, will you?"

"Surely," she honestly answered.

"And—if possible—give me an answer?" She nodded and he was content to leave it there. They were now on the last mile and they made it in silence, he plunged in delicious reverie, she very thoughtful. Looking up as the cutter rolled and bumped over the frozen stable yard, he caught her looking at him with soft compassion.

"Well?"

She smiled. "Did you really—suffer?"

"Did you really—suffer?"

"Hell!"

Encouraged, he grasped her hand and it away. "Stop! There's Nels and Jenny, standing in the door." Noting his sudden discomposure, she added: "Never mind, she did n't see you. Wont you come in?"

"Can't—put me late for the choring."

This was only one of a dozen times that he had refused the invitation. A little surprised, she watched him turn and drive away, then she saw Nels coming up from the stable and the thought was lost in wonder as to whether or no he had seen Molyneux take her hand.

Now, as a matter of fact, Nels had; moreover, he mentioned it to Jenny as he helped her wipe the supper dishes and thereby earned much trouble. "I tank," he observed, "something is doings. Cappan he taken the mistress' hand. Pratty soon the Boss no have woman."

His chuckle died under her wrathful stare.

"Mention that to anyone, Ne's, an' Mr. Bender 'll break every bone in your body."

It was not so easy to dispose of her own misgivings. As, that evening, she arranged the dishes in the home-made plate rack, she turned somber eyes on Helen, musing by the stove. Often her lips opened, but she kept her own counsel till Bender dropped in on his next visit.

It was perfectly natural for her to turn to him. Coming to her, as he had, in the moment of her sore trouble, her girl's heart had opened and vented on him the love that had been prisoned since the death of her mother, and ever since a perfect understanding of kindred natures had obtained between them.

"They're talking about her in the settlements something scan'lous," she told him. "Tongues is clacking from here to Lone Tree. Why *dont* Mr. Carter come home? Kaint you persuade him?"

But Bender shook his head. "No, he's

stiffer'n all he—beg your pardon; I meant he's dreadful sot in his mind. I would n't envy the one that went to advise him."

Before going away Bender touched on a matter that was now old history in their intercourse. "Changed your mind yet, little girl?"

It was now Jenny's turn to sorrowfully shake her head. "It would be my pride an' pleasure to be wife to a big, good man like you. But I just kaint bring myself to put you where any man could east my shame in your face."

"Ob. shore!" he protested. "You was that little—a teeny bit of a thing, jes' seventeen, on'y a baby. Who'd be holding it ag'in you? Besides—he's in England."

"Yes—he's in England," Jenny slowly repeated. "But—"

He did not see the queer look she sent after as he rode away.

(To be Continued.)

# The Curio

By John Fleming Wilson



It was a lucid day in the deep South Pacific. Overhead the sapphire sky rose from the horizon a lofty and immeasurable dome. Underneath was the sea profound, azure, unfathomable, heaving in long, slow swells from the far away sea line to the other edge of our world. We were in the very center of solitude. No whisper of breeze came from the invisible; no wave broke in spume and spray; not a bird circled, nor fish leaped, nor anything stirred in that vast peace.

The *Ventura* slipped over the ocean silently, the smoke from her funnel pouring upward to lie in a long cloud behind us that faded imperceptibly into the blue. On the bridge the officer of the watch stood motionless under the white awning. Below him a woman slept in a steamer chair. A sailor

perched on the rail rubbed a brass stanchion with his cleaning rag; but the movement of his arm was quite indistinguishable, and he gave the impression of repose.

I withdrew my eyes to my companion, in the chair next to mine. In this farthest of all seas I saw a figure of commerce, a symbol of banks, of long tables bordered by directors, the very embodiment of the genius of traffic. My eyes fell upon his shiny high hat, his black garments, his stiffly starched collar. He was a Jew.

We had picked him up two days before from a canoe riding the surges off a little island marked by three feathery palms that rose delicately against the sky a league away. I shall never forget my amazement when I looked over the steamer's side and saw this formal body scrambling out of his primitive craft toward our polished decks,

taking leave of the kanakas that had paddled him out to us with precise salutations and the driest of handshakes. I do not remember the native name of the isle he had left. It was a speck ahead of us at dawn and by noon I could barely catch, with the glasses, a glimpse of its palms far astern.

We had looked him over curiously when he had come aboard. There were not many of us, to be sure, and our scrutiny had failed to make any impression on his reserve. Within an hour after we were under way again he had dealt with the purser, deposited an ancient oil-cloth valise in the stateroom next to mine and assumed the proprietorship of a chair beside the one I occupied on the upper deck. With the composure of a man in his usual situation, he had folded a large silk handkerchief over the back of his chair, stretched himself out and fallen asleep with his extraordinary hat over his brows.

At dinner he appeared in the saloon with a freshly brushed coat, highly polished boots and a white tie under his shaven chin. He ate sedately and neatly, but without gusto. He did not speak to any of us and went immediately back to his chair and his doze, re-suming his tall hat over his white hair.

The next morning, after our bath on the afterdeck among the second-class passengers, we found him already settled in the chair, his hat upright on his head, one hand playing with a huge chain that traversed his white waistcoat. We said good morning. He returned our greeting with a polite nod, and instantly resumed his gaze out over the sea. Since then he had not moved, except to sink slightly in his place.

As he half reclined I viewed his profile with languid interest. His every feature proclaimed his race. So far as I could judge he was past sixty, and his side whiskers were almost white. I recalled his first appearance, in the canoe among the shouting natives, and pondered his errand. No one travels by the *Ventura* in those waters except on business. What could this banker, this bit of commercial formality, this emblem of exact and lucrative finance be doing on an island, no bigger than a front yard, in the loneliest sea in the world? I failed to reach any conclusion and strolled forward to ask the purser.

"I know nothing about him, except that

he has traveled with me one or two voyages before," he informed me. "His name is Joseph Nathan."

In the smoking room we discussed him a moment. We did not agree. "Looks as though he were on his way to attend a board of directors' meeting," the chief engineer remarked.

That afternoon, as I dawdled over a book in my room, with the door open into the alleyway, Mr. Nathan entered the room opposite. He did not close the door and I saw him put his hat carefully on the hook, divest himself of his coat and waistcoat and proceed to shave. He performed this operation with dignity, donned his garments again, settled the huge watch chain across his waistcoat and resumed his hat. Then he paused, his frail figure balanced to the sway of the ship, and looked out of the open port for a moment.

I took the opportunity to address him. "How do you like the *Ventura*?" I said.

He turned to me courteously and replied, "She rolls a good deal."

"She does," I assented. "But I should think you would not mind that after tossing for several hours in a canoe, as you must have done yesterday before we picked you up."

He bowed and departed.

The following days saw no variation in his costume nor in his daily manner. As the heat grew more intense upon our approach to the Equator, it was a bet in the smoking room that he would wear his shiny silk hat through the torrid days. The takers lost, for he made no change whatever in his garb, though the firemen sprawled in groups on the deck and the saloon became a small place of torment.

Of course we abandoned the smoking room. It was as hot as we could bear it under the weather awnings. We could not sleep, either, and the ship wakened from the drowsiness of the past weeks to a pettish life of conversation and complaint. But through it all there was one silent figure—the Jew, in his silk hat, his exact clothes. Apart from the rest of us he sat in his chair, his shrewd and immobile face turned upon the warm sea.

In the midst of this heat I found one evening that I was quite sleepless. Midnight came upon me still stretched out in



my chair, gazing into the refulgent stars, full of restless dreams and unhappy desires. The deck was at last deserted. I could not stand the loneliness and determined to go down to my room and make the best of it.

As I passed Mr. Nathan's door I saw him sitting under the lamp, not reading nor asleep; simply sitting there, his hat on his head, his hands crossed over his breast, in the posture of thoughtful repose.

"Good evening," I said. "You appear to be comfortable."

He looked up and bowed his head gently. "It is very warm," he assented. "A night for thoughts."

"And unpleasant ones, as well," I confessed.

"You are young yet," he responded, quietly. "When you are old—as I am—you will dream less of the uncertain future and more of the assured past."

"Is the past certain?" I demanded. "I think that even the past changes as we grow older."

"True," he said, "it falls into perspective," looking at me with a faint smile.

"And in time distance makes the past so miniature that we distinguish only form. We lose color, fragrance, all the qualities of nearness, the attributes that drew and fixed our passion."

"In a way you are right," he remarked. Then, with an almost imperceptible gesture, at once deprecatory and polite, he added, "I deal in pasts."

"Individual pasts?" I inquired. "There must be thousands to sell. But who will buy?"

He took off his silk hat and set it carefully on the deck beside him. He brushed his shaven chin with one hand, looking at me with his shrewd, heavy-lidded eyes. "You cannot know a man till you know his past," he said. "And that past may be summed up in an hour, a day, a year; I purchase the thing he made with his hands during that climax of living."

I stared at him. He fingered his watch chain and explained, gently, "I am a curio buyer."

"Curios!" I echoed.

"You get a false impression from that statement," he went on. "I define a curio as a thing that a man made or did in the period of his ultimate passion; which he

could not duplicate and which no man may copy. One cannot buy a deed that has no concrete result. So the curios I buy are the expression with tools of a man's life."

"And you buy those?" I demanded.

"I seek them," he corrected. "I have lived more than the three score years and ten that give strength. All my life I have been a curio hunter. I have a fine collection. If you are interested, come and see me in my office in San Francisco." He dropped into the commonplace phrases of commerce.

"But what could you find on that speck of land in the heart of the South Pacific?" I insisted. "Surely the things of material art and skill that you are after must be found only in cities and civilization."

"I have searched the civilized world all through," he answered, with a lively glance of the eyes. "And in all my hunting and buying and selling I never picked up a perfect curio. I have bought the picture that an artist painted and never could equal. And I have sold it again. Carpets, jewelry, tapestries, all the objects of centuries of art I have traded in. But I have always missed the perfect thing—the condensation into a hand's burden of a human being's birth and life and soul. Think what such a curio means! It is priceless!"

His pale face was flushed. I saw in the dim dusk of that little room a sudden expansion of this formal emblem of bank meetings and exchange. He looked at me with a profound and inscrutable glance, as if he were trying to read in my eyes the confession that I understood—and might be a robber! I could not help saying, "And you never found it?"

He leaned back in his chair and resumed his hat. Instantly he became imposing. My words echoed impertinently in my ears. I would have apologized. But he answered me, "I found it."

"The perfect curio?" I insisted.

"Without a flaw," he affirmed.

"What do you value it at?" I demanded, resuming courage.

"It is not for sale," he said, brusquely. "It cannot be valued."

He seemed determined to put an end to the interview. But my curiosity was aroused and I persisted. "You have told me so much," I suggested. "Do you think it is fair to bring me to such a pitch of anxiety

about a discovery and then deny me any satisfaction?"

"I am an old man—and garrulous," he answered, rising and staring out of the port. "I do not think you would appreciate in the smallest degree what I have spent my life to find. Pardon my having gone so far. But this is not a matter of commerce. If you are interested in curios, I have an unequalled collection which I shall be glad to have you examine, and if anything appeals to you, buy what you wish from it. But this is another matter. You would not understand."

The ship's bell tolled one o'clock and he stirred uneasily. Suddenly he sat down and motioned me to a seat on the edge of his berth. "It can do no harm," he said. "I will show it to you."

He seated himself and placed his silk hat a little to one side. He mopped his forehead laboriously, glancing at me with a peculiarly keen and searching look. Then he reached under the berth and pulled past my feet the oil-cloth valise which had excited our mild derision. He seemed to have trouble with the lock and he continually turned his head toward me, peering shrewdly into my face. Suddenly the valise flew open and he fumbled hurriedly among its contents. He withdrew something and fell silent, his long hands nursing this mystery on his knees. "I dont know," he muttered, uncertainly. "But it can do no harm. No value . . . intrinsically worthless."

He straightened up and handed me the curio. I stared at it in the dim light, and then I laughed. It was a clumsy wooden dipper, possibly a foot long from outer brim to tip of handle. "You say this is the invaluable—perfect curio?" I cried between paroxysms of laughter. "I can imagine nothing more worthless. It's nothing that any lad with a dull jackknife could n't whittle out in an afternoon."

He reached, in silence, for the dipper and poised it an instant. "Fourteen years," he muttered to himself. He replaced it in the valise, resumed his hat and bowed coldly to me.

I saw that I was about to lose all that my pains had so nearly won. My curiosity redoubled. "I beg pardon," I said, humbly. "You said nothing about the fourteen years."

He gazed at me quietly. "I am a Jew,"

he said, slowly. "Because of my race I cannot allow you to go unconvinced of this thing's value. Your very discourtesy demands the rebuke that ignorance of the priceless should get."

I apologized again. He seemed to be indifferent to my words. "When I tell you that all the wealth of America and Europe could not buy this wooden dipper from me, a dealer in these very things, you may understand that you have scorned what you and yours could not possess. Fool! Folly!"

He was tremendously angry, and I fell once more to begging his pardon. "Tell me," I urged him, "what has made this wooden utensil a curio?"

He smiled bitterly. "Your own words have doubled its value in my eyes," he said. "It is more than ever mine, my discovery. You would have tossed it aside and never thought of it a second time. But I, with all my scores of years behind me, knew it when I saw it in the sand—the perfect curio! Work of a man's life, with all his passions, sins, his past, his future, fears of hell and hopes of heaven written on it." His voice rose in extraordinary intensity into the dusky and tropic night in which the *Ventura* swam onward out of solitude back to the world.

"Who made it?" I demanded.

His eyes glared at me under his white brows, under that silk bank director's hat. "A man," he replied curtly.

"Permit me," I said, rudely, and reached down into the valise and drew the thing out again. It was only a wooden dipper, made, I judged, out of some sort of palm wood. It was clumsy, ill-shapen beyond belief. "Tell me," I insisted, "what makes this a curio according to your definition?"

He gazed at it as I turned it in my fingers and his somber eyes seemed to feed on it, as fire on fuel. "I found it on that island whose three palms rose above the sea—where you saw me in the canoe last week. It lay in the white sand, dry, uncouth and misshapen as you see it now."

"What else?" I said, softly.

"I knew that I had found at last something of what I have hunted for all over the world. But I was not sure that it was perfect." His emphasis was indescribable.

"Many years ago I came down to these seas for curios. I picked up fine pearls,

the life work of an oyster. I found charms by which strong men had died and satisfied an enemy's hatred. I found tokens of men's love, of their passion for war, for a woman; emblems of mother-love, friendship, patriotism, religion. I came often and I sold these things. But I never found just what I always desired.

"One time I passed that isle where the *Ventura* lay to the other day. Steamers of this line have always passed it, leaving it a league to leeward. But twenty years ago it had four palms. It was called by a native name meaning the 'Lagoon and the Four Palms.' I heard of it. Nobody ever went there.

"Sixteen years ago I was going down to Suva on the *Gaelic*. At dawn the Isle of the Four Palms shone like a bit of lace on the edge of the sea. But there were only *three* palms, not four. I remembered that. I asked the captain that morning if any ships ever called there. He said no and laughed at the question.

"Six months ago I was on a neighboring isle. There was nothing I wanted. Your missionaries had swept the place of its valuables to send to America as tokens of their success, chief's head-dresses to adorn a smoking room in a Chicago house; the pearl necklace of a queen to hang over the jewel-box of a 'pillar of the church.' Then I remembered the Isle of the Four Palms. I took canoe and sailed for three days till I came there. It was very little. A lagoon crept in from the surf on the reef and rippled like molten glass on the slender beach at the foot of the three palms. We landed and the kanakas went to sleep in the shade. But I walked a few yards to the crest of the islet, whence I saw the horizon on every side. At my feet lay this dipper.

"As I said, I was not sure—at first. Then I saw the thing that made it sure. I saw the stump of the fourth palm. And propped up against its slight elevation above the sand I saw the maker—dry, fleshless bones, starkly lying on the unbroken surface of the coral.

"Imagine that memorial; the white skeleton, the weatherbeaten palm stump, the clumsy dipper! Memorial of life, of longing, of last passion, of the end!"

I gazed at the figure, silk-hatted, prosperous, redolent of crowded streets and dim

offices. Mr. Nathan wiped his lips carefully with a linen handkerchief and spread his long fingers on his knees. "Observe the story," he went on in a dry voice. "Twenty years before there had been four palms. Then in the life of a man came disaster and solitude. Ships fared by, their black smoke on the horizon as they came, their funnels writing in soot on the sky as they passed, dim wisps of smoke on the sea line as they vanished. He stood there under the palms, his eyes straining out, his cracked voice rising in prayer, in appeal, in imprecation. And no ship ever stopped.

"Then there were three palms. Captains looked at the isle through their glasses and took no notice. What were four palms or three? They went on their ways. But the broken shells about the stump told the stars that story, story of bitter toil with crumbling tools, toil that wore the flesh of the knees to the bone as he knelt sawing, sawing, sawing with a fragment of shell into that hard and tenacious wood. Three palms!

"Then years, years of smoke on the horizon, fumes of soot against the sky, fading smudge on the sea line. At the end of the years, a dipper. It is rough, shapeless, unworthy for the plaything of a child with a jackknife. Years and years—and only three palms instead of four, and a dipper!"

He looked at me with an extraordinary gesture of pity, an inclusive and familiar motion, as if to sum up his own life, my life, all lives in that expression of commiseration. He went on:

"Years more of three palms that did not whisper because there was no wind to give them breath—and a dipper. But they changed. The palms grew inches into the immeasurable firmament and the dipper became deeper, slenderer, a little smoother. The broken shells that were the tools grew deeper in that solitary place. Do you see that history? Suceinet, is it not? Four palms; three palms; a dipper. The three periods of a human life. Then the end, white bones on the hard coral sand."

He stopped, with a deep breath. He took off his hat and mopped his brow. From far ahead I heard the bell. It was half past one o'clock. I held up the dipper and looked at it. "Why this dipper?" I demanded. "Why a dipper?"

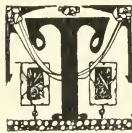
He replaced his silk hat and gazed at me. "Passion!" he muttered. "Years of passion! *You* dont understand. But *I* understand. I know that solitary figure under those three palms, I feel his burning eyes, I hear his mumbling, parched lips, I dream his dreams. You might have gone mad. Another might have toiled in hot sweat to build him a raft. But he, he labored and in all the years of his agony he made him—a dipper! He surrendered to fate, but put his life into a symbol. Symbol of the babe's first cry, of man's passions, of death's agony—he made it on that isle, toiling through the years with bleeding hands—a dipper! Thirst! Thirst!"

The Jew paused and sighed, weaving his long fingers together with a hint of inward agony. Then he muttered, as he thrust the wooden object back into the valise, "Thirst! For love, for wealth, for life! A dipper!"

I rose and he dropped his agitation instantly. "I have a very fine collection of curios," he said, quietly. As I passed out I saw him half turn on his feet and stare out of the open port with an intense and strained look. In his hand he held the perfect curio, which he had not been able to surrender yet to the recesses of the valise. In his dream I saw him lift that dipper, filled with life, and put it to his lips—after three-score years of thirst!

## The Wooing of Poon Yet

By Will Robinson



HE Oriental is ever a diplomat. Mrs. Brandes knew this as well, perhaps, as any person in Las Palmas, so when Suey Gee appeared on her back porch with a gigantic cluster of Chinese lilies almost ready to bloom, buried deep in an enamel-encrusted bowl, she felt that, while the gift was undoubtedly an earnest of good-fellowship, it would not be wholly a mistake to accept it in the light of a retainer as well.

However, Suey Gee was an old friend and a nice boy, and Mrs. Brandes meant every word of her gracefully expressed thanks.

The conventions being decently disposed of, she said, "Well, Suey, tell me about it."

Suey Gee felt that it was a matter to be approached with caution. "Baby pretty well?" he asked, tentatively.

Mrs. Brandes smiled. "Yes, Donald is very well, thank you, Suey Gee. He grows fatter every day."

"Baby pretty heavy foh you to carry round, Mrs. Brandes. Be velly nice foh

you to get a little China gel to carry her foh you."

So that was it. Mrs. Brandes laughed heartily. "Is that so? Where is she, Suey Gee? Does she live in Las Palmas?"

It would have been excusable if the little Chinaman had been embarrassed; Mrs. Brandes hoped he would have the decency to blush. He did neither, but darted through the door, and in an incredibly short time he returned, and toddling along behind was a picture of Chinese youth and beauty that made Mrs. Brandes positively gasp—a little lady whose dainty form was modestly concealed beneath a lavender-colored shom and bewitching Chinese trousers. Her age was perhaps sixteen or eighteen years. How was one to tell from that quiet, mature little face, with its inscrutable smile, or from those baffling black eyes, at once demure, coquettish and shy? Was it the features that made the face so charming, or its wonderful coloring?—faintest bronze without a flaw, touched with crimson poppies on the cheeks.

"Suey Gee!" cried Mrs. Brandes. "Where

did you get her? Who is she? Where are her people? Did you steal her?"

It must have been the American environment that was responsible for the appreciative twinkle that lurked in the boy's eyes. "She velly old friend of mine. Her name Poon Yet. Her velly nice little gel. Long time ago we go to school together in San Francisco. When the earthquake come her papa get killed. Poon Yet come on train yesterday. When I first see her I say, 'My ole little frien', now pretty big girl. I know velly nice lady want you foh take care of baby. Her name Mrs. Brandes.'"

Suey Gee smiled a definitive smile. It was all arranged.

The lady gasped. "So good of you to consult with me about it," she murmured. "Surely this little girl did not come all the way from San Francisco alone? Why, Suey, this is not proper."

"Oh, yes," he reassured her. "That all right. Her papa's brother come with her. He live with you here, too. Clean yard, sweep porch, take lady's card. He coming now."

Sure enough, he was coming up the walk. A celestial King Lear, a Mongolian Methuselah, with trembling gait, yellow parchment skin, and a straggly growth of dingy white whiskers, which suggested to the lady an antiquity as remote as the Pyramids.

This was too much. Mrs. Brandes sank into a chair. "And you believe that I am going to have that old man sweeping my walks? I would as soon think of invoking the spirit of Confucius to do the washing!"

However, in the end, Suey Gee had his way, and Poon Yet took care of little Donald, while the uncle, the venerable Hom Tai Foon, sat in an easy chair against the south wall and snored gently in the sun.

In the tiny cottage of the Brandes' there was no such thing as servants' quarters, and lodging for the pretty Poon Yet was secured with a Madam Pao Chee, the wife of a prosperous Chinese merchant. The yellow patriarch had no trouble in finding comfortable quarters in Chinatown.

The week that Mrs. Brandes made this rather startling addition to her family, the head of the household was away on a mission to Nogales, for Mr. Donald Brandes, Sr., was United States Marshal for Arizona, and much of his time was taken up in

endeavoring to enforce the various provisions of the Chinese exclusion act in his territory.

"What *will* he say?" chuckled Mrs. Brandes to herself, as she pictured the consternation on her lord's face when he should behold the sere and withered countenance of Hom Tai Foon basking in the sun.

However, the afternoon that Mr. Brandes did return, the old Mongolian was hobnobbing with a Cantonese physician on Jackson Street, and the Marshall was so charmed with the dainty Poon Yet that, for her sake, he was ready to assume even a greater responsibility than the venerable patriarch.

"The little celestial can actually work!" exclaimed the delighted Mr. Brandes, as he watched Poon Yet standing on a soap-box so as to reach the tub on the laundry bench, vigorously rubbing a tiny froek up and down the washboard. "Jane," he said, solemnly, "I dont see how we ever existed without her. Let's keep her forever."

"Aye, there's the rub!" exclaimed his wife in tragic tones. "We may keep her just three weeks, and then, on Chinese New Year's, she is going to marry that artful Suey Gee. He would marry her sooner, only he has to pay some money to the old uncle first. Suey has several hundred dollars coming to him from the boys in the different Chinese restaurants. You know they always pay their debts before New Year's."

"You mean the boy has to *buy* Poon Yet?" questioned the husband.

"Dont put it so crudely," admonished Mrs. Brandes. "A Chinaman never buys his wife. He simply gives to the bride's parents or guardians a monetary present as a salve to heal the natural wounds caused by the young lady's departure."

"Hum. And who fixes the amount of the—present?" questioned the Marshal.

"The parents or guardian, of course. Dont be absurd. Who so well as they could measure the extent of those natural wounds? Still we need n't be so superior about it, if we believe what the Sunday papers say about American girls buying titled husbands."

"Well," said Mr. Brandes, judicially, "I reckon Poon Yet is worth all Suey can pay for her. I hope he will have something left

to commence housekeeping on. Does he come up to see her?"

"Donald, Donald," reproached the wife. "Marshal for five years, and ask such a question? Indeed, he does not. A Chinaman courts the parents or his regularly employed go-between; never the girl. It is dreadfully bad form and sure to bring misfortune if the suitor be allowed to show attention to the bride-elect. Sney comes up every night, but it is after Poon Yet has gone home. He and old Hom Tai Foon talk it over by the hour."

"Perhaps he is trying to get a discount," suggested the Marshal. "Are they noisy about it?"

Mrs. Brandes smiled. "Just you wait."

The Marshal had finished his supper and the first page of the *Gazette*, and was running over police court happenings, when the quiet of a peaceful night was broken in upon in a manner most shocking. There was a piercing falsetto note, long drawn out, that glided into a most outrageous succession of discords, and accompanied by a *saw, saw* on a stringed instrument of torture.

Mr. Brandes turned to his wife with an appreciative grin. "Sney Gee," he murmured, "and his Chinese fiddle. Does it last long?"

"Oh, about an hour," answered his spouse. "I thought you would enjoy it. Hom Tai Foon thinks it is wonderful. Sometimes *he* sings, too. You ought to hear them then."

"Thanks," replied the Marshal, dryly, "this does very nicely as it is. It is queer," he went on, "that a boy like Sney Gee, who was raised in this country, should stick so to his Chinese ways. I suppose, though, it is the old patriarch's taste he is catering to, in this instance. By the way, does Sney have any rivals in the field? I should think every man in Chinatown would want to marry the girl."

"I was going to tell you about that," said Mrs. Brandes. "Day before yesterday, just as I was getting Donald to sleep, a most arrogant-looking Chinaman called. Perhaps 'opulent' should be the word. He wore a great seal ring, and smoked a big black cigar. I'll tell you what he looked like—a perfect Chinese replica of those sporty book-makers we saw at the races last Summer.

"He saw Hom Tai Foon out in the yard, and lorded it over him like a Russian grand duke. The poor old man seemed dreadfully afraid of him. Next, my imposing visitor rang the bell and demanded to see Poon Yet. I was almost as scared as Hom Tai Foon."

"I dont wonder," sympathized her husband. "What did you do then, little woman?"

"The only thing I could think of. Slammed the door in his face, and telephoned to your office for Mr. Dowell to send up one of the deputies."

Mr. Brandes gazed at his wife in admiration. "Jane," he said, "you certainly are a wonder. Called his hand at the first bet. Come here and let an adoring husband pat you on your back."

"Of course he ran away," went on Mrs. Brandes. "I did not tell Poon Yet for fear of frightening her, but I did tell Sney Gee when he came to call, and such a lot of jabbering as he had with Hom Tai Foon. When they finished Sney told me my visitor was a highbinder from San Francisco, by the name of Lee Sut. He belongs to one of their terrible secret societies, the 'Quong Duck tong,' I think he called it. He said that Lee Sut was a 'velly bad man.'"

"Hum," commented the husband, "there doesn't seem to be much question about that. I think I would better look up Mr. Lee Sut. There are a lot of those tough San Francisco Chinamen in Arizona now, and we are liable to have trouble with them yet. Does Poon Yet still stay with Mrs. Pao Chee?"

"You think it dangerous?"

"It certainly is. I dont like to have her take that walk every night and morning. Have her sleep in the parlor if necessary, but keep her safe here in the house until she and Sney are married."

"Of course you wont go off again until after that happens," suggested Mrs. Brandes. "I can never get things right without your valuable advice and assistance."

"Too bad, is n't it? I should be such a help with the sewing," mocked the husband. "Really, I am awfully sorry, but I'll have to go to Nogales again next week. They have been running in a lot of raw Chinks

over the line and I'll have to go down and round up a bunch."

Mrs. Brandes sighed. "Donald, if you dont resign this Marshalship, I am going home to mother. How do you suppose I feel with you away all the time? Some day one of those dreadful Chinamen will shoot you and then where will you be?"

"I dont like to prophesy, myself," answered the man, "but perhaps the parson could give you a tip."

"Dont joke about it, Donald. Really, I am dreadfully frightened when you are away. Promise me that you will be very careful and not take any risks."

Her arms were about him now and the Marshal almost forgot what his wife was talking about.

"Promise," repeated Mrs. Brandes.

"Oh, I promise," he answered cheerfully. "That is the easiest thing I have to do."

It may have been the promise, but it probably was the sewing that made the time go so much faster than usual for Mrs. Brandes when her husband made his next trip to the Mexican border. Then, too, there was the new kodak; and the bride-that-was-to-be and Hom Tai Foon made subjects of unflinching interest.

"Bettah to have some camphor," said Poon Yet, when Mrs. Brandes posed her against the mass of woodbine at the end of the porch. "Bettah have camphor for picture."

"Camphor?" repeated the mystified Mrs. Brandes. "What has camphor to do with it?"

"Foh to make cry," said Poon Yet placidly. "All China gel must cry before get married. Look velly bad to China folk unless gel cry. Velly hard Poon Yet make tears come. Poon Yet heart make velly happy. That look bad in picture. Get some camphor, and then Poon Yet cry velly nice."

One by one the details of the wedding were arranged. Each step could only be undertaken with the greatest care, for Mrs. Brandes realized that it was no light matter to adjust the various rites of the Orient and the Occident.

The ceremony, it was decided, was to take place in the Brandes' parlor, and the Presbyterian minister was to officiate. For Poon Yet went to Sunday school regularly,

even if she did have a little picture of the joss at the head of her bed, before which, every night, she would kow-tow on bended knees, until her pale forehead was fairly pink with its solemn dips to the floor.

"I am Melian gel, because I was bohn in San Francisco," explained Poon Yet, "so I go to Sunday school like other Melian gels, but then I China gel, too, so I kow-tow to joss. Maybe they both be good to Poon Yet."

But the gods of the East and the gods of the West as well seemed to have been nodding the day before the celebration of the New Year, for when Suey Gee came on his usual morning round with vegetables, he found Mrs. Brandes almost distracted.

"Poon Yet! Have you seen her, Suey Gee? She's gone!"

"Gone!" echoed the boy, blankly.

"Yes, gone," repeated Mrs. Brandes. "and old Hom Tai Foon has gone, too. I have just telephoned Mr. Brandes' office and the boys say that they will find her if they have to tear down Chinatown."

"It Lee Sut!" gasped Suey. "He been away and come back last night. He tell me he gamble with Hom Tai Foon and that he win Poon Yet. Say he going to marry her. I dont think can be so. I give Hom Tai Foon present yesterday and he say I can marry. Think Lee Sut steal Poon Yet and try to get money."

As the boy stood there talking, his vegetable basket slipped from his fingers. He ran down the steps, jumped into his wagon and with whip and voice urged his astounded old mare down the street at the top of her speed.

All day long the deputies from the Marshal's office kept up the search, and all day long the distracted Suey Gee prowled through the cellars of Chinatown.

Every half hour Mrs. Brandes would take down the telephone and call the office. The answer was always the same. "Nothing yet, Mrs. Brandes, but we *will* find her before dark."

It was ten o'clock at night when Suey Gee knocked. When Mrs. Brandes opened the door she hardly knew the boy, he was so worn and haggard. His eyes, however, were shining fiercely.

"I find where she is, Mrs. Brandes, my poor *ching yun*."

"Where?" asked the woman.

"Down in cellar in Chinatown. Call officer and we get her. Quick! Hurry! Talk in telephone!"

It was the office boy who answered. The men were all down in Chinatown looking for Poon Yet.

"Come, Suey," said Mrs. Brandes, "and we will pick them up on the way. Have you a revolver?"

Suey Gee nodded gravely.

Mrs. Brandes opened a drawer in her dressing-table, and took out a wicked-looking Colt's and slipped it in her gown. "Come, Suey," she repeated a little hysterically, "the baby is over at mother's. She is going to keep him till we find Poon Yet. Hurry, there is n't a minute to lose."

When they reached Chinatown they found the streets crowded with holiday-makers preparing for the festival of the New Year. Leaving the main street, they entered a narrow alley, which was dark as a pocket and absolutely deserted. Its habitués were evidently with the crowd on the main thoroughfare.

"Betteh look foh deputies," suggested Suey Gee.

"All right, in a minute," answered his companion. "Show me where Poon Yet is, first."

"No, this velly bad place. Maybe you get hurt."

"Suey," said Mrs. Brandes, "dout you see that every one has gone down to the joss house and the shops? Perhaps we can find Poon Yet locked up in the room alone and can get her out before the people get back. I'll go alone if you are afraid."

Time was too precious to waste in argument and, motioning for Mrs. Brandes to follow, the little Chinaman felt his way cautiously down a rickety flight of steps, and then, as quiet as shadows, they slipped along an evil-smelling passageway, guided by a faint glow that sifted through the crack of a door at the end of the way. At this barrier Suey Gee got down on his knees and tried to look through a keyhole.

"Poon Yet," he called softly.

Mrs. Brandes' heart beat until it seemed to choke her and she gripped the handle of her revolver until her fingers tingled.

"Poon Yet," called the boy again.

There was a grating sound inside as if a heavy bar were being moved cautiously.

"Poon Yet!"

"Suey! Suey!" The door swung open and there stood the little girl. But such a weary Poon Yet. Her eyes were red and swollen, her cheeks wet with tears, and her breath came in long, low sobs. At the sight of Mrs. Brandes she sank to the floor; and as she grasped the woman's dress in her hands she pressed it to her lips.

"My little *ching yun!*" said Suey, kneeling beside her. "Did he hurt you? Is Lee Sut here?"

She pointed to a corner of the room at two bunks, one above the other, built like berths in a sleeping car. They were made of boards and covered with straw matting.

The upper one was occupied by the sleeping form of Hom Tai Foon. In the lower one was a second Chinaman, who still held in his half-open fingers a big-stemmed pipe with a very small bowl. Resting on the other hand was an evil, sinister face, more repulsive than ever in the relaxation of unconsciousness. The eyes were closed, the lips parted and imbecile. It was Lee Sut.

On a table beside the bunk was a second pipe, a small lamp, a piece of wire and still adhering to its end, bits of a pitch-like substance. Drifting about the room and hanging in gray folds over the table were thick clouds of smoke, heavy with the sickening odor of opium.

Suey's fingers worked nervously on the handle of his revolver. "Did he hurt you, little girl?" he asked softly. "Did he hurt you?" Suey choked. "Did he—" The boy could go no further.

"He said he would marry me tomorrow," faltered the girl.

"Tomorrow." Suey actually smiled in his gladness. "The Sunday school and the good joss did take care of you, *ching yun.*"

"Lee Sut gamble all day with my uncle," said the girl. "Take my uncle's certificate and I think sell it to 'nother man; then they smoke opium."

"You know," explained Suey to Mrs. Brandes, "every Chinaboy must have certificate—his *chock gee*—or they take him back to China. Lee Sut no like old man. Take certificate and old man must go back to China."



"Surely Hom Tai Foon can get another certificate," suggested Mrs. Brandes.

"Dont think can," said Suey, pessimistically. "One boy have certificate stole and he have to go back to China. Think all books 'bout Chinaboy burned up in San Francisco."

"We betteh go pretty quick," said Poon Yet.

"Yes, we must," assented the lady. "But there is something we must do first. Suey, has Lee Sut a certificate?"

"Yes, every Chinaboy has certificate."

"Do they carry them with them?"

"Maybeso. Some boy keep *chock gee* in little book."

"Suey," said Mrs. Brandes, calmly, "I want you to look through Lee Sut's clothes and get me his certificate."

Suey Gee's eyes bulged.

"Hurry!" said the lady. "I'll see that you do not get into trouble about it."

To the Chinamen of Las Palmas, Marshal Brandes—and incidentally his wife—did not only represent the law—they were the law. If Mrs. Brandes said to do it—why, that was the only thing to do.

Suey bent over the unconscious form of Lee Sut, and extracted from his apparel a variety of chattels. There were lottery tickets, a pack of marked cards, loaded dice, a handful of coin, a package of cigarettes and a pocketbook, inside of which the boy found a paper that recited that one Lee Sut had made application No. 1145 for residence under the provisions of an act of Congress, approved May 5, 1892. At the top was an unflattering photograph of its owner. It was the certificate.

"Poon Yet," said the lady, "did'n't you put the kodaks I took of you and your uncle in that big pocket of yours? I want the picture of your uncle."

"Betteh hurry and go, Mrs. Brandes," cautioned Suey. "This velly bad place foh to stay."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Brandes. "Lee Sut is too full of opium to hurt us, and everyone else is away. If I could find something that would do for paste, I would put Hom Tai Foon's picture right over Lee Sut's, scratch out Lee Sut's name, and put in the old man's—then Lee Sut would have to go to China."

"I not have my uncle's picture here," ob-

jected Poon Yet. "Not have any paste. Not have any—"

The sentence was not finished. Lee Sut was sitting on the edge of his bunk pointing a shining automatic pistol directly at Mrs. Brandes' head.

The highbinder probably weighed twenty-five pounds more than did Suey Gee. It was, however, not a time to nicely weigh odds. Suey sprang for him like a cat. The impact of his body threw Lee Sut on his back, his arm was thrown upwards, and the report of the pistol rang in the ears of the trembling women. Old Hom Tai Foon, blissfully unconscious in the upper bunk, missed death by a very few inches.

Had Lee Sut's mind been clear it would have fared badly with his assailant, but the larger man's brain was still so muddled with opium that he saw a dozen Sueys instead of one.

They rolled over and over each other in the bunk, and finally went crashing to the floor. Suey seemed momentarily stunned by the fall, and the highbinder clasped him viciously by the throat. By this time Mrs. Brandes had possessed herself of Lee Sut's pistol. Grasping the barrel in her hand, she struck with all her might at the highbinder's head. The writhing men made a swiftly moving target, and the first blow landed on Suey's shoulder, nearly paralyzing it. A moment later the woman succeeded in delivering a crashing blow on Lee Sut's wrist. This loosened his hold on Suey's throat, and the boy grasped his opponent in a bearlike hug and slowly twisted himself on top.

Even then the battle might have gone to Lee Sut, had not Poon Yet most unexpectedly brought the conflict to a close. Celestial conventions require, absolutely, that a modest Chinese girl must simulate timidity and grief on all possible occasions of peril; so, during the struggles of the two men, Poon Yet crouched behind the table and sobbed decorously, but finally, evidently encouraged by the strenuous example of her mistress, and, perhaps, too, spurred to action by her lover's peril, she suddenly sprang forward, and grasping Lee Sut's queue with both hands, pulled with all her might. That finished it. The highbinder squealed for mercy.

"Quick, Mrs. Brandes," called Suey, "tear up cloth, and we tie him good."

Before there was time, however, to carry out this plan, the two women were again panic-stricken by a tremendous uproar in the passageway. Excited Chinamen could be heard shouting to each other. The sounds of blows, and the noise of splintering wood fell upon their ears with frightful menace.

"The door?" questioned Mrs. Brandes, hysterically.

"I fastened it tight," assured the little Chinese girl.

"Is there no other way out?" moaned the woman. "O, why did I keep you here so long?"

"They are coming," whimpered Poon Yet.

"Are you afraid to shoot, little girl?" asked Mrs. Brandes, trying hard to be calm.

