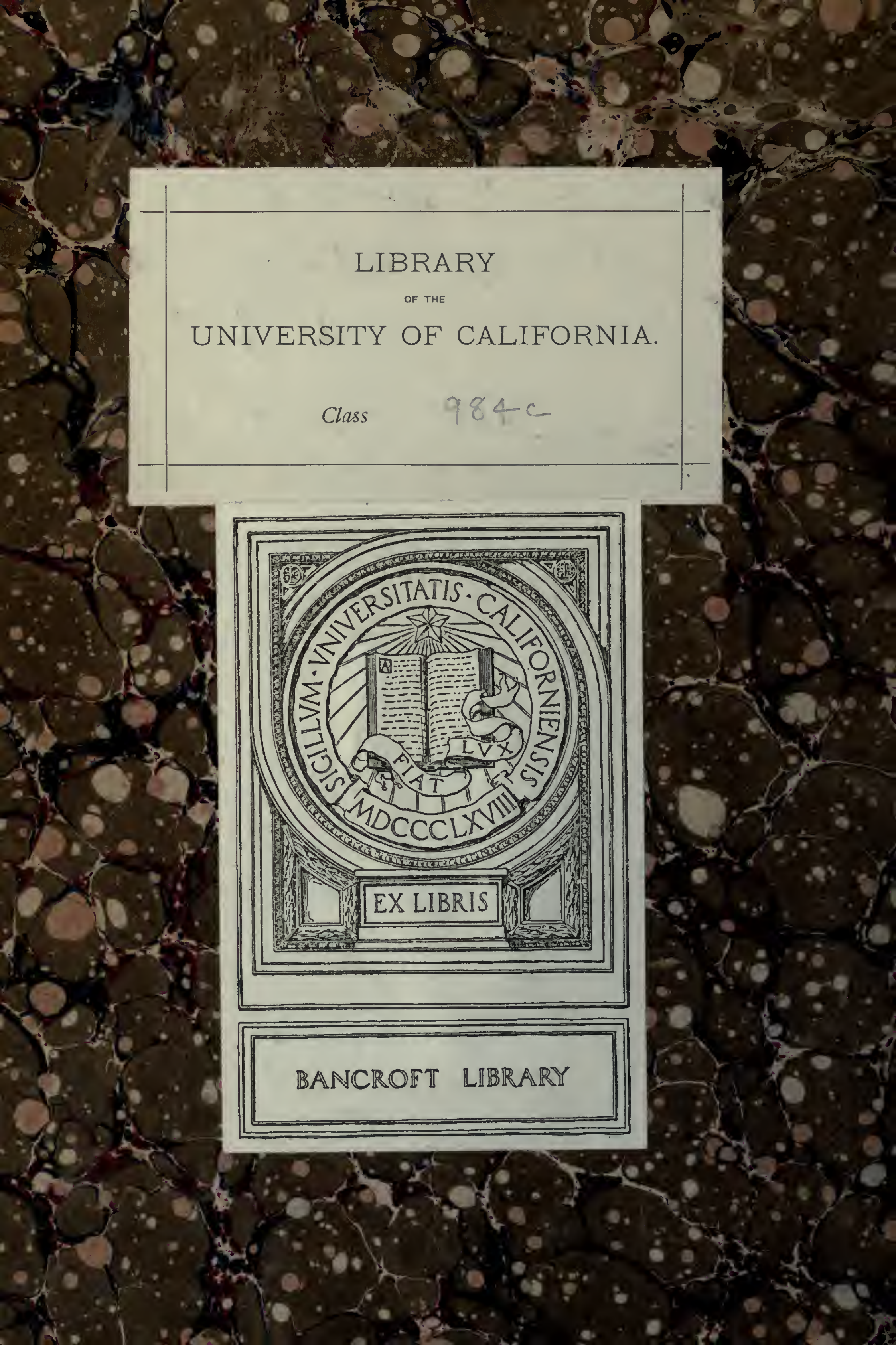
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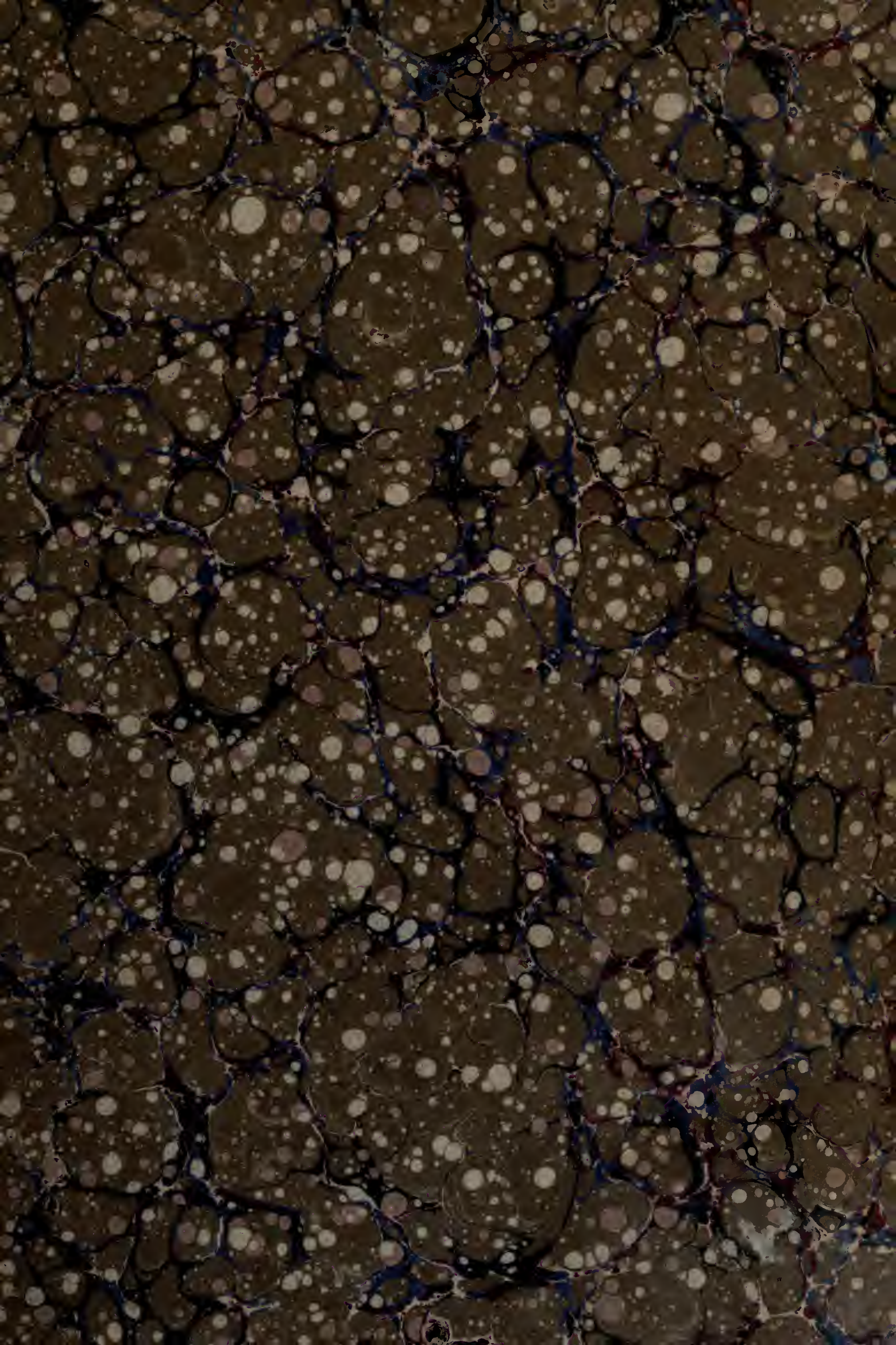