Poon Yet's lips quivered. "China gel no can shoot. Velly much 'fraid."

Nearer and nearer came the sounds of the approaching mob.

"My poor dear," groaned Mrs. Brandes, "what have I brought you to?"

By this time the rabble was at the door, but above the cries of the Chinamen could be heard a most welcome voice blustering in good Anglo-Saxon, "Open that door, or I'll—" then there was a crash, and striding over the splintered partition came Marshal Donald Brandes.

It was some time before any one could talk rationally. "But I did n't quite faint," objected Mrs. Brandes, her face buried in her husband's coat collar. "It was that

dreadful smell of opium. I just shut my eyes for a moment. I was n't so awfully scared. I told Suey there was n't any real danger."

"Is n't she a wonder?" asked the proud Marshal of an equally admiring deputy. "Raided an opium joint, took a Chink's certificate, tried to forge a man's name, stole a girl, helped capture the toughest highbinder in Arizona, and was going to shoot us all with that awful 'forty-four' of hers. Why, she'd tackle a den of tigers, if she happened to feel in the mood. Afraid? She does n't know what the word means."

Just at that moment, through the open door, came the boom of an explosion, followed by a succession of crackling reports. Mrs. Brandes gave a good ringing shriek, and clutched her husband convulsively. "O, Donald," she cried, "there are some more of them."

The good Marshal looked more pleased than ever at this feminine outburst, and he stroked the trembling head gently.

It was Suey Gee who answered. "Fiah crackers," he explained. "China New Year's. It twelve o'clock. Mohning now. I think, maybeso, all China boys feel glad this mohning, because, me and little gel—we get married today."

And Poon Yet, who sat with one small hand in Suey's larger one, felt that that was reason enough for a whole world full of joy.

As for Hom Tai Foon—he was still asleep in the upper bunk.

# The Story of the Canadian Pacific Railway

By W. F. Bailey



WHEN the writer was a boy, in the early '60s, one of his greatest amusements was to go over a commons, near his home in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, and watch the Fenians drill. These were largely Irish ex-soldiers, who had been discharged at the close of the Civil War. The organization itself dates back to the troubles in Ireland in 1848. Their avowed intention was the invasion and capture of Canada and its use as a basis for attacks on England in reprisal for the woes of Erin. Congregating on the Canadian border, in the Spring of 1866, they announced St. Patrick's Day as the date set for the march on Canada. When the seventeenth of March came the weather proved bad and the invasion did not materialize until June. During that month about 900 of them, under "General" O'Neil, started from the Niagara frontier and, after encountering and defeating a body of Canadian militia, were seared back into the United States by the reported arrival of a body of British regulars.

The Fenians have long since gone their way, but a monument to their memory exists in the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Authorities, as we will see later, differ as to why this road was built, but the fact is it seems to have been the outgrowth of a feeling of insecurity on the part of our Canadian friends and the desire, on their part, to present a united front against any further attempt against them.

Thus the first Fenian invasion was followed by a gathering in London of delegates from the several provinces to arrange a Confederation; the second, by way of Lake Champlain, with Quebec as its objective point, in 1870, was almost simultaneous with the admission of Manitoba; and the third, by way of the Minnesota-Manitoba border, in

1871, was followed by the admission of British Columbia.

It may seem like a long hello from the Fenians to the Canadian Pacific Railway, but the reader of Canadian history can not fail to be impressed with the way in which the two are associated.

Canadian authorities give different reasons for the construction of the road. Its purpose, said Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada and its principal promoter, was "to solidify the fabric of Canadian autonomy."

"The acquisition of the Hudson Bay Company's territory in 1870 and the desire to complete the British American Union by the addition of British Columbia led the Canadian Government to construct an inter-oceanic highway," says C. D. Roberts in his school *History of Canada*.

"Originally proclaimed a purely national and imperial enterprise which was to assure the perpetual separation of Canada from the United States."—Goldwin Smith in *The Canadian Question*.

"The completion and operation of the Canadian Pacific Railway," said the *Quarterly Review* of London, "will revolutionize the trade of three continents, develop an unknown region and transform an unpeopled wilderness into a coming world's granary, give birth to prosperous cities, towns and villages, gridiron the different provinces of the Dominion of Canada with branch roads and, by creating an imperial highway, bring Canada nearer to Great Britain."

On this side of the border very different views prevailed.

"The Canadian Pacific Railway was originally projected and partially built by the Dominion Government and was intended to be owned and operated by that government. \* \* \* The object of the Canadian Government, in instituting and thus sustaining this enterprise, was to overcome the force



From a Photograph by George Grantham Bain.  
*Sir William Van Horn.*

of the natural (commercial) affinity of the Canadian provinces for the United States."—*Interstate Commerce Commission Report 1892*.

A still higher authority gives another reason for its construction: "To secure a railroad across the continent of commanding influence which, in connection with its subsidized steamship lines, would be able to dominate the transcontinental traffic of the United States and to deflect from American vessels, American railroads and American seaports, a large share of our own commerce with Asia, Australia and New Zealand."—*Report Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, Fifty-first Congress, Second Session*.

In following out the story of the circumstances surrounding the organization and construction of the line, the reader can select which one of the various reasons best suits him or can form another for himself.

"The work is so completely a public necessity that it may be called the symbol of our (Canadian) existence."—C. M. Grant, Queen's University, Kingston.

The first suggestion of an interoceanic railroad wholly within Canadian territory seems to have been in 1851, when application was made to the Legislature of the Province of Canada for a charter to construct a railroad through British North America to the Pacific Ocean.

The "Railway Committee" reluctantly reported against the project "on the grounds that, until the claims of the Indian tribes and of the Hudson Bay Company to the proposed route had been eliminated, it would be premature for the Legislature of Canada to take action." At the same time they "did not wish to be understood as discouraging the project; to the contrary, they ventured to hope that it might be undertaken by the United States and Great Britain conjointly."

Reference has already been made to the gathering of delegates from Canada, held in London December, 1866, to arrange for the confederation of the different provinces. Out of this grew the British North American Act combining the provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, into the Dominion of Canada. This act, the Constitution of Canada, became effective July 1, 1867, and its passage is annually commemorated by all loyal "Canucks" as Dominion Day.

The aim and ambition of the Canadian delegates to London and of the subsequent Dominion Governments was a union of interests that should reach from "ocean to ocean." To accomplish this the country west of Canada, i. e., the Hudson Bay territory and British Columbia, must be incorporated in the new confederation. To extinguish the title of the Hudson Bay Company was soon accomplished, they surrendering, in 1868, their trade-monopoly claim to government and nineteen-twentieths of the land, in consideration of 300,000 pounds, retaining the land around their posts and one-twentieth of the remainder. Out of the settlements, known as the Red River and Portage La Prairie, were created the Province of Manitoba, which, in May, 1870, came into the Confederation.

British Columbia, like "Barkiss," was also "willin'," but a means of direct communication between it and the seat of government at Ottawa was so necessary that they made it a condition of their admission to the Dominion. This was so reasonable that it was readily conceded them by the party in power. The pledge given was that an inter-oceanic railway should be completed within ten years and that actual construction work on it should be commenced within two years. On this understanding British Columbia came into the Dominion in 1871.

The Macdonald ministry, then in power, immediately took steps to carry out this agreement. Extensive explorations and surveys were instituted by government officials and proposals were invited from capitalists for the construction, it being Sir John Macdonald's policy to have the road constructed by a corporation to be formed for that purpose.

Two rival organizations or syndicates applied for the concession. The one, under the name of the Inter-Oceanic Railway, headed by Senator Macpherson, was known as the "Toronto Company," from the residence of its head and a majority of its members; the other, known as the Canada Pacific Railway, was known as the "Montreal," the residence of Sir Hugh Allen, its president, and others interested.

Unable to harmonize or reconcile the claims of the two, the government, finding a union impossible, chartered a third under the name of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company,

exacting a deposit of \$1,000,000 as evidence of good faith.

Upon the organization of the company, Sir Hugh Allen was elected president. This gentleman was one of the foremost financiers of the Dominion and the head of the Allen line of Trans-Atlantic steamships. The estimates made were that \$108,000,000 would be required to build and equip the line, and Sir Hugh went to London with a view of interesting English capitalists and to raise this amount. At the second general election for the Dominion, in 1872, the Macdonald ministry was sustained by the country, a comfortable majority of its friends and supporters being elected, thus evidencing the popular approval of its railroad policy. When Parliament convened an opposition developed, whose belief was that the Government had undertaken too large a contract in assuming the construction of a trans-continental railroad; that unbearable taxation must necessarily result; that the majority of the people, residing as they did in the eastern provinces, did not desire to have a road constructed at this cost, and that the demand for it came from the comparatively few inhabitants of the Pacific Coast and officialdom.

To add to the opposition, charges were made that the Macdonald ministry and, more especially, the Premier himself, had connived at the use of money in the recent elections, said money having been furnished by or through Sir Hugh Allen, in consideration of the Canadian Pacific charter; that at least part of it came from railroad sources in the United States, and that it had been used, not only for the purpose of bribery, but for the personal benefit of the administration. Out of these charges grew what was known as the "Pacific scandal," which occasioned the resignation of the Macdonald ministry. They were succeeded by one under the leadership of Alexander Mackenzie, who remained at the head of the Dominion Government from 1873 to 1878.

This change of administration had a disastrous effect on Sir Hugh Allen's mission to England. He had found that capital was very chary of investing in his proposed railroad, and the Pacific scandal completely settled it that nothing like the necessary amount could be raised. Returning to Canada, Sir Hugh threw up the charter, the million dollar deposit being refunded.

The railroad policy of the new administration, as voiced by Premier Mackenzie, was that the agreement with British Columbia, calling for the construction of a road to the Pacific, should be carried out in the spirit, but, as to the letter, it neither could nor would be done. Personally, he seems to have been in favor of the construction at some opportune time in the future, but considered the situation did not warrant it at that time, the expense and conditions of Dominion finances precluding the idea.

As a compromise he suggested, as a temporary measure, a mixed rail and water route from Lake Superior to the Pacific, utilizing the numerous waterways that had been exploited and found available by the Hudson Bay Company. Thus, by using Lake of the Woods, Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan and Columbia Rivers, the mileage of connecting rail links would be comparatively small; as an immediate relief for the people of Manitoba a branch line was to be built from some point on this rail and water route to a connection with the American system of railroads.

The new administration was also opposed to the policy of Government aid or grants to railroads to aid in their construction, but, to the contrary, believed in the Government construction, ownership and operation. The Pacific Railway being a national enterprise, the construction should be done by and the benefit accrue to the Dominion Government.

On this platform the line from Fort Gary, now Winnipeg, Manitoba, to the American border was commenced in 1874. This was known as the Pembina branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, so called from its southern terminus being at the confluence of the Red River of the North and the Pembina River.

The progress made in constructing the line, sixty-five miles in four years, was, to say the least, not rapid, although the amount expended warranted much quicker results. The building of this line would furnish the opponents of Government ownership some very forcible arguments.

The people of British Columbia had become very much incensed over what they considered bad faith and breach of contract on the part of the Dominion authorities. They came into the confederation on the assurance that railroad communication with the eastern

portions of the Dominion should be given them by 1881 and that actual construction should be commenced on the line by 1873.

Article II of "Terms of Union," the agreement under which they became part of the Dominion, July 20, 1871, distinctly specified that within two years the construction of a railroad from the Pacific towards the Rocky Mountains and from Lake Superior towards the Pacific should be commenced, to be completed within ten years from the date of the agreement. Notwithstanding these assurances, the Dominion Government had allowed 1873 and 1874 to pass without commencing construction on the line, either from the Pacific or from Lake Superior. That, notwithstanding \$3,250,000 had been spent in surveys, the line was not even definitely located, and that all they had in sight for the enormous expenditures, surveying and construction was Pembina Branch, a side line of no value to them, and not even a factor in the through line.

Complaint after complaint was made to Ottawa and even threats of seceding from the Dominion were heard, when, by agreement, the whole question was left to Lord Carnarvon, Secretary of State for the Colonies, for arbitration. His decision was that the Dominion Government should at once undertake the construction of a railroad from Esquimalt to Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island; that surveys on the mainland must be pushed with all possible vigor; that a telegraph line and wagon road should be constructed, as a temporary measure and as a preliminary to the building of the railroad, which should be completed by December 31, 1890, from the Pacific to a connection with the American railroads and the Canadian steamship lines on the Great Lakes.

While professing to be obligated by this decision, known as the "Carnarvon Terms," the Mackinzie ministry took no steps to make it effective, outside of the completion of the Pembina Branch, already referred to, and the continuation of surveys.

When the general election of 1878 came up the railroad question became the dominant issue together with that of "N. P."—national protection (tariff on imports). "Canada for Canadians" was the slogan of the outs, and on these issues Sir John Macdonald and his party were triumphantly returned to power.

With their accession came a return to the

original policy of utilizing a corporation to build the road, as against that of Government construction pursued under Mackinzie.

Negotiations were entered into with a view of forming a syndicate that should be able to carry on the work and, in the meantime, active construction under Government auspices commenced at Winnipeg and on the coast.

In June, 1880, Premier Macdonald was able to announce that a proposition, satisfactory to the Government, had been received from Mr. George Stephen, of Montreal, who, on the part of himself and associates, had agreed to undertake the formation of a company which should carry on the work. Mr. Stephen was a prominent merchant of Montreal, already interested in railroads, being president of the line from St. Paul north to the Canadian border. This had been chartered in 1857 as the Minneapolis & Pacific Railroad, reorganized in 1862 as the St. Paul & Pacific, and completed as the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad.

With him were associated J. J. Hill and R. B. Angus, of St. Paul; John S. Kennedy and Morton Rose & Co., of New York; John Reinaeh & Co., of Paris, and Donald A. Smith, of Montreal.

October 21, 1880, a contract was made between this syndicate and the Government, the salient features of which were: That the new organization should be known as the Canadian Pacific Railway Company; that it should take the place of the Government in carrying on and completing the construction of a railway from Montreal to a point on Burrards Inlet (Port Moody), on the Pacific Ocean.

In line with this agreement, a charter was issued, the company receiving the "Royal Assent," and thus became valid February 17, 1881. By the terms of this charter the company was to complete the road in five years, the Government to convey to it all of the railway, then wholly or partially constructed, and all property belonging to or connected with the same. The Government was also to give to the company, out of the public lands of the Dominion, 25,000,000 acres and a subsidy in cash, or its equivalent in four per cent bonds, to the amount of \$25,000,000. The land and cash were to become available as twenty-mile sections of the

road were completed, the lands of the company to be perpetually exempt from taxation, other property of the company for twenty years; material for construction to be imported free of duty; no competing line to be chartered in the Northwest connecting with the American lines or south of theirs for twenty years.

The company was to be capitalized at \$25,000,000, with the right to increase this to \$100,000,000. They were also to be privileged to issue \$10,000 in bonds and the same amount in preferred stock per mile of completed road; also land-grant bonds to the amount of \$50,000,000, being at the rate of \$2.00 per acre, on the 25,000,000 grant; the road to be constructed up to the standard of the Union Pacific when it was completed, and to be finished within five years and, when done, to be operated by the company on its own risk and account; the Government to withhold one-fifth of the land grant, or \$10,000,000 in cash, as security for the fulfillment of contract and to reimburse itself for outlay; to sell 25,000,000 acres of land, alternate with those of the company, at \$2.00 per acre. The charter gave the company power to build and operate branch telegraph and steamship lines.

Being duly incorporated, the company organized with a board of ten directors, the United States being represented by Levi P. Morton, afterwards Vice-President during the Harrison administration; J. J. Hill and R. B. Angus of St. Paul. The other directors were three from Montreal, three from London and one from Paris. Mr. Stephen was elected president of the company and Levi P. Morton vice-president. The latter resigned shortly after the organization, being succeeded by Donald A. Smith, of Montreal.

With the formation of the company came an announcement of their plans. Instead of confining the line from Lake Superior to the Pacific, it should be from Liverpool, England, to Yokohama, Japan; the rail section from Ottawa to Port Moody, steamship lines to connect those points with the trans-oceanic terminals.

When the company took hold of the work in 1881, they found the Government had expended about \$30,000,000. Of this, \$11,538,000 had been paid out and \$9,626,000 contracted for, under the Mackinzie administration up to December 31, 1878.

Completed lines—Keewatin to Winnipeg, 133 miles, and Winnipeg to Portage La Prairie, 65 miles, or 198 miles of the main line, with the Pembina Branch, Emerson to Winnipeg, 65 miles, a total of 263 miles laid with "57½-pound rails all steel" were turned over to them.

The Pacific Coast section, some 450 miles, was being constructed under contract and the balance of the line had been duly surveyed and located.

These surveys had been made under the direction of Mr. Sanford Fleming, C. E., in the employ of the Government, with title of Engineer-in-Chief.

Mr. Fleming was of Scotch birth and ancestry. Born in 1827, coming to Canada in 1845, entering the railway service in 1852 in a subordinate capacity on the engineering staff of the Ontario, Simcoe & Huron Railroad, his ability quickly brought recognition and he became chief engineer of the road. In 1863 he was retained by the people of the Red River Settlements to advocate the construction of a railway to give them communication with the Eastern Provinces, in which connection he went to Europe, but was unable to get the project beyond the preliminary stages.

On his return to Canada he made the surveys for the Intercolonial Railroad between the Maritime Provinces and Canada, a Government undertaking.

In 1872 he went over the proposed line of the Canadian Pacific, deciding upon its location, and from that time up to 1880 he was in charge of the construction work of the Government. Differing with them over questions of policy, he severed his connection with the Government, but was more or less identified with the railway until its completion, after which he became connected with a project for a submarine telegraph line from Victoria to Australia.

The line, as located by Fleming, followed the Saskatchewan Valley to Edmonton, thence across the mountains, by Pine River Pass, the object of this being to pass in the form of a crescent to the north of a section of the "Great American Desert," which was supposed to lie in Southern Manitoba—a route that added several hundred miles to the length of the line.

When the company took hold they realized the handicap this additional distance would





From a Photograph by R. H. Trueman & Co.  
*Hell's Gate, on the Fraser River, Along the Line of the Canadian Pacific.*

prove in the future, and, at the same time, they became satisfied that the country traversed by a direct route would prove good farming land. Accordingly the original line was abandoned for one several hundred miles farther south, due west from Winnipeg. After the completion of the road practical experiments made by the company demonstrated that they were correct in their estimates of the land. Experimental farms of ten acres were ploughed up in the Fall for every twenty miles, the outfit then loaded up and taken on to the next one. The following Spring these tracts were planted with different seeds and, although no attempt was made to keep them cultivated, the result was a magnificent crop.

When the company commenced construction their attention was largely concentrated on the line from Winnipeg west, known as the "prairie section"; earthwork on this averaged 17,000 cubic yards to the mile as, in order to avoid snow troubles, the track was elevated on an embankment considerably higher than the surrounding country. The first year, December 31, 1881, found them

with 367 miles completed, the line from Winnipeg west having been extended to Brandon and a branch from Winnipeg to Stonewall built.

This progress (104 miles) was not satisfactory. To complete the road within their contract time required an average construction of 400 miles a year. Accordingly a contract was made with a St. Paul, Minn., firm, by the name of Langdon & Shepard, for 700 miles of track, from the then terminus to Calgary. This firm sublet their contract, so far as the grading was concerned, in 300 sections of from one to five miles, according to the means and ability of the sixty-odd sub-contractors.

After the line reached Calgary, August 15, 1883, a further contract was made with Langdon & Shepard by which they undertook the construction from there to where they should meet the line from the Coast.

The methods of construction were largely those that had been evolved during the building of the American transcontinental railways. The grade was pushed far ahead by the sub-contractors, so as to be ready for the

track, and yet not so far in front as to make communication difficult.

Following the graders and ahead of the track went two bridge gangs, one for the day time and the other working at night, building all necessary bridges, trestles and culverts, and usually keeping from eight to ten miles ahead. All lumber used by them was brought from Rat Portage, 135 miles east of Winnipeg, to the end of the track at night, so as to prevent interference with the track gang.

From there it was hauled by teams to where it was to be used. One day, where not a stick of timber or any preparations could be seen, would, on the next, show a nicely finished structure of one, two or even three spans of a completed bridge, and forty-eight hours later the rails would be laid and trains running over it.

Following the "bridge gangs" came the "track gang," 300 men with thirty-five teams, everything moving like clockwork, every man knowing his place, doing his work at the right time and in the right way. The record progress was six and one-third miles of new track in one day of fourteen hours. While not coming near the record of 10.03 miles, made by the Central Pacific in a day of twelve hours, it was rapid construction.

An eye-witness thus describes the scene on the day in question:

"There were twenty-four men to move the iron from the cars into trolleys, the same number to place it in position. The total number of rails laid that day was 2,120—640 tons. Five men to each side of the front trolley laid down 1,060 rails, whilst two distributors of angle plates and bolts handled 4,240 plates and 8,480 bolts. Two men on each side adjusted the rail into position. These were followed by fifteen bolters, who put on an average of 565 bolts each. Then thirty-two spikers with a nipper to each two, drove 2,120 spikes apiece, they being distributed by four peddlers. The lead and gauge spikers each drove 2,120 spikes, each requiring an average of four blows, meaning 600 blows an hour for the fourteen-hour day.

"There were unloaded from the trains and reloaded on the wagons 16,000 ties, thirty-three men with thirty-two teams and drivers handling them from the cars to their place on the grade. Ahead of the track layers eight men unloaded the ties from the

wagons and distributed them to their place, four others spaced them ready for the rails.

"While the main line was being rushed along another gang of men put down a temporary sidetrack 2,000 feet in length, alongside the permanent line; to put this down one day, go back and take up the last on the next day, being their daily occupation."

A spirit of emulation was encouraged between the different gangs. To overtake, or "bump," the gang ahead was the height of their ambition. In all about 9,000 men were employed at one time on the prairie section. To feed these four, eight and even twelve hundred miles from the base of supplies, was no small undertaking. The horses alone consumed 1,600 bushels of oats a day, while the contents of two thirty-five-foot box cars were required to keep the laborers in condition for their work. There was no such thing as underfeeding or bad provisions permitted.

The camps were thoroughly policed. West of Manitoba the Northwest Mounted Police, with headquarters at Regina, were in charge of this work, and they did their work most thoroughly. There was none of the ruffianism that had characterized and disgraced "the front" during the construction of the American transcontinental lines. The absolute prohibition of all intoxicants amongst the workmen rendered the maintenance of good order comparatively easy. Every train was searched for contraband. If a man was detected bringing in liquor, for the first offense he was fined \$50 and the loss of the goods. For a second offense the fine was increased to \$200, and a third meant, not only a fine of \$400, but the offender was ornamented with a ball and chain on one leg. Failure to put up the amounts fined meant imprisonment at hard labor. And these regulations were enforced thoroughly and systematically, with the result there was no drunkenness and but little of the other forms of vice present. Camp followers of either sex, as well as gamblers, were "discouraged," and the result was an orderly, thrifty class of workmen.

While construction work was rapidly proceeding from Winnipeg, both to the east and west, on the Pacific Coast steps were taken by the company to unify the through line by the purchase of existing roads in the Eastern Provinces. June, 1881, the Canada Central, Brockville to Ottawa and Pembroke, was absorbed by purchase and, later, the On-



From a Photograph by R. H. Truemag & Co.  
*"The Loop" and Ross Peak, Near Glacier Station.*

tario and Quebec systems of Government railways were taken in on perpetual leases. These, when connected with the new mileage east of Fort William, constituted the "Eastern Division."

While construction work was under way north of Lake Superior a line of lake steamers, between Owen Sound and Port Arthur, was put in service.

Through the absorption of these lines and the construction work under full headway, the completed mileage rapidly grew, 765 miles, December, 1882; 3,008 miles, December, 1883, and 3,578 miles, December, 1884, being the record.

Including 7,000 men employed east of Winnipeg, 9,000 on the line west of there, and 7,000, mostly Chinese, on the Coast, an army of 25,000 men was at work on the line rushing it through to completion within the prescribed time. Roughly speaking, the line ran through three distinct sections: the first 1,000 miles east of Winnipeg was through forest and hills; the section back of Lake Superior being the Laurentian rock, the hardest known to geologists, and the toughest

encountered by engineers; the 1,000 miles west of Winnipeg was largely alluvial plain, offering comparatively little obstruction to rapid building; and west of it was 700 to 800 miles of mountains, including four ranges, the Rocky, Selkirk, Gold and Cascades. One of the greatest difficulties was the descent from the summit of the Rockies into the Columbia River Valley. Two routes by which this could be done were open—one, by way of Howse Pass, with comparatively easy grades, but adding thirty miles to the length of the line; the other, by way of Kicking Horse Pass, was short but steep. To complete the line within the time allotted for that section, it was decided to adopt the shorter line, even if it had to be changed later. In the forty-four miles, between the summit and the valley, 2,747 feet of a drop was accomplished. Owing to the impossibility of getting machinery or horses on the ground it was found necessary to do all drilling and grading by hand. Exclusive of tunnels, 1,500,000 yards of excavating, 370,000 of it rock work, was required in the forty-four miles.

Early in 1885, while the Eastern section had been joined together, completing the line from Ottawa to the Rocky Mountains, a comparatively short gap remained in British Columbia; this included the crossing of the Selkirks.

These had been regarded as impassable. When asked for information as to passes through them, the Indians shook their heads; so did the engineers—there were no settlers. The first two surveying parties had not been able to get through and had found it expedient to go around them. An American civil engineer, named Major A. B. Rodgers, was placed in charge of the survey with the title of chief engineer Mountain Division in 1881. His instructions were to find a route through the Selkirks. On the first and second attempts his party was unable to force a way through them. A third attempt proved more successful, the party got through, but to lay out a practicable route through the wilderness was a work of years. When the line was finally located the track layers were close up. Eagle Pass, the route selected, by its name commemorates the source of the suggestion as to the line finally used; it being given by the flight of an eagle as observed by Walter Moberly, assistant Surveyor General, B. C., while engaged in the construction of the preliminary wagon road built in accordance with the "Carnarvon Terms."

Work on the Pacific Coast was inaugurated in July, 1871, when two surveying parties, under C. E. Moberly and R. MacLennan, reached Victoria from Ottawa, coming out by way of the Central Pacific, San Francisco and the Pacific Coast Steamship Company.

These parties were distributed between Yale and the Coast and from then on, until the line was completed, fourteen years afterwards, that section was never without representatives of the engineering department. The construction of the Pacific section was done by contract, the Macdonald Ministry having arranged this previous to the formation of the railway company.

The contractor was Andrew Onderdonk—"A. H." or "Andy," as he was variously known. Back of and financiering him was a party of American bankers, D. O. Mills of California, S. G. Reed of Portland, and Levi P. Morton of New York, being the principal ones.

The prohibition of liquor and camp followers that was so rigorously enforced on the prairie section did not prevail on the Coast. As a consequence drunkenness, brawls and the most debasing licentiousness with the women of the Indian tribes and white camp followers prevailed. Morley Roberts, the Englishman, who has since become of note, was a laborer on the grade and in writing up his experiences likens it to hell (*Our Western Avernus*).

The first sod on the Coast was turned early in 1880, the work being pushed with great vigor. The rough work was largely done by Chinese, while that requiring more intelligence, such as teaming, blasting, bridge building, track laying, etc., was handled by Americans from California and Oregon, though the writer referred to above states that every nationality under the sun seemed to be represented on the work except the American Indian, who either could not or else would not be induced to work; the maximum number employed at any one time was about 7,000.

The Fraser River Cañon was the most severe work on this section. It required thirteen tunnels in nineteen miles. The road-bed in many places had to be hewn out of the solid rock, crevasses being filled with masonry and the ravines and river spanned by truss and trestle bridges. To obtain a footing the workmen had in some cases to be suspended down the sides of the cañon by ropes. On this section sixty-pound steel rails were used.

The treatment of the men was humane and the rate of pay high, and, although the work was extremely hazardous, only thirty-two men met with fatal accidents in the two and a half years it took to build through the Selkirks.

The original plans called for a western terminus at Port Moody on Burrards Inlet, but, in 1884, this was changed to Vancouver. In consideration of the line being extended by the company to the latter point, the Government made them a grant of nine square miles, on which the present city was laid out.

In 1885 this site was an impenetrable forest of Douglass pine. In the spring of 1886 a hustling little town of wooden houses, interspersed with huge stumps, appeared, only to be entirely wiped out by fire in July following. Before its ashes were cold, saw-

mills were at work getting out lumber to rebuild. Soon a dignified modern city arose with well-paved streets, "covering a soil that has hardly had time to forget the footprints of the grizzly."

The line to Port Moody was completed in November, 1885, and formally opened for traffic May 28, 1886; the extension to Vancouver one month later, or June 28.

The two sections, the one from the East and the other from the Pacific, came together in Eagle Pass, in the Selkirk Range, November 7, 1885. There were no ceremonies or speech-making to mark the event. The last spike was no golden one, such as had closed the Northern Pacific two years before, or the Union-Central Pacific sixteen years previous. A plain iron one, similar to the hundreds of thousands that had preceded it, was used. The only spectators to its being driven were half a dozen of the general officers from Montreal, who were en route to the Coast, and the regular working forces. The driving of the last spike was done by Donald A. Smith, the vice-president of the company, who, previous to his connection with the company, had been one of the officers of the Hudson Bay Company and who, for his services to Canada, was to receive later the honor of knighthood.

The only speech was, "It's done and well done," by General Manager, now President William C. Van Horn, and then the party of officials is said to have gone fishing.

Under their contract with the Government the company had until the following May to complete the line, consequently they finished it six months sooner than called for.

Thus, in four and one-half years, had been laid 2,200 miles of rail, at an expense of approximately \$100,000,000. While there had been no Indian troubles to obstruct, as had been encountered in the building of the Union-Central Pacific a quarter of a century before, the route was more difficult than either of the four transcontinental lines that preceded it, the engineering difficulties encountered being greater than on any of the American lines. Two things the builders of the Canadian Pacific had in their favor, the credit and financial backing of the Dominion Government, and the fact that the highest point that they had to surmount was only 5,296 feet above sea level, as against 8,240 on the Union Pacific. Then, too, they also

had the benefit of the experience of the engineers and builders of the American lines and the use of more modern machinery, nitro-glycerine as against black powder, machine as against hand drilling, etc.

June 30, 1886, their report shows a total mileage under operation made up as follows:

	Miles.
Main line, Montreal to Vancouver . . .	2,905.3
Eastern Division and branches . . . . .	483.8
Western Division branches . . . . .	433.1
Pacific Division branch (to New Westminster) . . . . .	8.5
Leased lines . . . . .	820.8
Total . . . . .	4,651.5

The financial exhibit giving, total liabilities of \$198,122,727, of which approximately, \$150,000,000 was cost of road, including 12,000 miles of survey, and \$14,000,000 cost of equipment.

With the completion of the line arrangements were made with the Pacific Coast Steamship Company for a weekly line of steamships between Vancouver and San Francisco, to handle the traffic of the line destined to or coming from points on the Western Coast of the United States.

Pursuant with their announcement, in 1881, the company inaugurated a line of steamships to run between Vancouver and China and Japan. This is generally known as the Empress Line, from the three vessels that originally constituted it, viz.: *The Empress of China*, *The Empress of Japan* and *The Empress of India*, though it is officially known as the Canadian Pacific Company's Royal Mail Steamship, Japan and China Service. The three sister ships mentioned are each of 6,000 tons capacity, 51-foot beam, 10,000 horsepower, capable of doing nineteen knots or better. Their capacity is 180 first class passengers, 32 intermediate and 600 steerage. These vessels are all equipped so as to be converted into cruisers in forty-eight hours' time, being fitted for fourteen guns each; each of the three cost upwards of \$1,000,000.

The line was inaugurated by the arrival of the *Empress of India* at Vancouver, April 28, 1891, after a trip three-fourths of the way around the world in seventy-eight days, she having sailed from Liverpool February 8 and from Yokohama April 16.

A line to Australia was also instituted. Three large steamships, with monthly departures from Vancouver and Sidney, N. S. W., on a twenty-five-day schedule, constituted the line, the first trip being made by the steamship *Miowera* in 1893.

These two lines with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's "Royal Mail Steamship Line Atlantic Service," between St. John, N. B., and Liverpool, England, with weekly sailings, makes good the assertion of the company that Liverpool and Yokohama should be their terminals.

From 6,609 miles in 1890 the rail mileage of the company has grown to 9,004 miles in December, 1906, or, if their two American lines, the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic and Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie, are included, to 11,750 miles, the greatest mileage of any one system in the world.

When the main line was opened for traffic the results were disappointing. Owing to the then unsettled condition west of Winnipeg there was little local traffic, and the residents of the Coast did not readily change the source of their supplies, they being derived largely from Pacific Coast cities of the United States and from Europe by shipping.

To enter into competition for a share of the transcontinental traffic of the United States was but a natural course for their management, especially as their arrangements with the Pacific Coast Steamship Company gave them good facilities to and from San Francisco. To secure much of this, with its much longer route by way of Winnipeg and Vancouver, and consequently longer schedule, was out of the question at even rates. So, to obtain what they considered a fair proportion of the traffic, they put in what are known as "differential rates."

This, in railway parlance, means that where a line owing to its greater mileage, longer time or other physical disabilities, such as fewer trains or inferior equipment, is unable to secure a share of competitive traffic, its disadvantages are neutralized by its charging a less rate than its more fortunately situated competitors.

Accordingly, shortly after the line was opened for traffic, they put in effect passenger and freight rates considerably less than those of their American competitors. Thus, their rates from Chicago or St. Paul to San

Francisco were announced at \$10 first and \$5 second class less than the direct lines.

The result was a "railway war," during which rates were demoralized and tariffs went to pieces. The passage of the Interstate Commerce Act, effective April, 1887, handicapped the American lines, as did also the fact that they had an immensely valuable intermediate business to protect, while the Canadian Pacific was without any intermediate business of any consequence and also was relieved, by the passage of an act by the Dominion Government exempting traffic to, from and between points in foreign countries (United States) passing over Canadian lines, from the restrictions effective in the Dominion locally.

Thus hampered, the American lines were glad to patch up a truce, conceding the Canadian Pacific the differentials claimed by them. This lasted from January, 1888, until 1891, when, for a year, the Canadian Pacific maintained the same rates as were in effect by the American lines, it being alleged that a cash subsidy was the consideration that induced them to do so.

Up to this time the volume of transeontinental traffic handled by the Canadian Pacific, while not large, yet was of sufficient value to cause more or less friction on the part of the American lines.

The following table shows the number of passengers carried between Winnipeg on the east and Vancouver on the west by the Canadian Pacific and also the percentage it was of the total number of passengers to and from the Pacific Coast by all lines:

1889—5,360 passengers .....	6.87
1890—5,533 passengers .....	7.77
1891—7,620 passengers .....	10.7
1892—8,261 passengers .....	12.3

The large increase for 1891 and 1892 was occasioned by the inauguration of their steamship line to China and Japan. Of their total traffic to and from the Coast one-third, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission's report for 1892, was furnished by the United States.

Under the comity existing between the two countries for years, the outgrowth of the use of the Welland Canal and American rail lines, no legal steps were possible to prevent what the American lines characterized as foreign interference in American commerce.



From a Photograph by Thompson.  
*Mount Stephens, on the Canadian Pacific, Showing a Silver Mine.*

In 1893 the Great Northern Railway completed their line to the Pacific Coast. They inaugurated the opening of their line by instituting rates greatly reduced from the old figures. Thus, the fares between St. Paul and Puget Sound points were reduced from \$60 to \$25 first class and from \$40 to \$18 second class.

This line was the connecting link between the Western American lines and the Canadian Pacific, handling the business from St. Paul to St. Vincent on the Canadian border. While the new low rates were applied *via*

the Great Northern's own line through to the Coast, it insisted on its proportion of the old figures for its haul, St. Paul to St. Vincent, on business to or from the Canadian Pacific.

By the time the Canadian Pacific allowed the Great Northern their proportion of the old figures and deducted their differentials, there was nothing left for them out of the new rates. In fact, it involved their carrying the business at an actual outlay in cash. A bitter fight, lasting a year, ensued when, in February, 1894, the trouble was patched up by an agreement between the Great

Northern and the Canadian Pacific. By this the Great Northern agreed to handle on their Coast lines the business of the Canadian Pacific, thus giving the latter an all-rail route to Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, they having, up to this time, handled it by steamer. For this the Canadian Pacific agreed to waive their claims for differential on business reaching them through St. Paul and Winnipeg or delivered by them to the Great Northern at St. Vincent for St. Paul or beyond, at the same time reserving the right to their differential by their Eastern Division through Port Arthur, but conceding a reduction in the amount of it from \$10 to \$7.50 on first class. In this adjustment of the trouble the other American lines were glad to acquiesce.

When the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in what is known as the "Trans-Missouri Freight Association Case," made all railway associations illegal, and their dissolution necessary, concerted action amongst the railways to a great extent came to an end, for the time being. About the same time the "Klondike rush" commenced, creating an immense traffic to the North Pacific Coast, and the question of a differential in favor of the Canadian Pacific on this cheap class of travel was one of great moment.

Competition waxed keen. The Canadian Pacific claimed the American lines were making secret cuts in rates, not only below the Canadian Pacific differential rates, but from \$5 to \$15 below their published rates, these reductions being largely covered by the payment of excessive commissions to agents.

Counter charges were made by the American lines and application was made by them to the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to ignore the long and short haul clause of the Interstate Commerce Act, so they could meet the Canadian Pacific without interfering with intermediate business.

When this application came up for hearing the Commission went into the whole question. It became evident that the foundation of the trouble lay in the claim of the Canadian Pacific for differential rates. Both the American lines and the Canadian Pacific were represented and it became tacitly understood that the decision of the Commission should be final and abided by on the part of all concerned.

After exhaustive hearings the Commission found that the Canadian Pacific had done nothing that they were not justified in, but when it came to competing for business, between points in the United States, it should be content to operate upon the same basis as its American competitors.

As those lines regardless of their advantages or disadvantages competed at even rates, in their opinion, the Canadian Pacific was not justified in coming into American territory for American business in competition with American lines and insisting on the introduction of a new basis of rates resulting to their advantage. This decision being accepted by the Canadian Pacific, necessarily ended their contention for differential rates.

Our Canadian friends are proud, and very justly so, of this magnificent exposition of their energy and achievements. At the same time we on this side of the border, without detracting from their accomplishments, would call attention to a few facts that would seem to have some bearing on their claim to its being a purely Canadian proposition in its inception as well as its operation. American firms were in the syndicate that promoted the company. The first vice-president was a citizen of the United States, as were also three of the first board of directors. An American firm did the constructing of a majority of the main line, and did it on American capital. The Coast section was built by a contractor representing American bankers. American engineers located the difficult part of the line through the mountains, and the line was laid in the most part with rails made in the United States, and the trains, largely of American construction, were hauled by locomotives built on this side of the border, and without the traffic originating in or destined to points in the United States, it would not have been able to meet its fixed charges. And a withdrawal of the "Transit in Bond" privilege to this day would sadly handicap it.

In one particular the Canadian Pacific has pursued a different policy from most of the American lines. Every source of revenue has been carefully conserved, all the necessary adjuncts of the railway being operated by the parent company. Thus the telegraph lines, sleeping cars, elevators, hotels, steamships, even the papers and candies sold on trains all go to increase their earnings.



# The Cliff Dwellers and the Mormon Theory

By W. C. McBride

Illustrated from Photographs by Charles Goodman



WE may search in vain for a more interesting subject of thought than the story of ancient man. The relics of his handiwork, his successive advances and retrogressions in the scale of enlightenment, his migrations and unaccountable appearance in lands far removed from the accepted cradle of the race, all go to make the most captivating study with which the human mind can be concerned. By the lay mind, or by those who have given the subject no special thought, the present is regarded as being the apex or highest point yet attained in the march of human progress toward Utopia. But to the archaeologist the aspect is far less flattering as he sees many signs in the relics of prehistoric man that justify the thought, if not the assertion, that in at least some of our boasted sciences, arts and inventions, we are but imitators of the past.

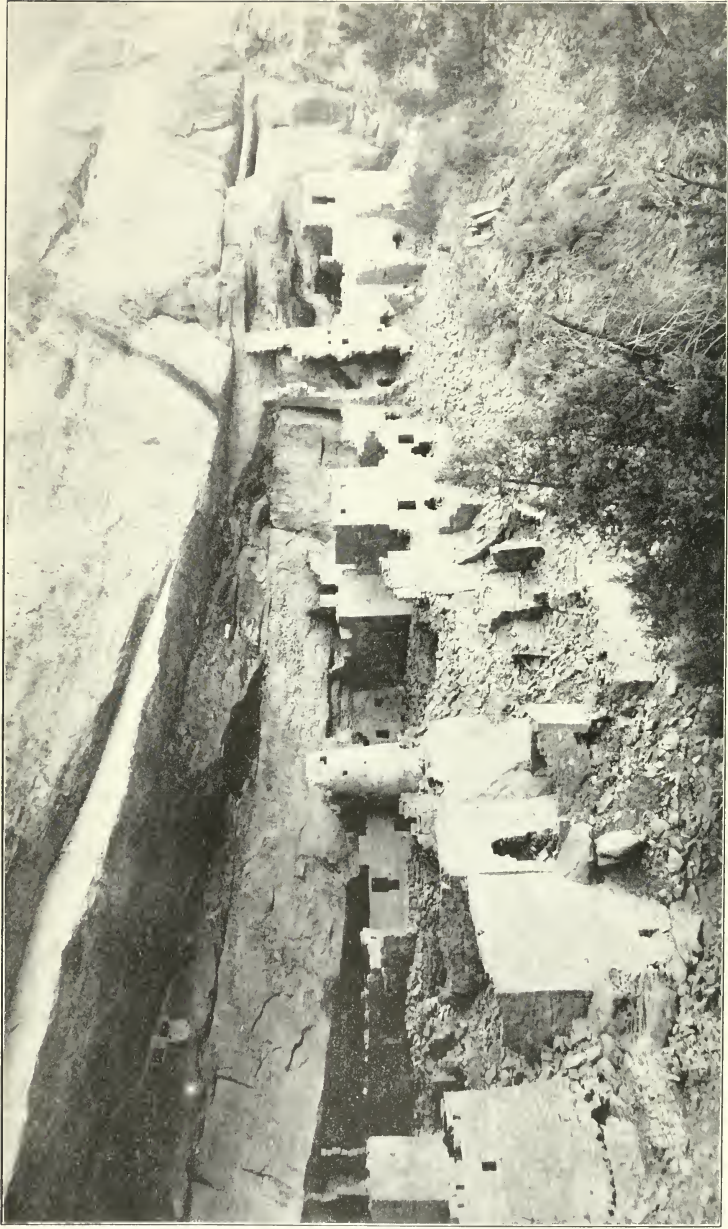
That man existed, and, by slow and intermittent advances, ascended from primeval savagery the ladder of civilization to a high estate centuries upon centuries before the dawn of history, is now an acknowledged fact. Pyramids, mounds, canals, fortifications, ruins of temples, cliff dwellings, cities and villages found in such profusion in various parts of the world, and particularly in America, proclaim his work. And it is only by long and diligent study of these ancient monuments, by careful reasoning and deduction, that we have in a measure been able to trace prehistoric man up through the tortuous defiles of the musty past; to gain our yet limited knowledge of the forefathers of the human race. We are beginning to understand what was meant by the inspired writer "that with God a thousand years are as but one day."

Since its discovery, America has offered a

fertile field to the student of archaeology and ethnology. Columbus found a land inhabited from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn and from the Atlantic to the Pacific with millions of people, speaking, as estimated by some authorities, six hundred different dialects in North America and eight hundred south of Panama. Two of these nations—the Aztec and Maya—had, according to Dr. Draper, attained a civilization "that might have instructed Europe, a culture wantonly crushed by Spain, who therein destroyed races more civilized than herself." Here also were found ruins of former civilizations—temples, cities and pyramids—rivaling those of Egypt, many of them stupendous, that today are architectural wonders, on which tradition casts but a dim light. Science has been able to read in these relics much of the pursuits, customs, habits, religious beliefs and ceremonies of their builders, but as to the people themselves, who they were, or their connection with European or Asiatic races, when and by what means and route they reached these shores, or of their final destiny, they are silent; all is conjecture. At this point we are confronted with a long list of theories, from the "Ten Lost Tribes," "The Phoenician Merchants," "The Ophir of Solomon," "The Lost Atlantis," "The Orientals *via* Bering Sea," down to the most recent of them all, the "Book of Mormon."

It is the intention of this article to briefly describe some of the ruins of one of these prehistoric races—the Cliff Dwellers of the Southwest—and to touch upon one explanation as to their origin, which, for the want of a better name, is commonly known as the Mormon theory.

The writer desires it understood that he is not advocating the Mormon idea of the colonization of ancient America, but as it is believed in and taught by three hundred



*Right-Hand Section of the Great Palace House Ruin, in Mancos Canyon, Colorado.*



*The Little, or Edwin, Natural Bridge, San Juan County, Utah. Span, 205 Feet; Height, 121 Feet; Width on Top, 36 Feet.*

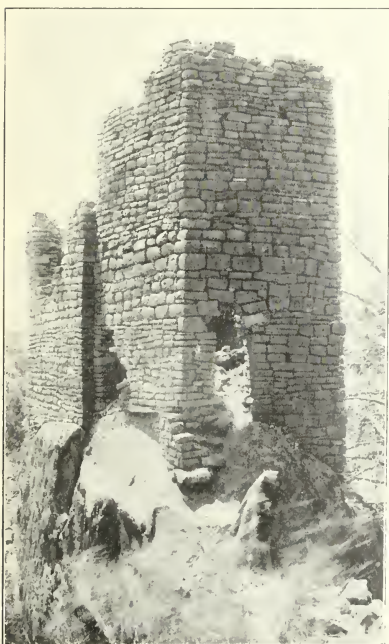
thousand people—for whose point of view there is a startling array of evidence in support—it is worthy a place in the list. It was lately said by Virehow, “When we know as little as we do yet, it behoves us to be modest in our theories.”

What is now Southwestern Colorado, Central and Northern New Mexico, Northern Arizona and Southeastern Utah, comprising a territory of two hundred thousand square miles, was at one time hundreds, yes, and perhaps thousands of years ago, the home of a race of people engaged in the peaceful pursuits of life, who, from the peculiar location of their dwellings, are known as the Cliff Dwellers. Much has been written concerning them; excellent works on American antiquity can be found in any modern book store or library, while the Government Bureau of Ethnology at Washington periodically issues exhaustive volumes and bulletins on the subject, which are easily obtained. Notwithstanding these opportunities, it is surprising how little such books are read by the ordinary individual. It is doubtful if the combined sales of all the books on Ancient America would equal that of one of the recent popular novels. It is true that these works are, as a rule, open to the charge

of dryness and contain much scientific matter peculiar to the subject, yet they are never dry to those who have been fortunate in visiting the home of the Cliff Dwellers.

In beholding these ancient relics of a race long extinct, any one of intelligence is impressed with a strong impulse to reason and speculate on their origin, and imagination immediately attempts to trace back to the artist's hand, whether it be the massive Cliff Palace of the Mancos, the oddly designed and delicately colored pottery utensils, or their picture writing on the cañon walls. He is at once interested, and as he explores further by scaling the perpendicular cliffs on the rude stone steps or ladders that may have been hewn out thousands of years ago by rude stone tools, or is lowered by a rope down the dizzy depths of some precipice in the hope of finding a ruin which the museum vandals and relic hunters have overlooked; he is enchanted, yes, captivated by the weird solemnity of it all. It was this irresistible desire in Champollion that was rewarded by the Rosetta Stone, and in Dr. Le Plongeon that gave to the world such a store of knowledge of the ancient cities of Central America. Gibbon says he was prompted to write his story of Rome by gazing on her ruins.

A better conception of the term "Cliff Dwellers" is obtained by bearing in mind the fact that the country wherein they dwell is unlike any other on the globe. The territory drained by the San Juan and its tributaries, and particularly that portion known as "Four Corners," where Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah form a junction, is without a doubt one of the most rugged, broken, arid and desolate appearing regions on the continent. The zigzag water courses, most of which for the greater part of the year are absolutely dry, flow at the bottom of deep gorges or cañons, shut in by perpendicular sandstone walls, towering at some places to the height of two thousand five hundred feet. From the main cañon others branch off in various directions, and from these still others until one becomes lost in a veritable labyrinth of cracks in Mother Earth; an intricate system of cañons. On the high deserts or mesas the other extreme is



Ruined Tower House at Head of Holly Canyon,  
Thirty-five Miles Northeast of Bluff, Utah.  
It Is Built of Nicely Dressed Sandstone.

met, for here on every hand rise immense cliffs and crags of all colors and at all angles, single and in groups, one upon the other in bewildering confusion. Worn by the action of the elements into every conceivable shape and resemblance, a landscape view from a high point is magnificent, gorgeous, sublime. Here is a natural bridge beside which the famous arch of Virginia is a toy; there a cathedral or temple many times larger than St. Peter's; just beyond a baronial castle with its towers and turrets, while still beyond, down near the horizon, is a city with its domes and spires twice as high as the Washington Monument. I cannot better describe the general topography than by quoting an expression of a native Mormon who said, "There is as much country standing up as there is laying down."

Once in San Juan County, Utah, I met a cowboy in search of a band of cattle which were in plain view not over a mile away, yet to reach them he was obliged to ride twenty miles owing to an intervening box cañon. The old proverb of the ill wind is here exemplified, as the stockmen of that section have learned the value of the cliffs and cañons as barriers against the straying of stock; and often a few rods of fence is all that is necessary to enclose thousands of acres. Here also is seen the mirage, that beautiful illusion in all its splendor, ever changing, ever shifting, now a lake or river dotted with islands, when, presto! the whole panorama is changed into a topsy-turvy wonderland, an inverted landscape with the mountain peaks pointing downward.

On the mesas, vegetation is scarce and stunted: scrub pines, sagebrush and squawbush struggle for a foothold among the rocks, while in the early Spring, nourished by the melting snows, a native wild grass has a short existence. In the sheltered lowlands or valleys the soil is exceedingly fertile and when brought under irrigation yields bountiful crops of grain and fruit.

This rough, arid country of cliffs and cañons presents a most striking contrast with the ruins which meet the traveler on every hand, bearing testimony that centuries ago this region was inhabited by an intelligent and industrious population.

Charles D. Poston, of Phoenix, Arizona, writing in *Kate Field's Washington*, came very near the truth when he said, "I am not



*Ruins of Sixteen-Room Cliff Dwelling at Bluff.*

sure whether any one who has been through the Cliff Dweller country and looked on the wonders that nature hath wrought, its gorges, its mountains and its painted rocks, and upon its ancient stone cities, and the cliff dwellings of its cañons is ever afterwards quite sane." Therefore, should the reader detect any evidence of this malady, I shall have to acknowledge that I have not fully recovered from a slight attack brought on by my last visit to that region.

The first historical accounts of the relics of this interesting people come from the Spaniards. As early as 1530 reports of powerful nations and large cities in a country far to the north—which was thought by the Spaniards to be traditional Cibola—reached Mexico. In 1535 Cabeza De Vaca, after being shipwrecked on the Gulf Coast, and wandering for eight years throughout the Southwest, brought glowing tales to the soldiers of fortune in the Mexican capital. Roused by these stories and flushed with the victory of their Aztec conquest, Francisco Vasques Coronado, with a small army and the usual retinue of monks, left Mexico early in 1540 ostensibly to search for, conquer and convert, but in reality to plunder for gold the "Seven Cities of Cibola." And it is from the tales of De Vaca and the journals of Coronado, kept by his comrade, Pedro Castenada, that

we learn that the ruins we visit today were the same 365 years ago. De Vaca speaks of ruins of cities "larger than the Town of Mexico." In describing one of the "Seven Cities," Castenada says: "It is built on a rock and the houses are four stories high, with terrace roofs all the same height on which one can go round the whole village without stepping into a street. Another," he says, "is on a perpendicular rock so high that a bullet could hardly reach the top, and approached only by a stairway of three hundred steps hewn in the rock."

Authorities agree that Cibola is represented by the present country and tribe of Zuñi.

After practicing some of the usual Spanish cruelties on the inoffensive natives and lured by tales of wealthier cities farther east, Coronado described an almost complete circle on the great plains, passing through Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas to a point near the present town of Newton, thence southwest to the Rio Grande River, reaching Mexico in 1542.

Professor Holmes of the Smithsonian Institution, one of the first to study the ruins from a truly scientific method, makes the following classification, which has generally been adopted by students:

First—Lowland villages in which dwelt the purely agricultural classes, the sites chosen



*Prehistoric Ruins in Holly Canyon, Near McElmo, Colorado.*

being always in the most fertile valleys and close to rivers.

Second—Cave dwellings, caves artificially enlarged, often closed and strengthened with stone or adobes of kneaded clay dried in the sun, such as are still used by the modern Pueblo Indians for building their huts.

Third—Cliff houses, true fortresses to which the people of the valleys probably retired when danger threatened.

It may be well to state here that it is the opinion of most recent investigators that the lowland cities and villages were inhabited by a different people from those of the cliff dwellings proper. This for the reason that the style of architecture and material used is very similar to that of the modern Pueblo. It is also known that some of the cities and towns spoken of by Castenada as being inhabited at that time have since been abandoned and are now in ruins. By others it is held that the Pueblos are the conquerors of the older race, whose homes they are now occupying by right of conquest.

These valley towns were laid out with great regularity, usually in the form of parallelograms or circles, apparently with the intent of affording the best protection from the invader or the sand storms peculiar to that region.

The houses were built of adobe or cut stone (and in some instances polished) carefully laid and the crevices filled with clay or mud and sometimes a mixture of clay and charcoal; usually two to four stories high, although a few are known to have been six and seven stories, with as many as 250 rooms.

That the inhabitants of these ruins were the agricultural classes there seems no doubt, for we find indisputable evidence of their irrigation works as well as of a city water supply. The arid deserts were reclaimed through a system of storage reservoirs by damming the mountain streams and conducting the water to the lower plains in canals in the same manner as the Government is now doing in many arid sections of the West.

These canals—portions of which were often cut through solid rock—are ten, twenty, fifty and even a hundred miles in length and capable of carrying from 15,000 to 50,000 inches of water. When we consider that they were constructed without the aid of our modern excavating machinery and explosives, or even the common pick or shovel, we are compelled to admit that here is evidence of an intelligence far in advance of that ever shown by any of the Indian tribes. Robert Brewster Stanton, consulting engineer of the Utah & Pacific Improvement Company, saw



*Watch Tower of the Ancient Americans. "The Gibraltar House," Near Junction of McElmo and Yellow Jacket.*



*Pottery and Other Relics of the Cliff Dwellers. Two Mummies Wrapped in Yucca and Feather Cloth Are in the Center.*

and examined these works from an engineering standpoint; his opinion, therefore, is significant. He says:

"Not merely small farm ditches, but canals of enormous capacity and aggregating thousands of miles in length were built, covering hundreds of thousands of acres, planned and executed with a knowledge of engineering (and I believe laid out with instruments of precision), and with an appreciation of the value, power, distribution and service of water that should put to the blush some of our modern irrigation engineers and our would-be makers of irrigation law."

It is the cliff dwellings proper, or the ruins of the cliffs and cañons, that are by far the most interesting and the source of the greatest speculation and wonder. "Imagine," says a recent traveler, "the dry bed of a river shut in between steep inaccessible rocks of red sandstone, and a man standing in that bed looking up at the habitations of his fellow creatures perched on every ledge." Major Powell, United States Geologist, expresses his surprise at "seeing nothing for whole days but perpendicular cliffs, everywhere riddled with human habitations which resemble the cells of a honeycomb more than anything else."

Unlike the lowland or valley ruins, the walls of the cliff dwellings were constructed almost entirely of stone cut to shape, well laid and joints properly broken. Being unacquainted with the use of lime, they replaced it with a mixture of clay and cinders and sometimes charcoal, often colored to match the stone, and today on this mortar the marks of the tools used and even of the fingers of the workmen are plainly discernible. It is truly wonderful to note how well this peculiar people turned the decaying cañon walls into account. By the natural crumbling and falling away of the softer strata, caves of all shapes and dimensions were thus formed, which, when partitioned off into rooms and the opening walled up, formed an abode safe from fire, storm or flood; warm in Winter, cool in Summer; but more than all, a fortress behind which the lord and master of this aerial mansion could protect his family against a horde. The word "cave," as herein used, should not be understood as applying in the generally accepted meaning of the term. They are rather in the nature of hollows or nooks. "cubby holes" as some call them, formed by erosion, and sometimes artificially enlarged, and usually with projecting ledges above and below pro-





*The Great Augusta Natural Bridge, San Juan County, Utah. Span of Arch, 320 Feet; Height From Creek Bed to Under Side of Arch, 265 Feet; Thickness of Arch, 83 Feet; Width on Top, 35 Feet; Height of Two Men on Top Above Bed of Creek, 348 Feet.*

truding well out from the main walls. It is this style of ruins that is most numerous, being scattered promiscuously throughout the region; in caves as above described, in the bed of cañons, sufficiently elevated above high water mark, and on the open mesas; in fact, where one would least expect to find human habitations, these mysterious relics confront us. A few contain but a single room, others ten, twenty and as many as fifty, while the Great Palace of the Mancos originally embraced not less than one thousand rooms within its walls. One, on the Mesa Verde, covered an area of 480,000 square feet, and contained 1,500,000 cubic feet of masonry. Great skill was shown in joining the walls to the cliffs, and in imitating the coloring and aspect of the neighboring rocks; indeed, in certain narrow deep gorges one must needs have a good pair of eyes to detect them amid their rugged surroundings. The windows and doors are small, the latter being very narrow and rarely exceeding four or five feet in height. This has given rise to the opinion held by some, that the Cliff Dwellers were a race of pygmies. Their mummified remains, however, still found in certain localities, refute this theory, and show them to have been of the ordinary stature. I have

seen a number of these mummies of men, women and children, and none of those of mature age were dwarfs; one in particular, of a man apparently about forty-five years of age, indicated that in life he must have been over six feet tall. The mummies are found in the remote, dark recesses of the caves or cliff dwellings, and sometimes in basements or cellars beneath the floor, usually in a sitting posture, with knees drawn up under the chin and hands clasped around the lower limbs. Here, in these silent catacombs, with no visitors save an occasional owl or scorpion, in the high dry atmosphere almost totally devoid of moisture, the dust of ages has settled on and preserved them.

The cave or cliff dwellings are found at elevations varying from 200 to 800 feet above the bed of the stream. Holmes mentions some so high and well concealed that with the aid of a telescope they can hardly be distinguished from the surrounding rocks. Imagination is lost in attempting to account for the means employed in conveying their construction material and the every day necessities of life to these lofty homes. Reflection brings to our mind the anxiety of the mother and the necessity of her constant watch over her little ones playing in their narrow door-



*Ruins of a Tower.*

yard where one false step meant instant death below.

The square and sometimes round or tower-like structures are, from their location, supposed to have been fortifications or rather watch towers. They are generally situated on lofty isolated rocks or high projecting points and promontories, affording a view of the neighboring cañons and passes. No doubt in time of war—and wars they must have had, judging from the numerous arrow heads found in certain localities—sentinels were constantly maintained at these strategic points to give immediate warning of the enemy's approach.

Several years ago I visited a ruin of this character in Southeastern Utah. This strange structure was discovered perched upon the extreme point of an isolated flat-iron-shaped table-rock, which we estimated to be from 800 to 1,000 feet high and found to be about thirty feet wide across the top. After several hours of tedious climbing, often being compelled to resort to the use of ropes, we reached a point about twenty-five feet from the summit and immediately under the object of this dangerous venture. Here the projecting ledge of the table-rock above barred all further progress. Sorely disappointed, we were about to descend, when, lo! a hole was discovered leading straight up through the solid rock, which on examination was found large enough to admit an ordinary-sized man, and to be equipped with hewn notches at regular intervals, in which the hands and feet could be successively placed, making the ascent very simple and easy for anyone of not too large a girth, which, unfortunately, one of our party possessed. On emerging from this upright tunnel another surprise awaited us as we landed in the very center of the ruin. What a place of refuge!

No danger from the enemy here; ten men armed and provisioned could defy an army, as there is no other route to the summit except *viâ* the dark shaft through which but one can pass at a time.

Of all the relics found in the cliff dwellings pottery is the most abundant. The ground in the vicinity of almost every ruin is strewn with fragments of various colors and designs, while occasionally a whole vase, jar, pitcher or bowl is uncovered. The coloring and decorating of their pottery is truly wonderful; and had we no other evidence, this alone is sufficient to award this interesting race of antiquity a station on civilization's ladder far above the savage. Professor Mahomet, the eminent archaeologist, sees a great deal more in these pottery relics than mere coloring and fancy or attractive designs. For instance, the professor claims to find depicted on one vase every sign used by modern Free Masons, even to the sign of distress. There, too, is the cross, the circle and certain symbols and zodiacal signs indicating the movement of certain stars. From the length of time required in which such star movements are made, he asserts that three hundred generations of men have lived and died since those ancient hands adorned that vase.

The cross above mentioned does not refer to the Christian emblem, but to one of its oldest forms known as the *Crux Ansata*, often called "the key of the Nile" by reason of its being found on many Egyptian monuments. It was the symbol of symbols, the mystic Tau, "the hidden wisdom," emblem of "the life to come," not only of the Egyptians, but other ancient nations, including the Peruvians and Mayas. In form it is very similar to our letter T, sometimes with an oval or loop above or surrounded by a double circle. It would require a great many guesses to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion or theory as to where the Cliff Dwellers obtained this ancient emblem.

Perhaps Dr. Le Plongeon is right in his assertion that America is the cradle of the human race, that the Maya is the oldest civilization, and that the Eastern races of antiquity were but colonies from this country.

In addition to pottery, a long list of interesting remains of war and peace have been brought to light and carried away to museum

and den, among which I may mention war clubs, arrows, spears, stone hatchets and mauls, bone needles, needle and feather work, children's toys, ornaments, reed and basket work, ears of corn perfectly preserved and various assortments of household odds and ends; all going to show them to have been an ingenious and industrious people.

The question is often asked, have the local Indian tribes any tradition concerning the Cliff Dwellers? Yes, both the Moqui and Navajos have legends, neither of which, however, has been seriously considered by authorities or students as having any authentic foundation. The Moquis tell us they inhabited the land from time immemorial, since the earth was a small island, which grew larger as the inhabitants multiplied. They were a peaceful and prosperous people, living by agricultural means rather than the chase. About a thousand years ago they were visited by savage strangers from the north, whom they treated hospitably. Soon these visits became more frequent and annoying. Then their troublesome neighbors—ancestors of the present Utes—began to forage upon them and at last to massacre them and devastate their farms; so, in order to save their lives at least, they built houses high up on the cliffs, where they could store food and hide until the raiders left. But one Summer the invaders did not go back to their mountain homes as they had formerly done, but brought their families with them and settled down. Driven from their homes and lands, and starving in their little niches in the cliffs, the Moquis sent their women and children south, collected their warriors and gave battle to the enemy. For one long month they fought and were beaten back, but returned day after day to the attack, until at last they were successful, the invaders were conquered and left. But it was a dear victory, as the legend says the hollows of the rocks were filled to the brim with the mingled blood of the conquerors and conquered, and red veins of it ran down the cañon.

The Navajos say that a long, long time ago they went to war with and conquered the Cliff Dwellers, and on throwing their bodies into the San Juan River they immediately turned into fish; and it is a singular fact that the Navajos will not eat fish from that stream.

With the exception of their picture writing

on the cañon walls, the ancient inhabitants of those valleys and cliffs have left us no written record. Just what they intend to convey by those odd pictographs of warriors, children, footprints, animals, birds and the ever-present serpent, arranged in the form of a procession—all going the same direction—no one has yet been able to tell us. They no doubt mean something, probably illustrating their migrations or may be simply the result of the artist's fancy. They have passed away, carrying with them the mystery of their origin and destiny, yet I believe that some day someone will wrest the secret from those silent rocks and caves. It is certainly there. Who will find it?

The Book of Mormon, sometimes called the Mormon Bible, is believed by the adherents to that faith to be an inspired history—direct from God—of three colonies who immigrated from the Old World to this country, where they dwelt and developed a somewhat advanced civilization for a period of 2,500 years prior to the year of 400 of our era. The history of these people, their voyages and discoveries, and their temporal and spiritual advancement, were engraven on metal plates, which, being handed down from father to son—each recording the annals of his time—formed a complete record of events. The last writer was Maroni, whose statue now crowns the Temple at Salt Lake City, and who, on account of the wars devastating the land, sealed and buried the plates.

Before further detailing the wonderful story of these early colonists who antedated the Spanish and English by nearly 4,000 years, it is perhaps well for a better understanding of our subject to give a brief outline as to how the Book of Mormon came about.

It is quite well known that this curious book is an alleged translation of a number of plates having the appearance of gold, claimed to have been found in 1823 by Joseph Smith, buried in a hill in Ontario County, New York. With the plates were found the Urim and Thummim, or "peep stone," which, when placed by Smith over the characters engraven on the plates, caused their English translation to appear inside the stone. When asked "How and where did you obtain the Book of Mormon?" Joseph Smith gave this answer, "Maroni, who deposited

the plates in a hill in Manchester, Ontario County, New York, being dead and raised again therefrom, appeared unto me and told me where they were and gave directions how to obtain them. I obtained them and the Urim and Thummim with them, by means of which I translate the plates, and thus came the Book of Mormon."

Martin Harris, one of the scribes, tells us that "By the aid of the seer stone sentences would appear and were read by the prophet and written by Martin, and when finished he would say, 'Written,' and if correctly written, that sentence would disappear and another would appear in its place, but if not written correctly it remained until corrected so that the translation was just as it was engraven on the plates precisely in the language then used."

David Whitmer, another of Smith's assistants, says: "The tablets or plates were translated by Smith, who used a small oval or kidney-shaped stone called the Urim and Thummim that seemed endowed with the marvelous power of converting the characters on the plates when used by Smith into English."

We must, therefore, assume that the translation is correct without the slightest possibility of an error. In this respect the Mormons claim the Book of Mormon is superior to the Bible, as it is admitted that there are errors in translation in the Bible. One of the articles of the Mormon faith reads, "We believe the Bible to be the Word of God so far as it is translated correctly. We also believe the Book of Mormon to be the Word of God." Note the distinction.

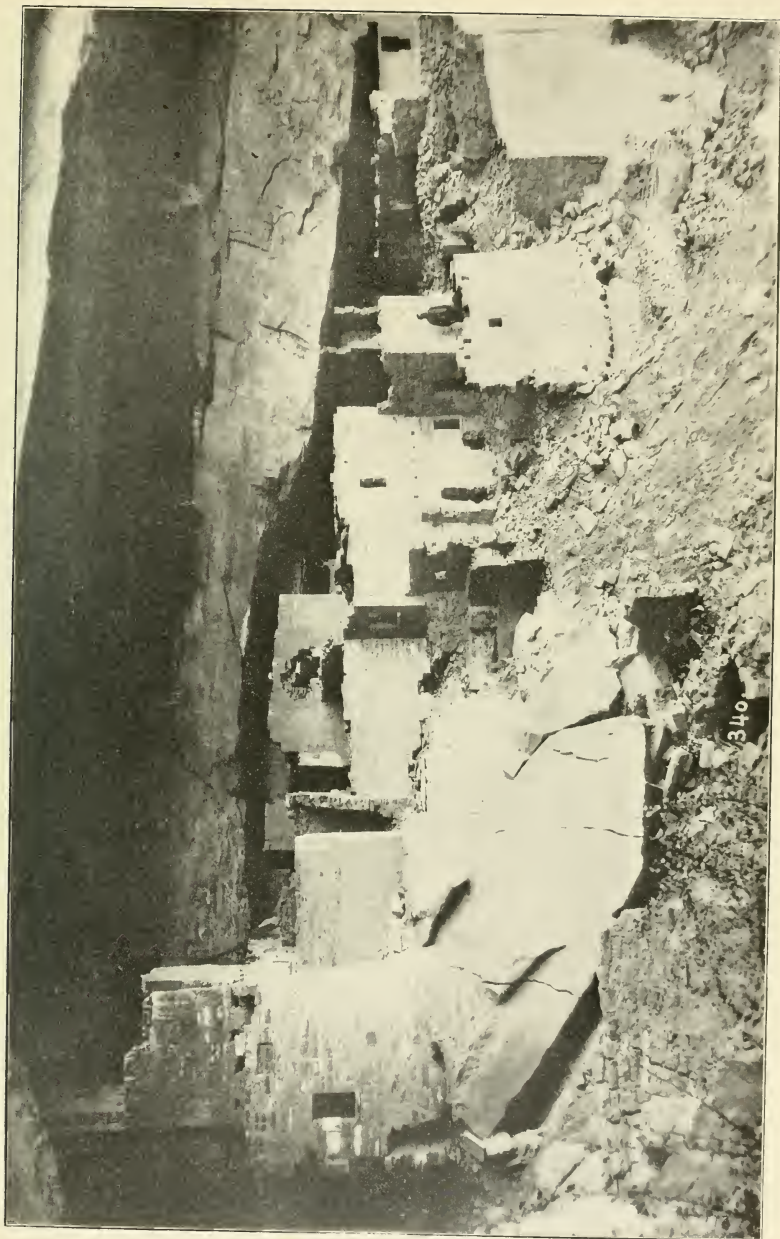
In addition to Smith, the authenticity of the book is supported by eleven witnesses, whose testimony or oath is a very remarkable if not to say startling document. They claim to have been present while the translation was in progress, to have examined and handled the plates and to have actually seen the Angel Maroni. "And we declare," so runs the testimony, "with words of soberness that an angel of God came down from heaven and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates and the engravings thereon, and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ that we beheld and bear record that these things are true."

Again they say, "Joseph Smith has shown

unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold, and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated we did handle with our hands. \* \* \* And we give our names unto the world to witness unto the world that which we have seen, and we lie not, God bearing witness of it."

Now it is difficult to believe that these eleven men, citizens of the community wherein Smith resided, or eleven men of any community, could be induced to subscribe their names to such an oath knowing it to be false; it is still more difficult to account for the fact that they all went to their graves reiterating their testimony. It would seem—had it been a fraud—that at least one of them would have weakened ere death forever closed an opportunity. David Whitmer, one of the witnesses, left the Mormon Church proper many years ago, casting his lot with that branch known as the Josephites, yet to the day of his death he steadfastly maintained that he saw the angel and the plates, and knew for a certainty that the book was translated by the gift and power of God. For many years prior to his death, Whitmer lived in Richmond, Missouri, where he was connected with a bank. Safe within the vaults of that institution reposed the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon which the Church at Salt Lake City so longed to possess. Every influence and argument at the command of that powerful organization was brought to bear in efforts to obtain it; and it is reported that representatives of the Church offered \$150,000 for the manuscript, but Mr. Whitmer would not part with what to him was a priceless treasure, a message direct from God.

In the introduction to his work, *Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon*, Apostle Orson Pratt, the brightest mind and by far the most able writer the Church has yet produced, uses the following earnest words: "This book must be either true or false. If true, it is one of the most important messages ever sent from God to man effecting both temporal and eternal interests of every people under heaven to the same extent and in the same degree that the message of Noah effected the inhabitants of the old world. If false, it is one of the most cunning, wicked, bold, deep-laid impositions ever palmed upon the world; calculated to de-



Left-Hand Section of Great Palace House, Mancos Canyon, Utah.

ceive and ruin millions who will sincerely receive it as the word of God and will suppose themselves securely built on the rock of truth until they are plunged with their families into hopeless despair. The nature of the message in the Book of Mormon is such that, if true, no one can possibly be saved and reject it; if false, no one can possibly be saved and receive it." Now, with all due respect for its many advocates, I frankly say that I consider the book a modern composition, patterned after and largely copied from the Bible; in short, the work of an ordinary man and one not overly educated at that. Yet I am unable to reconcile to my own satisfaction this apparent fraud, with the testimony and subsequent lives of the eleven witnesses. But my opinion proves nothing.

To proceed. We read in Genesis that just after the destruction of the Tower of Babel and the confusion of Tongues, the Lord was angry with the people, and he "scattered them abroad from thence upon the *face of all the earth.*" Concerning the same event, Josephus says: "After this they were dispersed abroad on account of their languages, and went out by colonies everywhere, and each colony took possession of that land which they light upon and unto which God led them, so that the whole continent was filled with them, both the inland and maritime countries. *There were some who passed over the sea in ships* and inhabited the islands." It was at this time, according to the Book of Mormon, or about one hundred years after the flood, that the first colony of about thirty people, under the direction of the brother of Jared, left Asia for this country. They embarked in eight vessels, or barges as they are called, and the Lord caused a furious wind to blow in the direction of the promised land. After drifting before this wind for 344 days, they reached the west coast, supposedly between the Gulf of California and the Isthmus. And the Lord said, "Behold this is a land which is choice above all other lands, wherefore he that doth possess it shall serve God or shall be swept off. And whatsoever nation shall possess it shall be free from bondage and from captivity and from all other nations under heaven if they will but serve the God of the land." In time this colony grew to be a great and populous nation, covering nearly all of the continent, where they flourished for 1,500

years. But through the greed of wealth and power the nation became divided into two powerful parties, capable of mustering an army of 2,000,000 soldiers each, and somewhere in Northern New York, near Lake Ontario, there was fought the greatest battle the world has ever seen. Several pages of the book are required to describe the awful carnage. A war of extermination, men, women and children all slain, until but one sole survivor, by the name of Cariantumr, remained.

While this terrible war was in progress, or about 600 years before Christ in the first year of the reign of Zedekiah, King of Judah, the second colony left Jerusalem. One, Lehi, a goodly man, being warned by God in a dream of the downfall of Jerusalem, took his family, consisting of wife and four sons—Laman, Lemuel, Nephi and Sam—and departed into the desert of Arabia, where they wandered for eight years. Laman and Lemuel were of a rebellious spirit and constantly reproached their father for leaving his home and lands to suffer the hardships and privations of the wilderness on account of a simple dream. Nephi and Sam were good, obedient sons, trusting all to their father without complaint. Thus were sown the seeds of discord and rebellion which were to be harvested in the New World.

During their sojourn in the desert, Nephi and his brothers returned to Jerusalem and persuaded Ishmael, an old friend of the family, to join them. The Ishmael family of two sons and several daughters, and a slave whom they picked up on the way, increased the party to about fifteen. After a marriage or two, they constructed a ship—according to the command of God—of curious workmanship, put to sea, and after weathering severe storms for many days on the Indian and Pacific Oceans, landed on the now coast of Chili, South America. They journeyed northward, multiplying rapidly, while the seeds of rebellion were fast ripening, for within twenty-five or thirty years they divided into two rival factions, headed by the brothers Laman and Nephi, adopting the names of Lamanites and Nephites. But the Lord was against the Lamanites, for he cursed them with a skin of blackness. "The Lord God did cause a skin of blackness to come upon them. And thus saith the Lord God, I will cause that they shall be loathsome

unto my people save they shall repent of their iniquities. And cursed shall be the seed of him that mixeth with their seed, for they shall be cursed even with the same cursing. And the Lord spake and it was done." *And thus we have the origin of the American Indian*, a problem that has been puzzling the minds of thinkers for several hundred years.

About eleven years after the Lehi immigration from Jerusalem, the third and last party under the leadership of one of King Zedekiah's sons also leave Jerusalem. They reach the west coast of the Isthmus, journey across, and settle in a land somewhere in the northwestern corner of Colombia, which they named Zarahelma. They also found a city of the same name which some zealous Mormon students claim was at one time as large as the City of London, and that its ruins are now beneath the waves of the sea, the coast line having since been submerged. A short time after their arrival, Cariantumr, the sole survivor of the first nation, the Jaredites, makes his appearance among them. After four hundred years of alternating peace and war, the people of Zarahelma are accidentally discovered by the Nephites, with whom they finally amalgamate under the Nephite title.

The Nephites spread northward and eventually cover Central and North America, while the Lamanites populated the Southern continent. As the centuries roll on the hatred between the Nephites and Lamanites increased and, while they had had numerous local wars and temporary periods of truce, the old feud between the brothers was handed down from generation to generation, until it culminated in a general war between the two nations about the year 400. This war, like that of the Jaredites, was very bloody, neither age nor sex being spared. The Book tells us that even the women and children donned breast-plates and went forth to battle with the men. The Nephites were totally annihilated, leaving the Lamanites the victors in sole possession of the two continents, where they were found by the Europeans in 1492.

The commander of the Nephite army was named Mormon, who, seeing the destruction that was about to befall his people, collected all the plates of former writers and turned them over to his son Maroni. After the great

battle of Cumorah, from which Maroni evidently escaped unhurt, he says: "And my father was also killed by them and I even remain alone to write the sad tale of the destruction of my people. But behold they are gone and I fulfil the commandment of my father, and whether they will kill me I know not. Therefore I will write and hide up the records in the earth, and whither I go it mattereth not." So runs the thread of the narrative in this strange book.

Now what has all this to do with the Cliff Dwellers? Simply this: The Mormon people believe and teach that the prehistoric races of America—the Cliff Dwellers, the Mound Builders, the Mayas, the Peruvians, etc.—were none other than the heroes of the Book of Mormon; and that the ruins of the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, Southwestern States, Central America, Peru and Chili are but the remains of the Jaredite and Nephite civilizations. Nowhere does the book mention any names of the countries inhabited, by which they can now be recognized, other than the "Land Northward" called "Desolation" and the "Land Southward" called "Bountiful"—separated by a narrow neck of land. This the Chureh authorities interpret to mean North America, South America and the Isthmus of Panama. It must be understood that after being cursed with a skin of blackness, the Lamanites became a "wild and ferocious people living on raw meat." In other words, they relapsed into savagery. It is therefore assumed that they destroyed many of the deserted cities of the vanquished Nephites.

The most populous portion of the country appears to have been in the regions of Central America, where probably was located the capital or seat of government. It is a singular fact that in this particular portion of the continent is where we find the most remarkable remains of antiquity, ruins of immense cities containing vast buildings, palaces and temples, built of granite, marble and various kinds of stone.

As an illustration of the Mormon theory as to the origin of these ruins, I quote the following from Orson Pratt's works:

In the Book of Mormon are given the names and locations of numerous cities of great magnitude, which once flourished among the ancient nations of America. The northern portions of South America, and also Central



*Ruins of a Stronghold of the Cliff Dwellers.*

America were the most densely populated. Splendid edifices, palaces, towers, forts and cities were reared in all directions. A careful reader of that interesting book can trace the relative bearings and distances of many of these cities from each other; and if acquainted with the present geographical features of the country, he can, by the descriptions given in that book, determine, very nearly, the precise spot of ground they once occupied. Now since that invaluable book made its appearance, it is a remarkable fact that the mouldering ruins of many splendid edifices and towers, and magnificent cities of

great extent, have been discovered by Catherwood and Stephens in the interior wilds of Central America, in the very region where the ancient cities described in the Book of Mormon were said to exist.