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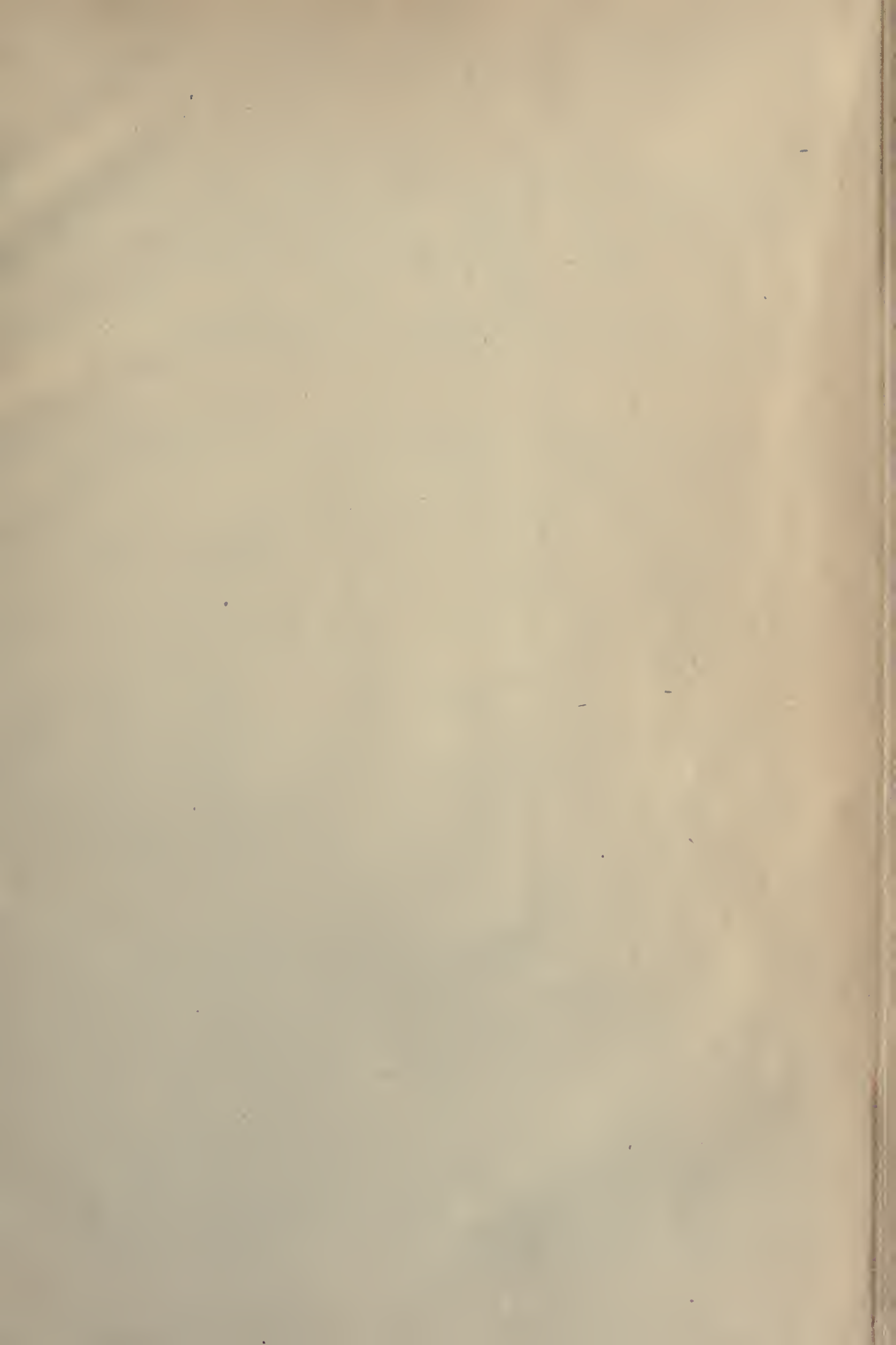

January, 1905 FORMERLY "THE LAND OF SUNSHINE" Vol. XXII, No. 1

THE NATION BACK OF US

THE WORLD IN FRONT

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A MAGAZINE OF THE OLD PACIFIC AND THE NEW

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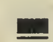

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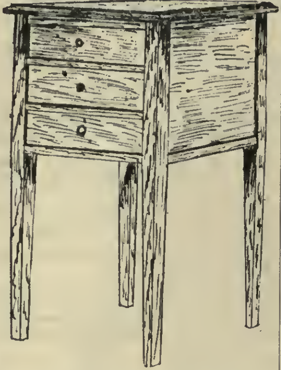

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Past Ninety—and Starving.
(Another photograph of the same two Campo Indians, a few days after relief had reached them, is on page 18.)

Formerly
The Land of Sunshine

THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.

Vol. XXII, No. 1. JANUARY, 1905.

THREE GRAINS OF CORN.

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

"Give me three grains of corn, mother—
Only three grains of corn!
It will keep the little life I've left
Till the coming of the morn.
For I'm dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold!"
—*Amelia Bentham-Edwards.*

WHO would ever have thought that the familiar lines of "The Famine in Ireland" could be written with equal truth of a part of God's country? Those, indeed, who have followed the course of events so obscure as the fortunes of the remote Mission Indians of Southern California, find no news in the present situation. It has been "more or less so" for forty years—getting worse all the time, until now the climax is reached which has roused a cry of shame and indignation from the public. The Department has known of these conditions for more than a generation—and has done practically nothing. But to the great average, which knows of California only as a land of orange groves and modern cities, such a status seems incredible.

THE JUDGE OF MANZANITA.

What the California public thought, when it learned the plain fact that the Mission Indians of the five Campo reservations in San Diego county were starving slowly to death; that there was no food whatever on these five reservations except acorns, and not many of those; that these men, women and children had neither clothing nor bedding to withstand the mountain winter whose snows and cold are heavy—what our people thought is

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best told by their acts. It is easy to be "sorry from my heart"—to be sorry from the pocket is a more serious matter. The case touched Californians in both anatomies. San Diego has subscribed and sent up the seed grain with which the wretched little fields are now being planted. Los Angeles has raised a fund in cash which will feed the unfortunates till next season; and enough clothing and bedding has been shipped from the two cities to keep all the Campo Indians warm all winter. In other words, Southern California thought the condition of these Indians, peaceful and industrious but left by the government to starve for want of proper lands, was a disgrace to the state and

THE MANZANITA RESERVATION.

to the nation, and has redeemed the state from its share of the responsibility.

What President Roosevelt and Indian Commissioner Leupp—the strong, brave new man just undertaking the most ungrateful office in America—what they think of it, I have on the day of this writing heard from out their own faces; and if the remedy can be brought about by them, it will be brought about. Presidents and Commissioners of Indian Affairs do not make the appropriations; but sometimes they have some influence with Congress. So always do the American people; and it will be a good time for the individual citizen to urge Senators and Congressmen to vote the necessary appropriation to get enough arable land for these Indians, so that by hard work they can make a decent living. That is all the Sequoya League is after. It desires no luxuries nor pauperized ease for the nation's wards—just a square deal.

The government has often been generous to the Indians—often too generous—but it has almost never been just. Plain justice is all the Indian needs—and the nation equally needs to give it.

The Indian Office has needlessly, foolishly, and I believe illegally, squandered the $23,700 which the Warner's Ranch Commission (the first campaign of the Sequoya League) saved to the government and procured to be made available for the permanent relief of these and 600 other Mission Indians now destitute. That

HUNGRY OLD AGE AT MANZANITA.

money cannot be recalled and it is needless to pursue those who wasted it. An appropriation will be needed; and in this year of retrenchment will be hard to get. But a proper bill, recommended by the Commissioner, favored by the President, introduced and championed by California Senators, and backed by California public opinion, can probably get through. The community has done gallantly in applying a temporary palliative at its proper cost; now let us help the government to provide the only permanent remedy—the chance for decent self-support. Otherwise we shall have to feed these wards of the government by private subscription for another forty years.

A Typical Home, La Posta.

One of the hopeful features of the situation—enabling and giving edge to the President's unmistakable wish for justice—is the coming of Mr. Leupp into the Commissionship of Indian Affairs. Mr. Leupp is not only honest and unafraid—he is about the only man who ever held the office who knew as much about Indians beforehand as a bat knows of spectrum analysis. Though not of the West, he has been West; he has visited all sorts of reservations for many years; and he knows a good deal about Indians and the forces which are combined to destroy them. He aims to save what he can from the inevitable wreck; and to take the responsibility himself. He has a wonderful chance. The blood of more human beings shall be required of him, some day, than of any other one American save Lincoln. Here's hoping he may

THE LA POSTA CORNFIELD.

have a ready answer as his brother's keeper. Power to his elbow, his fist and his eyesight! And the Sequoya League will try to uphold his hands.

It has often been said in these pages that the Department has long been perfectly well aware of the shameful condition of the Mission reservations, of the worthlessness of the lands a generous nation allows the First Californians to retain of an Eden once all theirs; of the constant destitution and frequent starvation resultant from this official neglect; and that in forty years it has done so little to clear its skirts of this shame, that conditions today are worse than ever. This is a rather serious charge; and perhaps now is a good time to cite authorities. No mention need be made of the hundreds of reliable reports safely buried in the routine pigeon-holes at Washington; reports from agents and from Mere Human Beings. Out of the printed official reports of the Indian Office, which can be verified in any respectable public library, the following abstract is taken:

The Irrigable Lands of La Posta Reservation.