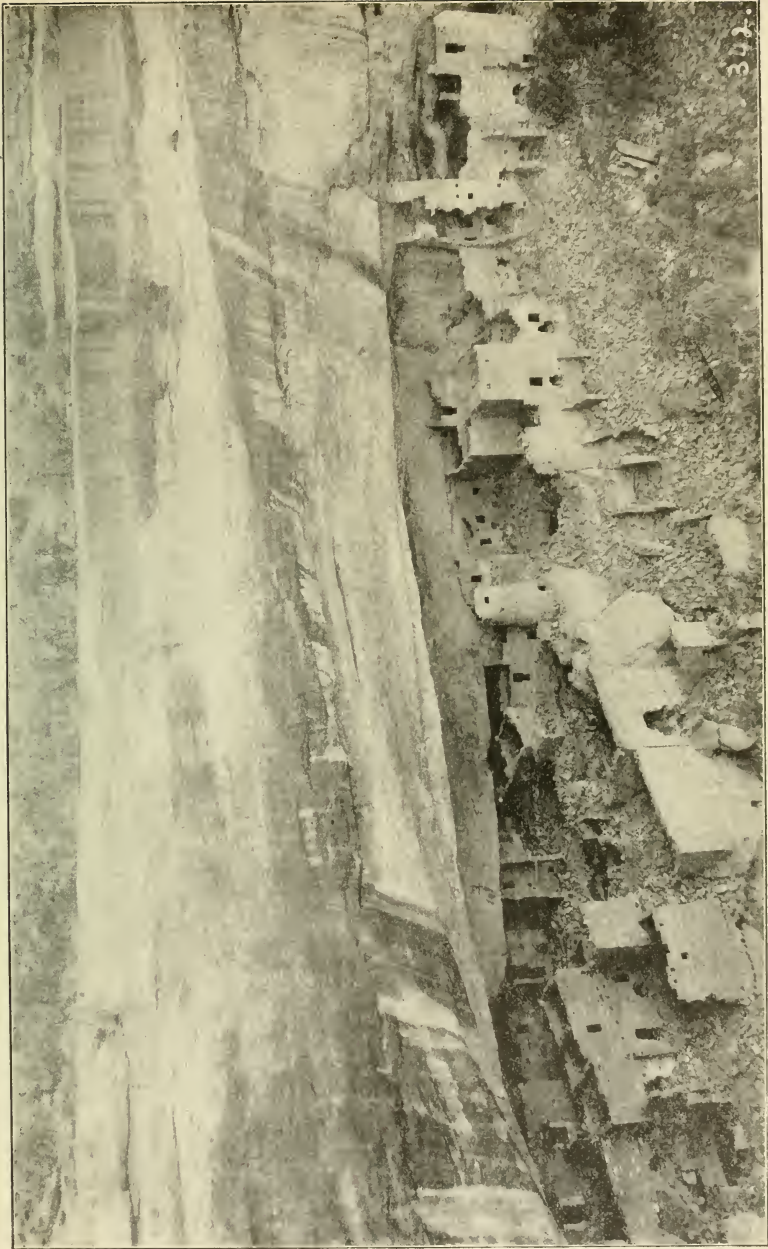
I once heard a learned Mormon declare that he was so thoroughly conversant with the Book of Mormon that he could readily locate the territory of the Cliff Dwellers from its pages; and if anyone interested in this subject would impartially read and study the book they could not help being convinced that it plainly solves this puzzling question.

For the benefit of the tourist seeking for something new in the way of sights and scenes, for a Summer outing, or the student in search of knowledge, I desire to add a few words of information as to how this marvelous country may be reached. Perhaps the most extensive, easiest of access, and well-preserved ruins are those of the Mesa Verde and Mancos Canon, in Southwestern Colorado, near the Utah line, about twenty-five miles from the town of Mancos, on the Rio Grande Southern Railroad. Here guides and conveyances are obtained at a nominal cost, and, if desired, the round trip can be made

in three days—one day to go, one at the ruins, and one day returning—without any hardships or discomforts other than those incidental to traveling by team and horseback in a rough and sparsely settled country. Another route is by stage from Dolores, a station on the same line to Cortez, where guides and outfits are furnished for the fourteen-mile journey to the Mesa.

That part of the Mesa Verde on which the ruins are located is now a Government reservation or National park, hence there will be no more destruction or tearing down and carrying off of the relics.





General View of the Great Palace House, Looking Down From the Cliff of Mancoos Canyon.

# Stage Affairs in New York

Italian and English Acting—Shakespearean Ideals

By William Winters



IN some respects, notwithstanding the prodigious growth of the United States, some of our people are still provincial; that is to say, they are too ready to admire foreign art and subscribe to foreign opinions concerning it, only because that art and those opinions are foreign. That is especially indicated upon the advent here of an actor who speaks a foreign language. The notion is prevalent that Frenchmen and Italians, in particular—persons who, at most times, are addicted to rapid and excessive gesticulation—must, therefore, necessarily, excel in the art of acting. The thought that profuse gestures may indicate nothing more than spasmodic physical excitement, and often may obscure all meaning and defeat all purpose of intelligible artistic expression, seems not to occur to devotees of exotic methods, and, for many years, the public has been instructed that supreme excellence in drama can only be seen in representatives of the stage of Continental Europe. That is an error. The latest arrival from that stage is Signor Ermete Novelli, who appeared at the Lyric Theatre, New York, on March 18, and acted there for four weeks—till April 13—appearing in many plays, both comic and tragic, and especially inviting attention by performances of Shylock, King Lear, Othello, Petruccio, and Hamlet, in Italian adaptations of plays by Shakespeare. The customary burning of incense attended the proceedings of that foreign player, diversified with the customary depreciation, direct or implied, of English-speaking actors. Signor Novelli, meanwhile, did nothing on our stage that has not been better done by actors of the English race; while, for the most part, his performances in Shakespeare were so obviously and lamentably false to the conceptions and text of the poet as to be de-

plorably. They were, nevertheless, much commended and, to a considerable extent, were accepted as superlatively admirable. It has been said that there is in the community a general custom of reading Shakespeare; but the conduct of theatrical audiences and the remarks of theatrical reviewers sometimes compel belief that the immortal bard is either little read or imperfectly comprehended. The chief success of Signor Novelli was achieved in eccentric comedy. He is an actor of much and positive talent and of large experience; such a one as, on the English stage, would, probably, be a favorite representative of such parts as Sir Anthony Absolute in "The Rivals," Sir William Fondlove in "The Love Chase," and, perhaps, Squire Harcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." Signor Novelli has sailed for Italy, but it has been intimated that he intends to return to America and make a professional tour of the United States, and that he will add to the parts now included in his repertory the character of Macbeth, which he may try to act in English. Wisdom does not always accompany courage.

Impersonation of the great characters in Shakespeare requires, as a basis, comprehension of them, and that is something that actors of the Latin race have not revealed. Signor Novelli has declared himself, in print, to be an idolator of Shakespeare, and no doubt he approaches the plays of that poet in a reverential spirit; but his performances have afforded abundant evidence that he does not understand them as they exist in the English language. The characters of Lear, Shylock, Othello, and Hamlet have provided him with means of exhibiting his personality and the scope, variety, and peculiarities of his expressive art; but he has not rightly represented either of those characters, and in essential particulars he has deformed and degraded all of them.

In Lear the only indication that Signor

Novelli gave of great age ("four score and upwards"), and of advancing decrepitude was a prodigious equipment of gray hair. His step was firm; his voice harsh; his demeanor stalwart. Of Lear's incipient madness, at the outset, he gave no sign—unless suspicious glances at the courtiers, alternate testiness and hilarity toward the Fool, and sputative loquacity toward Cordelia were intended as its denotements. Of the physical suffering and mental agony of Lear, while going mad—the growing perception and shuddering dread of the impending mental collapse—he afforded not even a remote hint; nor did his performance, in any respect, exhibit the paradox of Lear's condition, which is that of a dying body animated with sporadic vigor consequent on the fluctuations of insanity. He merely presented Lear as a large, powerful man, engaged in imitating some of the ordinary indications of senility. To show the consummation of madness, in the scene with the disguised Edgar, on the heath, he straddled a broomstick and pranced as if on horseback. The personality was essentially common. It is scarcely necessary to say that Lear, in his awful fall, is nothing, unless, in his original state, he is the authentic personification of grandeur—"Every inch a king."

In Shylock, Signor Novelli again disfigured himself with a copious mop of gray hair, but, leaving his upper lip bare, he allowed more of his face to be visible. His method, throughout, was colloquial and commonplace. Of Shylock's austere character, tremendous power, intense, seething, scorching, passionate, malignant hate—the more terrible because for the most part repressed and concentrated—he gave not the most remote glimmer of apprehension. Some of his "business" was ludicrous. He walked off, arm-in-arm, with Antonio and Bassanio, neither of whom would have touched Shylock any more than they would have touched a pole-cat. When leaving his "sober house" he caused Jessica to emerge upon a balcony and lower a piece of stout cord, to which he attached his keys, so that she might draw them up. He played the terrific Street Scene—which is a tornado of passion—mostly in a sitting posture, and delivered the great speech, "Hath not a Jew eyes," etc., as if he were lagging over the cost of a dish of macaroni. In the trial

scene he took off one of his slippers and sharpened his knife on it; and, when advised that he must either die or abjure his religion, he collapsed and allowed saliva to dribble upon his beard.

Othello, as presented by Signor Novelli, became a heavy, cumbersome, lowering, menacing negro; void of dignity, magnanimity, tenderness, romance, pathos, or tragic power; quick to anger, from the outset, and generally boisterous to the last. In the "temptation" scene he allowed his Iago (Signor Ferrati) to interperse the colloquy with smiles, and to conduct himself with such obvious, transparent duplicity that not even a dunce could have been deceived by him. His killing of Desdemona was accomplished with the savagery of a ruffian—therein accordant to the usage of all the foreign continental actors, except Davison, who have acted Othello in this country. Inability has been expressed to understand why Othello should act in a solemn manner, in that terrible scene. Understanding might be illumined by a reading of Shakespeare's text. When Othello—whom Emilia has just described as "looking gentler than he did"—comes to the chamber of his sleeping wife, his first thoughts, as expressed in the wonderful speech beginning "It is the cause"—are those of reason and tenderness. Three times he gently kisses the slumbering innocent, whom he has been so vilely persuaded to believe a wanton. His conviction is that she must die, because, if allowed to live, she will betray more men and accomplish more misery. His appeal is to "Justice." When she wakes he warns her to pray; and when she declares her innocence, he says that she makes him call what he intends to do a murder, which he had thought a *sacrifice*. He will walk by, while she prays. There is intense emotion, stilled at its topmost height—but there is no frenzy; no brutality. And when the awful deed is done and the outer world rolls back upon the woeful scene, and all is over, the wretched man—about to take refuge in death—can only exclaim:

An honourable murderer, if you will,  
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

When the eminent German tragedian, Davison, was in New York and acted Othello, with Edwin Booth as Iago (Decem-

ber 29, 1866), the audience saw one of the most pathetic and beautiful performances of that closing scene ever given on any stage. The action of Davison, after Othello has learned the terrible truth, as he clasped the dead body of Desdemona to his breast and roared to and fro, sobbing and moaning, in unutterable anguish, reached the absolute perfection of pathos, and was an achievement to be remembered forever. Signor Novelli's apprehension of the spirit of that scene was indicated in the fact that he caused Desdemona to leave her bed in order to parade the colloquy at the front, and at last seized her by the throat, with both hands; dragged her back to the couch, struggling and screaming; and then, behind its curtains, strangled her, to an accompaniment of horrible gurgles and cries. Butchery; not acting in Shakespeare.

As to Hamlet, Signor Novelli has published his opinion that: "It may, indeed, be true that the Latin temperament, in the modern Italian form at least, is unable to grasp the same idea of the character as the English mind pictures the Danish Prince of the greatest of all the world's dramas." That opinion is sound, and the Italian actor's performance confirms it—for he made Hamlet a good-natured, equable, meditative old philosopher, who contrives to smile, even when uttering the soliloquy on life and death. On that attempt it is not worth while to pause. Some of the "business" was absolutely farcical—as when, after saying to Ophelia, "God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another," Hamlet rapidly approached that "rose of May" and rubbed her cheek with his hand, apparently to make sure that her complexion was artificial. And, of course, he turned his back upon his father's ghost. The actors from Southern Europe—and some others—always do that; spirits are so commonly seen that the contemplation of them is, naturally, "a property of easiness".

In comedy and domestic drama, on the other hand, the Italian actor gave several admirable and highly enjoyable performances. His impersonations of Conrad, in "Civil Death," and Louis XI, in the old play of that name, were, in many ways, excellent, though his Louis was not comparable with that of either Charles Kean or Henry Irving. He was seen at his best in "The

Benevolent Bear," "A Curious Accident," and "Kean." He has abundant humor and proficient skill in the manifestation of it. His revival of some of the comedies of the almost forgotten Goldoni is likely to lead to an exploration of the works of that fine old dramatist, whose plays are numerous and often very clever.

In the acting of Signor Novelli more than one example was afforded of the manner in which "realism" defeats its purpose. The tendency of that erroneous method is somewhat strong on our stage, and an illustration of its infirmity may not be wasted. In acting Conrad—an escaped convict, who returns, sick and miserable, to his home, after fourteen years of captivity, and who presently dies there—Signor Novelli elected to assume that the wretched man was afflicted with angina pectoris, augmented with pulmonary disorder; and he faithfully and minutely displayed the tokens of that disease; yet, during the greater part of the play Conrad is shown in company with a doctor, who could not possibly have failed to observe those distressing symptoms of dangerous ailment, yet who made not the slightest movement toward mitigation of the sufferer's obviously intolerable pain. Photographic art in acting is a mistake. Shylock might drule over his beard—but, as the late Joseph Jefferson once said, with reference to a similar piece of prosy "business," "then again, he might not." Once that practice is established, there is no limit to the vulgarity that must ensue; when, for example, the ship, in "The Tempest," is rolling in the fearful storm, it would become quite admissible to administer an emetic to all the actors on board, and display them hanging over the bulwarks, in the condition not unusual under such circumstances.

Anxious solicitude in the dramatic realm, and generally in our society, was caused by the dangerous illness that compelled that great actor, Richard Mansfield, suddenly and prematurely to close his season. For a long time Mr. Mansfield has over-tasked himself, and in the great effort that he had to make to vitalize the part of Peer Gynt—in Mr. Ibsen's fantastic, symbolical composition of that name—he almost exhausted his nervous force. The phantasy of "Peer Gynt" is undramatic, obscure, remote from human

sympathy, and unsuitable for the stage; but, having chosen it—in the belief that something singular is required by the prevalent popular taste—the actor threw himself, heart and soul, into the interpretation of that impracticable piece, and gave a performance that was remarkable for its vitality, both mental and physical, and for imagination, feeling, pictorial variety, and the harmonious blending of many and strongly contrasted attributes of character. Mr. Mansfield's season was begun on October 30, 1906, at Chicago, with his first presentment of "Peer Gynt." His engagement in New York, opening with that play, was begun on February 26, 1907, and it lasted four weeks—three of them being devoted to "Peer Gynt," and one of them to four plays selected from his large repertory. The last performance that he gave, March 23, was that of Baron Chevrial; in "A Parisian Romance"—the potent, terrible impersonation with which, on January 10, 1883, at the Union Square Theatre, the foundation was laid of his ever-increasing renown. He had planned to visit eighteen other cities and to continue acting until April 27, but he broke down, at Scranton, Pa., on March 25, and so was taken to his New York home, where he has since rested, under medical care. He was to sail for England May 4.

Richard Mansfield's professional career has been one of prodigious and incessant labor, animated by a noble ambition and characterized by expert initiative of enterprise and lavish opulence of expense. He has been on the stage, in England and America, nearly thirty years, and he has acted various kinds of parts. Much endeavor and much success, no doubt, remain for him—though it seems likely that he will be somewhat less prodigal of heedless exertion in the future than he has been in the past.

In considering Mr. Mansfield's stage life an observer familiar with its details would be impressed with the strife that has attended it. All along his path he has been beset with calumnious misrepresentation. Every positive character, of course, encounters opposition. Shakespeare remarks that "to some kind of men their graces serve them but as enemies." Sir Oliver Surface, in the comedy, expresses the hope that his nephew is possessed of sufficient merit to deserve to have foes. Superiority, of any

kind, is apt to excite envy in small minds, and envy is very capable of malicious deduction. The rancour evinced toward Richard Mansfield, however, has been exceptionally odious. Some years ago, when he was slowly recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, which had nearly proved fatal, he received an anonymous letter, inquiring why he had not gratified its writer by dying, as it was expected and hoped that he would. In the course of his recent New York engagement a female performer in his company suddenly left the theatre, while a representation of "Peer Gynt" was in progress, in which she was concerned, and thereafter she caused publication of a statement that he had made audible remarks to her, ridiculing her performance, while it was going on, and that, in placing her upon a shed (as required by the singular "business" of Mr. Ibsen's play), he had used such violence that he had bruised and injured her person; the fact being—as substantiated by persons then and there present—that he had not addressed a word to her and was so weak that he could hardly lift her from the stage. The obvious object of that proceeding was newspaper notoriety—a kind of gratuitous advertisement much desired by obscure players who are in quest of publicity; and, strangely enough, almost every newspaper in New York opened its columns to a record of that matter, and thus to the circulation of slander against an innocent man. It is probable that Mr. Mansfield, like some of his distinguished predecessors and compeers on the stage, has not always succeeded in maintaining a seraphic placidity of temper; neither Forrest nor Macready nor Sullivan nor Barrett is remembered as an angel at rehearsal; but that circumstance would afford no justification for the defamations of the actor that has been invented by detractors and circulated by reckless, unscrupulous newspapers. In the matter of gossip about actors, far too much license is allowed in the press, all over the world; and that, among other degrading influences, has materially tended to the injury of the stage.

It was said by that famous military commander, the late General Sherman, that, in his judgment, the license assumed by the press of America, under the name of "freedom," would, eventually, unless checked and curtailed, lead to a scene of violence and

bloodshed, perhaps to a national revolution. He expressed himself strongly on that subject, and his remarks were published. That opinion of his may, or may not, be well founded. It is certain that the liberty of the press has been abused, and that many persons have suffered because of that abuse—since the lie always travels faster and further than the denial that is sent in pursuit of it. Richard Mansfield is not the only worthy and blameless person who has been assailed with newspaper calumny. In his case mischief has not been done by critical commentary, but by personal slander. It would almost seem that, when there has been a dearth of "news," some newspapers were ready to receive and print any sort of fabrication that malice might concoct; and Mr. Mansfield appears to have been a shining mark for that sort of "sensation" obloquy. At one time, according to those mendacious yarns, he was smashing supers with a stage-brace; at another time menacing with a shotgun the sailors aboard his yacht; at still another time hurling mutton-chops into the face of the waiter at his hotel. There is no need to rehearse the idiot's habble. *Ex pede Herculem.* That Mr. Mansfield is somewhat splenetic, and that he is capable of sarcasm, no discerning person could doubt who ever saw him act Cheverial; and, in view of the stupidity of which some of the rank and file actors are capable, it is likely that he has been known to exhibit signs of irritation; but those slanderous tales of wrath and violence were the inventions of enmity and the exaggerations of

gossip. One effect of them has been somewhat to embitter the actor's mind; and no wonder! For some persons the path in this world is made smooth. Richard Mansfield has had to smooth it for himself—and that he has done; rising to the leadership of our stage—which at present he holds—by force of character; by resolute, incessant effort; and by such brilliancy of achievement as not even detraction can deny. He is now at his meridian, but even now, though admired and followed as an actor, he is not widely understood in that vocation, while as a man he is not understood at all—except by a few persons. A common view of him considers him egotistical and complacent. The truth is that—more than any contemporary actor who has reached eminence on our stage, Richard Mansfield is dubious of his ability, distrustful of his achievement, and modest in self-esteem. As to adverse criticism of his acting, he has sometimes evinced sensitive apprehension—not because it was uttered, but because he believed it might be just. As to personal misrepresentation—meaning, falsehood and slander—he has naturally evinced resentment. His recent breakdown—which might have proved fatal and so deprived our stage of its most animating, expeditious, and potential force, and which seems likely to deprive it of his presence for a considerable time—was, largely, the consequence of overwork, long continued; but also, unquestionably, it was accelerated by bitter exasperation at unjust treatment and the ready credence of the press, in accepting and circulating libels on his name.

# His Memory

By Don Marquis

Grey dawn finds me in that strange border-land  
That lies between the bournes of Death and Sleep:  
Sometimes I meet mine old love there again,  
Her whom the drifting years are burying deep,  
And I yearn towards her, but she knows me not—  
*I would to God I could forget thee, love,  
Or else that thou hadst never been forgot!*

Sometimes her wraith moves through the broken mists  
Or down the slant and shaken aisles of rain,  
Sometimes I think I hear her cry to me  
Across the dusk when lonely winds complain.  
But if I call again, she answers not—  
*I would to God I could forget thy voice,  
Or else that it had never been forgot!*

I lack the power to lift my supine soul  
Out of the slough my senses mired it in;  
Yea, I have come "the primrose way"; mine eyes  
Have smiled too often in the eyes of Sin,  
So when mine eyes seek Love's, Love yields them not—  
*I would to God I could forget thine eyes,  
Or else that they had never been forgot!*

Last orgie-night, when each spilled drop of wine  
Grew vocal with the red song of desire,  
And flaming music leapt from stricken strings  
And set the heart of every rose afire,  
My sense stayed cold, and these things touched me not—  
*I saw thy lilies 'neath the dancers' feet:  
Would God their freshness ne'er had been forgot!*



# Gray's Harbor

## The Largest Lumber-Shipping Port in The World

By Fred Lockley

Illustrated from Photographs by Colin Mackenzie



“S ALL HO!” rang out the lookout's cry on board His Majesty's sloop-of-war *Discovery*. Officers and men eagerly scanned the horizon for a sight of the ship for, during the past eight months while cruising along the North American coast and through the almost untraveled waters of the Pacific, they had seen no other vessel.

Captain George Vancouver, after having made a long and careful scrutiny of the approaching ship, handed the glass to the officer who stood beside him. “She is standing inshore; see if you can make her out. Mr. Puget. In these waters we are most apt to meet a Spaniard or a Portuguese.”

Mr. Puget leveled the glass at her. “I fancy, sir, she's an American cruising along the coast in search of furs and sea otter skins for the China trade.”

The American vessel steadily drew nearer, and soon the eager watchers on the *Discovery* could make out her name, the *Columbia*. Two hours after sighting each other the vessels were in speaking distance. While they are lying to, exchanging news of the unexplored and uncharted western coast, and seeking of each other information about the North-

west passage which Juan de Fuca had recently reported discovering, we will take a look at their logs.

The log of the sloop-of-war *Discovery* has been written up for the previous day, the date being April 27, 1792. The ship has been cruising opposite the place now known as Gray's Harbor. Here is what Captain Vancouver has written:

“The country now before us presented a most luxuriant landscape; the interior parts were somewhat elevated and diversified with hills; the whole had the appearance of a continuous forest, extending as far north as the eye could reach, which made me very solicitous to find a port in the vicinity of the country presenting so delightful a prospect of fertility. At sunset we shortened the sail, and hauled our wind to preserve our station until morning.”

His log for the next day throws an interesting side light on these early days of discovery, when men like Vancouver, Gray, Heeceta, Juan de Fuca, Puget and other hardy sea rovers were visiting and exploring our coast and perpetuating their memory by giving to our bays and rivers, our capes and headlands their own names.

Vancouver is still in the vicinity of Gray's





*Schooners on the Wishkah River at Aberdeen Receiving Their Cargo of Lumber.*

Harbor, although the tide had carried him a few leagues off shore during the night. The entry reads: "April 28, 1792. We passed on to the northward, keeping a league from land to a point that I named Point Grenville, after the Right Hon. Lord Grenville. At four o'clock a sail was discovered to the westward standing inshore. This was a very great novelty, not having seen any vessel but our consort during the last eight months. She soon hoisted the American colors and fired a gun to leeward. At six we spoke her. She proved to be the ship *Columbia*, commanded by Mr. Robert Gray, belonging to Boston, whence she had been absent about nineteen months. I sent Mr. Puget and Mr. Menzies on board to acquire such information as might be serviceable in future operations."

After an exchange of courtesies the two vessels continued on their respective courses. Captain Robert Gray bearing southward in search of sea otter skins.

On May 7 Captain Gray sighted what

seemed to be an entrance in the land, and lowered his jolly boat to search for an anchoring place. Before the return of the jolly boat the lookout had sighted from the mast-head an entrance to the harbor. The *Columbia* entered the harbor and spent three days there, trading great-coats and sheets of copper to the Indians for sea otter skins and the furs of land animals. The log of the *Columbia* for Monday, May 7, 1792, has this entry: "At 5 P. M. we came to, in five fathoms of water, sandy bottom, in a safe harbor well sheltered from the sea."

Captain Gray wished to call the harbor Bulfinch Harbor, in honor of one of the owners of his ship, the *Columbia*, but as a strait already bore the name Bulfinch Strait, the harbor was called Gray's Harbor, in honor of its discoverer.

He discovered Gray's Harbor on May 7, and three days later the *Columbia* stood out to sea. That day the *Columbia* came opposite to what the Spaniard, Heceeta, and the Englishman, Vancouver, had thought to be a



*Aberdeen's New City Hall.*

shallow bay, but which Captain Gray found to be a large body of fresh water. He crossed the bar and sailed up the river for fifteen miles and named the river after his ship the "Columbia."

So to Robert Gray belongs the honor of the discovery of the Columbia River, which perpetuates the name of the first vessel which ever sailed upon it, and of Gray's Harbor, which bears his own name.

One of the old sea rovers of these early days, in his log in speaking of the coast in the vicinity of Gray's Harbor, writes: "The whole country is one vast forest; all of the land is thick with great trees."

It is to the "great trees" of this "vast forest" that Gray's Harbor owes its wonderful prosperity. Aberdeen, which lies at the head of Gray's Harbor, was an overgrown village of 3,700 people when the Federal census was taken in 1900. Today she is an alert, progressive, wide awake and strictly modern city of 12,000 population. The cause of her growth, the explanation of her progress and prosperity is told in one word—lumber.

The foundation of the town, speaking both in a figurative and a literal sense, is the product of the forest.

Many of her streets are of sawdust, while all the principal streets are of plank; piling is driven as a foundation for her cement, brick or stone business blocks; many of her residences stand on piles and at high tide, water is seen through the cracks in the board walks as well as surrounding the houses. The business portion of the city is built on the tide lands, and a stranger, napping into Aberdeen at high tide, might very appropriately think of her as the Venice of the West. However, the name she pre-

fers to be known by is "the city of pay rolls." One out of three of Aberdeen's population is on the pay roll of some one of the numerous industries located in the city. Out of a population which does not exceed 12,000 there are 4,296 on Aberdeen's pay rolls, so the justice of her claim to being the city of pay rolls is readily conceded.

If you enter the city after nightfall you will see a dull red glow here and there along the Wishkah or Chehalis River. As you approach you notice columns of masonry whose rounded tops are aglow with reflected light or are bright with the leaping flames. Like the sacred fire on the altar they are never extinguished, but night and day, month after month, they illumine the head of Gray's Harbor. Into their tall brick columns the waste edgings and slabs from the mills are carried and burned. Some day this waste wood will be utilized, but now lumber is the one product that is sought, and no attention is paid to by-products.

In the early eighties, when Butte was a silver camp, every youngster in the camp could tell each mine or smelter by its whistle. The ear-piercing hoarse blast of the Gagnon was altogether unlike the whistle of the Aliee,



*The Great Stone Face Looking Out Across the Sea at Point Grenville.*



*Fir Saw-Log Eleven Feet in Diameter. This Tree Was Straight as an Arrow, and Nearly Two Hundred Feet to the First Limb.*



*Looking Down One of Aberdeen's Main Business Thoroughfares.*

the Lexington or the Moulton. The boy who could not distinguish between the shrill or mellow blasts of the Anaconda, the Bell, the Parrot, the Colusa Parrot or the Mountain View was regarded as a hopeless dolt by his playfellows. When I sat in my room in the hotel at Aberdeen and heard one by one the mills and factories join in the noisy chorus at 7 A. M., I was carried back to boyhood days in the greatest mining camp in the West—Butte. I caught myself unconsciously listening for the distinctive whistles of the old-time mines and smelters.

These whistles may not sound particularly musical to the ears of a passing stranger, but to the ears of Aberdeen they do. Each new whistle that is added to the morning, noon and evening chorus, whether it be shipyard, lumber mill or clam-factory, is eagerly welcomed, for it means new workmen to spend their money with Aberdeen's merchants and to buy homes in the City of Pay Rolls.

A walk down Heron Street to the docks is well worth while. If the sound of the whistle or the ripping, tearing sound of the saws as they take the logs in and turn the lumber out conveys no meaning to you, you cannot fail to see the character of the town in the people you meet on the streets. Here in mackinaws and spiked shoes is a group of loggers. These lads with the bronzed faces

and India ink flags awoke and eagles in flight tattooed on their arms and hands are sailors. If you happen at the docks as the noon whistle blows you will see scores of muscular and stalwart young fellows coming down the gang-plank from the different lumber schooners at the wharf. They are longshoremen. From the mills are pouring hundreds of workmen to their homes or boarding-places.

Aberdeen lies in the heart of the wonderful Gray's Harbor timber belt, and, though Aberdeen is outranked ten times over in population and in many other ways by the other lumber-shipping ports of the Pacific Coast, in the amount of lumber she is supreme—she heads the list.

The lumber mills of Gray's Harbor during the past year (1906) produced 545,235,721 feet of lumber. The local value of the product of the Gray's Harbor mills was \$8,670,000. Of this lumber 185,137,167 feet was shipped out by rail, while 360,098,554 went out by water. In addition to the above stated amount of lumber, 81,857,480 lath were made and 136,498,000 shingles, or, expressing them in lumber measure, they equal 13,642,913 feet of lumber used in making the lath and 29,631,600 feet of lumber used in the shingle industry at Aberdeen and Hoquiam, or a total output for the Gray's Harbor mills of 588,510,034 feet of lumber.



From a copyrighted photograph by Colln Mackenzie.

*Red Cedar Three Miles From Aberdeen. This Tree Is Fifty-Four Feet and Six Inches in Circumference.*

The following table gives the output of the mills of Gray's Harbor for 1906, exclusive of the output of lath and shingles:

Mill.	Lumber.	Value.	Employees.	Wages.
S. E. Slade Lumber Co.....	68,249,801	\$1,228,496.42	475	\$ 315,247.52
Aberdeen Lumber & Shingle Co. .	29,340,778	450,000.00	145	93,544.30
Michigan Mill Co.....	13,067,124	165,000.00	55	55,400.00
Hart-Wood Lumber Co.....	22,000,000	368,500.00	68	65,000.00
A. J. West Lumber Co.....	8,556,832	159,422.98	80	43,223.96
Gray's Harbor Commercial Co....	39,419,620	619,553.16	300	193,500.00
Union Mill Co.....	27,146,807	443,844.47	85	65,450.00
American Mill Co.....	32,709,738	492,516.86	121	72,000.00
Western Lumber Co.....	18,666,005	285,691.47	90	64,698.26
Anderson & Middleton Mill Co....	32,419,081	490,000.00	125	106,716.83
Wilson Bros. & Co.....	35,036,459	525,000.00	130	95,196.20
Bryden & Leitch Lumber Co.....	18,401,100	285,000.00	90	65,000.00
National Lumber & Box Co.....	46,813,528	750,000.00	480	278,455.00
Hoquiam Lumber & Shingle Co....	45,631,000	740,000.00	370	240,000.00
E. K. Wood Lumber Co.....	38,459,776	600,000.00	200	120,000.00
Gray's Harbor Lumber Co.....	29,143,072	445,000.00	120	81,700.00
Northwestern Lumber Co.....	39,875,000	625,000.00	360	216,000.00
Totals.....	545,235,721	\$8,673,025.36	3,294	\$2,171,132.07

During the twelve months from July 1, 1905, to July 1, 1906, 284 steamers and 324 sailing vessels departed from Aberdeen. These 608 vessels were laden with 342,062,651 feet of lumber, the value of which at Aberdeen was \$4,902,817. No other port in the world shipped as much lumber by water during the same period, so Aberdeen is entitled to the unique distinction of being the greatest lumber-shipping port, not on the Pacific Coast alone, nor the United States only, but in the world.

The three principal lumber-shipping ports of the Pacific Coast are Aberdeen, Portland and Tacoma. During the first six months of 1906 Tacoma shipped 53,471,450 feet of lumber; Portland shipped 97,385,761, while Aberdeen shipped 112,020,491 feet. Much of this lumber goes to San Pedro for reshipment on the cars throughout the Southwest, while during the past nine months millions of feet have been shipped to San Francisco to help rebuild the city after its devastating fire. Less than ten per cent of the ships clearing from Aberdeen are bound for foreign ports, as the demand of the Middle West and Southwest for lumber is increasingly insistent. A very large body of timber is tributary to Gray's Harbor, since it is the only navigable inlet between the Straits of Fuca and Willapa Bay. In Chehalis County alone it is estimated that there are 27,000,000,000 feet of merchantable standing timber, while in the tributary country lying in Pacific, Clallam and Jefferson Counties

there is almost as much more. Eleven sawmills and three shingle mills at Aberdeen and five sawmills at Hoquiam are eating away at this immense body of timber, a considerable amount of which is cedar.

The sound of the ax and the saw, or the sound of the falling of the forest trees is heard on all sides as the loggers are at work on the banks of the Wishkah and the Chehalis, the Hoquiam and the Humptulips. The logs are floated down to the head of Gray's Harbor and turned into lumber by the sawmills of Aberdeen or at Hoquiam.

Of the thirty-two manufacturing firms at Aberdeen, the larger number are engaged in the manufacture of lumber, shingles or lath. In addition to sawmills, box factories and a cooperage plant, Aberdeen has a shipbuilding yard, a clam-packing plant, salmon canneries, a brickyard, a light-power-and-railway company, besides other lesser industries. The total value of Aberdeen's manufactured products amounts to \$8,170,000 a year, while the 4,296 workmen on her pay rolls receive \$3,420,500 a year as wages. A study of the foregoing statistics helps one to understand the prosperity so evident on all sides. From \$2.00 to \$3.50 a day is paid for rough labor, while skilled labor is paid from \$4.00 to \$6.00 a day. For example, there are over a hundred longshoremen in Aberdeen who receive from forty-five to fifty cents an hour; carpenters, riggers and joiners in the shipyard get from \$4.00 to \$4.75, a day, while the calkers get \$5.75 a day, and so on through



*Boom of Logs in Gray's Harbor. Many of These Logs Are From Six to Ten Feet in Diameter.*

all the trades: wages are high, the demand for skilled men far exceeding the supply.

In 1903 the business section of Aberdeen was almost wiped out by fire. Small time was spent in lamentation, but plans were at once made to build the business section of cement, stone and brick, and so, where the blackened timbers stood, you may now see modern fireproof business blocks of concrete or stone. The city owns and maintains two draw-bridges across the Wishkah River and one across the Chehalis River. It also owns its own water system, sewer system, chemical fire engine, hose wagon and steam engine, and public library. Electric cars run to Cosmopolis, three miles east of Aberdeen, and to Hoquiam, four miles west. The corporate limits of Aberdeen and Hoquiam join, and some day the two cities will join issues and become one, it is thought. Aberdeen has a live and energetic chamber of commerce, and as an example of what metal it is made, it may be mentioned that on February 8 and 9, Aberdeen was to all intents and purposes the seat of government of the State of Washington, as Governor Mead, Lieutenant-Governor Coon, Secretary of State Nichols, Railroad Commissioners Lawrence and

Fairechild, Tax Commissioner Frost, Supreme Court Judges Root and Fullerton and, with few exceptions, the members of both houses of the Legislature were in Aberdeen. They were banqueted, taken to the coast, given a clambake and a good time generally. "We wanted them to know something about Aberdeen and the Gray's Harbor country," said W. L. Crissey, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, in speaking of it. "Men of influence from all over the state were put in touch with our needs and our advantages, and we cannot fail to reap good results from that form of publicity."

It is estimated that the timber tributary to Gray's Harbor will be exhausted in fifty years' time if the present inroads are kept up. It seems almost criminal to waste so much of the tree as is now done. What cannot be utilized is burned. Matches, tooth-picks, clothes pins, woodenware, all could be made from the waste from the mills. Not only that, but for miles the beach on each side of Gray's Harbor is strewn with thousands upon thousands of cords of wood, cedar logs, cedar shingle-bolts, planks, saw logs and all the flotsam and jetsam of old ocean which is going to waste. Much of

this has come down from the mills on Gray's Harbor. All of this waste now burned or set adrift to go out into the Pacific could be converted into wood alcohol, or by a system of retorts could be converted into tar, turpentine, wood naphtha, creosote oil and charcoal. An expert, in speaking of the matter, said: "Under the old method the trees were tapped and the resinous sap collected. This ultimately resulted in the decimation of the forest. By a system of retorts, by the combined use of heat and steam, the various products can be extracted. There remains as a residue from a cord of wood about fifty bushels of excellent charcoal, and from the refinery used in connection with the retort is obtained twelve gallons of wood naphtha, seven gallons of turpentine and nearly eighty gallons of tar, with some resin and wood paint. By use of a different process, creosote oil is obtained in place of tar."

A good profit, it is said, can be made by utilizing the waste lumber and also by utilizing the pitchy old stumps on logged-off lands. The initial expense of putting in a plant is the main obstacle in the way of the utilization of the waste products. Thousands of acres of these logged-off lands will eventually be cleared and converted into orchards and small farms, as the soil is very productive. Space will not permit of treating of the other industries of Gray's Harbor, such as her salmon fisheries, clams, fruits and grains. Her extensive marshes and tide lands will some day be planted to cranberries and made a source of profit.

A few facts about the settlement of Gray's Harbor may prove of interest. Few cities of the size of Aberdeen have their earliest settlers still living in the city. On the hillside above the business district of Aberdeen is a comfortable farmhouse in the midst of a ten-acre field. This is the home of the founder of Aberdeen, Sam Benn. I found there a plump, rosy-cheeked woman feeding the chickens. We sat on a log by the back door, and she told me of the early days. "I came to the Gray's Harbor country with my folks in 1858. We came up from Oregon. My father, Reuben Redman, still lives on the old farm place at Melbourne, not far from Montesano. The next Spring, in 1859, Sam Benn came out, and in 1862 we were married. At that time you could buy all the land you wanted at \$1.25 an acre from the Govern-

ment, so my husband bought 600 acres where Aberdeen now is, for a cattle ranch. When I first came here neighbors were pretty scarce and often I saw no other white woman for six months at a time."

Mrs. James Stewart, who suggested the name of Aberdeen, still lives on her farm, or at least on what was originally her farm, but which is now the heart of the residence district.

She made me welcome, and, placing our rockers in front of the fireplace, we fell into chat of the early days.

"It seemed as if we were coming pretty well out of the world," said Mrs. Stewart, "when we came to this part of Washington Territory. There were two families here when we came, the Redmans and Sam Benn, but the life appealed to me. Formerly my husband, who was a stonemason, was off at work all day, but now we were together all the time. I went with him to his work and on his trips, and how I enjoyed it all! Deer, bear and elk were abundant. I was out in the tide lands with my husband once. He gave me his gun and told me to stay on a log while he went into the marsh to look for a vein of coal that he thought cropped out there. After he had been gone a few moments I walked the length of the log and almost stepped on a bear which stood beside the log. He looked at me and said 'whoof,' which startled me so that I threw the gun at him. He gave another indignant 'whoof' and ran off through the woods, so you see, in spite of the abundance of game, I was not much of a hunter.

"The first boat that came into Gray's Harbor after we had settled here was the *Hera*, in 1877, so Mr. Benn decided to call the place Heraville. I wrote a letter to one of the papers suggesting that the new settlement be called Aberdeen, since it was at the mouth of the Rivers Wishkah and Chehalis, just as Aberdeen in Scotland is at the mouth of the Don and the Dee, and also since Aberdeen means 'at the mouth of the river.' George W. Hume, who built a salmon cannery at the mouth of the Wishkah in '77, saw the letter, and when Mr. Benn, in 1884, went to record the place as Heraville, he showed him the letter, and so the change was made to Aberdeen as being more appropriate.

"Things were in a very primitive state



when I came here. There were not over thirty white women in this whole country; all of our furniture was home-made—split out of cedar—chairs, tables, bureaux were all of our own manufacture. We had no regular postoffice at first at Benn's Point, as Aberdeen was first called; each of the families along the river gave the mailcarrier a dollar a month to bring our mail three times a month as he went from Montesano, which at that time was where Wynanootchie now is, to Peterson's Point, now called Westport. A soapbox on a tree was the neighborhood mailbox. Each family took its own mail from it, leaving the rest. My husband went to Olympia once, and sent me fifty dollars in silver by mail, so we would have some change. It was so heavy it broke the package. The mailcarrier put it in the soapbox Saturday. I did not go down to get the mail till Tuesday, and there it still lay in the soapbox, not a dollar gone, though the whole neighborhood had visited the box for their mail. Finally we got a postoffice, Mr. Fairfield being our first postmaster. In the early days there was a fort at the mouth of Gray's Harbor, which

was called Chehalis. All of our traveling was done by rowboat or canoe; in fact, Mr. Weatherwax brought the first team of horses into the vicinity in '84. Our first Sunday school was organized in a little house where Mr. Benn salted his salmon, on what is now the corner of Wishkah and E Streets, and where the city dock now stands. Mr. Gill preached the first sermon we had in that same salt house. This crude little salt house was the first schoolhouse also. The law required at least five children of four years or over in a district, and as the three families had the necessary five children a school was organized, teacher and pupils all coming to school by boat, and when the tide was extra high, as sometimes happened, the water flowed over the floor of the school-room. It dont seem long ago, yet times have changed. The little salt house is gone and in its place are finely built churches and schoolhouses. The old fort at the mouth of the harbor is no more, and in its place is a million-dollar jetty and a life-saving station. Where our cattle cropped the luxuriant meadows or tide land grasses a prosperous city now stands."



*The Smoke From the Mills Rises and Loses Itself in the Low-Lying Cumulus Clouds.*



*The Domes From Rocky Point.*

## By Rail to the Yosemite

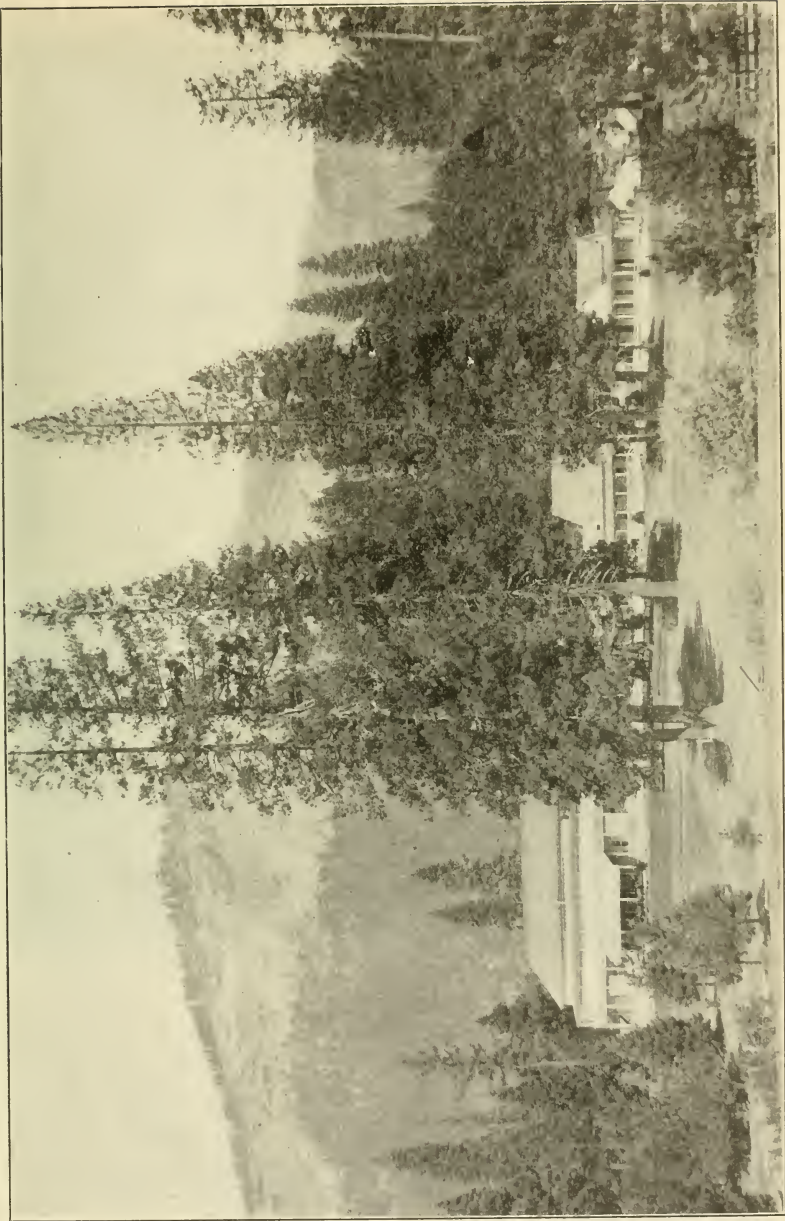
By Lanier Bartlet

Illustrated from Photographs by The Hallet-Taylor Co.

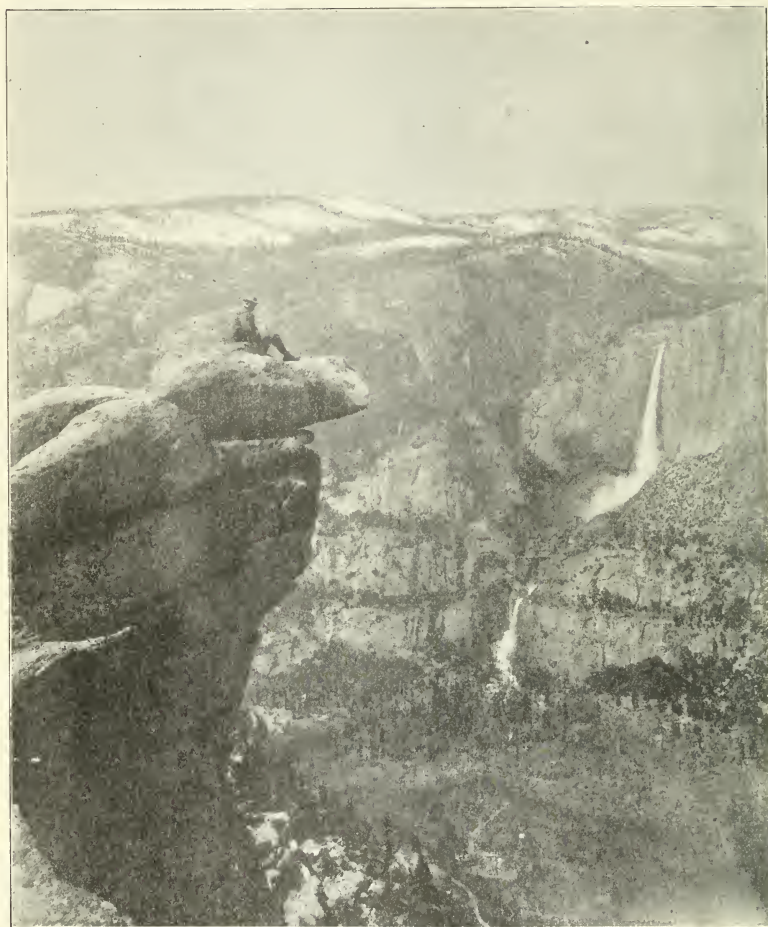
**T**HERE are those who will regret the shortening of the stage trip into the Yosemite Valley by the opening of the new Yosemite Valley Railroad; but the majority of travelers probably will welcome, for practical reasons, the reduction of traveling time and more direct entrance made possible by the new route, which has just inaugurated its first season's service. For there are many of us who cherished the long, old-style ride into the heart of nature, through the real Bret Harte country, behind a genuine Sierran stage-driver of the old school, in the

cool shade of groves of majestic trees. We would wish always to ride the round trip behind the inspiring six-horse relays, swinging around the peaks and down the steep slopes of the Sierras in the gallant style of fifty years ago, but we have had to yield at last to a modification of the old régime by the more modern idea of tourist transportation.

The great tide of travel that now sets toward that magnificent scene wonder, the Yosemite Valley, every Summer will, of course, be handled more expeditiously under the new order of things, and the comforts and necessities of those who suffer fatigue from so long a drive, or who can ill spare the



Wawona Hotel.



*From Glacier Point, Yosemite Valley.*

time spent on the stage journey, will be better served by the rail route.

However, through a fortunate and judicious arrangement, the good old-style stage coach has not been abolished from the famous Raymond-Wawona turnpike. Instead, it has been retained to play a very pretty part in Yosemite transportation; wherefore let the real lover of Sierran travel rejoice. The traveler who is pressed for time, but who

regrets entirely missing the dash through the woods and down the slopes, may now proceed to the edge of the valley by rail, and go out the other way. *viâ* Glacier Point and the Mariposa Big Trees, over the beautiful Wawona stage road, or *viâ* versa. All the famous stage-route station names, such as "Grub Gulch," "Gold Hill," "Ahwahnee," and "Wawona" may still sound in the tourist's ears, even though he makes his entrance



*From Inspiration Point, Yosemite Valley.*

to the valley over the matter-of-fact steel rails; and in the lovely vale of Wawona he may still be greeted by those old pioneers of the Yosemite stage travel, the Washburn brothers, or rather by two of them; one, Henry Washburn, a big-hearted, nature-loving man, and much loved by men, having three years ago passed over the Great Divide. If you are going rail one way and stage the other, take my word for it and enter the valley by stage so that your first view may be the sublime one from Inspiration Point.

The Yosemite Valley Railroad strikes for the National Park line from Merced. It is a standard-gauge steam road of most modern construction, with seventy-pound steel rails, laid on dustless rock ballast, and steel bridges. The mountain terminus is five miles from the famous Cascades on the floor of the Yosemite Valley and twelve miles from the celebrated Sentinel Hotel and the village of Yosemite, located at the foot of the beautiful Yosemite Fall—the longest natural wa-

terfall in the world. A splendid new turnpike has been built from the terminus into the valley proper. Roomy observation cars are to be the feature of each train, and it is expected that the service will be maintained the year round, an impossible thing by the all-stage route, on account of the heavy snows of the Winter. At its park-line terminus the railroad company is erecting a comfortable tourist hotel. This hotel is in addition to the popular Sentinel Hotel, and the magnificent Frank A. Miller Hotel which is to be built at Yosemite next year after a style of architecture that will accord with the rugged environment. Still another new house of public entertainment is to be erected on that commanding eminence, Glacier Point.

So much for the practicalities of the new passenger route. As to its scenic attractions, they are so manifold and diverse as to be beyond any detailed description. From Merced Falls to the park line, a distance of sixty magnificent miles, the rails follow the dashing Merced River, the stream which



*The Merced River, Yosemite Valley.*

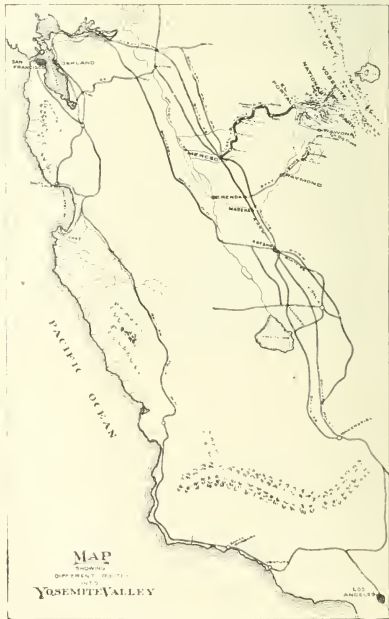
tumbles headlong into the Yosemite Valley from the highest Sierras over roaring falls, winds the full length of the valley through many a glorious trout pool, and finally cascades its checkered way out at the lower end to slake the tremendous thirst of the vast plains far, far below. Up its matchless cañon this new trail toils, unfolding moment by moment one of the most picturesque series of mountain pictures that nature has fashioned in her whole wide world. What this trip would be in Winter, when the snow has glorified every object, may be only suggested.

This little piece of railroad is sure to take a leading place among the few famous scenic railways of the world. From the observation cars every change of scenery may be taken advantage of by the passenger in Summer without exposure to the dust and the rays of the California sun.

And even we of the old-fashioned, stage-coach loving minority need not feel entirely bereft of the Bret Harte effects of early days as we journey in by the new way, for the last twelve miles is still by stage, and probably it will be always so, for the Government frowns upon railway projects that would invade the actual valley. The great majority, too, will approve of this remnant of the old manner of passenger transportation in the

Sierras, for it will add to the in-going journey just a dash of the "rough-and-ready" without stealing an important amount of time. This twelve miles of new turnpike leads from the terminus to the meadows of the valley through a precipitous and picturesque portion of the Cañon of the Merced.

In the past almost all travelers have tried to see the Yosemite Valley in too short a space of time; and it is to be hoped that the new route, on account of its shortening of time of actual travel in and out, will encourage every visitor to add at least two days to the stay that has been before customary. A week is far short of sufficient time for a comprehension of the full beauty and grandeur of the Yosemite. At the end of that time you will just begin to feel its spell, just begin to feel it mastering you, and you will leave unsatisfied, with a realization that its sublimity and its mystery; its smallest prettinesses, seen where fragrant, woody flowers bloom beside frolicking streamlets, and its tremendous grandeurs, that touch the sky, will never cease calling to you from your heart of hearts to return and worship





*Getting Ready for the Evening Camp-Fire at Camp Yosemite.*



*Monarchs of the Forest, Mariposa Grove.*

Nature again without unseemly haste, in Nature's most sacred temple.

Who can learn in a day, or two, or three (as many try to do) the true beauty and majesty and meaning of such Indian-named, Indian-loved immortals of the Yosemite as overpowering Tutóckanula, which we call El Capitan, the noble guardian of it all, forever headed into Elówin, the promised land; white-faced, majestic Tissaack, the half dome, Goddess of the Valley, beloved of the mighty Tutóckanula, her back against the east, whence she hands down the light of every dawn and defies night's obliteration; Pohóno, Spirit of the Evil Wind, haunted by lost maidens—the fall that is called the Bridal Veil, she that is rainbow-bedecked and wanton, yielding to every passing breeze; Lóya, the grim Sentinel; Wah-whóléna, the Three Graces; Posenah Chukka, now the Cathedral Spires; Tocoyae, the North Dome Pompompasus, the falling rocks, called in the English tongue the Three Brothers; Hunto, the Watching Eye; Chó-

lack, the beautiful Yosemite Falls, at whose base stood the original village of Ahwahneechees; Ahweiyah, lovely Sleeping Water, called by us Mirror Lake, on the banks of which the young Ahwahnee brave fought that memorable fight with the giant grizzly bear which gave the new name, "Yo Semite," to his tribe; and the Falls of Illilouette, the Rushing Water; Piwaack, Cataract of Diamonds, that we call Vernal; and Yowiye, Twisting Water, being the Foaming Nevada Fall? Where is there a corner of the earth wherein travelers may originate that has not heard these wondrous names spoken? And yet, to many visitors of the Yosemite they remain forever little more than names and a memory of one marvelous glance of the eye over the gorge, for these things must be approached one by one and loved through intimacy of acquaintance, if you would understand the full possibilities of the whole. Full well did the dwellers in Ahwahnee, the keepers of the "Deep Grassy Valley," know their matchless home and love it; and in





*From the Meadow; Half Dome.*

Sancroft Library

mighty love and inborn understanding did they name its impressive features, poetically and well. But their love and understanding of it all were bred slowly, generation upon generation, until at last—at last, not at first—were the valley's very secrets born with the babes of the Ahwahnechees, and they gave the names and told the stories they had heard unconsciously in their mothers' bodies. And centuries before them—Oh, vast centuries before! the whole great thing was fashioned out by a force so vast, so scornful of time, so sure of its purpose and its inevitable fulfillment that an age was not too long for the work it had to do—was not too long for the accomplishment of the masterpiece that was to be a masterpiece forever, or so long as the world is without end. Can you, who have rushed into this sublimity by the all-rail route, with your mind full of yourself and other thoughts as foreign to the majesties, the beauties, the mysteries of the Deep Grassy Valley, the gorge of the Great Grizzly Bear,

you who have rushed into the very foot-prints of that overwhelming force—hope to take unto your soul the meaning of the Yosemite in a day, or two, or three?

The life of modern man, too, as he leads it in the depths of the great chasm, has its own peculiar charm and interest, in addition to the magnificence of Nature. The quaint bit of a village of Yosemite, spread along the limpid, trout-loved, flower-bordered Merced, is one of the distinct features of the trip that will linger ever in the memory. It is one of the most picturesque communities in America, and the meadow location with its surroundings of mountain grandeur brings strikingly to mind pictures of hamlets tucked away in the Swiss Alps. The homelike hotel with its feet almost in the river and the Yosemite Falls swishing day and night immediately behind it; the straggling street shaded by forest trees, with an occasional shadow or Indian jogging down its length; the quaint studios of artists and photographers scattered along

the stream, making wandering through the easy-going little capital of Wonderland a delightful manner of passing away pine-scented Summer days.

This famous Mariposa Grove is a feature of the outward-bound stage trip *viu*

he does not wish to make the entire return trip by stage, he may proceed from Yosemite to the Big Trees *via* Glacier Point and Wawona, spend such time as he may desire at the latter resort and return to the railroad terminus by way of the world-renowned In-



*Bridal Veil Falls, From Wawona Turnpike.*

Glacier Point and Wawona, which alone should make the ride over the old route worth while, and without question the traveler should take a stop-over at Wawona in order to spend sufficient time among these magnificent trees to understand them. Or, if

spiration Point, from which celebrated vantage spot the finest single view of the valley is to be had. These excursions will give the tourist an idea of the old stage route and its charm, and still be economical in time, money and fatigue.



Amagosa River, Beatty

# Gold Amid the Sagebrush

By Charles Richard Gates



It has come to the point that the ordinary writer in dealing with the wonderful wealth of Southern Nevada, uses all of the adjectives in *Webster's Unabridged* in extolling its resources. He frequently employs "The world marvels at Nevada's mineral wealth," or, stronger still, "Golden nuggets imbedded in crystal quartz impregnate the mountains of God-favored Nevada."

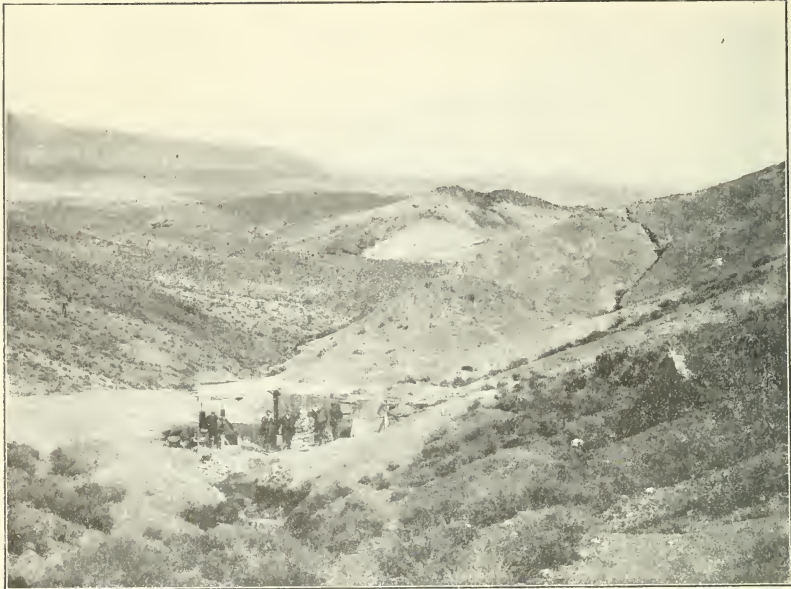
All this sounds good, but it does not particularize as to the special places that Providence has specifically favored. In this article Beatty and the surrounding mountains will be the theme; and it is worthy a much better pen, for the subject is one of more than ordinary interest, even to those not interested in mining.

In the first place, it is well in this connection to say that the town of Beatty is en-

joying its second boom, and it is usually the case that one boom is sufficient to place a town on its feet or relegate it to the shades of oblivion.

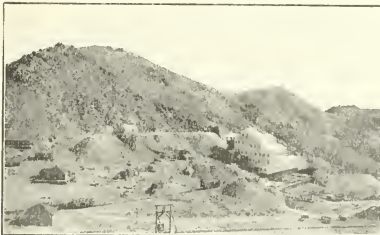
When the second boom arrives it comes as a matter of course, due to some remarkable values supposed to exist at the time of the initial boom which have developed into certainties. Such is the condition of affairs at Beatty.

When the town was founded it in large measure depended upon the success of the Montgomery-Shoshone mine, three miles from the townsite. The Montgomery-Shoshone has been developed to the point that it is today considered the richest mine in Nevada. The Schwab interests paid \$3,500,000 for the property when it was simply a prospect, or little better than that. Today, with about 10,000 feet of work in shafts, tunnels and drifts, there is over \$46,000,000



*Transvaal and Congo Claims, Beattie. Ore Taken From These Mines Has Assayed as High as \$2,000 a Ton.*

worth of ore blocked out, and in a very short time the great mill now building will be treating 350 tons of high-grade ore daily, and still the Montgomery-Shoshone is today merely at the grass roots so far as deep mining is concerned, working only at the 500-foot level. Close by is the "Amethyst" working in rich ore, the "Lucky Jack," a good property, and the "Montgomery Extension," in which Monette, of Hays-Monette fame, is interested. Those and other properties lie



*Great Mill of the Montgomery-Shoshone Mine, Near Beattie.*

between the town of Beatty and Rhyolite, and will all be tributary to Beatty for the reason that those owning the mines are enthusiastically supporting the town and are making preparations to make it "The Chicago of Nevada."

But the resources of Beatty do not end with the mines enumerated, but rather begin there: for the Mayflower Consolidated mines, embracing the "Mayflower group," the "Starlight" and "Crocus" are developed properties, and the mining world today is all agog over the recent rich strike made in the 200-foot level of the Mayflower. This property was for a long time considered simply a great milling proposition, with values ranging from \$17 to \$24, but it has been proven that a rich ledge carrying high-grade values lies at the second level. This, together with the fact that the ledge on the 125-foot level is over 100 feet wide, will give some idea as to the wealth of this mine. The "Starlight" is working in milling ore of good quality, and the "Crocus" has struck the "Mayflower" ledge, that trends upon

"Crocus" ground. These properties will soon have a mill running of sufficient capacity to handle the output of all.

Near the "Mayflower" are a number of good properties that are now being developed, but a mine is not a mine until it has ore blocked out in sufficient quantity to justify the title; therefore, nothing will be said of prospects in the way of individual mention.

Beatty is the nearest town to the Mayflower Consolidated Mines, and necessarily all of the supplies for the mines must come from the town.

The "Banner-Bullfrog" mine and the "Bullfrog Midas" are the mines nearest to Beatty, and both of these mines not only have a splendid ore at the 200-foot levels, but the surface showings are the most remarkable of any in the Bullfrog district.

Incidentally it might be well to say that the equipment of the mines mentioned is the very best in the entire district. Hoisting machinery of the latest pattern, with air compressors and drills, mean business when started, and as a result the development has been remarkably rapid.

Tige Harris, "the Daddy of the Bullfrog District," is also working his property, about a mile from the "Banner" and "Midas" mines, and now there is a mine, or rather what will be a mine, right in the town of Beatty. Specimens of ore assaying as high as \$2,000 were taken from a shallow shaft at the depth of thirty feet, and the men are still sinking in ore. Much might be said about other properties near by, as to their promising features and probable value, but this article deals only with facts.

With her present richness, Beatty bids fair to be a city. Not only will the town be tributary to the rich mines adjoining, but it will be a railroad center as well. It sounds funny to speak of a town in Southern Nevada being a railroad center, but facts are facts, and are usually very obstinate things to overcome in an argument.

At present the Los Vegas and Tonopah Railroad is practically doing all the business, although the Goldfield and Bullfrog Railroad is within sight of Beatty and will soon be running passenger as well as freight trains into the town.

"Borax" Smith is also building a line that will open up rich tributary territory, and



Montgomery Hotel.

will provide a new carrier for high-grade ores to the smelters. The Los Vegas and Tonopah Railroad has established its shops and round-houses at Beatty, largely on account of the bountiful supply of water at that point.

Water, as you well know, is water to a greater extent in Nevada than any other state in the Union, probably; and where it is to be had without stint, where it comes forth from the mountains, clear, pure and sparklingly cool, there will you find people who appreciate it at its full value.

The Amagosa River, the strange stream, fed by numerous springs as it threads its way among the foothills and out upon the flat as it nears Beatty, flows a lovely bit of water through the town, passes on down the valley and is lost in the wash of Death Valley, that forbidding stretch of desolate land that has figured so prominently in Western fiction, when an ambitious author wished a sombre scene in which to picture some harrowing tale of human suffering or sanguinary struggle to the death.

As time goes on not much of the pretty little Amagosa will be lost, for with mills running and a large population the water will be devoted to Beatty rather than, as now, supplying other mining camps.

Beatty bids fair to be a health resort as well as a mining and railroad town, for the sulphur baths adjacent to the town are popular throughout Southern Nevada, and as the names of the section develop the value of the springs will increase.

As to the town at present, some would consider it enough to say "It's a bustling, busy mining camp," but a brief description of one of Nevada's big-towns-to-be may not be out of place.

If you have ever visited a mining camp you know that paved streets are a thing un-



*Cottage Built of Bottles and Adobe, Bullfrog District; 40,000 Bottles Are Embedded in the Walls.*

known, that cement sidewalks are a dream of the future, and that tent houses predominate. Beatty is a little more fortunate in this regard than camps only two years of age, and boasts of several well-graded streets, and quite a nice little stretch of walks. The streets are wide and, strange as it may seem, the town claims the finest hotel in Nevada, "The Montgomery," named in honor of Bob Montgomery, the man who discovered the Montgomery-Shoshone mine and afterward sold it for over three millions of dollars.

The Montgomery was built when it cost three cents per pound to freight in any class of material to Beatty, and notwithstanding the enormous cost, the hostelry would be a credit to any live city in the East of 15,000 population. There are other hotels, not so fine, but all good. Cottage homes line many streets, and tent-houses are fast giving place to buildings of frame, stone and steel. Men and teams are busily engaged in grading streets, leveling off rough places, and the

hundreds of people who have recently been attracted to the town have been greatly impressed with the activity shown in the way of up-to-date development.

In the journalistic world it is the man behind the pen that counts for power, in war the man behind the gun is the one to be reckoned with, but in Southern Nevada it's the man or men behind the mine that build cities and otherwise develop the resources of what has been known for years as The Desert.

That Beatty is fortunate in this regard is shown by the number of men who can count their wealth well up in the millions, who are "backing" Beatty.

Ex-Senator J. Ross Clark, Malcomb McDonald of Goldfield, Dr. Phillips, E. S. Holt, Bob Montgomery, Jacob Meyer, "Diamondfield Jack" Davis, A. K. Wheeler, "Tige" Harris, and numerous others have unbounded faith in Beatty, and today are eloquently testifying to their faith by investing largely in the town and adjacent mines.



# The Bungalow

By R. N. Lamberth

As one who is considered a fair authority on the bungalow and its possibilities, I have been asked to tell briefly my reasons for believing this the most simple and beautiful



type of the nation's homes, and why I have named it the "American Palace." The name "bungalow" is derived from the East Indian term "banga," meaning a rural villa or house of light construction, having a thatched or tiled roof, and surrounded by a wide veranda partially roofed to shelter the inmates from the fierce rays of the tropical sun.

The bungalow of today is classified into two groups: The true bungalow designed after its prototype, and the modernized bungalow, designed after cottage form.

The cottage bungalow cannot be surpassed as a model home, no matter what the locality. It is a house reduced to its simplest form, where life may be carried on with the greatest amount of freedom and comfort and the least amount of effort. Its low, broad pro-

portions and lack of ornamentation give it a character so unassuming that it never fails to harmonize with its surroundings, ever improving the general appearance of the community wherein it is built.

It is *homelike* because it is planned and built to meet simple needs in the simplest and most direct way. *Healthful* because its peculiar construction provides the greatest amount of space, air and sunlight possible in a closed house. *Beautiful* because it enters closely into Nature's scheme, with its rustic exterior, native woods and natural finish. *Comfortable* because its rooms are large and contain every modern convenience, while its many nooks and corners are brimful of shelves and cases for the thousand and one little odds and ends. Then, because of the cheerful old-fashioned fireplace, so jolly on cold Winter days—and the cozy den where a man enjoys his evening smoke, and a woman loves to arrange her collection of cushions, curios and photos. It is *inexpensive*, because, compared with the ordinary cottage, it costs from 20 per cent to 50 per cent less to build. A beautiful home at the least possible expense is always the aim.

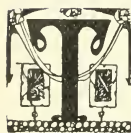




*Digging Natural Soda on Soda Lake.*

# Soda, a California Commodity

By John Renfrew



THE resources of the West, and of California in particular, are beyond the measure of man to compute. Turn whichever way you will—there is some new element cropping out, to enchant and enrich the energetic pioneer.

These pages have often told of golden treasure, mines richer than the world had ever known before. The varied resources of fruit and flower have been told and retold. Mining, milling and manufacture have been pictured in their many phases; quite recently borax, another natural product, has had its story recounted, and now a new industry is being developed in the West—the development of the natural beds of crude soda, deposits that have been centuries in process of formation. Inaccessibility has been the one barrier that has kept many of the most great resources of California in the background. The great "Death Valley" section is now being opened because of the entrance of the railways into it.

Soda is new in the sense that it is now to be exploited, for it has been common knowledge among well-posted mineralogists that

these vast deposits of crude soda would one day be the center of a great industry. In our libraries, many works on the mineral resources are found, notably those of Prof. Gilbert E. Bailey, author of "Saline Deposits of California," "Minerals of California," etc. Professor Bailey, who was formerly professor of metallurgy and chemistry, University of Nebraska, also formerly geologist of Wyoming, in his research in California, has much to say about these same soda beds. It were just as well to quote what this authority has said about the two principal deposits of crude soda—Soda Lake and Danby Lake in San Bernardino County. Professor Bailey says:

The Dry Lake is about eighteen miles long by five miles wide. The new Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad parallels the west side of the lake. It is the sink of the Mojave River.

The lake is not only the sink of the river, but it is the lowest point of depression in the floor of a large lake of former geological times and this large lake in turn was once a portion of the inland sea which once covered the Mojave Desert.

These seas were saline, and as their waters evaporated and they shrunk to a series of



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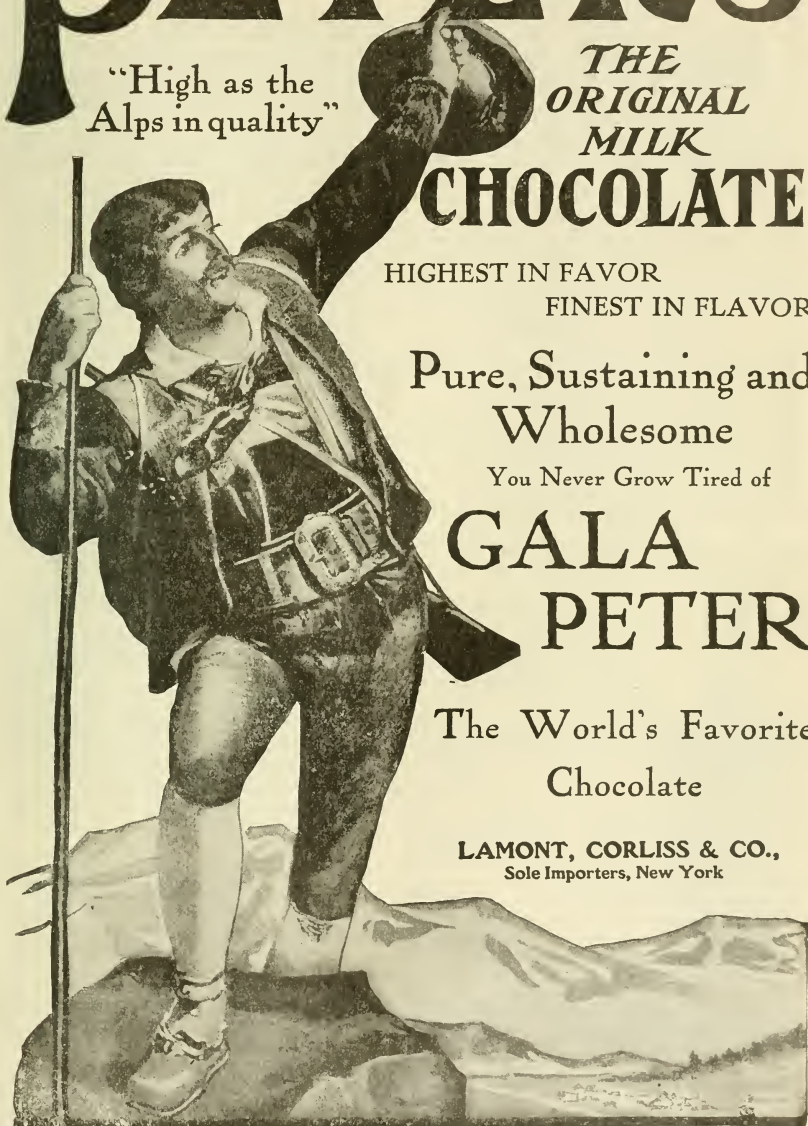
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lakes, the waters became condensed, and the saline contents collected in the lowest depressions, which are now the dry lakes. Soda Lake, Death Valley, Owens Lake and Salton Sea are the principal depressions of this character in the deserts of California.

The fact is emphasized because the mineral wealth of this lake is not due solely to the mineral brought into it by the Mojave River, but because it contains the gatherings of former geological ages near these salines that collected and formed on a gigantic scale. It is probable that borings will reveal underlying strata of minerals in addition to those showing on the surface.

Be this as it may, the surface formations are phenomenal in their extent and character, and commercial value.

I have carefully examined the character and quality of the ground located in the surrounding regions, and took samples which have been analyzed by Professor Laid Stabler, of the University of Southern California, with the following results:

Sodium chloride.....	22.08 per cent
Carbonate of soda.....	10.07 per cent
Sulphate of soda.....	38.02 per cent
Balance, sand, etc.	

The soda averages over six inches in depth over the large portion of the located regions. In area over a mile square, the crusts

will run nearly one foot in thickness, and are peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of soda ash, caustic soda, sal soda, bleaching powder, cooking soda, and a vast range of chemically pure chemicals.

Until the building of the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad, this region was forty miles from nowhere (to use an apt expression). Now, rail facilities bring this rich resource within easy and profitable reach.

I wish to here quote the late Stephen Bowers of the United States Geological Survey, who was much impressed with these crude soda deposits. Referring to Danby Lake, he says:

There are two large deposits of natural soda on this property; one runs along the east side of the lake bed and the other on the west side. Both are apparently of the same relative value, being exceptionally pure and well adapted to conversion into valuable commercial compounds and chemicals. It extends in depth from two to five feet. After removing the light layer of sand, it shows a snowy appearance, apparently free from impurities, and is pleasing to the eye. As I have said of other minerals in this vast deposit, the soda is practically inexhaustible. It is a sea of natural sodium, and is capable



*A California Soda Bed.*

of conversion into a great variety of commercial products, as sulphate and carbonate. It not only represents the basis of sodium carbonate, bicarbonate, caustic soda, chlorate of soda, etc., but also a large number of bi-products analogous thereto. It offers an opportunity for the creation of a valuable industry in the manufacture of a staple product, which should have been established on the Pacific Coast many years ago. With these natural advantages at command, California should at least control the sodium bi-products on the Pacific Slope. It presents an unusual opportunity for a great and special industry.

There is no mystery about the conversion

of these natural beds of crude soda. The importance of these deposits lies in the fact that nowhere else in the world are there such inexhaustible beds of it, or deposits of such rare purity.

At present the trade of the Pacific Coast alone in the eight products that can be cheaply produced from this crude soda amounts to more than fifty millions of pounds per year, and every ounce of it is brought here from Eastern points, namely, Michigan, Ohio and New York, where the alkali manufacturers are dependent upon artificial processes, using sodium chloride and sulphuric acid to pro-



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# THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

## AND THE SANITARY FIXTURES THAT INSURE ITS HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

**A** SNOWY, sanitary bathroom, a dainty, kitchen, and a spotless laundry—what an influence they have exercised upon the health and happiness of the modern home! In the past few years the progress in the equipment of these rooms has been so great that could the housewife of a quarter century ago be unconsciously transported from her dark, unsanitary bathroom and her unprepossessing kitchen to the snow-white surroundings of the woman of to-day she would imagine herself in some wonderland of luxury where beauty, purity, and cleanliness were the very keystones of existence.

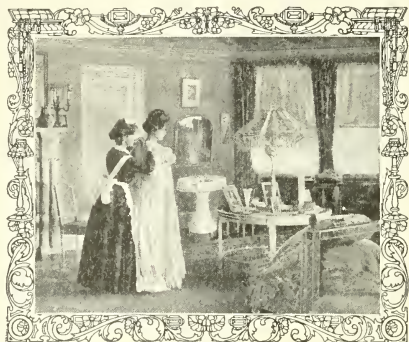
Of all domestic developments for the greater safety, convenience and comfort of family-living in the modern home, the equipment of the modern bathroom evidences the most thorough and radical change. The bathroom of a few years past was usually the most poorly appointed room in the house, making no appeal to its occupants other than that of absolute necessity. How great a change has come to pass! The snowy bathroom of to-day, with its pure white, glistening STANDARD fixtures, is undoubtedly the most perfectly equipped of all portions of the home, and its inviting charm is irresistible to every member of the household.

From the standpoint of the family health the householder's choice of a bathroom fixture should be guided by a desire for the best and by the experience of his neighbors. For the vital matter of health preservation only the perfect fixture should be used, an equipment of natural purity, absolutely sanitary, an equipment under all conditions of usage remaining constantly pure and wholesome. This perfection in a bathroom fixture is obtainable from one source alone—STANDARD Porcelain Enameled Ware. Those in whose homes STANDARD fixtures have been installed will vouch for their healthful influence

and will speak with pardonable pride of the additional beauty they confer upon the home appointment.