A Rich Woman of La Posta. (Two bushels of acorns for the winter.)

OFFICIAL "CONFESSION OF JUDGMENT."

(These are much condensed skeletons of the reports.)

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1880; p. 12, S. S. Lawson, Agent of Mission Indians:

Exigencies of situation with regard to these homeless and destitute people (Mission Indians) such that it seemed impossible to await another assembling of Congress without serious complications growing out of their occupancy of private lands. Fifteen families forced to remove from Cucco Ranch. Ejectment of Indians on San Jacinto Rancho, and others known as Coahuilla tribe likely to take place at any time; same danger threatening San Luis Rey Indians.

Nothing done educationally for these people. Pp. XXIII and XXIV: The condition of these Mission Indians of California becomes, yearly, more deplorable. There are about 3,000, and their settlements are scattered over the mountain and desert districts embraced in a range of hundreds of miles in extent.

In 1879 water supply for irrigating purposes on the desert failed entirely and the Indians obliged to subsist on a wild bean of the desert.

These people do not ask for supplies. All they ask for is a reservation upon which they can earn a subsistence for themselves and families.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1881; p. 13, S. S. Lawson, Agent of Mission Indians:

Land set apart for these Mission Indians is mountainous and desert, practically worthless for support of so great a number of Indians.

Government *must* sooner or later deal with this question (inadequate lands) or see 3,000 Indians become homeless wanderers.

Ejectment still threatening Indians on Rancho de San José del Valle,* and Ranchos San Jacinto and San Ysabel.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1882; p. 10; S. S. Lawson, Agent of Mission Indians:

Lands for permanent homes not yet granted.

Very small proportion of lands reserved for Indians adapted for agricultural purposes. Need of hospital.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1883; S. S. Lawson, Agent of Mission Indians; p. XLV.:

Many driven from lands occupied and cultivated for years to which they have at least color of title from Spanish Government, and the ejectments often made with force and violence.

Recommendations made to the Government by Helen Hunt Jackson and Mr. Abbot Kinney.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1884; J. G. McCallum, Agent of Mission Indians; p. 12:

Nine-tenths of the 200,000 acres practically worthless; half the remainder good; the rest worthless without water. Necessity for hospital for sick.

P. XXXVII: Commissioner urges consideration of Helen Hunt Jackson's recommendations.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1885; J. G. McCallum, Agent of Indians; p. 8:

Schools near reservations recommended. No training schools for Mission Indians.

P. XLVIII: Land conditions still unsatisfactory. Suits for ejectments brought against Indians who have been in possession for generations. "Unless something done, starvation and extermination await these Indians who by

*Warner's Ranch; evicted by United States Supreme Court; put on the best reservation in California by the Sequoya League.

treaty with Mexico were received on equal footing with other citizens of that republic."

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1886; John S. Ward, Agent of Mission Indians; p. 43:

Not more than 5,000 of the 200,000 acres of land are tillable and the best portion is now held by trespassers in defiance of agent and government. The rights of these Indians to this land clear and absolute as the proclamation of a president can make them. San Jacinto case decided against Indians.

Physician, provided with every convenience for getting around to the various sick, necessary.

P. XLII: Condition getting more unsatisfactory.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1887; John S. Ward, Agent of Mission Indians; p. 9:

Not 500 acres for decent living without irrigation.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1888; W. Preston, Agent of Mission Indians; p. 10:

Indians held under treaty of 1848 between United States and Mexico all land they occupied, used, or enjoyed, either for habitation, cultivation or pasture, and were recognized with Mexican and other races in Mexico as citizens, entitled to same rights as other citizens and so recognized by the United States in said treaty. It has been held that they are citizens and in support of this laws and authorities of Mexico and the United States are conclusive. It is painfully obvious that they have been robbed by bad law, or no law, or in the face of good law, not declared. Hospital still needed.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1889; H. N. Rust, Agent of Mission Indians; p. 124:

"While lands aggregate a large number of acres, there is not land enough reserved, including a large portion of barren mountains where there is neither soil, water or timber, to give each Indian a full quota to which he is entitled under Act of February 8th, 1887. A large portion of good land is not valuable to anyone without water for irrigation, domestic purposes or stock."

Necessity for survey and correct map so that both Whites and Indians may know their boundaries.

Trouble with claims of white people.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1890; H. N. Rust, Agent of Mission Indians; p. 15:

Indians have lands which they will lose unless steps are taken to prevent.

Mission Indians......poor and homeless, subsist principally upon acorns. Americans posing as Christians have robbed these poor children of nature, by legal trickery, of their land.

Government urged to send commissioners to settle land titles and give the Indians land, with water, for homes.

Hospital and manual training school still needed.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1893; Francisco Estudillo, Agent of Mission Indians; p. 124:

Houses poor; not ventilated; crowded with occupants. (Rincon.)

Pala: Fifty-four of 160 acres worthless. One physician not sufficient. Help needed, badly, to develop means of water supply. Old and sick need home and careful attention. Suits still pending concerning ejectment, etc.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1894; Francisco Estudillo, Agent of Mission Indians; p. 118:

Rincon: Houses poor and badly built. Field matron needed.

Temecula: Almost without water. Indians have been terribly abused and need help.

Los Coyotes: Whites cause continuous strife, taking the best land and water.

Cuiapaipa: Not ten acres of arable land. Indians subsist on acorns and hunting. Steps should be taken to secure farming land. Have been totally neglected.

La Posta: Very little good land.

On the whole Indians cannot provide for the winter; it will be severe upon them. Development of water needed. Sick, in sad condition and no provision being made for their comfort or even support. A Home needed for the sick; also hospital and place for the insane.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1897; L. A. Wright, Agent of Mission Indians; p. 117:

Want of water great drawback.

Pechanga: Deplorable condition for want of water; even short of drinking water. Sanitary condition bad.

San Philipe and *San Luis Rey*: Undergoing process of slow but sure eviction.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1898; L. A. Wright, Agent of Mission Indians; p. 134:

As a rule Mission Indians very poor, humiliated and legally robbed of their former possessions, driven to inhospitable cañons, gravelly wastes, and mountain tops. The protection of their rights, even to the pillaging of the little feed that grows within their confines, is a task. They are geographically located so that self-support is impossible. Without soil and water they are obliged to depend on the acorn and mesquite bean crop and other forage; anticipate great suffering this winter, especially among sick and aged, and usual fund set aside for support of Mission Indians is entirely inadequate for needs of the people in any year. Progress almost impossible on account of chaotic condition of land-titles and feeling of insecurity among people.

Item of water becoming of serious moment to several schools.

P. 1102: Crop failure in Southern California; natural feed scarce; hay high; will cause much hardship among Indians.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1899; L. A. Wright, Agent of Mission Indians; p. 171:

Water famine. Doubly hard on Indians. Many reservations have worthless land, others poorly watered. Have no money, no crops, no seed and but little work they can perform and unless receive assistance will surely suffer.

Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1900; L. A. Wright, Agent of Mission Indians; p. 208:

Many reservations are a worthless lot: no white man with his superior education and training could take any one of them as a gift and raise a family of six children from the products.

Many Indians eking out a miserable existence in a half civilized condition; insufficient clothing and food.

Reservations need to be resurveyed in order to prevent the quarrels among whites and Indians and among Indians themselves.

Now the way to stop this shame, which has been cumulative for so long, is to expose it, to "rub it in" until Americans realize the facts.

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THE RELIEF OF CAMPO.

By WAYLAND H. SMITH.

WE reached Campo Friday evening, Dec. 1st, on the stage that makes the 55 miles up from San Diego between six in the morning and six at night, climbing on Commissioner Jasper's incredibly good roads through an incredibly bad country. Campo is the tiniest and most picturesque of mountain villages, a border town and scene of the locally famous "Gaskell War," in which the two Gaskell boys, attacked by two dozen Mexican "rustlers," killed half a dozen of them in open fight and drove the rest into hearty retreat.

The reservation of Campo is about a mile and a half to the east of the town. Flung broadcast within a radius of twenty or thirty miles are the other little reservations of La Posta.

COMING IN FOR RELIEF. *Photo by Mrs. C. B. Daggett*
(From Cuiapaipa, one of the better reservations.)