Although actual use in thousands of representative homes has proven its superior worth, the cost of STANDARD Ware is not prohibitive even where the most rigid economy is necessitated. An equipment of STANDARD Ware may be had for practically the same outlay as would be required for the old style unsanitary fittings. But the installation of STANDARD fixtures must not be looked upon as an expense. The money invested in your bathroom in STANDARD Ware adds many times its cost to the selling or rental value of your home.

Any real-estate expert or agent knows that the house equipped throughout with STANDARD fixtures may be more easily and more advantageously disposed of than one equipped with any other grade of plumbing, for the general public recognizes in STANDARD Ware the best and most desirable equipment for domestic use. Intelligent comparison will substantiate the claim that STANDARD Porcelain Enameled Ware will give you at the least expense the greatest of all modern luxuries and comforts—an absolutely sanitary bathroom whose purity and cleanliness will be a source of pride and



A bedroom in which a STANDARD lavatory has superseded the washstand.



A cheery bathroom of to-day.

satisfaction from the day the fixtures are installed.

And it is not only for the infinite comforts and conveniences it affords, nor for its cleanliness and beauty that STANDARD Ware is the most widely preferred of all bathroom equipments. The guarantee of life-long durability that it gives is largely responsible for the extent of its general use. Indestructible as the iron which constitutes its basic element, STANDARD Ware is built to last as long as the house in which it is installed. Even under the most severe usage its snowy enamel glaze, which becomes in manufacture an integral part of the metal body, will resist the most extraordinary wear without a crack or craze. STANDARD fixtures combine the strength and grace of metal with the lustrous elegance of porcelain, and in their perfect sanitation constantly protect the family health, giving the maximum of service at a minimum of cost.

The modern kitchen and the modern laundry have been as fully revolutionized as the modern bathroom. The old-fashioned sink and laundry-tub have gone the way of the unsanitary wood-incased bathtub. These undesirable fixtures had their day. This is the day of the modern kitchen and immaculate laundry with healthful, sanitary STANDARD fixtures, the equipment generating purity and cleanliness throughout the home, the fixtures that are the woman's pride and the delight of all who come in contact with them.

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Every householder should have our book entitled "Modern Bathrooms." This 100-page treatise deals with a subject of vital import to the head of every family—the perfect sanitation of the home. It illustrates many equipments, both luxurious and inexpensive, for the bathroom, boudoir, kitchen and laundry and contains numerous suggestions for the proper decoration of these rooms. It shows the estimated cost of each individual fitting and tells you the most economical way to plan, buy and arrange your sanitary fixtures. It is the most complete and beautiful brochure ever issued on this subject. Write, enclosing six cents postage, and a copy of "Modern Bathrooms" will be sent you free by return mail.



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duce their soda products. In these natural beds, Nature has already accomplished most of the process in the production of this crude soda. Some may say, "Oh, yes, this is alkali, and the West is full of it"; true, but it is only in exceptional deposits where there are soda properties of sufficient purity to warrant development. Soda deposits, like many other things, depend upon their intrinsic goodness. Danby and Soda Lake have been proven by incontrovertible evidence to be the principal and best natural deposits of crude soda in the West.

It is but another source of true wealth for the state, and emphasizes the great empire that is to be builded upon the others of the Pacific. This soda industry finds its prototype in the great borax mining, made famous the world over by the Twenty Mule Team of "Borax Smith." In the past few years, in his determined though awkward process, he has carted forty-eight million dollars' profit out of the mountain fastnesses, and has made the world richer because he has developed a natural resource.

The men who have headed a Los Angeles

enterprise are to be congratulated upon their opportunity—steam cars will deliver from these natural beds to their chemical plant these crude deposits, where they will be converted by simple processes into eight principal products, i. e., caustic soda, soda ash, sal soda, bleaching powder, cooking soda, soda hyposulphite, washing compounds, glauber salts, and a bi-product of about twenty-nine varieties of chemically pure chemicals. An inventive engineering genius has already perfected a machine for milling and crystallization of the crude soda. This machine, occupying a space only about one hundred feet long by ten or fifteen feet wide will perform the same work that the old-time process of precipitation in vats took six acres of space to accomplish, besides six weeks' time.

The opportunity for men and money today is greater than ever before in this land of opportunity—the Golden West. To be identified in the opening of vast natural resources is a privilege—measured in dollars it runs into the large figures with which we are wont to measure men and undertakings these days.

## The Development of a Community

By Charles V. Barton.



HE character of a state, a section or a community is largely determined by its citizenship. To put it another way, the citizenship of a state, a section or a community determines and progress.

But this does not tell the whole story. Real men have conquered apparently bleak and forbidding wildernesses; and the most fertile, smiling lands are wasted on the unappreciated atmosphere if they have not real men to develop them.

The ideal combination is where the land of great possibilities attracts the classes of citizens who make the best and largest use of those possibilities. And when you mention the land of the greatest possibilities, there you will find the best, the most energetic and the most public-spirited classes of citizens.

That land is Southern California.

Call this provincial egotism if you like;

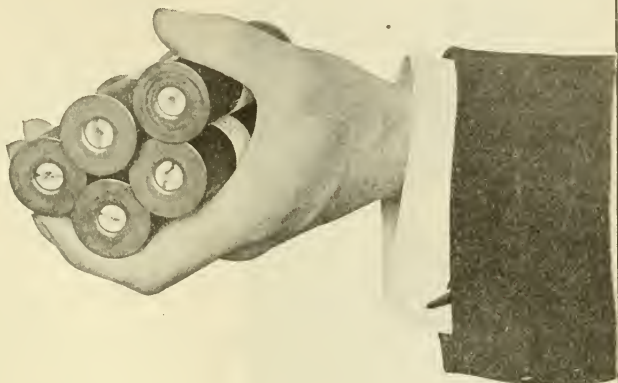
look upon it as a challenge if you will; the fact remains.

Southern California has become too well known to require any lengthy detail of description from me. It is The Land of Sunshine, whose copyright is recognition the world has given it. It is the land of the greatest growth and the greatest progress; the reasons for which have been sufficiently set forth in the foregoing paragraphs.

There is no more wonderful city in the world than Los Angeles, the metropolis of this Land of Sunshine, whose population has risen from 102,000 to 250,000 in the last six years; which welcomed 40,000 new permanent residents last year; and which is still growing at the rate of at least 25,000 new-comer residents every year.

There is small need to dwell upon the achievements of a community like this. They are known to the world and they speak for themselves.

It need not be supposed, however, that in



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Los Angeles is centered and combined all the forces and characteristics which have

made that city the metropolis of The Land of Sunshine. There are other Southern California cities no less forceful and enterprising, which have in proportion to their size and opportunities accomplished equally as great and important things. And when these things are generally known and understood, perhaps a just opinion will more richly endow with laurel the crown of the small community which has performed deeds worthy of a great metropolis.

Take Long Beach, for example. They tell us that a small community located, so to speak, in the shadow of a large city, may shine only by the reflected glory of its big sister. But there are exceptions to this rule, if rule it is; and the circumstances only make that of Long Beach more notable and praiseworthy.

If you wish for detailed statistics regarding the rise and progress of Long Beach, you will have to look elsewhere. Statistics are good and weighty in their way, but they do not always shine as an object lesson in progress. They are essential in some cases, but not interesting in all.

So let this paragraph make an end of them. Ten years ago the population of Long Beach was 2,000; today it is over 20,000.



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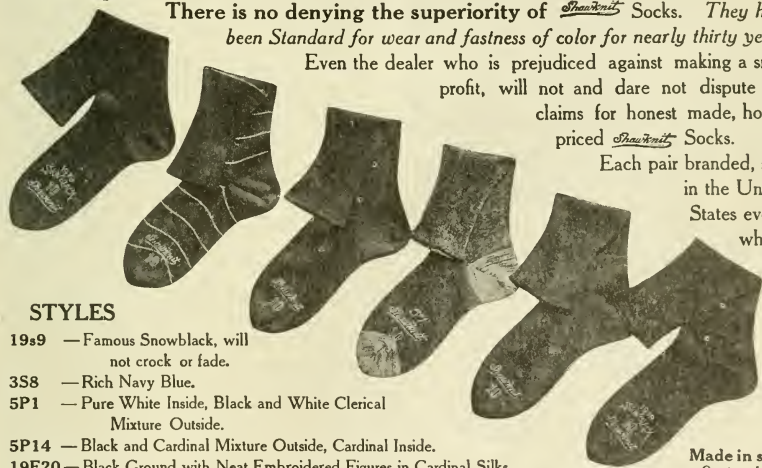
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The city is in Los Angeles County, California, on the Pacific Coast, and twenty-two miles from Los Angeles City. It has eight banks, a magnificent pleasure pier with a National reputation, and schools and churches that stand for the best in the progress of the state.

And here is a significant statement. Long Beach is a city with the lid on. They say that a temperance town cannot be a growing, progressive city. Long Beach is a sufficient answer to such an unworthy allegation. Its citizenship is of the best, and has been largely attracted by the very qualities that bar out wide-openness. Saloons may have helped some cities, in the selfish, material sense; but their absence has surely helped Long Beach.

Long Beach has a wide reputation as an all-the-year-round pleasure resort, and ideal home spot. One of the chief duties and responsibilities of the city officials is to provide wholesome entertainment for the visiting thousands, and for the tourists who make the city their temporary homes. The climate is equable—warm in Winter and cool in Summer. Surf-bathing is indulged in the year round.

But all this leads up to what is doubtless the most important development in the history of Long Beach—its entry on the list of important industrial and commercial cities of the Pacific Coast.

Long Beach has no great harbor for ocean shipping. It is making one. Long Beach had no great industrial plants. It is providing them. Such is the spirit of Long Beach.

A short time ago it was discovered that one of Long Beach's most valuable assets was the tide lands at the mouth of the San Gabriel River, and that a harbor for ocean shipping could be constructed at the city's side door. A syndicate of capitalists was at once formed under the name of the Los Angeles Dock and Terminal Company, the necessary plan arranged, a dredging contract was made, and the work of creating the harbor is now in progress.

Manufactures and commerce would be needed. Why not secure great enterprises as well as small ones to supplement and reinforce the harbor itself?

About this time—but here I wish to digress. I wish to point out that the things which have made Long Beach attractive as a tourist resort, and as an ideal home city, have also attracted aggressive, forceful citi-

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seen it before and  
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**NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 74 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J.**

Do not forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

# EDISON RECORDS *for* JUNE

**A**n unusual number of good hits makes our June list one that every owner of an Edison Phonograph should hear at once. Look over the list below and notice how many things there are that you want to try on your own Edison Phonograph. Then on May 27—don't wait a day longer—go to your dealer's and hear these hits and buy those that you find as good as they promise.

Here is the June list—every kind of music and the best of each kind to suit every taste:

- |      |  |                           |
|------|--|---------------------------|
| 9554 | Golden Rod*—Intermezzo (McKinley).....   | Edison Concert Band       |
| 9555 | With You in Eternity (Solman).....   | Irving Gillette           |
| 9556 | Cavalleria Rusticana—Intermezzo (Mascagni) Vocal Imitation of a Violin, Edith Helena |                           |
| 9557 | Pretzel Pete (Durand) Banjo .....  | Vess L. Ossman            |
| 9558 | In Washington (Hoffman).....   | Billy Murray              |
| 9559 | Reed Bird (The Indian's Bride) (Reed).....   | Collins & Harlan          |
| 9560 | It's a Long Way Back to Dear Old Mother's Knee (Mohr) . . .                          | W. H. Thompson            |
| 9561 | The Telescope March (Seltzer).....   | Edison Military Band      |
| 9562 | School Days (Cobb & Edwards).....  | Byron G. Harlan & Chorus  |
| 9563 | Sometime We'll Understand (Granahan) .....   | Anthony & Harrison        |
| 9564 | Mrs. Clancy and the Street Musicians (Original) .....                                | Edison Vaudeville Co.     |
| 9565 | The Dreamer Waltz (Keith).....   | Edison Symphony Orchestra |
| 9566 | Monte Cristo (Snyder).....   | Bob Roberts               |
| 9567 | In the Wildwood Where the Blue Bells Grew (Taylor).....                              | Harlan & Stanley          |
| 9568 | You'll Have to Get Off and Walk (Reed).....  | Will F. Denny             |
| 9569 | Petite Tonkinoise (Scotto) .....   | Edison Concert Band       |
| 9570 | Ephraim Johnson (Greene & Werner).....   | Arthur Collins            |
| 9571 | The Last Rose of Summer is the Sweetest Song of All (Sidney) . . .                   | Harry Anthony             |
| 9572 | Becky & Izzy (Original) .....  | Ada Jones & Len Spencer   |
| 9573 | Dainty Dames (Blake) Bells.....  | Albert Benzler            |
| 9574 | Lulu and Her La, La, La (Von Tilzer) .....   | Helen Trix                |
| 9575 | Flanagan's Married Life (Original) .....   | Steve Porter              |
| 9576 | The Land League Band (J. W. Kelly).....  | J. W. Myers               |
| 9577 | Poor John Medley (Original).....   | Edison Military Band      |

**K**EEP posted on the new Records for the Edison Phonograph as well as the old. There are three books which will be sent free on the 27th of May to anyone who asks for them, who cannot get them at a dealer's or who would rather write than go to a store and ask for them. They are the Phonogram, the Supplemental Catalogue and the Complete Catalogue. They are sent on request. Write today.



THOMAS A. EDISON

**NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 74 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J.**

zenship of the best sort. Long Beach was to win new laurels because of this happy condition.

To resume the thread, about this time it was learned that the great Craig Shipbuilding Company of Toledo, Ohio, was contemplating the construction of a plant somewhere on the Pacific Coast. A representative of the company visited Long Beach and investigated. As a result, he declared that Long Beach inner harbor presented the most desirable and most feasible site on the Pacific Coast.

Here was the opportunity; what was the result? It became necessary to raise a fund of \$100,000 to secure the shipbuilding enterprise. Quite an undertaking for a city of a little over 20,000 inhabitants, with as yet no pretensions toward being an industrial or commercial city.

The money was raised in a campaign which will ever remain memorable in the annals of Long Beach. Small need to go into the details here; as a home enterprise it was perhaps unparalleled.

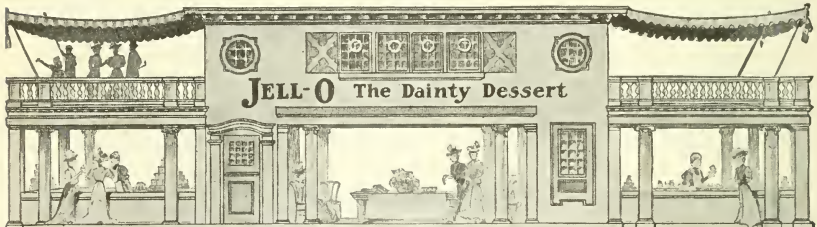
A point I would like to make here is

that a city of 20,000 which can raise \$100,000 to establish an industry within its limits must have its own future solidly based; it cannot fail. It is a safe place for investment. It goes without saying that the push, vim, shrewdness, foresight and intelligence which made such a result possible are applied in the private enterprises of the city.

To raise the \$100,000 a citizens' committee was formed, composed of leading capitalists and business men, of which N. Emmett May, secretary of the United Syndicates Company, was chairman.

Mr. May practically cast aside his own business for thirty days, putting all his time and energies into the raising of the shipbuilding fund. According to a local publication, "Mr. May was chairman of the committee and did yeoman service in concluding the negotiations by which Long Beach becomes the home of a gigantic commercial industry, destined to be a forerunner of many other enterprises which will follow the completion of this great improvement."

Again it is proper to remark, such is the spirit of Long Beach.



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**THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y.**



# The Port of Coos Bay

By A. E. Guyton.

**T**HE EMPTYING the ax of the woodsman, inviting the saw mill industries of the country to a new field, and offering an almost inexhaustible supply of lumber for the whole United States, there stand in Southern Oregon thousands of acres of virgin timber surrounding that finest of harbors on the Pacific Coast—the port of Coos Bay.

These are the conditions which are attracting the attention of the big lumbermen of the country, which in fact have already brought about the location at Marshfield, the largest of the Coos Bay cities, a saw mill which when completed will be one of the biggest on the western coast.

Forests of Michigan, Minnesota and other north central states are rapidly being stripped of their timber wealth. The tax upon this resource has caused the supply to run low. Lumber must be obtained elsewhere in large quantities, the trend in this, as in other industries, has been Pacificward.

In no other part of the country is there a vaster amount of high-grade timber convenient to milling and shipping than is found in that part of the State of Oregon, which, sloping from the crest of the coast range, surrounds and terminates at Coos Bay, a harbor offering every manufacturing facility along its miles of waterfront, and a safe and convenient gateway to the Pacific Ocean trade.

The standing timber within the bounds of Coos County alone is estimated at twenty-nine billion feet, and tributary, west of the Cascade Mountains, there stand one hundred billion feet of equally as fine timber. Little reason then that the lumbermen should look toward the Coos Bay country of Oregon for the raw material to feed their mills and supply the demands of the future.

For years past lumbering has been an important factor on Coos Bay, but so great is the amount of timber it scarcely shows having been touched. The industry in that locality has but been in its infancy, but now the larger concerns are recognizing that the district of which Coos Bay is the outlet, offers the most promising future for the lumber manufacturing business.

The C. A. Smith Lumber Company, own-

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at Jamestown Exposition



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The difference between conditions of years ago and those of to-day will be nowhere more strikingly shown at this Exposition than in the comparison of writing instruments of the past with the Ideal Fountain Pen of to-day. The care taken in its manufacture will be actually demonstrated in Booth No. 1, Interior Court, Manufacturers' and Liberal Arts Building.

Daily celluloid souvenir bookmarks of The Pen with the Clip-Cap, free.

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# # JADE #

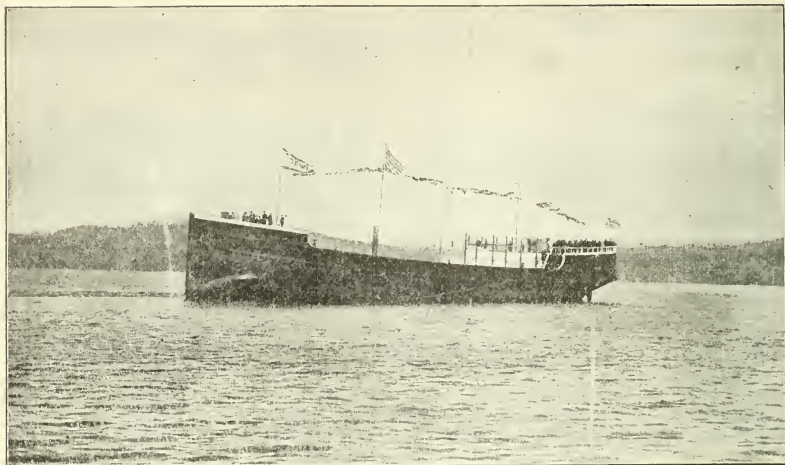
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**Brock & Feagans**  
 JEWELERS  
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Steam Schooner R. D. Inman.

ing at Minneapolis the largest saw mill in the United States, has started at Marshfield the construction of a milling plant which will have a capacity of cutting 250,000 feet

of lumber in ten hours and will when completed be next to the largest on the Pacific Coast. Work has been started and within a year the big plant will be in full operation.

# President Suspenders



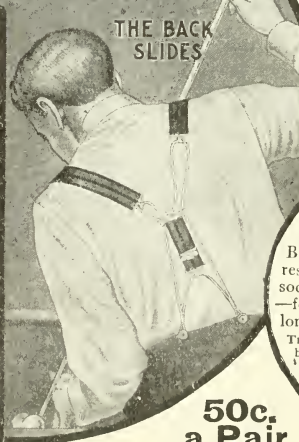
When you asked for Presidents you probably were sidetracked by some man behind a counter who "knew" what you wanted better than you. It's better late than never. Don't be sidetracked again. Judge for yourself. Put on a pair; you'll know in a minute if Presidents are all we claim. If you don't like Presidents take them off and buy others. Your dealer will allow a try-on.

Raise one shoulder—Bend, Lift or Reach and the back slides smoothly and quickly. No strain, no pulling. Presidents rest so lightly you can't feel them.

Light, Medium and Heavy-weight. Extra long for big men. Special size for youths and boys.

If you can't get Presidents in your city buy of us. After three days wear, if unsatisfactory, return for your money.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.  
553 Main St., Shirley, Mass.



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The sockhold is separated by a Ball Bearing SWIVEL and works independently—there's no binding, loosening or slipping.

**BALL BEARING GARTERS** rest snugly and securely hold the socks in place. There's no tension—for that reason they give unusually long service.

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25c. A PAIR.  
The C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.  
553 Main St.  
Shirley, Mass.

50c.  
a Pair



A machine shop, with equipment excelled by none in the West, has been finished and will be used in connection with the mill; houses will be erected to accommodate the employes and their families, and the company is now having built in the East a steel steam schooner that will carry two and a quarter million feet of lumber. She will be the largest lumber vessel on either the Atlantic or Pacific Coast and will be used exclusively to transport the product of the Coos Bay mill. Pending the completion of the new plant, a smaller mill is being operated to supply the immediate demands.

The plans which are being carried out by the C. A. Smith Company are with a view of extensive enlargement of the establishment. Representatives of the company state that within three years the timber available for the Minneapolis mill will have been exhausted and the plant shut down. Then the center of operations of this, one of the leading lumber firms of the country, will be at Coos Bay. C. A. Smith and the company of which he is the head own in the immediate vicinity of the newly located mill sufficient timber to keep the plant running for the next two hundred years, and then have standing timber left.

That the Coos Bay district is rich in timber and really has the needed supply is best told by Mr. Smith himself, who is one of the highest lumber authorities in the country, when he says: "There is within a radius of seventy-five miles of Coos Bay five times as much timber as has been sawed in Minneapolis in the past fifty years, and Minneapolis is called the sawdust city of the world."

Because of this one big establishment being located at Marshfield, the population of the city will probably be doubled before another year has passed. Other prominent lumbermen and lumber companies own large holdings in the locality, and the various interests will later build mills in addition to those which are now in operation. Logically Coos Bay is destined to become the lumber-producing center of the country. The timber is there, it is of the best quality and of great variety, and all the needed facilities for manufacturing and shipping are there.

Besides the C. A. Smith plant which is being established, there are in operation on Coos Bay and the neighboring country about a dozen saw mills of different sizes, the most extensive being those of the Simp-

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The Best Tonic



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Nervousness knocks at the door of every man and woman under the present day strain. Its health shattering force is plainly evident in every direction you may look. In this ambitious age nobody seems able to resist the temptation of overdoing until exhausted nature rebels and is avenged by the nervous prostration that follows. At this serious stage—when you are liable to become the victim of fever or other prevalent disease—when not only the nerve forces must be restored but also the impaired system strengthened and rebuilt, you will find

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because it combines the quieting and tonic effects of the choicest hops with the nutritive and digestive elements of rich barley malt. Hops contain those tonic properties which both soothe and build up the nervous system. They induce sweet, refreshing sleep, while the nourishment offered by the pure extract of barley malt, being in predigested form, is easily assimilated by the blood and carries in it those elements that quickly rebuild the delicate nervous substances and tissues. At the same time an appetite is created and your system is furnished the power to draw quicker and greater energy from what you eat.

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builds up and strengthens. This liquid food in predigested form is welcomed by the weakest stomach. It revitalizes the nerves and restores energy, while the phosphates furnished from nature's own warehouse rebuild and revive the tired brain.

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son Lumber Company. As a natural consequence there have come, along with the saw mills, other plants, such as a sash and door factory, furniture factories and shipbuilding yards, all of which are economically operated in timber-producing localities.

Many coast schooners have been built on Coos Bay, not to refer to the many smaller craft built annually. Only recently the lumber schooner *R. D. Inman* was launched at the Kruse and Banks yard and delivered to her owners, the Loop Lumber Company of San Francisco. Several large vessels are always under construction.

Thus is Coos Bay not only a shipping place for the lumber which is turned out by the mills, but in the immediate vicinity the trees of the beautiful forests are transformed into the very boats that will help carry the future output of lumber, into the finest of wood finishings for the houses and into beautiful furniture to adorn the homes. For the last-named purpose the exquisitely marked myrtle wood, which admits of such a high polish, has become famous as a Coos Bay product.

The lumber and manufacturing opportunities of the country around Coos Bay are made particularly valuable because of the harbor, which is the only one on the Oregon or California coast where coal is mined, and as easily mined as any place in the world, and the supply almost unlimited.

On the harbor much work will be done during the coming year. Local capital will be expended in dredging the bay to more easily accommodate the big vessels, and the Government has authorized a survey with a view of the betterment of the harbor.

There is room for the growth of a city of any size; a growth which will come with the development of the lumber and other resources. There is now on Coos Bay the City of Marshfield, leading in point of population. North Bend is but three miles distant, and farther down on the lower bay is Empire. Opposite Marshfield on the other side of the bay is East Marshfield, which is quickly coming to the front as an important suburb and is to be connected by a free ferry. At several points along the bay town sites have been opened and are being developed. It is only a question of a short time until these communities will grow together and be one big city.

The Southern Pacific Railroad is building a line to Coos Bay from Drain, where it connects with the main line. In a few

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## C. H. Harper

639 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

months an electric road to join Marshfield, North Bend and Empire, and to extend to the other cities of the county, will be started, while there is also planned another electric line to extend from Roseburg and give another connection with the Southern Pacific and cause a big territory of Southern Oregon to become tributary to Coos Bay.

Not only is there room for a big city, but there exists the support of a large population. Along the banks of the many rivers which find their way to the bay are ranches where dairying is now the chief industry. Milk is supplied to creameries and the butter product of Coos County is as fine as that found in any market. But the agricultural possibilities are not limited. Potatoes, cranberries, apples and other fruits and vegetables, poultry, mutton and beef are all raised much more easily than in sections where cold Winters must be experienced.

Then, too, south of Coos Bay there is the valley of the Coquille River, with her productive farms and busy saw mills and her three chief cities, Coquille, the county seat; Myrtle Point and Bandon by the Sea, all making up a district rich in itself, but adding to the possibilities of Coos Bay and being a part of the Coos Bay country.

It is freely estimated that in ten years the city on Coos Bay, then a consolidation of all of the towns, will be the place of residence of from 40,000 to 50,000 people. And why should it not be? The flat land is sufficient for the business district of a city twice that size; the hills around the bay offer ideal spots for homes; the sea, mountains, lakes and rivers nearby give a variety of pleasure resorts; the farms and the waters furnish all kinds of foods; the resources are great and many, and opportunity for success and fortune is open to all comers.

Well may such a place be the home of many people who are seeking the advantages of the Pacific Coast.

Coos Bay is today without a pauper or family sufficiently poor to depend upon charity of others. New business concerns are being opened in the several cities, manufacturers in various lines are taking up the chances the locality offers and rapidly is Coos Bay being carried toward the goal which she will finally reach—the site of a big city on a harbor which will be the natural outlet and center of a vast and resourceful territory, and the terminus of a transcontinental railroad.



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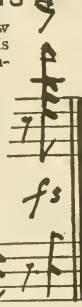
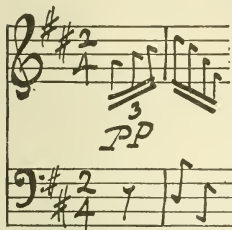
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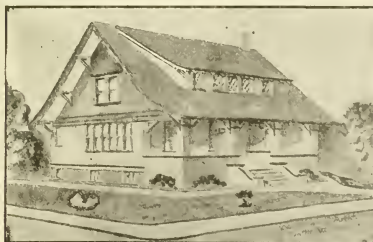
The Waldorf-Astoria,  
 New York.  
 To all lovers of music, I commend Easy Form. Its method is readily acquired, its accomplishments will prove a lasting delight.  
 VIRGINIA N. ANDREW.

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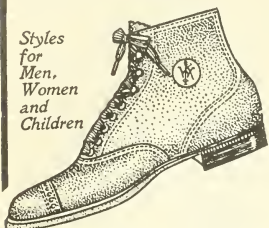
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Ideal shoes for outing and general summer wear. Light and cool, very durable—made on anatomical lasts which ensure freedom and comfort to the feet. Made in both pearl tan buckskin—high cut, extra cut and oxford styles—and button and lace styles for children.

Write for Catalogue C for Buckskins and other outing boots and shoes. For Catalogue D if you want our general footwear Catalogue.

**Wetherby-Kayser Shoe Co.**

215-217 South Broadway  
Los Angeles, California

## The Lighter Side

Written by Hugh Herdman unless otherwise designated

The Trials of a Bachelor.

“What’s the matter, old chap? You look worried.”

“Worried? Well, I should say I do—I mean, I am.”

“What is it? Money?”

“No.”

“A little disappointment in—”

“No, not that, either. Hang it, I suppose I may as well tell you, because you’ll stick to me till you get it anyhow.”

“That’s about right. I believe in helping a man get a load off his mind.”

“Well, it’s this way. You see, one of my friends intended to get married, and did me the honor to let me in on the secret, for it was to be done very quietly and without ostentation. Then it devolved upon me to see to a few of the preliminary arrangements, among which was securing the license.

“So up to the county clerk’s office we went. I looked around and finally spied a sign hanging from the ceiling, saying ‘Marriages.’ That was a great idea, I thought, of the county clerk’s, to put that sign there and spare applicants the embarrassment of asking for the proper place. That’s what I thought then; that is not what I think now.

“Well, we were standing there, he nervous and red and perspiring, and I swearing to statements I didn’t know the least thing about. People were passing in and out all the time, and of course they looked at us, winked at each other and smiled, but I didn’t pay any attention to them. I was interested in getting our business transacted and moving on before the groom-to-be fainted. And at last, after a lot of rigamarole, we did get away, and I breathed easy.

“I went back to my office and tried to settle down to a little work before the hour for the ceremony arrived. Ting-a-ling! went my phone.

“‘Hello!’ says some one. ‘That you, Bill?’

“‘Yes,’ I says.

“‘What were you doing at the courthouse this morning?’

“‘At the courthouse?’ I asks. ‘Oh, yes; I was recording a deed.’

“‘Not getting a li—’

“‘Oh, no, not me. Ah-ha-ha!’ I says.

“‘He rang off, and I turned back to work. Ting-a-ling! went the bell again.

“‘Hello!’ I says.

“‘Yes, this is Bill talking!’

“‘How’s that?’

“‘Oh, I just happened to be up there, and I thought I’d look up the title to a piece of property I am interested in buying.’

“‘What’s that?’

While Waiting for  
the Doctor  
USE

# POND'S EXTRACT

Accidents happen every day. Do you know what to do should one happen?

**FREE**

**FIRST AID BOOK**

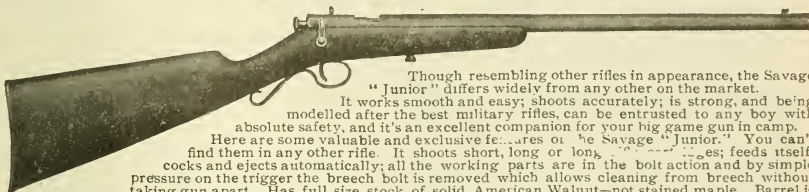
Tells you what to do in cases of shock, fainting, cuts, wounds, sprains, bleeding, burns, scalds, fractures, poisoning, etc., based on surgical practice. This book should be in every home.

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## "JUNIOR" RIFLE



Though resembling other rifles in appearance, the Savage "Junior" differs widely from any other on the market. It works smooth and easy; shoots accurately; is strong, and being modelled after the best military rifles, can be entrusted to any boy with absolute safety, and it's an excellent companion for your big game gun in camp. Here are some valuable and exclusive features of the Savage "Junior." You can't find them in any other rifle. It shoots short, long or long, feeds itself, cocks and ejects automatically; all the working parts are in the bolt action and by simple pressure on the trigger the breech bolt is removed which allows cleaning from breech without taking gun apart. Has full size stock of solid American Walnut—not stained maple. Barrel is browned, not blued, and is fitted with both open and peep sights. Eighteen inch barrel, 22 calibre, weight 3 pounds, shot gun butt stock, beautifully finished and sold under an honest guarantee at \$4.00. The price is low, but the quality is high, because it's a Savage Arm. Every father or boy who wants a small rifle should examine the Savage "Junior." It will sell itself. Handsome catalogue of all Savage Rifles if you'll ask for it.



### SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY

256 SAVAGE AVENUE

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FRANCIS G. LUKE  
Gen'l Manager

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*Do you want some gold?* If so, turn in your claims. We collect about \$800.00 every day from old accounts, notes and judgments scattered all over the United States,

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"Some People Don't Like Us."

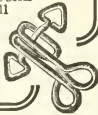
# Eyes in the Back

Easy to find when dressing. Impossible to see when dressed. Meet all the requirements of the well-gowned. Ideal for blackets. Always look neat—trim. It's all in the Triangle.

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AN INSTRUMENT THAT IMPROVES AND STRENGTHENS EYESIGHT

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This instrument, which the inventor has patented, is called "Actina"—a trade-mark word. In the treatment of eye diseases the inventor of "Actina" claims that there is no need for cutting or drugging the eye in treating most forms of disease. Cataracts, and other abnormal growths have been removed, and weakened vision improved or restored by this new and more humane method. "Actina" has been tested in thousands of cases and has effected marvelous results, many people testifying that it saved their eyesight. So confident are the owners that this device is an instrument of great merit, that



they will give absolutely a free trial. They want everyone interested to make a thorough investigation and a personal test of "Actina." One will be sent on trial, postpaid, so that any person can give it a test.

They issue a book—a Treatise on Disease—which tells all about "Actina," the diseases it will remove, what others think of it, what marvelous results it has effected, and all about the responsibility of its owners—all will be sent absolutely free upon request. This book should be in the home of every family. Address Actina Application Co., Dept. 360 B, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

"Oh, no, not me. Ho-ho-ho! So long."  
 "Three minutes later the bell rang again."  
 "Yes," I says, 'this is Bill.'  
 "Saw me where?' I asks.  
 "Well, what if you did.' You see, I was getting a little warm around the clavicles.  
 "Oh, no, only recording a mortgage I hold on a certain piece of property.'  
 "Well, you thought wrong. The next time you try to think, suppose you use your alleged brain in the effort,' and I banged the receiver on the hook.  
 "Ting-a-ling!' By this time I was hot.  
 "Hello!' I yells. 'What do you want?'  
 "I'm Bill.'  
 "Taking out a license for my dog.'  
 "No, you fool.' Bang!  
 "Ting-a-ling!'  
 "Hello! What the hel—hello! Yes, this is Mr. Squires.' It was a woman, you see.  
 "Yes.'

"Yes, how do you do?'"  
 "Oh, ho! Ha-ha-ha! That's a good joke. Ha-ha. Why, where did you hear that?'"  
 "Oh, just because I was up to the courthouse, eh?'"  
 "Oh, not at all. Just getting a hunter's license.'  
 "Yes, I'm glad you did.' But I did n't look it, I can assure you.  
 "Oh, no, I would n't serve you that way.'  
 "Good-bye.' I hung the 'phone up, and then maybe I did n't cut loose."  
 "Who was it that called you up?'"  
 "The woman was Miss Flipper."  
 "Great Scott!'"

"Great Scott!' I should say so. She does n't believe me, you know, and the whole bloomin' town will be talking about it within fifteen minutes. Confound that county clerk anyhow! Why in thunder does n't he have two signs, one for the groom and one for the best man? But, say, what shall I do?'"  
 "Do? Well, if I had done as much mool-buzzing the last year as you have, I'd go dig a hole, crawl into it and pull it in after me."  
 "You think it's funny, too, dont you? Well, you may just go and toast yourself before the fire with the rest of the lot."

### Always a Substitute.

Knobs—Too bad, isn't it? The G. A. R. is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Year by year the veterans join the ranks of their comrades beyond, and each national encampment sees fewer and fewer of them in line. Soon we shall have seen the last of them, and what can ever take their place?

Knubs—Cheer up, old chap! It is n't so bad as all that. When the G. A. R. is gone, we shall have the C. E. P. C.

Knubs—C. E. P. C.? What's that?

Knubs—Chief Engineers of the Panama Canal.



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No. 10 Adjustable, 10 to 13 in.  
No. 12 " 12 to 15 "  
No. 14 " 14 to 17 "

## PORTLAND

Is attracting more attention than any city on the Pacific Coast and is undergoing a MIGHTY TRANSFORMATION, and in the next ten years will likely make more PROGRESS than it has in its entire past.

The EAST SIDE has the most homes, has the GREATEST population, is growing the most RAPIDLY, and the GREATER PORTLAND MUST and WILL be there.

### Holladay's Addition

Is the geographical center of the city, and is the most DESIRABLE residence district, and much of this will become BUSINESS property. Do not overlook these FACTS when making investments, and call and inspect the property, for seeing is believing.

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An Opportunity for Careful Investors

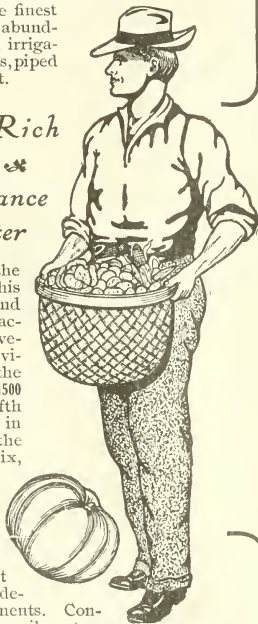
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Newport Heights is a high plateau, almost perfectly level, with the lowest point over 70 feet above the sea. It extends back from Newport Bay for several miles and comprises 1300 acres of deep, rich, slightly sandy loam soil, very fertile and productive. It is subdivided into five-acre tracts with artesian water, of the finest quality, in abundance for all irrigation purposes, piped to each tract.

*Deep, Rich  
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We are the owners of this property and are now placing these five-acre subdivisions on the market at \$1500 each. One-fifth to be paid in cash and the balance in six, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four month installments. Six per cent interest on deferred payments. Considering the soil, water, location and transportation facilities this is the cheapest acreage in Southern California. Pacific Electric cars run every hour from Los Angeles. Write to us for printed matter and more complete details regarding this valuable property.



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123 East First St., LONG BEACH, CAL.

A la New York.

Attorney for the Defense—You are an expert, are you not?

Witness—I am.

Attorney—On what subject?

Witness (absent-mindedly)—Anything I am paid—I mean on insanity.

Attorney—What kind of insanity? Emotional?

Witness—Yes, emotional or devotional; neurotic, erotic or tommyrotic.

Attorney—Do you know the defendant?

Witness—I do not.

Attorney—Did you ever see him?

Witness—I did not.

Attorney—Are you familiar with any of the facts connected with this case?

Witness—I am not.

Attorney—Well, then, that being true, will you kindly state to the gentlemen of the jury what kind of insanity the defendant was suffering from when he pulled the whiskers of one Bukeley Black?

District Attorney—I object, may it please the court. The question is not a proper one. It implies that the defendant has been admitted to have been insane, when there is no evidence to that effect.

Court—Objection sustained.

Attorney for Defense—Well, then, I'll prove him to have been insane. (To witness) Was he sane or insane?

Witness—Insane.

Attorney—Ah! Now answer my question as regards the kind of insanity.

Witness—He was suffering from a rare form of insanity, with which I alone am familiar, and on which I am an authority. From conversations which I have not had with the defendant and from very thorough mental and physical examinations to which I have not subjected him, I have deduced the following conclusion:

(Unfolds and reads a paper.)

The defendant was afflicted with and suffering from a form of insanity known all over the world by me as paraboya. This affection has its remote origin in the cheque of the defendant's parents, and is superinduced by a lavish indulgence in bubble water. Its immediate cause, I may say without fear of contradiction, because nobody but me knows anything about this new disease which I have invent—discovered—its immediate cause is a persistent and unbiteable hang-nail dependent from the southeast lobe of the liver on the champagne side.

Attorney—That is all, Doctor.

District Attorney—May it please the court, the people will not cross-examine witness, but will give notice of intention of later calling witness in his own defense.

Attorney for Defense—Your honor, I object. Court—Objection sustained.



View of San Pablo, main town on Company's plantation.

# Notice of Advance OF \$50 IN PRICE OF International Lumber and Development Co. Stock

*On or before June 30, 1907, the price of this stock will be advanced to \$350 per share. Already nearly 4/5 of the capital stock is sold. Only a limited number of shares remain to be sold at par value—\$300—and as soon as these are disposed of, the advance will immediately go into effect.*

## REASON FOR THIS ADVANCE

The large amount of development work already accomplished fully warrants the proposed increase. The earnings of the plantation have placed the company on a dividend-paying basis from the start. The dividends paid during the first 2½ years have been furnished from the sale of lumber, the profits of the company's stores and the sale of cattle, hides, corn, etc.

The henequen, rubber, banana and orange plantations are well started; large tracts of pasturage cleared, 20,000 acres fenced in for cattle. Several thousand acres additional cleared ready for planting.

Many improvements and extensions, enumerated below in the list of the company's properties.

Altogether, the most successful progress has been made under the plantation's expert management, and the increased price of the stock is but the natural result of its increased market value as a dividend-payer.

8% annual dividends guaranteed; 22% annually estimated on full development of the property. Henequen alone will pay 12% as each thousand acres, at a low estimate, will pay 1% on the total capitalization, and the company is planting 12,000 acres.

## WHAT THE COMPANY OWNS

- 1—288,000 acres of fertile tropical land in Campeche, Mexico
- 2—Large forests of mahogany, cedar, logwood and other valuable cabinet and dye woods covering ¾ of this estate.
- 3—\$100,000 worth of lumber and logs in company's yards at Mobile and Chicago.
- 4—60,000 full-grown wild rubber trees; most of them never tapped.
- 5—250,000 chicle or zapote trees (these yield chicle—the basis of chewing gum).
- 6—Over 2,000 head of cattle.

- 7—More than 3,000,000 henequen plants growing.
- 8—200,000 banana plants growing.
- 9—7,000 orange trees growing.
- 10—2 steamships.
- 11—5 settlements.
- 12—Over 200 buildings.
- 13—5 company's stores.
- 14—Saw mill on plantation.
- 15—Saw mill in Mobile, Ala.
- 16—30 miles railroad; rolling stock.
- 17—Extensive telephone line.

All of this property is clear of debt, and held by a Philadelphia trust company for the protection of stockholders. There are over 5000 stockholders, with one to 310 shares each. There are but 20,000 shares of stock, hence each share represents 14 2/5 acres of land, and is the first and only claim upon it, thus making a share equivalent to a first mortgage bond.

All shareholders have equal voting power, regardless of the number of shares held. Small payments—\$5 per month per share. In case of death, all payments returned, if desired, not deducting dividends received.

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# It Is Yours

I want to mail you my market letter for three months. It will keep you informed as to the conditions in the CŒUR d'ALENES. It will advise you when to buy for a quick profit. It advises you when to sell or when to hold for a greater profit.

As an illustration of the value of the advice my market letter contains, I cite the case of Oom Paul. This stock was selling at around 23 cents on February 1st when I advised my clients to get in. About the 20th of February the price had gone to around 31 cents and it is still going up. I am writing this February 27th. Those of my clients who have bought will clear about 40%. CŒUR d'ALENE stocks are safe, sure and profitable if bought on the advice of a broker who has practical experience and knows the camp thoroughly.

My market letter costs you nothing if you name The Pacific Monthly.

**WM. A. NICHOLS**

105 Howard Street, Spokane, Wash.

## Stuck Up.

"These modern improvements may be all right in their way," said the man of the scowl, "but somehow they dont make a hit with me."

"Which one now?" asked the obliging friend.

"The barbed-wire fence," replied the man of the scowl. "I am fond of walking, especially in the Springtime, when Nature dons her gladdest livery and smiles benignly upon even such a confirmed old kicker as I am. I spent my boyhood in the country, and I have never lost my love for the charms of meadow and wood.

"Well, last Sunday was a beautiful day, and I yielded to the call and went walking. I am not one of these fellows who believe in putting on all the old clothes about the house when starting on a walk, so I had on my new Spring suit and my latest hat. Everything went fine for a while. I strolled over the hills and beside the brooks, lay on my back in the soft grass, and was really beginning to feel cheerful and take a hopeful view of life. Whenever I get to that stage, something always happens. It did this time.

"As I was strolling leisurely along through a meadow, twirling my stick and whistling, I heard a snort and a boo-uh behind me. Now, there is never anything that gives a snort and a boo-uh in a meadow but a bull. You know that. I knew it, too, and I beat the starter's gun about a second, and maybe I did n't spurn the tender young grass under my flying feet! Say, it was a quarter of a mile to the fence, but I'll bet you I covered it in forty seconds. All the time I could just feel that bull gaining on me, and every stride I expected to get a puncture from his horns. But I did n't. The fence came nearer and nearer. Now it was only a hundred yards away, now fifty, now ten, now five. One more jump and—but there was n't any 'jump and,' for my foot slipped on something and instead of jumping clear over the blooming fence, as I intended, I went slap-bang into it. Oh, Father Adam, but I did get mine then. It was barbed-wire, as you have inferred, and I got hung up on no less than seventeen thousand barbs.

"But I will not bore you with the particulars. When I finally extricated my Spring suit and myself from the fond embraces of those barbs, I looked around revengefully for the bull. There he was looking at me, and it rather seemed to me that he was laughing. But if he was n't, it was because he was deficient in a sense of humor, for he was n't and had n't been in the same field with me. He had merely snorted and boo-uhed at me over a fence.

"So no more barbed-wire fences for me. Give me the good old-fashioned rail fence."

# FRESH OLIVE OIL (NOT RANCID) Bottled Goods

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If you will send 10c to pay postage I will mail you my regular 25c 4-oz. bot- tle of fresh Oil FREE. I will do this for all who will give it a thorough trial and order more if they like it.

If you want natural oil of olives in an absolutely fresh condition, possessing the flavor of the ripened fruit (without the bitter which is contained in the water of the olive) and without the stale or rancid taste common to oil that has stood in bottles, you can get it direct from me.

This oil passes through the last refining process the day before it is sent out, and is put up in heavy tins, which protect and preserve it better than glass.

It retains the fresh taste, and is an entirely different and very superior article. If you once get a taste of my fresh olive oil, you will use no other on your table for cooking or for medicinal purposes. It is absolutely pure, complies fully with the pure food laws, and its guarantee of purity is filed with the secretary of agriculture.

**C. M. GIFFORD OLIVE  
SAN DIEGO**



Freshness in olive oil is essential to its pleasant taste. If you have had oil that smells and tastes rancid, or burns the throat, or imparts an oily taste to food cooked in it, the reason lies in the age of the oil, and the way it was ex- posed to light and heat after it was bottled.

My oil can be kept for months after you get it, because it is just from the vats, and is in an opaque retainer, that keeps out the light. Order a can direct. Send postal or express money order for \$2.50, and I will send you a full measure half-gallon can, equal to three quart size bottles, that sell for \$1.00 a bottle; or you can send \$4.00 for a full gallon, equal to six bottles, worth \$6.00. Ex- press prepaid.

Buy direct, and you will save money and please the palate.

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Nothing you can have will give you more pleasure and recreation during the long months of summer than one of HOPKINS & ALLEN'S small calibre rifles. They are hard shooting, trim and true, weigh little and take down small enough to pack in a trunk or suit-case. Will drive tacks at 60 yards; can be found at any store that handles Hardware or Sporting Goods or secured direct from factory. Make it a point to see them.

**\$3.50** Light weight Rifle weighs 3 1/2 lbs., has 18 in. barrel and is 33 inches entire length. Has fine Walnut stock, quick take-down arrangement, safety-locking device and shoots 22 short or long rimfire cartridges. **The best little rifle in the world for the money—is an effective workman- like arm.** No. 722.

**\$4.50** Weight 4 lbs., 20 in. bar- rel, 35 in. overall. Has American Walnut stock, quick screw key take-down arrangement, and improved safety device. Hammer rebounds after firing and does not rest on cartridge. Shoots 22 short or long rimfire cartridges, and shoots where you aim. Also made in 32 cal. for 32 short. Nos. 822 and 832.

**\$5.50** **The best all around rifle made—can be had in 22 or 32 calibre.** Weighs 4 1/2 lbs., has 22 in. barrel. Stock, best select Walnut. Barrel high power rifle steel. Has rebounding hammer, easy action, best safety arrangement. **A real prize at our price.** Nos. 922 and 932.

Write for our beautiful "Gun Guide & Catalog" for 1907. It illustrates and describes all these rifles as well as 34 other models of our firearms and gives many points on the care and handling of guns. **IT'S FREE** to all who write promptly.

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## ONE GOOD INVESTMENT IS WORTH A LIFETIME OF LABOR



A CERTAIN gentleman owned a large and prosperous store, but being suddenly stricken with sickness, his physicians ordered immediate change of altitude, and that he dispose of his business at once, thus removing all worries. Of course, to do this by ordinary means would involve great sacrifice and loss of money, so to a trusted clerk in his employ he put this unusual proposition: "I will sell the store to you, naming a fair valuation, and you are to pay me for it in monthly installments, which you will earn from the business." In this way the proprietor received a fair price for his store and was relieved from all worry. The clerk, in turn, received a great opportunity to grow wealthy because of his pluck in assuming the responsibility, and by conscientious work. ¶ His monthly installments were easily paid from the profits of the business. ¶ You say: "Yes, very fine, but opportunities like that are not flying around loose." Well, that is true, but nevertheless, we have just such an opportunity for you, only better, as we take the responsibility and you get the dividends. A certain big proposition has been placed in our hands and we are to act as fiscal agents, being instructed to close up this proposition at a very early date, write NOW and let us explain the full details of this unusual opportunity.

#### REFERENCES

Bradstreet  
R. G. Dunn & Co.  
State Bank of Seattle,  
Northwestern Trust & Safe Deposit Co.  
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Washington State Mining Association

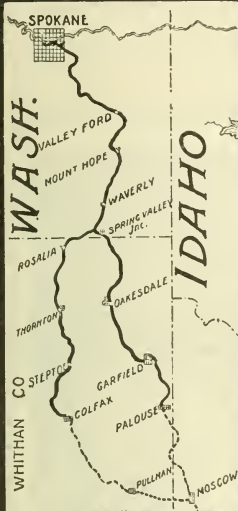
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*A dollar sown with judgment will grow to twenty dollars at harvest time.*

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# SPOKANE



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HALF hour's ride from the city with frequent electric trains; tracts from one acre up; every tract within a half mile of the electric line; rich, black, loam, soil; plenty of water; every advantage of the city—fine schools, churches, park, stores, good growing town, and beautiful home place. These lands will pay from \$200 to \$1000 an acre a year, and they are at the door of the highest priced cash market in the Northwest. Low prices, easy terms. Write today for free literature.

## NEW TOWNSITE OPENINGS

¶ The Spokane & Inland electric road is building south from Spokane for 100 miles through the richest part of Eastern Washington, as shown in the accompanying sketch. It is opening new towns and creating splendid opportunities. ¶ Here is one of the few chances you will have to get in on the ground floor of large towns. You can find no better investment than this. You can get in now before the cars run. If you can spare a little money a month we can make money for you.

We are the right of way agent for the electric road and exclusive selling agent for these townsites. These are chances that won't last. The country is filling up; these towns are bound to grow. If you want the benefit of it, sit down now and write us.

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# Three Cents Per Share

## LEE'S CREEK GOLD MINES

ADVANCED TO 3 CENTS APRIL 1st. BUY NOW. THE NEXT ADVANCE WILL BE TO 5 CENTS PER SHARE.

**Lee's Creek Gold Mines** are listed on the Portland Stock Exchange and has been for three months the strongest stock on the market. See report Portland daily papers.



The above picture shows a group of Lee's Creek stockholders at the property, including bankers, professional and business men. We will furnish you their names and addresses on application.

Detailed information furnished on application to the

**COMMONWEALTH TRUST COMPANY**

Fiscal Agents

Sixth and Ankeny Sts., Portland, Ore.



# AutoStrop

## SAFETY RAZOR

This is the ONLY Safety Razor and Automatic Strop in One Piece

The trouble with all Safety Razors all the time was—  
How to Maintain a Sharp Shaving Edge.

You've Got to Strop Any Blade  
To Get a Satisfactory Shave

That's the issue in a nutshell—no getting away from it, for an  
Always Sharp Edge is the Essence and Life and Purpose and Value  
of a razor. You know that!

—Because the AutoStrop is the first and only Safety Razor yet invented  
that fills perfectly and completely ALL Razor Requirements.

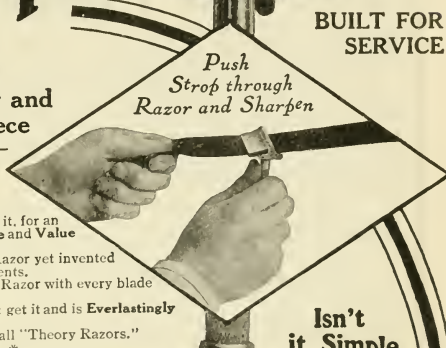
—Because the AutoStrop is the only Capable Shaving Razor with every blade  
of Continuous Shaving value.

—Because the AutoStrop is at its Best when you first get it and is Everlastingly  
at its Best.

It's the AutoStrop "against the field"—against all "Theory Razors."



BUILT FOR  
SERVICE



Isn't  
it Simple

Now observe the illustrations:—

—the triple Silver-plated AutoStrop Safety Razor—Simple—Complete—Perfect—Built for Service.

—the Plan of Stropping or Cleaning WITHOUT REMOVING BLADE OR ANY PART—Isn't it Simple

and Isn't it a Supreme Solution of ALL the Safety Razor trouble.

—the handsome compact little leather case 2½x3 inches including strop and 12 certified blades. An ingenious

outfit. Thus the AutoStrop is the Simplest of all Safety Razors and plainly the Best of any.

CONVINCE YOURSELF of this and you can do it in five minutes if you read

## "Common Sense About Shaving"—FREE

This Book not only states facts but it tells the truth concerning Razors and Shaving also fully explains  
why you can pin faith always in the AutoStrop Safety Razor.

It behooves you to write today if you wish to secure an early copy of this FREE edition. Your name  
and address on a postal will do if you mail it NOW. Write the postal before you lay this publica-  
tion aside.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor with complete outfit exactly as described in the illustration will be  
sent you (charges prepaid) if you will remit the price, \$5.00. OR, if you prefer to tell us your dealer's  
name (Cutlery, Drug, Haberdasher or General Store) we will send it through him.

In either event if for any reason you wish to return it after  
THIRTY DAYS TRIAL—your money will be refunded AT ONCE.

**AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Dept. 612,**  
Now at 341 to 347 Fifth Ave., New York City

Opposite Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

BANK REFERENCE: The Colonial Trust Co., New York.

**DEALERS** We have a special proposition to offer the  
first dealer who writes from each section.

Direct orders are now coming in by thousands. You should  
and could be taking your share of profit from these.

Write our SALES DEPT. immediately  
for particulars.

RAZOR—12 Blades and  
Strop



In  
Leather Case.

Size  
2½x3in

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We have good openings for several experienced men to act as *District Circulation Managers*, men who can show clean records and demonstrate their ability. This is an excellent opportunity to become connected with a live company and the fastest growing publication in the West, the magazine that the entire country is talking about. Address, giving names of at least three former employers or prominent business men as references.

Agency Dept., PACIFIC MONTHLY PUBLISHING CO. Portland, Ore.

# Scores Making Fortunes

**W**HEN millionaires invest their money, watch where they put it, then put yours there too. There are too many sources of profit in these piping days of prosperity for the man with capital to fuss with things that are not certain winners. Millionaires are investing in Beatty. That's the best evidence in the world that the town will make money for them. Follow them into Beatty and you will make just as much in proportion to your stake. You've just as good a chance to make a small fortune on an investment of hundreds as the man of many millions has to make a larger fortune upon an investment of hundreds of thousands. When a new town has plenty of capital to boost its career of progress, none can doubt its rapid advancement to the stature of an important city.

**What Beatty Is** Beatty is the bright particular mining town of Nevada, and the one with the greatest future. It is the logical shipping point for the Bullfrog district, fabulously rich in minerals. The famous gold mines, Montgomery-Shoshone, Tramp Consolidated, Homestake King, Golden Scepter, Mayflower, Gibraltar, Banner, Midas, Grand Deposit, Yankee Girl, and others, are close at hand. Beatty has also—and it is an asset whose importance cannot be overestimated—an inexhaustible supply of water furnished by underground fountains, in millions of gallons, flowing summer and winter.

**What Beatty Has** Not only has Beatty gold mines and a splendid water supply, but also railroads and climate. It has hotels—a \$100,000 one among them—waterworks, banks, electric light and power, and many things which only settled metropolitan communities possess. Railroad companies build lines only where they expect big profits. The Las Vegas & Tonopah, a branch of the Salt Lake, was finished into Beatty some months ago. Another line, to connect with the Southern Pacific, was completed the last of April. A third line, the Tonopah & Tidewater, will be finished this summer.



**What Beatty Will Be** The paragrapher, enthusiastic over the prospects of this wonderful new city, already has been busy with Beatty. It is the "Chicago of Nevada," the "Queen City of the Bullfrog District." Every condition contributes to constitute a metropolis at Beatty. Around its feet are grouped a galaxy of mines; the discovery of petroleum has added to the natural wealth; fountains of pure artesian water round out the advantages of the place. With a climate unsurpassed and a location which makes it an inevitable railroad and industrial hub, the future of Beatty rests on solid foundations.

**The Story of the Desert** Not yet is the Epic of the Desert written for all time and men, yet it is sung in fact by the Arabian-Nights-like growth of its habited places. The desert is a treasure chest, and hardy pioneers, prospecting for gold, have picked its lock and laid bare its contents. Beneath the barren, dusty crust of the desert, too, men have found what next to gold is most precious—water, the discovery of which has perhaps seemed even more wonderful than the unearthing of vast vaults of mineral treasure.

More marvelous than any tale of fiction will be that written history which shall recite how but yesterday there lay an arid expanse of sand, dotted here and there by the tents of prospectors; how today with water gushing from the burning soil, solid structures of wood and stone and steel rise as if in obedience to the magician's wand; how the iron lines of the railroad crawl across the desert to complete the establishment of a metropolis. The three stages—camp, town, metropolis—are accurately marked by the presence of gold, water and railroads. Beatty has them all.

# BEATTY TOWN

Suite 308 Pacific Electric

# Buying Beatty Town Lots

**R**EMEMBER that in the West cities grow with a rapidity to which the settled East is a stranger. Almost in a night a bare tract may be transformed into a center of industry. And now where do these quick built towns rise with such wonderful swiftness as in Nevada. Hundreds of men will tell you of opportunities missed by not investing at the beginning of one of these construction periods; of how they might have bought, for such and such prices, lots in a Nevada mining town which within a year would have yielded enormous profits. Beatty is the best buy of its kind in all the United States today.

## You Can Make Only One Mistake---Delay Lots Bought Now, Soon Double in Value

If you had bought lots in Tonopah five years ago, or in Goldfield two years ago, you could since then have sold them many times over, realizing a handsome profit at each transfer. Tonopah and Goldfield are not bad towns to invest in now. But Beatty is a far better town, because her townsite prices are now low and all the advances are to come.

Prices in Beatty are advancing by leaps and bounds. With the erection of each new building, with every discovery of a new mine, impulse is given to investment, and lots have sold and resold, sometimes twice within a day, and each time at a higher price. This will go on for some years to come, but now is the time to buy if you wish to make big profits.

# TTY

## This is a Splendid Opportunity

### Doubt it? Read a Few Reasons Why

There is no new-born town in the wide world with the possibilities for real estate increase which Beatty has. There is no town in Nevada which is growing so rapidly. As a railroad center it is located as no

other Nevada town can be. It is the garden spot of the state, and its glorious climate makes it an ideal place wherein to live.

Beatty has its business section, its railroad freight yards section, its mining and milling section, its high-class residential section, with much intermediate realty. Business lots are selling at from \$500 to \$15,000. Residence lots, from \$100 to \$500. Knob Hill addition, residence lots, from \$95 to \$250.

You may order lots by mail without fear. Write, stating the particular class of property you desire and price you prefer to pay. Inclose ten per cent as cash deposit on your reservation, and we will mark off the best lot at the price named. Money back or lot exchanged if you are not satisfied.

#### When Ordering Kindly Use the Following Form:

BEATTY TOWNSITE COMPANY,  
Suite 308 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Please reserve for me one of your best lots in Beatty Townsite at a price not to exceed \$..... Enclosed find \$.....as deposit.

Name .....

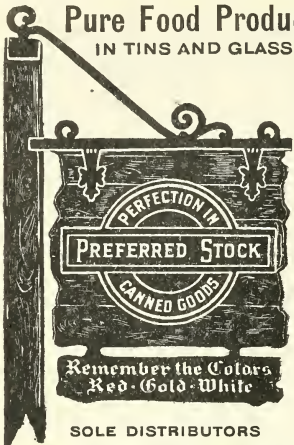
P. M.

Address .....

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**Fine Schools, Public Buildings and Churches**

City owns the water works and supplies best artesian water in unlimited quantity. Modern electric light and power plant.

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Tekoa is located on the main line of the Spokane Div., O. R. & N. Ry. and both the C. M. & St. P. and North Shore Line now building will pass through Tekoa. Also the Tekoa & Star, Marie River Electric Line, making three steam and one electric line.

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Large flouring mills located at Tekoa. Splendid opportunities for diversified farming. All kinds of grains and tubers, also fruits. The great Coeur d' Alene Indian Reservation will soon be thrown open for settlement and Tekoa must become the central city and base of supply.

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The oil industry is to California what the coal industry is to Pennsylvania. The business is on a secure footing. The production for 1906 was over 30,000,000 barrels; the demand far exceeds the supply.

We will be pleased to furnish full particulars concerning the following high grade income producers.

### DIVIDENDS PAID ON PAR VALUE

Rice Ranch Oil Co. 36%	United Petroleum Co. 22%	Mexican Petroleum Co. 8%
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Brookshire Oil Co. 24%	Union Provident Co. 12%	Fullerton Oil Co. 6%

These properties are now paying the dividends named. Close scrutiny of their management and holdings establishes their safety and the desirability of their securities for investment. While all are not obtainable at par, these stocks can be purchased at figures to earn handsomely. Write us for details of these, and other safe and highly profitable investments.

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# SIX MILLION DOLLARS

In dividends disbursed during 1906 by the COEUR D'ALENE mines, which also produced 50% of the lead output of the United States. A few hundred dollars invested a few years ago in one of these paying mines would have made you wealthy. The opportunities HAVE NOT ALL PASSED; in fact the district is just awakening. Why not invest in a PROVEN district, where mining is a business proposition and not a speculation?

All active Coeur d'Alene stocks and securities bought and sold on commission, and meritorious properties recommended for investment. Your correspondence solicited in regard to any stocks or mining properties; no trouble to answer inquiries. Write for FREE map of the district.

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## WESTERN HOMESTEADS THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFE TIME COEUR D'ALENE INDIAN RESERVATION

NOW is the time to prepare to file on a claim at the time of the opening of the Coeur d'Alene Reservation, one of the richest sections of the State of Washington. Join the Coeur d'Alene Reservation Information Bureau, an organization offered by responsible business men of Tekoa, Washington. "The Gateway to the Reservation," who are thoroughly familiar with the entire reservation, conditions governing the opening, government requirements, etc. MEMBERSHIP ONLY \$10.00, entitling members to all necessary information to secure a home. Such an opportunity will never again be offered. Public lands are nearly exhausted. WRITE TODAY FOR APPLICATION BLANKS, ETC.

**COEUR D'ALENE RESERVATION INFORMATION BUREAU**  
Reference: Lombard & Co., Bankers, Tekoa, Washington  
TEKOA, WASHINGTON



One of Our 12-inch Wells

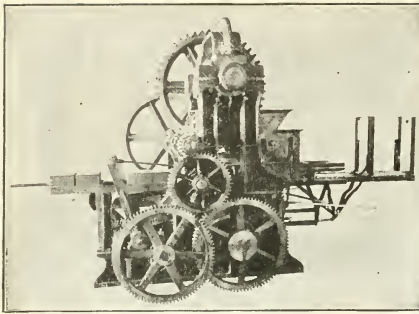
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We are owners of several thousand acres of water-bearing alfalfa, walnut and orange land, located in Southern California near Los Angeles. On this land we have developed water and are selling in tracts of from 10 acres and up, with water developed, at prices from \$100 to \$250 per acre. Terms, one-quarter cash and balance easy terms. This land will produce seven crops of alfalfa per year, and from 1½ to 2 tons per cutting, per acre. Alfalfa sells from \$10 per ton and up, on the ground. Only one mile from market, schools and churches. This is your opportunity to purchase a home and a competency on your own terms. See or write

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Turn Your Sand Banks Into Cash It Has No Equal  
 Daily capacity 20,000 to 30,000 perfect brick.  
 Six men will operate entire plant.  
 No skilled labor required.  
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 Any kind of motive power may be used.  
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 Pressed brick made for the price of common brick.  
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**SAVED**  
 \$ 25 -

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Write for booklet, testimonials and illustrated catalog, etc., free. **GEISLER BIRD CO., Dept. 83, Omaha, Nebraska**  
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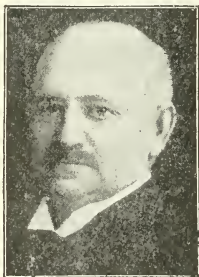
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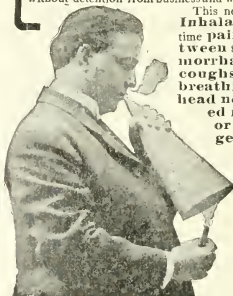
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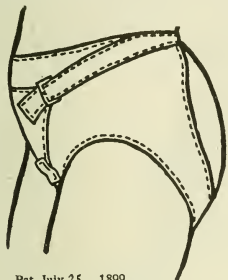
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### NEURO-OPHTHALMOLOGY

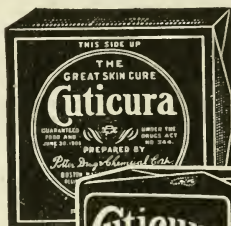
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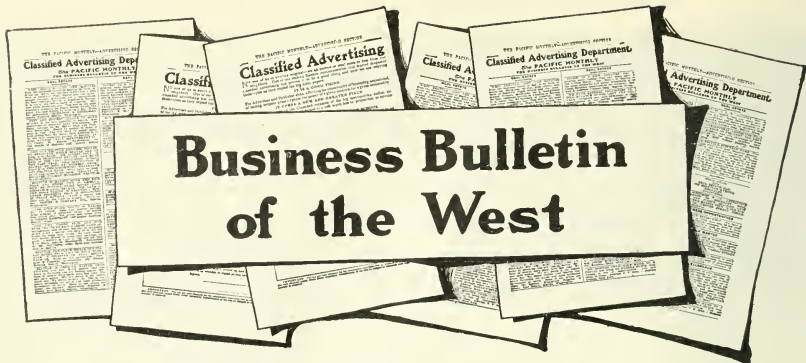
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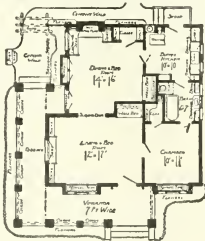
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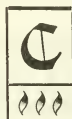
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of the Pacific Coast is growing on Coos Bay

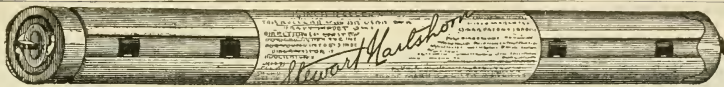


CONGRESS has ordered a survey of the Coos Bay Bar for the purpose of giving us 40 feet, which will accommodate the largest vessels afloat. We have timber and coal in unlimited quantities, lumber mills, ship yards, coal mines and quarries. The railroad is coming as fast as men can be secured to construct it. Get in at the beginning—plant your dollars here and see them grow. For the large investor we have

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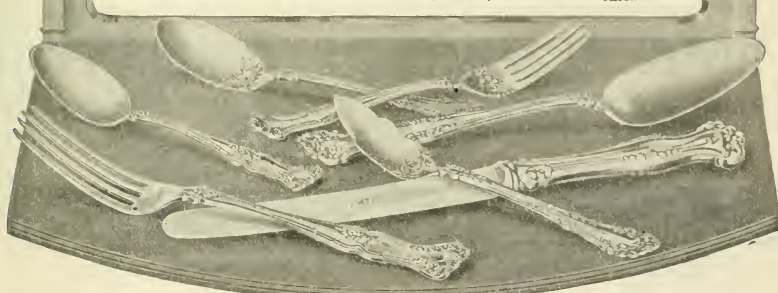
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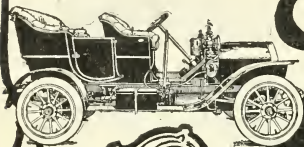
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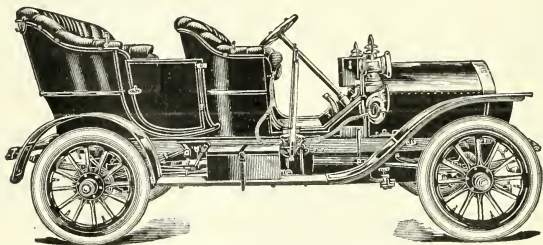


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on the road is better than fifty in the catalogue. It is on the road you need it, and where, in the Model "H"

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☛ There is a chance for you to win a home, become independent and comfortably rich in IDAHO. ☛ The logical center of the great area being reclaimed is the "Gem of the Mountains," the beautiful city of Boise. ☛ Boise has unlimited water power, sixty miles of electric interurban railways, eight and one half miles of city electric lines, asphalt pavements, the largest indoor swimming pool in the world, operating the year round and fed by natural hot water, it is the trade center of a rich and fertile country reaching for two hundred and fifty miles in every direction, has sixteen wholesale houses, and her population has increased 312 per cent since 1900.

WRITE BOISE COMMERCIAL CLUB, BOISE, IDAHO

*Boise Commercial Club, Boise, Idaho*

*Gentlemen: In 1904 about 300 Beurre D'Anjou pear trees produced 812 boxes that sold at auction in New York for \$2860.00 net. There were also 56 boxes that netted in Chicago \$85.00. While no record was kept of the culls I am sure that they brought more than enough to make a net product of \$3000 from these 300 trees. At that time they had been planted about ten years. These trees were planted 90 to the acre.*

*Very truly,*

*112 S. 10th St., Boise, Idaho*

*H. C. MYERS*

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# BELLINGHAM



ON PUGET SOUND

*The Municipal Marvel of the Pacific Northwest*

Write to the  
Bellingham  
Chamber of  
Commerce  
for further  
facts

Population, 1900 - - - - - 11,062  
Population, 1907 - - - - - 35,000  
*Increase, 216 per cent.*

**Bellingham's Record of Tremendous Growth**

	1906	Per cent increase over 1905.
Value of Manufactures - -	\$7,751,464	- - 135
Value of Marine Shipping -	\$9,990,864	- - 68
National Bank Deposits - -	\$2,778,857	- - 53
Street Railway Passengers	3,505,063	- - 27
Tons Rail and Water Shipping,	772,988	- - 25

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Assessed Valuation - - \$8,271,028 - - 24  
Post Office Receipts - - - \$50,136 - - 18

*Average percentage increase 1906 over 1905, 50*

**Greatest Industrial Enterprises for the  
Development of Bellingham's Territory  
are Now Under Construction.**

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## 1907 Record Includes

34 miles Interurban Electric Railway - \$2,000,000  
6,000-barrel Cement Factory - - - \$3,000,000  
Permanent Street Improvements, already  
authorized - - - - - \$650,000

**The value of New Buildings, first FOUR  
MONTHS of 1907 was \$265,045, an  
increase of 133 per cent over the same  
months of 1906**

**BELLINGHAM is the Metropolis, Seaport and  
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In the Ground 14 Years  
these Posts are Perfectly Sound

# The Reynolds Timber Preservative

Is the "armor" without a weak point.

Look at these posts. The left-hand one has been split lengthwise—to show how bright, new and sound the wood still is. All the natural color and quality of the wood are preserved, like a piece of new, well seasoned timber. This post and the other three were all in the ground 14 years, as far up as the darkened color extends. Thus the lower ends were exposed to the action of earth and dampness; the tops to air, sun and water. The split post shows how The Reynolds Timber Preservative has protected the wood from the action of ALL the elements as well as from insects.

Some preservatives successfully resist the attacks of insects, but will not keep out water; some resist water but injure the wood fibre, causing it to rot and lose its life—the resilience necessary to resist mechanical strains, due to weight of heavy trains, beating of waves, twisting of winds.

The Reynolds Timber Preservative, being composed of several perfectly proportioned chemicals, each exerting its own particular kind of resistance to the elements, successfully withstands every form of decay. Water and air merely serve to

harden it thus making the protection more complete, at the same time preserving the natural elasticity of the wood fibre as this Preservative forms a protecting envelope, like an armor of rock. Even an excess of water does not dissolve or injure it. The Reynolds Timber Preservative is not volatile, therefore loses none of its virtue by exposure to air; the little odor it at first has, soon disappears leaving coated object absolutely odorless. It is not greasy, therefore holds perfectly when nailed or screwed. It has a tendency to protect against fire. It is acid proof and protects metals as well as wood.

Different localities present different conditions. Use the Reynolds Preservative—the one that defies ALL the elements. WRITE US TODAY—before you buy—for DETAILS and REFERENCES.

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"NATURE'S PURE FOOD PRODUCT"

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As a unique and appropriate refreshment served at all social functions, parties, etc., it is the latest fad.

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Formula: Glycerin, Capsicum, Bay Rum, Sulphur, Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Boroglycerin, Alcohol, Perfume. Ask your druggist for "the new kind." The kind that does not change the color of the hair.

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

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A FEW shares of our stock now on sale at only **\$10** per share will be a handsome investment for you. Already many of the best business men on the Coast have bought blocks of stock after carefully examining the properties and the Government records, the latter showing the geological formation to be the same as that of the oil fields of California, Texas and Pennsylvania. That a natural gas well is now in full operation, with the other many indications of oil, is positive assurance of the presence of the richest oil field in the West.

The money realized on the present sale of stock is being devoted exclusively to the development of the property; several car loads of machinery are now enroute for such purpose.

Write us at once for our free prospectus, describing our properties. Read carefully, then return us your order for stock. Take this unusual investment opportunity in; its too valuable to overlook. Do it **to-day**.

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There is a BIG DEMAND FOR REAL ESTATE in all parts of the city, and while PRICES ARE NOT HIGH, thousands of dollars are being made through such transactions in Tacoma.

Nineteen years residence in Tacoma has given me a KNOWLEDGE OF VALUES, and if you wish to make investments in real estate, I can serve you. WRITE ME FOR PARTICULARS, and I will put you next to YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE MONEY—and lots of it.

A. M. RICHARDS & CO., Inc.  
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In the Very Heart of California's Most Famous District  
But 50 miles from Los Angeles, the metropolis of the great Southwest

Where oranges, lemons, grapes, apricots, walnuts, melons, berries, potatoes, celery, alfalfa, barley and many other products of the soil grow in such luxuriance as known nowhere else in all America—where some crop may be gathered every month in the year, bringing a continuous revenue, and greater profits than are possible in any other section of the United States.

## A Matchless Climate—Even, Pure, Invigorating

Farming here becomes a pleasure. Three hundred days a year of clear blue sky, with mellow sunshine—mild and bright—with nights that are cool and bracing; where droughts and floods are unknown; where there is absolute freedom from excessive heat and cold; where irrigation supplies the farmer's every need, furnishing moisture just when and where required.

## Water in Abundance and Inexhaustible

FAIRHAVEN FARMS has one of the most perfect irrigation systems in the country—substantial cement canals which bring a steady stream of the purest water from the springs and streams of the San Bernardino Mountains, giving all the moisture wanted, all the time. Ample water rights go with every deed to land in FAIRHAVEN FARMS.

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Ten acres in FAIRHAVEN FARMS will produce as much as 50 to 150 acres in the "Back East" States with less labor and less worry as well as promoting greater happiness and better health than are possible anywhere else from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The best markets of the great Southwest will take all your products at good prices. Railroad and shipping facilities are all that could be desired. No development work is necessary—the soil but awaits your crops—for all improvements have already been made, and your first crops will almost pay for the land. Schools, churches, telephones, fine drives, the best of neighbors—all combine to add comfort and convenience to life at FAIRHAVEN FARMS.

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Climatic Conditions and Natural Attractions Unequaled Anywhere



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Looked like  
Ensenada  
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**LOTS \$15—\$5 DOWN, \$5 in 3 and \$5 in 6 MONTHS**

An ideally located piece of high mesa property, gently sloping to, and fronting on this magnificent bay, has just been sub-divided into residence lots, 25x100, which are now offered for sale at the above prices. A climate said by old travelers to be the finest in the world. Hot springs, excellent boating, bathing, fishing and the best small game shooting found in the West, combine to make ENSENADA BAY an ideal place to spend your vacation—either summer or winter.

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Write us for maps and full particulars. Make a reservation by mail. We will send you immediately a complete description of the property, after reading which you can send your deposit.

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# SEATTLE'S POPULATION, 235,000



*Photos by Webster and Stevens, Seattle.*

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# SEATTLE



WHEN one considers that fully one-half of the world's population lives on the shores of the Pacific Ocean and that the great majority of these peoples are just learning to want manufactured goods the possibilities of trade in the Pacific Northwest are astounding. China's population is four hundred millions and they are fast following the leadership and trade ambitions of Japan's forty millions. Western civilization has already got a foot-hold in China. Railroads, the telegraph, telephone, street cars, clocks, and many other modern conveniences are already introduced and in some places thoroughly established. There is absolutely no turning back—Western civilization is awakening China from her centuries of sleep.

The cost of living has already begun to rise, and any substantial rise in the cost of living in China means a tremendous increase in commerce. Today, the foreign trade of China is but two dollars per capita, that of Japan only seven dollars, while that of United States is twenty-five dollars and of England, forty dollars per capita each year.

It does not take a prophet to see what a wonderful market there is in the Orient awaiting development.

China's commerce with the United States was practically nothing a few years ago and it has now arisen to over fifty million dollars a year. A very small rise in the cost of living will bring it up to five hundred millions a year. A large percentage of this commerce will flow through the gateways that command the Pacific—and the ports of the Pacific Northwest are the chief of these gateways. Shrewd financiers are today spending their capital and energy in building great railroad lines across the American continent to take care of the commerce of the Pacific.

The march of Empire has reached its limits with the Occident. Beyond Puget Sound is the decrepit East. Years ago the Mediterranean held the commercial supremacy of the world. It was later transferred to the Atlantic ocean and it is now being rapidly transferred to the Pacific, and the commercial supremacy of the Pacific will be final.

The Puget Sound country has just begun to grow, and the next ten years will work wonders in this garden spot of the world. The people of the Eastern and middle Western states are beginning to realize that the great Northwest is a place of exceptional business opportunities and a place of pleasant residence. This realization is being brought about by a combination of many circumstances, chief of which is the enormous fortunes being made in this land of wonderful resources.