Manzanita, Cuaipaipa and Laguna. Campo is at the head of two much traveled trails used by smugglers on their way to Mexico and by ranch hunters into Imperial. It has a miniature custom-house in which a veteran of the Civil War sits argus-eyed mainly to repel the insidious Chinaman, who seems always hankering to break into our happy country by the back way.

Coming up from San Diego, one enters an atmosphere of wild remoteness. Here and there are fertile bits of valley in a chaos of verdureless rock.

Fortunately, Mrs. C. B. Daggett, of the Relief Committee of San Diego, came up on the stage with me. Two days before, the committee had sent a six-horse freight wagon, a great lumber-

A RELIEF VISIT. *Photo by Mrs. C. B. Daggett*

ing land-galleon, loaded with clothing and bedding, for the Campo Indians. On the stage we passed the freighter, still about ten miles out of Campo. It arrived on the following day.

On Saturday we sent out, by Mr. Weegar's advice, a general call for a gathering of all the inhabitants of the Five Reservations, little and big, on the following Monday, at Weegar's store. Mr. Weegar is a kindly, seasoned, absolutely honest, old frontiersman, who keeps a general store in Campo. He knows the Indians and talks to them in their native Diegeño language. He is the active representative of the Sequoya League in Campo.

We had named Monday so that there would be plenty of time for all to come in. But warm clothing and bedding and something to eat admitted of no delay in the Indian mind.

By noon on Sunday small groups of Indians began to appear far down the straight road that leads to the "Imperial" country. Before long about sixty were camped about Mr. Weegar's store. The whole reservation of Manzanita had responded as one man.

A Manzanita Indian.

It had rained the day before and it was cold and overcast. Many of the Indians were barefooted. All of them had insufficient clothing. So we formed an emergency distribution staff and began to give out the clothing at once. It was all packed in gunnysacks and wooden boxes and was stored in Mr. Weegar's barn. Mrs. Daggett, Miss Davis of Campo and Mr. Weegar stood by to hand out clothing. Capitan José Foster, of Manzanita, manned the barn door and let in the Indians in squads of about six. Each member of a squad was supplied with underclothing, warm outside clothing, shoes in many cases, overcoats, jackets or wraps. Some of the children got sweaters. The trouble was always to find clothing large enough for the men. We city

VOLCAN RESERVATION SCHOOL. *Photo by Mrs. C. B. Daggett*

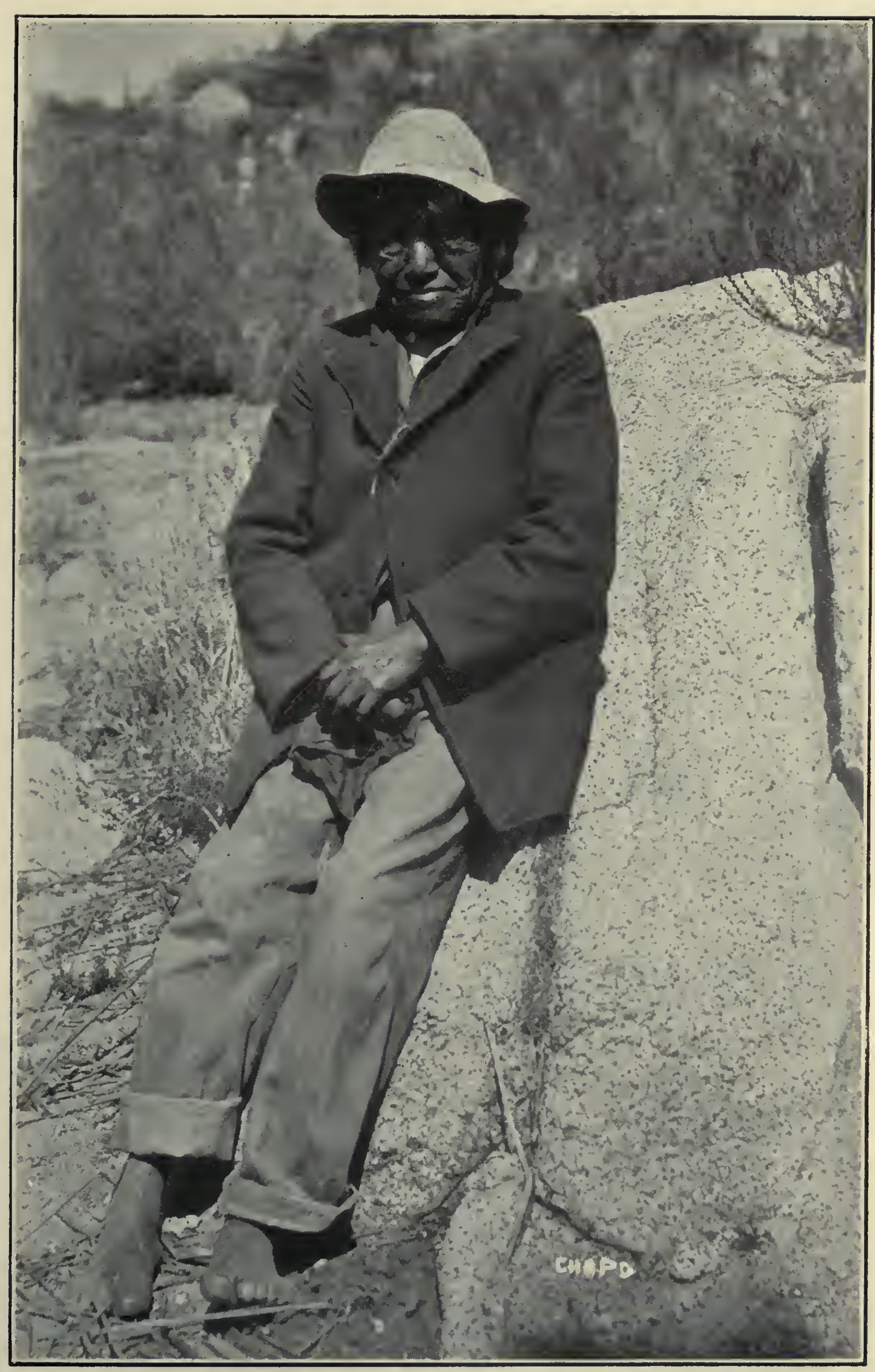
dwellers are no match physically for the broad-shouldered children of the open. Even when gaunt with famine, they could hardly squeeze into the coats.

It was pleasant to see Mrs. Daggett's generous enjoyment as she turned over the "outfitted" and comfortable Indians to Capitan Foster.

The Indian men were grave, dignified and taciturn. The women were more spontaneous. They chattered over selecting the clothes to suit them, and laughed with the gurgling child-laugh of the Indian women.

When all had been supplied with clothing and bedding, Mr. Weegar gave them a generous allowance of flour and coffee and sugar and beans; Mrs. Weegar loaned pots and pans, big campfires were lighted, and the Indian women settled down to the serious occupation of getting supper.

Mr. Weegar even smuggled to the campfires some canned



CHAPO, OF MANZANITA.

luxuries that were not down on the list of rations as specified by the Sequoya League, but probably tasted good to the hungry Indians. He insisted that he wanted to do something himself and this was "on him." The Indians "stayed by" the feast with sustained enthusiasm. They ate for hours, like Goethe's star, "ohne hast, ohne rast." And when they stopped it was because there was nothing left to eat. They seemed to realize that they might as well eat breakfast too, while they were at it, and save time the next morning. They combined breakfast and then dinner and supper for the next day, and so appeared to be eating their way through toward the end of the week.

Ice is common and the cold is peculiarly penetrating in the

Michael and Marie Ten Days After Relief. *Photo by Mrs. C. B. Daggett*
(See Frontispiece.)

mountains in December. After so hearty a meal the Indians began to go to sleep. They curled up in circles around the camp fires, one side toward the fire and on the other side of each Indian a dog. Every Indian had at least one dog. Rich Indians had more. Intimacy with Indian habits makes it seem that the apparent superfluity of dogs about an Indian camp is not without reason.

In spite of camp fires and clothing and blankets and dogs, the cold became so bitter toward three o'clock in the morning that thereafter all attempt at sleep was abandoned. What the earth can do in accumulating and transmitting cold is a revelation to the inexperienced experimenter. The Indians, however, knew all about it, so they got up and spent the rest of the night dancing and singing about the camp fires, to keep warm.

The next day was Monday. On that day the rest of the Indians

of the Five Reservations—those of Campo, La Posta, Cuiapaipa and Laguna, about one hundred in all—responded to the call. They were supplied with clothing in the same manner. There was plenty to go around.