The men who see opportunities and make use of them usually reap the rewards. Certainly a great opportunity presents itself in the knowledge of the coming westward migration and the certainty of Puget Sound becoming as populous as the States of the East.

Seattle is destined to become a great world city and the profits from real estate will be as great and as lasting as they have been in New York City. Real estate values, especially in the business portion of a city, always advance as long as the city increases in population. It follows, therefore, that in a city that is destined to become a great world city, the opportunities for making safe and profitable investments are greater than they are elsewhere. Seattle offers fortunes to those who invest while values are low. 1. Her fortunate location upon the main highways of international commerce. 2. The best all the year climate in America. 3. A vigorous population. The best young blood from every state. A wealth and variety of natural resources tributary sufficient to make her one of the richest cities in the United States.

## SEATTLE'S CRYING NEEDS

1. Seattle needs a big hotel built on liberal lines, good enough for the best and big enough for everybody.
2. More banking capital and investment funds.
3. Manufacturers—a virgin field of rich opportunity for large or small factories in many lines.

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On a Direct Line from New York to the Orient

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TO SAN FRANCISCO  
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is in line with investments for large or small investors. If you have \$10 or \$10,000 write us. Our 'Personal Letter' will tell you how. Ask us about all Coos Bay. Address, **NORTH BEND, ORE.**

'Personal Letter' will tell you how. Ask us about all Coos Bay. Address, **NORTH BEND, ORE.**

*Crude Rubber Gathered from Wild Rubber Trees on Our Land*



*Also Chocolate Pods, A Product of This Valley*

**Crude Rubber, Worth \$2,000.00 to \$3,000.00 a Ton.**

United States Consular and Central America Government reports show that rubber groves pay from \$400.00 to \$1,000.00 net per acre per year. Same authorities also show the San Juan Valley of Costa Rica to be the best natural rubber district of Central America, to be very healthy, due to the regular cool sea breezes; and the land to be very rich and well drained. The freight rate to New York City is only \$12.00 per ton, while the crude rubber sells for from \$2000.00 to \$3000.00 per ton.

We sell ten, twenty and forty-acre tracts of the best rubber land, with perfect title, for \$15.00 per acre, on easy terms. When improved, which costs very little under our novel plan, this land will pay good interest on several thousand dollars per acre.

A large plantation, owned by American capitalists, adjoins our land. Their groves are five years old.

A few acres of this land will forever make you independent.

A new townsite, for Americans, now being started on our land, settlers having already gone down to locate.

Colonization agents wanted. Send for pamphlet and birds eye view map.

References:—W. C. Patterson, Vice-President First National Bank; J. H. Braly, President Southern California Savings Bank; A. J. Waters, of Citizens National Bank.

**TROPICAL LAND COMPANY**

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**Rooms 508-509 Citizens' National Bank Building, Los Angeles, California**



# Brentwood Park

The ideal foothill homes in Southern California. As such, Brentwood Park stands distinctively in a class all by itself, commanding location, scenic grandeur and its marvelous improvements, when compared with other locations it brings Brentwood Park distinctively to the front. Nestled in the south base of the softly shaded foothills, beyond which rise the majestic snow-capped peaks of the Sierras, on a commanding elevation between the ocean and the city, where all semi shrubs and plants flourish in profusion, where floral and landscape architecture stands out so prominent, no wonder that Brentwood Park large villa lots are selling so rapidly. This is the show place of Southern California; the safest investment, the best for a home. Just think, large villa lots with all of these advantages, with every modern improvement, are selling from fifteen hundred dollars up, according to the size and the location.

Don't hesitate. If you want an investment, buy one of these lots. No lots in Brentwood Park less than one hundred feet frontage with great depth. Here one's view can never be shut out, on account of the largeness of the lots. The purest of air, the grandest of scenery, in a frostless belt, the best of transportation. What more can you ask?

Don't put it off. Buy now. Fine homes are being erected. As improvements advance so do the lots. Desirable locations are getting more scarce every day. Is there anything better than a safe investment in real estate?

Reference, all of Los Angeles. Plats, maps and booklets cheerfully sent to all free. Address,

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**LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**

# Ho! for EUGENE, OREGON

## *The Land of Opportunities*

Horace Greeley said, "Go west, young man!" We go Greeley one better, and tell you where to go and what you will find when you arrive.

## **The Heart of the World-Famed Willamette Valley**

*The Most Beautiful and Richest Valley in all the West*

The great West is rapidly coming to the front and offers splendid inducements to manufacturers.

## **EUGENE will be a Manufacturing Center**

If you are interested in the manufacture of any of the following, we can interest you, because we can offer you splendid inducements: paper, furniture, woodenware, farm implements, wagons and buggies, incubators and poultry supplies, flour and cereal milling, boots and shoes, leather goods, woolen goods, hosiery, etc., fruit and vegetable canning.

*Unlimited Water Power, the Cheapest Power in the World*

**Timber for the Lumber Manufacturer or Capitalist**—Lane County, of which EUGENE is the county seat, has the largest amount of standing timber (government estimate) of any county in the United States, 34 billion feet. Think of that, Mr. Investor, doesn't that mean "money in the country?"

## **And Good Health for All**

For COMPLETE and AUTHENTIC information about all of these MARVELLOUS OPPORTUNITIES for THE FARMER, THE DAIRYMAN, THE CAPITALIST and THE MANUFACTURER,

ADDRESS

## **The Merchants Protective Ass'n.**

**Eugene, Oregon**

*An organization of all the Leading Merchants  
of Eugene to tell the truth about  
this country.*



# CRESTMORE

RIVERSIDE COUNTY, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

**EVERYTHING THERE FOR YOU**

### PRICE OF LOTS

Residence, \$300

Terms:

\$10 down,

\$10 a month

Business Lots:

\$25 down

\$25 monthly payments

Size of Lots  
50x150

2-3-5 acres on special terms

Opening sale  
April 1st

See booklet

## Climate-Health

LARGEST CEMENT PLANT  
in SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
and OTHER MANUFACTURES

WEALTH, Beautiful Homes,  
Delightful Scenery, HAPPINESS

Three and one-half miles from  
RIVERSIDE, in the heart of  
the famous orange district.

SAME SOIL - SAME CLIMATE  
SAME GENERAL ADVANTAGES

**Splendid opportunities for  
the man with small capital**

Three Electric Car Lines now under way.  
When completed Crestmore will be in touch  
with all surrounding cities and two great sea-  
ports. Crestmore will have all modern im-  
provements, electricity, abundance of water.

Crestmore is  
destined to be-  
come the largest  
manufacturing  
town in Southern  
California

There will be a  
great demand  
for Lots

Prices sure to  
advance

Consider the  
terms: \$10 down,  
\$10 a month

Consider the  
opportunity

Make your  
reservation now

In justice to everyone, lots will be assigned in  
the order of the date of your letter received,  
or the order of the date of personal application.

**GRAND OPENING DAY, APRIL 1st**

Write for *FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET* that tells all about it

**The WINTON-McLEOD COMPANY**

330 South Hill Street

**LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**

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ON THE PACIFIC COAST

BANKING BY MAIL  
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“Between the City and the Sea”

This magnificent foot-hill property stands alone. It is distinctly different from anything in Southern California—overlooks Los Angeles, Hollywood and the ocean.

Owing to the magnitude of improvements planned for this property, its excellent location, climate, car service, etc., it is destined to be the future home of people who want all the city conveniences and yet the beauties of suburban life.

## The Practical Success

of this beautiful tract of all large lots, is assured by the fact that a great number of the purchasers are either building or planning to do so.

**Lots 80x175 up. Prices \$800.00 up**  
Easy Terms

### Improvements

Wide Tamped Oiled Streets,  
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## Percy H. Clark Co.

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Send for booklet, etc.

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## A Golden Opportunity For a Lumberman

Owing to ill health of the owner, one of the best paying lumber yards in Southern California is now on the market.

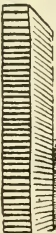
This business is in a thriving town, 15 miles from Los Angeles, right in the heart of a rich agricultural district; connected by electric line with Los Angeles and the seaports. 40 trains daily.

Property and stock on hand will be sacrificed to an immediate buyer.

For further particulars address

## LUMBERMAN

Room 52, Parmelee-Dohrmann Building  
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## In California \$AN DIEGO'S SUPREMACY

for HARBOR for CLIMATE  
for OPPORTUNITY for  
INVESTMENT for PROFIT  
—Is Worthy Your  
Immediate Investigation

**GOOD LUCK**—is buying a good lot in a growing city on a new electric car line “before the cars begin to run” and making the natural increase in land values.

I call that rapid transit good luck.

Every one of our famous big Tracts are in line of just this kind of good luck in addition to the general increase in values on account of the new direct railroad east via Yuma.

Deal with the good luck house. Fortunes in lots at four cents a square foot in our famous seven Swastika Tracts. \$5.00 down, \$5.00 a month. Questions answered. City Map Free.

1  
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# THE CHANCE THAT HAS NO RISKS ANTICONGESTOL

**DOESN'T HAVE TO BE MINED—JUST SHIPPED**

ANTICONGESTOL is the name given to a medicinal earth of marvelously healing qualities, recently discovered in Ventura County, California. It is a natural plaster, and resembles Antiphlogistine, but is better in every way and **CAN BE MARKETED AT HALF THE COST.** Antiphlogistine has made millions for its owners.

***THE BEST INVESTMENT  
The Time to Act is NOW***

**WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER:**

Title to 320 acres of ground—rich in other minerals, asbestos and gold, as well as in the Anticongestol earth—in Ventura Co., Cal., has been acquired by the **CONSOLIDATED MINERAL & CHEMICAL COMPANY.** The Company has been incorporated and organized for the purpose of putting this vast deposit of natural plaster on the market. The demand for it will be constant and increasing, and the stock of the Company will therefore not be subject to the fluctuations of good and hard times, as so many investments are. Almost the only expenses involved in marketing the product will be for transportation and for packing and labeling, as the earth in its natural condition is a perfect article. In this it differs from Antiphlogistine, which is an artificial product. We do not, by this advertisement, seek to attract purchasers for Anticongestol itself; its market is assured. What we would interest you in is an investment in this Company. The profits will be greater than in any other enterprise open to you.

**STOCK--PAR VALUE \$10, PRESENT PRICE \$2**

**SOMETHING ABOUT ANTICONGESTOL:** Anticongestol is an earth anhydrous, antiseptic, hygroscopic, and of higher therapeutic value than any similar preparation offered to the trade. Every physician and every druggist knows the value of the natural earths of the Antiphlogistine group. Ask any of them in whom you have confidence. Then get a sample from us and test its efficacy. When you see what it can do you will have an idea of the value which shares in this Company will have.

**In Ordering Stock Please Use the Following Form:**

**Consolidated Mineral & Chemical Co.,  
353 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.**

Please reserve for me.....shares of Treasury Stock in the Consolidated Mineral and Chemical Co., at \$2.00 a share.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

**Consolidated Mineral & Chemical Co., Inc.**

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# \$1500 A YEAR FOR LIFE



One of our fifteen-months old trees. absolutely correct. The above already become associated with us.

Five shares in the great commercial rubber orchard of the Conservative Rubber Production Company should, at maturity, yield you a sure and certain income of \$1500 a year. No large cash payment down is required to secure them as they can be paid for as follows: \$25.00 a month for the first year; \$20.00 a month for the second year; \$15.00 a month for the four succeeding years; then \$20.00 a month the last year—making \$1500 in seven years which covers the entire cost.

**One or more shares are sold at a proportional rate.**

The income derived from trees during the seven-year, development period should average 2% on the money invested; then \$1500 a year for life. This most conservative estimate is based upon government reports of the United States and Great Britain, the most reliable sources of information in the world.

On our splendid estate of 12,000 acres in Tropical Mexico, we are changing the production of crude rubber from the primitive and destructive methods hitherto employed by the natives to the most scientific and successful plan known to modern forestry, and under Anglo-Saxon supervision.

There is nothing speculative about crude rubber. It can be sold every day in the year in any market in the world at a price that has been steadily increasing for years. For a quarter of a century the world's supply has been spoken for months before it reached the civilized market. The price has doubled in a decade, and the question of future supply is of vast moment and can only be solved by the scientific cultivation of the rubber tree.

We are now engaged in this new and immensely profitable industry on a large scale, and the unusual opportunity is open to you to secure shares in our plantation. Each share represents an undivided interest in all our land—600 acres of which is being planted to rubber, and what has already been accomplished assures the success of the enterprise.

Every possible safeguard surrounds the investor. These safeguards are embedded in the contracts which provide that you are to pay no taxes, no salaries, no fines or assessments, and payments will be suspended for three months without prejudice and may be made up at any time during the seven years.

Our literature gives conclusive facts, logical figures, and definite reference as to our integrity and responsibility, and proves that our proposition is bona fide, safe and enormously profitable. Such an investment insures the absolute safety of your future and comfort in old age.

Our booklet, "Money Making Opportunities of Mexico," proves that our statements are absolutely correct. The Company is divided into only 6,000 shares which are being rapidly taken—over 900 people having already become associated with us.

Write to us and we will furnish you with facts that will put you in close touch with every detail of our plan. Our literature is Sent Free, and every request for it will receive immediate attention. Write for it today.

**Conservative Rubber Production Company,**  
610 Monadock Building, San Francisco, California.



## BILLINGS SUGAR FACTORY

# MONTANA IS An Agricultural State

Farm Lands in the valley of the YELLOWSTONE are equal to any on earth. Great crops of Alfalfa (3 crops), Timothy, Clover and all kinds of Grains and SUGAR BEETS. The newest, largest and best Beet Sugar Factory in the United States at BILLINGS now completed and in operation, making into Sugar the first crop of 70,000 tons. Land at \$50.00 and up on your own terms. Write

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# OREGON

## The Land of Opportunity

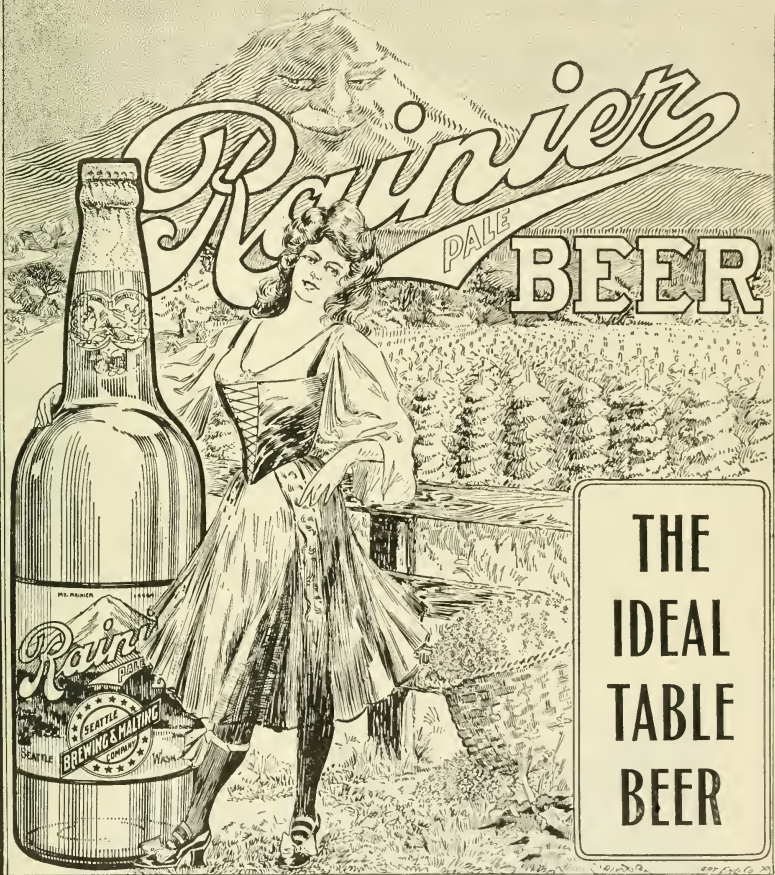
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**W**ITH its great natural resources, making possible the pursuit of almost every line of industry known to civilized man; assured of an unlimited market for its products and manufactured articles through its commercial situation at the gateway to the Orient; with the best of facilities for both rail and water transportation to all the world; with all these and a climate unsurpassable, Oregon offers a multitude of opportunities to commercial enterprise and is destined to become one of the most important states in the Union. Within its broad expanse of over sixty million acres are to be found every variety of soil and climate, from the rich and productive sheltered valley to the bleak, snow-capped mountain peak above the clouds. The mineral resources, as yet practically undeveloped, but await the delving pick of the miner; its forests comprise the largest body of merchantable timber in the world, while fertile valleys, productive uplands and broad plains lie ready to harken to the husbandman's song. No other section of America has more, or greater, or more valuable opportunities to offer to intelligent and industrious seekers for homes and competence than the State of Oregon.

*A beautifully illustrated 88-page book telling all about the state, its climate, resources, soil, transportation facilities and special information regarding the different cities in the state, may be had by sending four cents (4) in stamps to Wm. McMurray, General Passenger Agent, of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co. Portland, Ore.*

*IT MAKES THE MOUNTAIN SMILE.*



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NEW VIGOR AND STRENGTH IN EVERY DROP

Seattle Brewing & Malting Company

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*The rich men of the nation have found their wealth in manufacturing—  
always considered the most profitable form of investment.*

# A BONUS OF 25 SHARES Of Soda Company Stock

**With Each 100 Shares of Preferred Stock at \$1.00 We Give 25 Shares of Common Stock, Until June 15th only**

Six or eight weeks ago the Pacific Coast Soda Company placed the first 50,000 shares of their preferred stock on the market at 80 cents, the opening sale has been phenomenal, enabling the company to accept plans and award contracts for the erection of the first unit of their manufacturing plant. This first plant will make soda ash and will be in operation by early Autumn. This offer of a bonus of one share of common, free, with each four shares of preferred stock at \$1.00 in amounts above one hundred dollars is made to quicken the sale of stock which will enable the company to start on the second unit or plant. These shares are preferred to the amount of 7%, but not limited to further profit, for the company is sure this industry will earn nearer 25% and they are safe in assuring the preferred shareholder this earning.

<b>25 Shares with each \$100 worth</b>	<b>50</b>	<b>100</b>	<b>500</b>
" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "
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<b>\$200</b>	<b>\$400</b>	<b>\$2000</b>
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## We Own a New and Marvelous Process

**The Natural Crude Soda from the Desert Converted into Pure Crystals in less than Two Hours, by the Old Vat Process Required about Two Months**

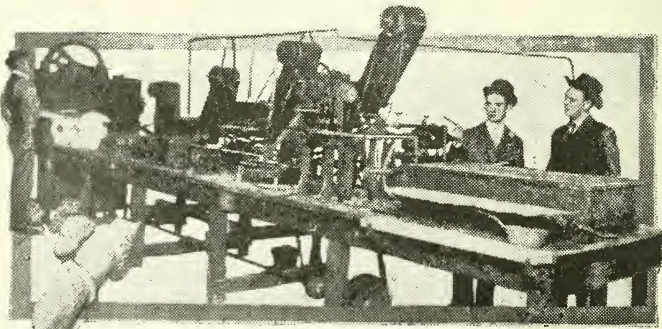
Even with the building of the Tonopah-Tidewater Railway making accessible the vast natural deposits of crude soda, this industry would have "hard sledding" were it not for the machine and process evolved by its chemists and engineers. This machine has at once become the marvel of the world of commercial chemistry, it completely solves the conversion of the soda deposits of California. One machine will accomplish in about two hours what the old process of vats and solar evaporation and fractional crystallization would take two months to perform. The company own absolutely the patented rights of machine and process.

**Write Today  
for  
Booklet**

**Address James Austin Larson, President**

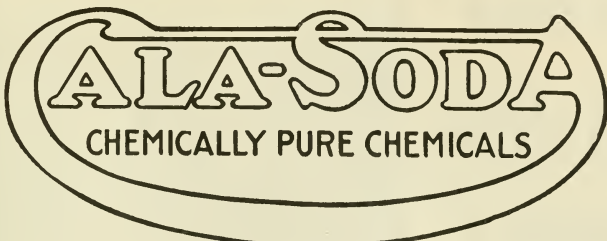
**PACIFIC COAST SODA CO.**

**512 South Broadway, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**



This is a photo of the working model of our machine that is a marvel in crystallization processes





The trade mark of the new California product

## A Big Dividend Earning Manufacturing Enterprise

**Preferred Shares are assured 7% dividend, besides further equal earnings with the Common**

Chemists, mineralogists and scientists have prophesied the conversion of the vast deposits of crude soda of California, and proclaimed them the nucleus of a tremendous soda enterprise, and they were right in their appreciation. Here is a raw material of rich purity. Nature has partially performed the chemical change, by preparing the crude soda for a simple process. In the East, where at present all soda products are made, manufacturers have to use an expensive chemical process to produce their raw material from which they make their soda compounds. By an individual process of our own we are able to convert these crude sodas of the desert into a high priced product. Our first plant which will be in operation in early autumn will have a capacity of 30 tons daily—210 tons per week, and at the very low profit of \$10 per ton, this one unit of our establishment will have an earning capacity of \$300 daily or \$2100 weekly. As each unit of the entire plant is developed we will be able to manufacture eight principal products and a variety of 29 bi-products of chemically pure chemicals. Last year the Coast trade alone amounted to over fifty million pounds of these soda products.

### A Limitless Supply of Raw Material

Costing only Transportation, a Waiting Coast Market for the Finished High-priced Product

It has been conservatively estimated that on Soda Lake alone, there is sufficient of this crude soda to make over twenty-five million dollars' worth of soda ash, which is only one of the eight products we will produce from these deposits—and the deposit is exhaustless for it is well known that if the whole surface were stripped of the present deposit each year, nature would replenish it by capillary attraction. This enterprise certainly merits your attention. We court the most thorough investigation, both of the deposits, for purity and extent, our methods and process and of quite as much importance the gentlemen who are back of the enterprise. Remember this stock bonus only lasts until June 15th, when the price will advance or the bonus be removed.

**Address James Austin Larson, President**



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In Blocks of from 100 to 1000 Shares at **Seventy-five cents a Share**  
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Ten per cent down, balance in nine equal monthly payments.

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The patents cover the arrangement of the building as well as the bed itself.

We strongly advise the purchase of this stock as a gilt-edge investment, sure to make large profits for its owners.

The Self-Airing, Disappearing Bed, is the latest, most scientific, most sanitary, and most economical improvement for sleeping purposes.

It saves every square inch of floor space occupied in a building, reduces the number of rooms necessary, thus minimizing the ground area, and permits a greater number of rooms in a given space. In short, it is an indispensable adjunct of our modern civilization.

The capitalization of the company is small—only \$200,000. The company is composed of well known and responsible business men.

The Self-Airing, Disappearing Bed is already in large and increasing demand. Its success has already been established.

There is no better investment than the stock of this company at the price and the easy terms we offer.

This stock will certainly advance to \$1.50 or \$2.00 a share in less than 12 months.

Send for handsome illustrated booklet and full information.

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References: National Bank of Long Beach; Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co., Los Angeles



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# FIVE BOOKLETS FREE!



Farming in the fertile delta lands of

# CALIFORNIA

Four of the booklets give specific information regarding four very profitable products; the fifth booklet gives general information regarding Tulare county farms and Tulare County in general.

Tulare county is situated in the **Heart of California**, surrounded by lofty mountains and watered by adequate rivers and irrigation plants. These books are intensely interesting to any one who desires a profitable farming property for investment or actual occupancy. They tell all about the enormous profits to be made. \$70 per acre on sugar beets; \$150 an acre on table and wine grapes. Grain and vegetables pay \$80 per acre. Alfalfa is a money maker. In February, the market price in Tulare was \$13.00 a ton, and the crops run from 6 to 8 tons per acre per year. Dairying and stock raising are more profitable than in eastern localities. The local demand for poultry and eggs cannot be supplied. Fresh eggs were 5 cents each last winter in Los Angeles. These booklets give **facts and figures that are indisputable evidence** of the vast superiority of California farms. A 20-acre farm in Tulare county will pay better than a 160-acre eastern farm.

**Write for these booklets and get the absolute vital facts.**

The land offered is the famous Paige-Mitchell ranch which is being subdivided into farms and sold on **easy terms**. There are three propositions open to you; if you put in the crop we suggest we will contract with you for your products at a price that will pay for the land in two to four years, or you can pay one-fourth down and the balance inside of three years, or you can pay spot cash.

This land is located a **few miles from the city of Tulare** and has every **market advantage**. The climate is excellent and the land is the famous **delta land** which is not surpassed anywhere in California.

**Write today for the booklets.**

## California Farmland Co.

OWNERS

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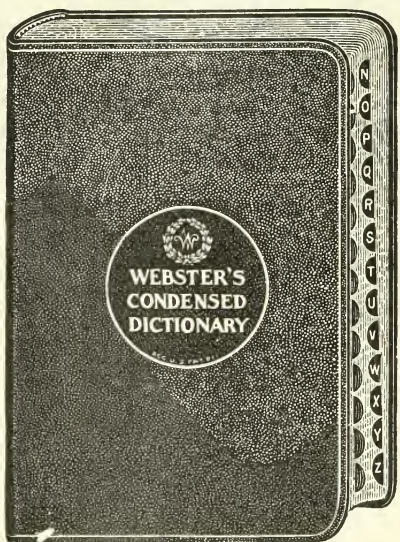
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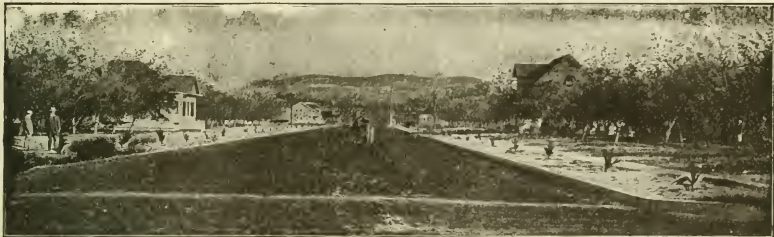
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Enclosed please find \$2.00 for which enter my subscription to The Pacific Monthly for one year, and send me all charges paid, copy of the Webster Condensed Dictionary, full morocco leather binding in accordance with above offer.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Town..... State.....

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**MIRAMONTE PARK** LOS ANGELES  
CALIFORNIA



**12 Minutes from the Business Center**

Miramonte Tract and Miramonte Park have been sold out. Ahrens' Miramonte Addition has just been placed on the market. Prices from \$375 up; 10% down; improvements are the same as in the original Miramonte Tract. This new addition is small, but affords home-seekers another opportunity to secure desirable property at a very low price. Remember the advantages of Miramonte—12 minutes from the new shopping district, 5c fare, well built up, splendid streets, large ornamental and fruit trees, telephones, electric lights, post office, stores, church, large lots, alleys, fertile soil, good drainage, independent water supply, excellent climate and beautiful view of the mountains.

*Drop a postal for complete price list, terms and descriptive matter*

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**\$2,500 PER YEAR**

ALL THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

IN RETURN FOR \$2,500 INVESTED NOW

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Don't take our word for it. We will give you the testimony of  
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**ANYBODY CAN DO AS WELL**

The majority have done much better

**INQUIRE NOW**

When our land is sold there will be no more land in Wenatchee  
Valley to be put under irrigation.

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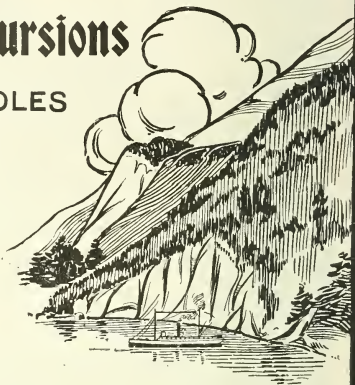
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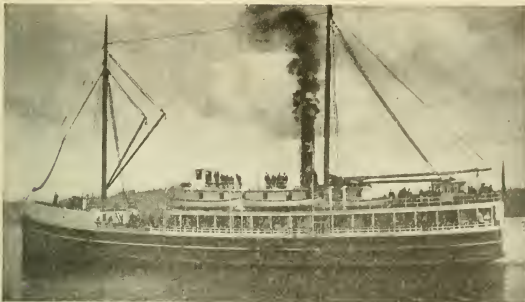
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☛ **NORTH BEND'S** present site was a tract of timber in 1902—today there are 2200 people. ☛ \$60,000 is the monthly payroll, conceded to be the largest in the United States for a city of this size. ☛ \$700,000 were expended for building and improvements in the year 1906. ☛ Coos Bay is the next harbor for Trans-Pacific traffic on the Pacific Coast of the United States. ☛ Congress has ordered a survey of the Coos Bay Bar for the purpose of giving it the same depth as Golden Gate—40 feet. ☛ Puget Sound, Coos Bay and Golden Gate stand in a class alone as Pacific sea ports. ☛ Lumber mills, ship yards, machine shops, and quarries are here and generous inducements are held out for others. ☛ Come now and “Beat the Railroad.”

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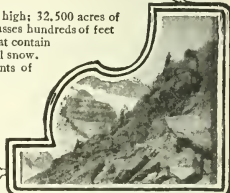
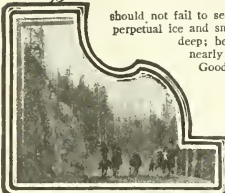




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It is land that will produce the most profitable class of crops, including sugar beets, celery, asparagus, potatoes, wheat, oats, barley, rye, alfalfa, timothy, vegetables and fruits. Several thousand acres under irrigation demonstrate its adaptability.

The largest body of standing soft pine timber on the Pacific Coast is the basis for great lumber industries, insuring home market for products.

Lines of railroad under construction will soon link this region with both Portland and San Francisco, and through these ports of the Pacific to markets of the world.

There is very little agricultural land open to homestead entry, but choice land can be bought at reasonable price in tracts of 160 acres or less.

An ideal section for the poultry grower, gardener, dairyman, stockman or feeder, with rare business openings.

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# THE NEW INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE CO. WILL EITHER RICH OR FELD

## FIRST OFFERING OF STOCK IN THE SOUTHERN TELEPHONE-ELECTRIC COMPANY.

The telephone has become one of the most important factors in the business and social life of the entire world. This is especially true of the United States. The telephone is constantly in demand by the people, and although furnished at a very reasonable rental, it has been found to be a very profitable investment. Large percentages have been made by those holding securities of telephone companies.

The Southern Telephone-Electric Company was organized principally to conduct a telephone business in one of the richest sections of the United States, viz., the State of Texas, constructing and operating both long distance and local telephone systems.

Mr. E. L. Swaine, President, in speaking of the plans of operation, states as follows: "The Company now owns the Fort Worth Long Distance Telephone Company and will soon acquire extensions for the construction and operation of local exchanges in a number of towns in the State of Texas.

"The Company will hold control of the long distance lines, which will enable us to protect the business of local exchanges, besides bringing a good revenue.

"When a local plant has been constructed and in operation, a company will be formed among the business men of the community. They will subscribe for the stock, as it will pay a good interest on the investment and they will be the owners of the property in their own town.

"The Southern Telephone-Electric Company will receive for such plants from the new local companies, part cash and part bonds, based on the earning power of the companies, which cash and bonds will give a very good profit on the work of construction, and place us in a position to turn over the funds again in another locality.

"The profits in the telephone business have proved very satisfactory, paying good percentages on bonds and stocks, besides enabling the companies to lay aside a fair surplus. This refers to the operating companies, from which class we expect to secure a portion of our earnings, the greater part to come from the profits on construction. It is the intention to set aside for sale only sufficient stock to provide capital to carry on the work in hand, which will enable us to pay very satisfactory dividends on the outstanding stock."

## THE SOUTHERN TELEPHONE-ELECTRIC COMPANY

Is a corporation duly organized and incorporated under the laws of the Territory of Arizona. The capital stock is ten million dollars (\$10,000,000), divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of a par value of one hundred dollars (\$100) per share. The stock is fully paid and forever non-assessable. There is no preferred stock and no bonded indebtedness. Each and every share of stock is on an equal basis. The organization or charter member price of this stock has been placed at a low price. This price will be advanced at an early date, for this first allotment is being subscribed rapidly. Every share of stock issued at the present time has been paid for in full at that figure. Not one single share of promotion stock has been issued. The officers and directors of this corporation have paid the same price for their own stock that they offer it to their friends and acquaintances.

The affairs of the corporation will be under the management of the following Board of Directors: E. L. Swaine, General Manager of the Home Telephone and Telegraph Company of Los Angeles, Cal. R. J. McFueh, Chief Installer and Pacific Coast Sales Manager of the Kellogg Switch Board and Supply Company.

N. F. Wilson, San Francisco, Cal.  
Ernest A. Olds, Superintendent of Construction of the Home Telephone and Telegraph Company of Los Angeles, Cal.

H. L. Edwards, Superintendent of the Contracting Department of the Home Telephone and Telegraph Company.

F. J. Norris, Cashier of the Occidental Trust and Savings Bank of Los Angeles, Cal., and former auditor of the Home Telephone and Telegraph Company.

J. N. O. Rech, Attorney, Los Angeles, Cal.

Edgar A. Sharp, Attorney, Los Angeles, Cal.

The officers of the Company are:

E. L. Swaine, President; N. F. Wilson, First Vice-President; H. L. Edwards, Second Vice-President; Ernest A. Olds, Third Vice-President; J. N. O. Rech, Secretary; F. J. Norris, Treasurer; R. J. McFueh, Chief Engineer.

The men who will have charge of the field work and operation of the affairs of the Southern Telephone-Electric Company are all practical, successful telephone men of unquestioned integrity and special ability in their particular branch of technical effort.

The territory in which this corporation will operate is no less than the cotton belt of Texas, a belt containing a greater population than the three Pacific States, California, Washington and Oregon, combined. This is today, in the minds of these men, the best and richest territory in the United States for the operations of such a corporation.

So much work has already been done and so much progress made that no other company, even should it possess the same financial advantages and the same able Board of Directors, could possibly become a competitor. This is a big element in the success of this corporation.

The territory or field which has been selected by this Board of Directors is one of the richest in the United States and at present almost overlooked, except by the interest controlled by the Bell Telephone.

## NEW TELEPHONE COMPANY OFFERS SMALL INVESTOR AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY.

The time has come when the people ought to own the public service corporations, and they are going to own them, too. Here is an opportunity for a small investor to buy stock that should ultimately make him financially independent. The conditions that make possible the success of this corporation are many times more promising than they were when the Bell Telephone stock was first offered to the public.

The money for carrying out the plans of this enterprise is being raised by the sale of common stock. Every man or woman that wants a share of this stock in the Southern Telephone-Electric Company will be on an equal footing, first, last and all the time. The full par value of the shares is \$100, fully paid and forever non-assessable; but, like all large enterprises, the first stock sold must be offered at a big sacrifice in order to quickly raise sufficient capital to put the company on a good dividend-earning basis. A portion of the \$100 shares of the Southern Telephone-Electric Company is, therefore, offered at a low price. The shares that are invested in at this low price will, in a few months, not only be worth their full par value, but many times more. The shares of the Home Telephone Company in Los Angeles could have been bought three or four years ago for only 10 cents on a dollar. These shares of common stock are now earning dividends, and the company has paid out thousands of dollars on a tremendous bond issue.

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## INFORMATION COUPON.

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21 under 4 years produced .....	161470.81	7689.08	5.323	8597.37	409.39	483.48
5 under 5 years produced .....	38543.00	7708.60	5.505	2121.88	424.37	501.60
8 over 5 years produced .....	78502.60	9812.83	5.087	3993.16	499.15	588.49
47 average 3 years 5 months.....	365040.76	7766.82	5.264	19218.53	408.90	482.91

Average days in milk, 350.

Average pounds of grain feed per day per cow: Bran, 3.75; ground oats and peas, 1.56; oil meal, .64. Total, 5.95.

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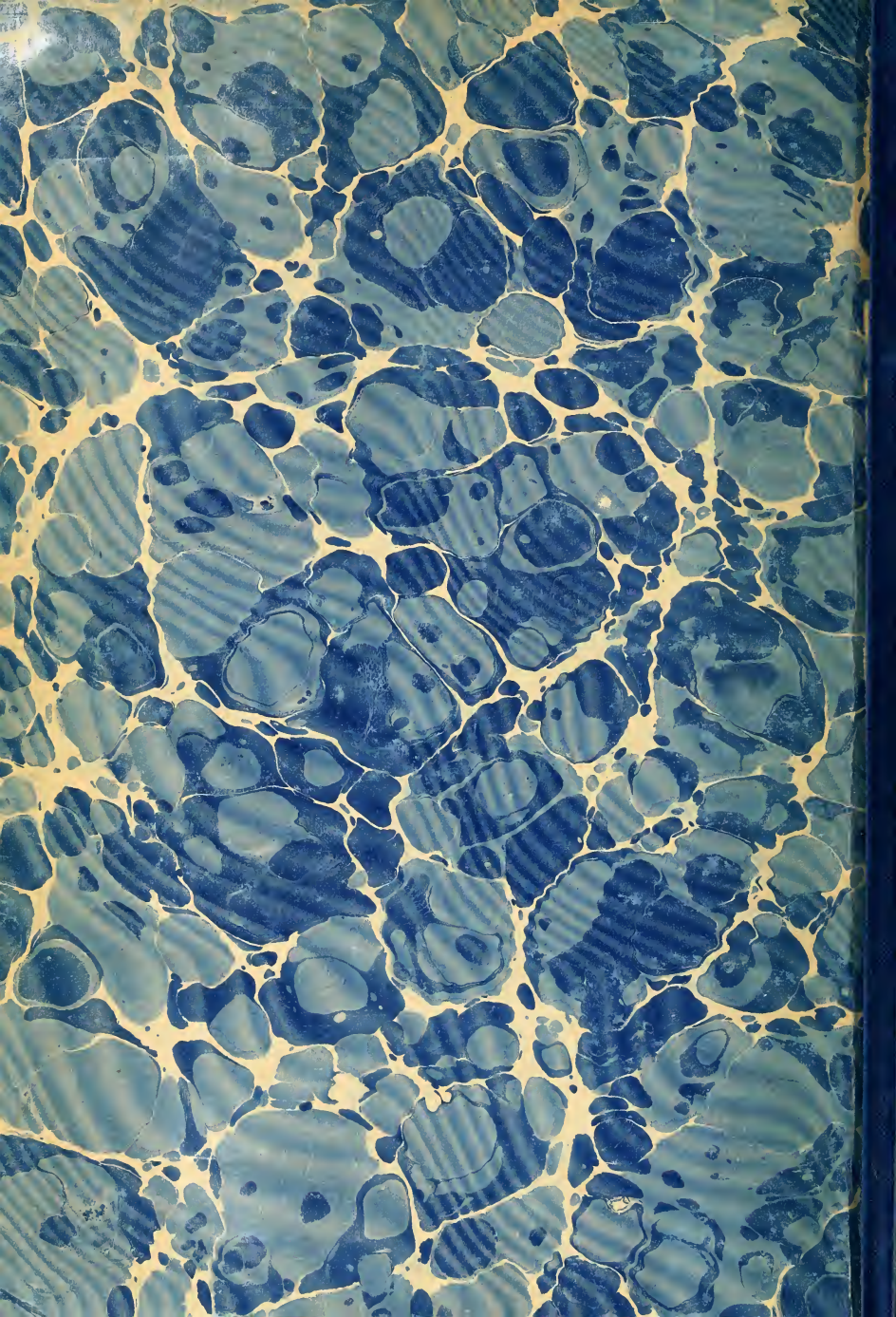
















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