Among the pictures taken by Mr. Lummis on our first trip is one of old Michael and his wife Marie of the Campo Reservation. Mrs. Daggett took, on this last trip, another picture of Michael and Marie. This was taken before the distribution of clothing, but after they had been supplied with food by Mr. Weegar for a week or ten days.

Even in these small pictures the change in expression is apparent. In the second picture the hunted look, the look of famine

An Acorn Granary.

and fear, has gone. These old Indians are probably well into their second century and among the very oldest people in the country. They were at one time attached to the San Diego Mission, the first of the chain of Missions founded by Fray Junipero Serra. They form a most interesting link with the past.

Just before he left for the East, in speaking of the plans for relief, Mr. Lummis said, "Whatever you **don't** do, see that old Michael and his wife have plenty—more than plenty." And we did.

Nothing can undo the injustice of the past. But we can refrain from repeating it in the future. And we can try to mitigate the disastrous effects of the past injustice. To leave this incredibly old couple more comfortably housed, warmly clothed, with suffic-

ient bedding and plenty to eat, where we had found them shivering and hungry, pictures of the extremest misery of hopeless old age, this alone was enough to justify all the work and money that had so far been expended and give us a most wholesome feeling of satisfaction.

After the immediate wants were satisfied, arrangements were made with Mr. Weegar to issue food supplies to the old and feeble, consisting of a regular ration of flour, coffee, sugar, tallow.

GUSTAVO, AT LAGUNA.

beans and rice. When driven by hunger, Indians will eat lizards and rats, but they will never touch lard. The tallow takes its place. We found a comparatively large number of very old and helpless people on these reservations.

Some twenty miles to the east, we discovered a band of Indians, not living on any reservation, and apparently in almost worse condition, if that were possible, than the Campo Indians themselves. They are about sixty in number. These were included in the plan of relief.

Two field matrons recently appointed by the government for work in the Campo district will aid materially in carrying out the

details of the work of relief instituted by the Sequoya League. Fortunately, the meager salary allowed by the Department has been so increased by private benevolence that it was possible to get competent people to fill the positions. They will do missionary work among the women and in the homes of the Campo reservations.

They must, however, have a horse and wagon. An effort is being made to have these supplied by the Indian Department. If this is unsuccessful, they will be furnished by the Sequoya League.

Pending the decision of the Government, Mr. Weegar has been authorized to rent a horse and wagon for the use of the field

A TYPICAL BRUSH HUT. *Photo by Mrs. C. B. Daggett*

matrons. When it is remembered that these women must travel constantly over five widely scattered reservations, the necessity for this is evident.

We are also experimenting as to the best way to protect the brush huts temporarily against rain and snow. The sky can be seen from within one of these huts almost as plainly as through a grape arbor or from under a tree. Rain and snow sift through practically unhindered. A sort of canvas roof, a large tent "fly" with ridge-pole and uprights, is now being placed over some of these huts. If found practical more will be protected in the same way.

Among these Indian rancherias, however wretched the homes, the little graveyards are always looked after with touching care. They are neatly fenced and at every grave-head is a wooden cross. But with the Campo Indians a curious perplexity is added to the natural sorrow of death. In this rock-ballasted country of

Campo, where sage brush takes the place of trees, lumber is almost inaccessible.

The Indians make their own coffins, covering them neatly, when possible, with black cloth. But when an Indian dies, his family is put to dire straits to get boards enough for a coffin. They have no money. They even beg packing boxes from the store and piece them patiently and ingeniously, so that they may be used.

Lumber at Campo is $50 a thousand feet. The League authorized Mr. Weegar to purchase and keep on hand five hundred feet, to be issued as needed. I did not think that any subscriber to the relief fund would object to this use of a part of the money.

So much for Campo. Now it appears that the Los Canajos division of the Capitan Grande reservation, located some fifty miles from San Diego, is entirely without seed grain for the coming crop and in need of immediate attention. This the League is now providing.

Since writing the foregoing I hear from Mr. Shell, the Indian Agent for these reservations—and by the way, an agent of the new school, capable and thoroughly interested in his work—that the Indian Department has appropriated $500, for the relief of Campo. Decidely it is better late than never.

Los Angeles.

LIFE.

By JAMES M. GOULDING.

A LITTLE babe is born—
Birds flutter from the nest,
The world wakes fresh from rest—
And it is morn.

The hours speed, and soon
Eyes wander to the shade
The hopeful vine has made—
And it is noon.

Swiftly the shadows glide,
Blotting the flowers away,
Veiling the dying Day
At even-tide.

Then speaks an Angel bright
One great Word calm and clear
Only one soul may hear—
And it is Night.

Grand View, Ariz.

NUCLEUS OF SOUTHWESTERN MUSEUM.

By DR. FRANK M. PALMER.

CRITICAL examination of the collection of Southern California antiquities recently purchased by the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America, discloses the fact that the primitive workmen of Southern California were the makers of artifects (for daily use, and ceremonial purposes) which in perfection of design and workmanship are unsurpassed by the productions of any of the native races ever inhabiting other sections of the United States: and in many important features their pre-eminence is conclusively demonstrated. This superiority is specially noticeable in their manipulation of the mineral variously known as Soapstone, Steatite and Serpentine. The softer and more easily wrought micaceous variety of this mineral was chiefly used in the making of cooking pots and baking stones.

It is conceded by careful observers that objects of this character taken from the ancient village-sites and cemeteries of the Southern California Indians, in excellence of workmanship, size, and symmetry of form, are unequalled by objects of like character found in any other part of the world.

A glance at the beautiful specimen illustrated in plate 1, fully warrants that conclusion. It is unquestionably the finest wrought, most symmetrically formed and elaborately ornamented cooking-pot ever taken from a pre-historic burial place in Southern California. The material of which it is made is a fine-grained dark-grey serpentine; its outline an inverted pyramid, having a flat top, which is slightly rounded as it approaches the sides, where it attains its greatest diameter, which at an acute angle rapidly diminishes to a flat bottom with diameter less than one-fifth that of the top. As the character of its ornamentation is perfectly shown in the illustration, further description is unnecessary. It is in a class by itself.

Plate 2 represents another of these cooking pots. The chief interest attaching to this specimen is that it illustrates the manner in which a cracked or broken pot was repaired. As seen in the plate, holes were drilled on either side of the crack, and the holes connected by countersunk grooves. A strong cord of vegetable fibre was passed through the holes and drawn tight, thus lessening the chances of a further extension of the crack. Asphaltum was then melted and run into the crack and holes perfectly filling and sealing them. By this process the pot was

again made useful for many purposes, though, of course, it could not be used for a cooking utensil.

The observations made with relation to the excellence of the workmanship displayed in the making of these cooking vessels apply with equal emphasis to the mortars and pestles used in grinding pine-nuts, acorns and various seeds into meal. Of this product bread was made, and a further important use for it was found in thickening soups and stews. In fact, this meal constituted one of the principal articles of diet among the people whose artifects we are considering. Many of the mortars to

[Plate 1.] *The Palmer-Campbell Collection.*
THE MOST PERFECT KNOWN STEATITE OLLA. (About ¼ actual size.)
Now the property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.

which reference has been made are more than twenty inches in diameter by sixteen in height. The pestles for use with the mortars frequently exceed two feet in length. Both mortars and pestles are often of such symmetrical proportions and fine finish as sometimes to cause (though unjustly) their authenticity to be questioned.

The objects shown on plates 3, 4 and 5, being all made of the same material (and practically the same tools used in their making), I shall place in one class, discussing them from that standpoint. We have here cups and bowls, used as drinking vessels and in serving food, paint pots to hold pigments, pipes for

smoking, beads, pendants and charms for ornaments, and many curiously wrought objects that are (because of a lack of better knowledge) usually classified as "ceremonial stones." All of the above mentioned articles are made of dense, fine-grained serpentine.

This material lends itself readily to manipulation, is susceptible of a high polish, and presents many beautiful variations in color. Plain black, black streaked and striped with yellow and brown, every imaginable shade of green and grey, often plain, but more frequently mottled or blotched with black. It is in this

[Plate 2.] *The Palmer-Campbell Collection.*
A MENDED OLLA. (About 1-5 actual size.)
Now the property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.

beautiful material that the art sense of the Southern California Indian finds its highest expression.

Figure 1, Plate 3, represents a diminutive cup, which was probably used as a receptacle for pigments with which it was the custom of these people to paint upon their faces, and other portions of the body, many oddly patterned designs, which more frequently than otherwise were of symbolic significance. The paint pot shown in figure 2 is one of the finest I have ever seen; unique in form and exquisitely wrought. The perforation through the handle enabled its owner (by means of a cord) to secure this highly prized article to his person.

[Plate 3.] *The Palmer-Campbell Collection.*
(About ¼ actual size)
Now the property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.

Figure 3 represents the bowl portion of a spoon, or ladle. Objects of this character made of stone are rarely found; a clam shell sufficing when a spoon was required.

Figure 4 represents a fife. These instruments are of rare occurrence in this locality, and the few that have been found were invariably made from bones of animals or birds. This is the only known specimen made of stone.

Figure 5 illustrates a beautiful bowl. It is a perfect specimen of the more highly finished articles in which food was served; is of typical form, and has upon the rim a somewhat unusual ornamentation. Four grooves are cut across this part of the bowl, in which small shell-beads are inlaid, being held in place by the ever-useful asphaltum.

Figures 1, 2, 3 and 4, Plate 4, represent a series of pipes of a form rarely found elsewhere, but which largely (almost exclusively) predominates in Southern California. The projecting rim on the bowl of No. 1 is a somewhat novel feature. Figure 2 is one of the most beautifully finished specimens I have ever seen; finely polished, and having by way of ornamentation a groove out around the margin of the bowl. Figure 3 has still

[Plate 4] *The Palmer-Campbell Collection.*
PIPES. (About ¼ actual size.)
Now the property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.

in place a mouthpiece, made of a bone from the wing of a bird: this mouthpiece is held in place by means of asphaltum. All tubular pipes from this locality had originally similar mouthpieces. Most of them, however, have been lost by decay; but the presence of the asphaltum which formerly held them in place warrants the statement that their use was practically universal. Figure 4 plainly shows the asphaltum. The mouthpiece is missing, but its impression remains.

Plate 5 shows a series of objects which constitute a magnificent, and in some respects a unique, display of pre-historic jewelry.

The distinctly dumbbell form of the bead Figure 1 is decidedly novel. A modification of this form is seen in Figure 2.

Figure 3 represents a hook-shaped object of unknown use. Previous to the remarkable find at Redondo Beach, California, in the Spring of 1903, these hooks were among the rarest of Southern California antiquities. About fifty specimens were secured at that time, and though I was present during most of the time while the research was being conducted, I failed to obtain any information indicating the purpose for which they were intended.

Figures 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 16 and 17, represent a series of beads of maximum size. They are finely wrought and polished. I will here state that the peculiarly smooth polish and finish incident to most of the ornaments made of serpentine, is the result of being long worn in contact with the naked body. The most skilled artisan of today could not so successfully imitate them as to deceive any one familiar with the peculiarities of this material.

Figure 7 is the most interesting of the series. It has taken on the highest polish of which the material is susceptible. It is grooved at either end, perforated through its long axis, and again laterally at one end. I have never seen a duplicate.

Figures 11 and 12 show cone-shaped pendants, perforated to facilitate suspension. They are remarkable only for their form.

Figures 14 and 15, show pendants of other types. (Owing to an error in numbering plate No. 5 the objects as seen are in reversed position. The perforations in the pendants would, of course be at the top.)

Figures 13 and 18 represent two beautiful charm stones. The unique form of No. 18 is of special interest. It probably could not be duplicated.

Plate 6 illustrates, in the top row, a series of spear heads. In the bottom row knives are shown. They are all of characteristic form and material incident to this locality; obsidian (volcanic glass), chert, and chalcedony being represented.

Plate 7 shows in the top row of the upper illustration, a series of drills used in perforating softer stones in process of manufacture. The other figures in this illustration are crescent-shaped knives and scrapers. These also were used in the arts.

The lower illustrations on this plate represent practically all the forms given to their arrowheads by the Southern California Indians—leaf-shaped, concave base, stemmed, tanged and barbed; material similar to that used for the spears and knives being employed.

[Plate 5.] *The Palmer-Campbell Collection.*
(About ¼ actual size.)
Now the property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.

Summarizing the chipped-stone implements of Southern California, I will state that they are unsurpassed in excellence of workmanship by any similar objects found elsewhere, and are only equalled by the very best specimens from the Oregon and Danish shell mounds.

The artistic sense of these people finds further expression in the many beautiful ornaments made from exquisitely tinted shells found along our sea coast; two varieties of Haliotis, H. rufescens and H. splendens, (abalone), being chiefly employed for this purpose. The result of their labors in this line shows a wonderful variety of delicately fashioned objects of barbaric

splendor, comprising ornaments for the hair, and dress—pendants. charms, rings, beads and many oddly formed objects impossible to classify.

Plate 8 illustrates a series of bone implements possesssing some unusual features. Figure 1 represents a sword. Weapons of this character are rarely found in the territory covered by this collection. The one here shown is of special interest, because of its peculiarly carved handle. Anyone who has ever seen a California "Horned Toad" will at once recognize the motif of the carver of this handle. Figures 2 and 10 show the characteristic form of knives made of this material. Figure 3 shows an implement made from the denser portion of a whale's rib. Implements of this form are not rare in this field. The one shown here, however, is the largest and best wrought I have ever seen. I am convinced that at least one of the uses made of them was in detaching abalones from the rocks. They must have used either bone or wood for this purpose, and as an Indian never fails to use that thing (within his knowledge) which best supplies his needs, I feel safe in assuming that the purpose I have suggested was one, if not the principal use, made of them. The abalone constituted an important feature in the domestic economy of these people, supplying at once food, and the highly prized shells.

Figures 4 and 14 show hooked-shaped objects which approximate in form the stone hook shown in Plate 5.

Figures 5 to 9, inclusive, represent a series of objects which were almost certainly intended for ornaments. They could have been used as beads, and may have been worn in the ears.

Figures 11, 12 and 13 are needles; 15 and 16 are perforators used in connection with the needles—the perforators making the holes through the skins of which garments were made, and followed by the needles carrying the thread. Skins which are sewed in this manner while slightly wet, will shrink down tightly to the sinew thread.

Figure 17 represents the only bone throwing-club (sometimes, though erroneously, catalogued "boomerang") which has ever been found in this locality. The throwing-clubs were ordinarily made of wood, though I have seen one of stone. It is my opinion, however, that this specimen was only for ceremonial use.

Figure 18 shows an implement made from the jawbone of a porpoise. It was probably used as a combination fork and spoon. The natural concavity at the larger end (not seen in the illustration) would well serve this purpose, while the sharp-pointed end could easily be made to transfix a portion of more solid food.

Figure 19 I also consider a fork. It is made from a hollow bone cut from the wing of a pelican. These implements have been catalogued as intended for use in the extraction of the marrow from roasted or boiled bones of the larger animals. This

opinion was held and expressed to me by my friend, the late Professor Paul Schumacher of this city, and it can truthfully be said of him that in matters of this kind no man who ever lived was better qualified to find the truth of things.

Figures 20 and 21 show harpoon points; 20 is of typical form; 21 is rather more interesting because of the multiplicity of barbs. I know of but one other specimen.

Figures 23, 24 and 25 show a typical series of whistles; 23 and 24 are made of bones from birds' wings; 25 from a bone from the leg of a deer. In all these whistles a ridge of asphaltum has been placed in the hollow of the bone (transversely) in the lateral

[Plate 6.] *The Palmer-Campbell Collection.*
SPEARS AND KNIVES. (About ¼ actual size.)
Now the property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.

opening. The lower end is also usually closed with the same material.

Figures 26 and 27 show daggers, also made from leg-bones of deer, (the tibia). In addition to their use as weapons, these daggers performed another office—that of a hair-pin. It was the custom of these people to wear the hair long, twisted into a roll, and tightly coiled on the top of the head. One of these daggers was thrust through the coil, holding the hair securely. A long cord which had been attached to the dagger-handle, was made fast to the wearer's person. In this manner the implement is made to serve a double purpose. Performing the office of a hair pin, it at the same time becomes a ready weapon in case of need.

The only observable difference between this primitive duality of use, and that which is sometimes heard of in this day and

[Plate 7.] *The Palmer-Campbell Collection.*
ARROWHEADS, ETC. (About ¼ actual size.)
Now the property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.

generation is that a hat-pin has been substituted for the hair-pin.

These implements, made from the bones of various animals and fishes, are so skilfully wrought, that considered in connection with the proficiency displayed in the manipulation of stone and shell, we have unmistakable evidence of a remarkable versatility in these first Southern Californians, which fully justifies Cabrillo's eulogium of them: "They are an advanced people."

That they were Past-Masters in the adaptation of means to an end, an examination of the beautifully wrought specimens comprising the collection under discussion conclusively demonstrates.

I am often asked, what has become of these people? And my unvarying answer is: The avaricious greed of the white man has robbed them of their heritage; has taken from them the lands which the Creator gave to them in the beginning. The introduction of whiskey. the small-pox and other diseases of which they had no previous knowledge, and their out-thrusting to the waste places, have nearly annihilated them, and left their few remaining descendants debauched in health, manners and morals.

It has been said of them: "They had everything to lose, and nothing to gain by contact with a superior civilization." The result proves the truth of the observation.

[Plate 8.]—*The Palmer-Campbell Collection.*
BONE IMPLEMENTS. (About 1-5 actual size.)
Now the property of the Southwest Society, A. I. A.

The "Palmer-Campbell collection" of Southern California archaeology, of which a very small part is illustrated in the accompanying engravings, includes:

17 Mortars, 3½ to 22 in. in diameter.
25 Pestles, 4 to 18 in. in length.
1 Ceremonial Pestle, 26 in. in length.
3 Metates.
10 Hand Stones, or Manos, for same.

2 Tools, for working asphaltum.
1 Ladle for asphaltum, with handle.
4 Sandstone Saws.
4 large Comales, or Baking-stones.
3 pieces illustrating how Steatite Pots are made.
21 Discoidal Stones, probably Club Heads.
2 Stone Picks, used in making Mortars and Pots.
1 large Stone Drill, very fine.
2 cakes of Red Paint.
2 grooved Sinkers.
2 Hand Manos for Metate.
5 Steatite Cooking Pots. 1 shows native method of repairing a crack. 1 is the finest specimen of Steatite Pot ever found, beautifully ornamented.
2 Serpentine Polishing Stones.
4 Medicine Stones, very fine.
2 highly polished Mace-heads of Serpentine.
1 highly polished Shark's Tooth, (fossil), found in grave.
1 large Stone Implement, use not certain.
25 pieces, Hammers, Saws, etc., etc.
66 Bone Implements and Ornaments:
Fish-hook, barbed; Hook buckles; Ornaments worn in the ears; Needles, with the eye; Perforators; Harpoons; Daggers; Sword; Forks; Beads; Whistle; and the only Bone Boomerang ever found in California. (These Bone Implements are a very fine collection, as good as has ever been brought together by a single collector).
10 fine Spear-heads of Stone.
60 Arrow-points, which are simply superb.
3 fine Stone Knives.
25 Stone Drills and Scrapers.
1 pre-historic Skull from Catalina.
5 Stone Pipes, fine.
1 Stone Whistle, fine. (Only 3 have ever been found in this region).
1 large Stone Tube.
3 Serpentine Cups, very fine, both in form and ornamentation.
2 Serpentine Paint-pots.
1 Bone Paint-pot, with Paint.
2 Stone Fish Fetishes.
100 Ornaments:
Beads and Charms, (finest ever found; surpass the Palmer collection).
1 Serpentine Boat, finely ornamented.
1 Cup with marginal perforations.
1 Wooden Handle for Stone Knife.
1 Wooden Spatula, large.
1 Fibre Brush.
2 fine Arrow Polishing Stones, 1 ornamented.
1 Stone Ball, very fine.
8 uniquely wrought pieces of unknown use, probably Ceremonials.
40 Bone Implements.
6 Shell Bead Necklaces.
100 Arrow-heads of Chipped Stone.
6 Spear-heads of Chipped Stone.
20 Scrapers and Drills of Chipped Stone.
50 Shell Beads, 2½ to 5 in. long.
25 pieces of Iron, Bronze and Brass: European Axes, Spears and Ornaments.
Shell Ornaments, excellent lot, practically complete.
Glass Beads, thoroughly representative collection.
1 large Copper Plate, European.
1 Stone Ax from Arizona.
1 lot of Small Aztec Heads of Terra-cotta, Mexico.
1 Aztec Idol of Basalt, 10 in. high.
9 miscellaneous pieces from the Arizona Cliff-dwellers.
4 Pueblo Ollas, very fine.

Los Angeles.

CATCHING OUR ARCHÆOLOGY ALIVE.

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

HEN the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America began, as the very forefront of its scientific activities, to record on a large scale the old folk-songs of the Southwest, there were not lacking formal persons in the East to protest: "But that isn't archaeology you know."

To which the obvious and the actual reply was: "No, it isn't. But in ten years it will be, and as dead and gone as the rest. Out here we think it would be rather sensible and scientific to **catch our Archaeology alive.**"

And that is what the Southwest Society has done, is doing, and will continue to do for so long as there shall remain a still-animate specimen to collect. It is, indeed, also uncovering and re-articulating the dry bones of the extinct humanities in its great field; it has done, in its first year, at least as much for the archaeology and history of its region as any sister society ever did —and has in its hands the tangible results, for the greater glory of science and the benefit of this public. It has purchased, by special funds, a collection of old paintings related to the earliest history of California—a collection worth at least $10,000 to this community.* It has purchased what is in many respects the second-best collection in the world of Southern California archaeological artifects—and expects to have the matchless first-best, also. But the greatest thing it has done in its maiden year has been to trap the Living Thing. It was barely in time.

When I first stumbled upon the Southwest, more than twenty years ago, it was Different. The stark peaks, the bewitched valleys were as now. As now, except that the Old Life had not yet fled from them. Across those incredible acclivities, where distance loses itself and the eye is a liar, the prong-horn antelope still drifted, like a ghostly scud of great thistle-down, five hundred in a band. In the peaks, the cimarron still played ladder with the precipices; in the pineries, the grizzly shambled snuffling; and in green rincones where valley and foothill come together, and a spring issues of their union, there were lonely adobes, with a curl of friendly smoke from their potsherd chimneys—gray, flat little homes, bald without, but within warm and vocal of the Old Times when people sang because they Felt Like It.

Today the antelopes are gone, the cimarrones have yielded

*See OUT WEST, September, 1904, for a lavishly illustrated article on these paintings.

up their wonderful coiled horns to adorn the walls of those who didn't kill them; the grizzlies are rugs for persons who couldn't shoot a flock of barns flying low; and the songs are almost as near extinction. Never before in history has sophistication been so precipitate; never before has man been bumped from the Stone Age or the Patriarchal to the Age of Edison, as it were between two days. The same merciless obsession which wantonly exterminated our noble game—which slaughtered more bisons in twelve years than there are human beings in England—it has already all but exterminated the history, the romance and the science of what was, even within my own personal acquaintance, one of the richest regions on the globe for Anthropology all together; an area of a million square miles as rich in prehistoric archaeology as Ancient Greece is, and incomparably more neglected. And besides the mummied past, it had the living human documents essentially contemporary with the oldest ruin. In other words, while, in Palestine, Science is groping in the dust that was Abraham, we in the Southwest talk with the patriarch himself. We have the monuments and the artifects—but we have also the very makers of them. It need not be said to any intelligent person that this counts. Suppose we could interview the man that compelled the Venus of Milo from cold rock to warm men's hearts forever? What do you think it would be worth if we had an absolutely authenticated photograph, or a phonographic record of the words—or of ten words—of Homer, or Caesar or Shakespeare? Or of a song they heard in their time? Why, a man could raise in New York in a week $10,000 per cylinder. Now, the phonographic records the Southwest Society is making are of less notorious individuals, but of time and race-types no less important. These songs are the very earliest American Classics—and Live Classics are quite as essential to science—and quite as interesting to mere human beings, as are Dead Classics. And they have the critical distinction that they are perishable—and perishing. Type has saved to us (thanks to our more provident forebears) the words of Greece and Rome, though we know not the tones nor even the accent; we have the syllables, but not the airs, in which "burning Sappho loved and sung." The art-objects, sealed in preservative dust, have kept very well for twenty centuries—and are safeguarded from vandals by intelligent governments. But our American Classics, whether of letters or of artifects, we must save in our very day, by our proper efforts—or our children's children will have nothing left of them. The speech is unwritten; and our civilized government is permitting the monuments and ruins to be pillaged infamously to the six winds.

Here was a literature really great—great in volume, great in its fibre. It was rich in religious feeling, rich in legend, rich in poetry and imagination and romance. But a careless civilization has swept tidal down upon it, even as upon the buffalo. We have killed off our schoolmasters without bothering to record the lesson! What is left of that great First American literature is but scattered drift, lodged here and there upon the precarious memories of the aged remnants of a disappearing people. Yet

MAKING A RECORD. *Photo by C. F. L.*

even this is enormously worth saving. It can even yet be gathered up to full the volume of the Greek and Roman Classics. But whatever of it the United States has scholarship and sense enough to care to save, must be saved within a decade. Not only that—even three years from today would be too late to begin the task with any hope of accomplishing fifty per cent, of what can now be done.

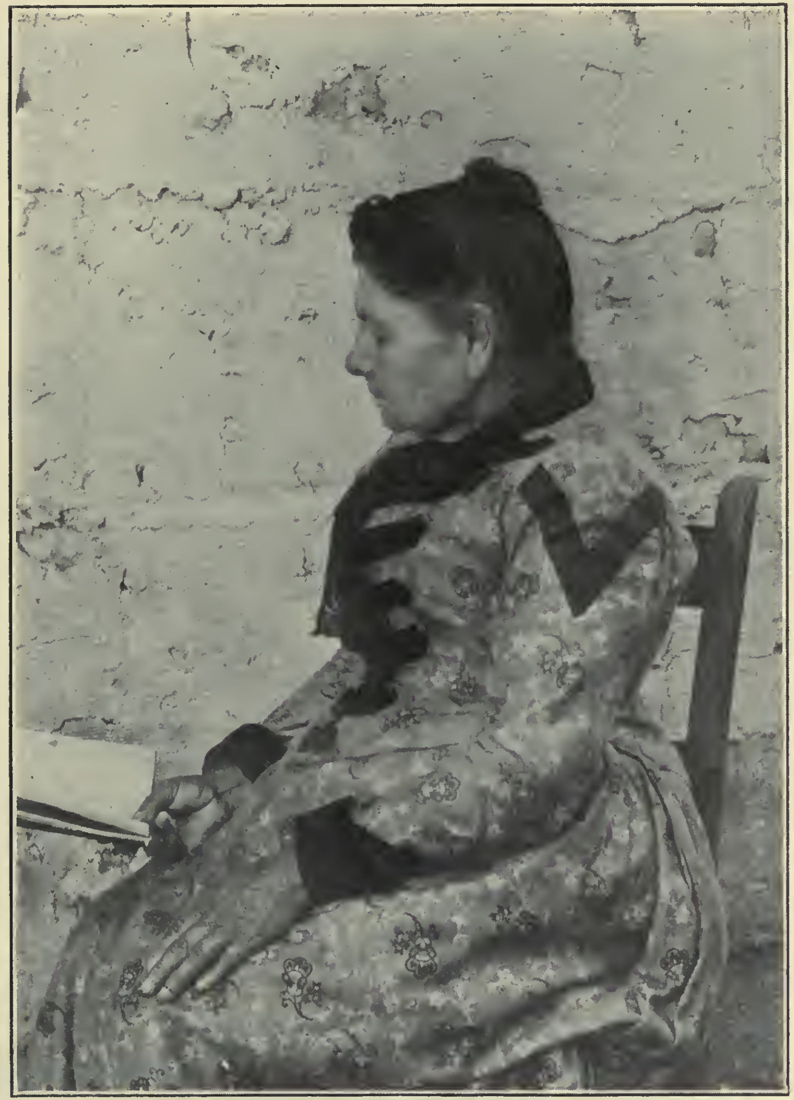
For a thousand years, the aborigine has handed on from father to son, practically without variableness or shadow of turning,

not only the Law and the Prophets, not only the folklore, but the cradle songs, the love songs, the ceremonial hymns, the war songs, the stirring chanteys they used to chorus as they worked together. And with every year they have made new songs as the spirit moved. For three centuries the Spanish pioneers of the Southwest have been similarly entailing the songs that came with their fathers from Spain—and also building up by themselves in their wilderness another wonderful fabric of native American minstrelsy. Both peoples were natural troubadours—both of that culture-stage in which song is the logical expression of feeling, and improvisation an every-day gift. There were no orchestras or prima donnas to rain hireling and vicarious melody alike on the just and the unjust. When a man wanted song, he sang it himself—and got more good of it than any deputy could furnish him. Under these circumstances of self-dependence and self-sufficing, native song flourishes most characteristically. Such people sing more than we who are civilized—and more sincerely. They were wise to take their joy at first hand. Some tribes were even smart enough to do their penitence as we do our music—they appointed one vicar to fast and pray and mortify his flesh for the whole village, while they sang for themselves and for him too!

We must not think of these songs as worthy of salvation only that scientists may dissect them for ponderous monographs. They are distinctly human in their value. We need them in our pleasure. If ever there is to be a real American music, these are the rock upon which it must be founded. Even the Indian songs are many of them of great delicacy, and many of great strength. Some of the war-songs, some of the race-songs, adequately harmonized, would be as stirring as the Marseillaise. Some of the lullabies, love-songs, dream-songs, are as tender as any we know.

And of course the Spanish musical development is fully up to any other in civilization. The finest "American" or European songs have none the better, in word or air, in grace and fire and wit, of innumerable old ditties of Spanish-America, while in rhythm we are generically inferior. We need these genuine, characteristic, heart-born and heart-reaching songs to enrich our impoverished repertories—how hard up we are, we scarce realize till we analyze the sort of commercial shoddy we are producing. The majority of our music today is made to sell; the old songs were made to sing. They have that same haunting quality of "Annie Laurie," and "Nellie Gray"—but with a lilt and a patter all their own.

When, eighteen years ago, I began to realize something of all this, there was no royal road. I did learn by ear, and still retain



DOÑA ADALAIDA KAMP, OF VENTURA, *Photo by C. F. L.*
Who has recorded sixty-four old California songs for the Society.

faithfully, a great number of these unwritten airs and words—camping for months with Mexican sheepherders in the remote mountains of New Mexico for the purpose. But one poor and hard-working student can do little single-handed—and there was no "backing." Still, some of the songs I then acquired could not now be replaced. With the beginnings of the phonograph, such scholars as Dr. Washington Matthews, Miss Alice C. Fletcher, the lamented John Comfort Fillmore, and minor others, applied it to such work; but they were handicapped by the backwardness of scientific interest and by the unsatisfactory medium.

Their work is invaluable, and they have done what they could—but in any other country they would have been enabled to do more.

Now, however, the Wizard has well-nigh perfected his machine. Reasonably portable, the Edison Home Phonograph gives highly satisfactory results in recording and in reproducing. One can carry the same machine to an Indian camp, and take their

MISSES LUISA AND ROSA VILLA, *Photo by C. F. L.*
Who have given the Society some of its most beautiful records.

songs; and thence to a large auditorium and present them to a thousand people.

Furthermore, backed by a fast increasing public interest and by the authority of that Dean of our scientific bodies, the Archaeological Institute of America; with the devoted assistance of a little corps of experts—and, no less important, perhaps, being in the very field where these songs are, instead of having to send costly expeditions for them—the Southwest Society confidently expects to compass the fullest, the most reasoned and the most interesting collection of folk-songs ever made anywhere. It will be its fault if it fails in this aim.

Don Rosendo Uruchurtu. *Photo by C. F. L.*

Already the Society has over 500 records—including 110 in no less than twenty-four Indian languages and 400 in Spanish. It is already a repertory of extraordinary range and richness. Among the Indian contributions—which are from tribes all over California, Arizona, New Mexico, etc., plains tribes, mountain tribes, valley tribes, pagan tribes, Mission tribes—are some as tender as the call of the mourning dove which one of them simulates. A nursery song of the tigerish Apaches is as sweet as the

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber"

which you and I heard in boyhood. Some of the Navajo war-songs, some of the Pueblo martial airs—like one at the ceremonial races of the Cacique—are so irresistible in their swing that I have caught whole civilized audiences keeping foot-time to the cylinder.

Of the Spanish folk-songs that were sung in this Southwest long before anyone of our speech had ever got within a thousand miles of this region, I can neither exaggerate, nor yet convey the inevitable charm. Schubert's "Serenade" is no more exquisite than some serenades of these simple old times. Some of the nursery songs are fully up to the best of Mother Goose; while their airs are incomparably more "taking." There are battle-songs that anyone might march to; and love-songs as passionate and lingering as Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee."

There are songs of reminiscence for which we have no peers—beside "Don Simon," for instance, our "Old Resin the Beau" or "Old Oaken Bucket" (pretty good things by themselves) seem rather childish in word and in philosophy. Perhaps most interesting of all are the songs nearest the soil—the melodious whimsies of cowboys, shepherds, peons, rancheros, and all the other humble units of that lonely life. Strange as it seems to us, many of these songs are by people who could neither read nor write, and who didn't "know a note."

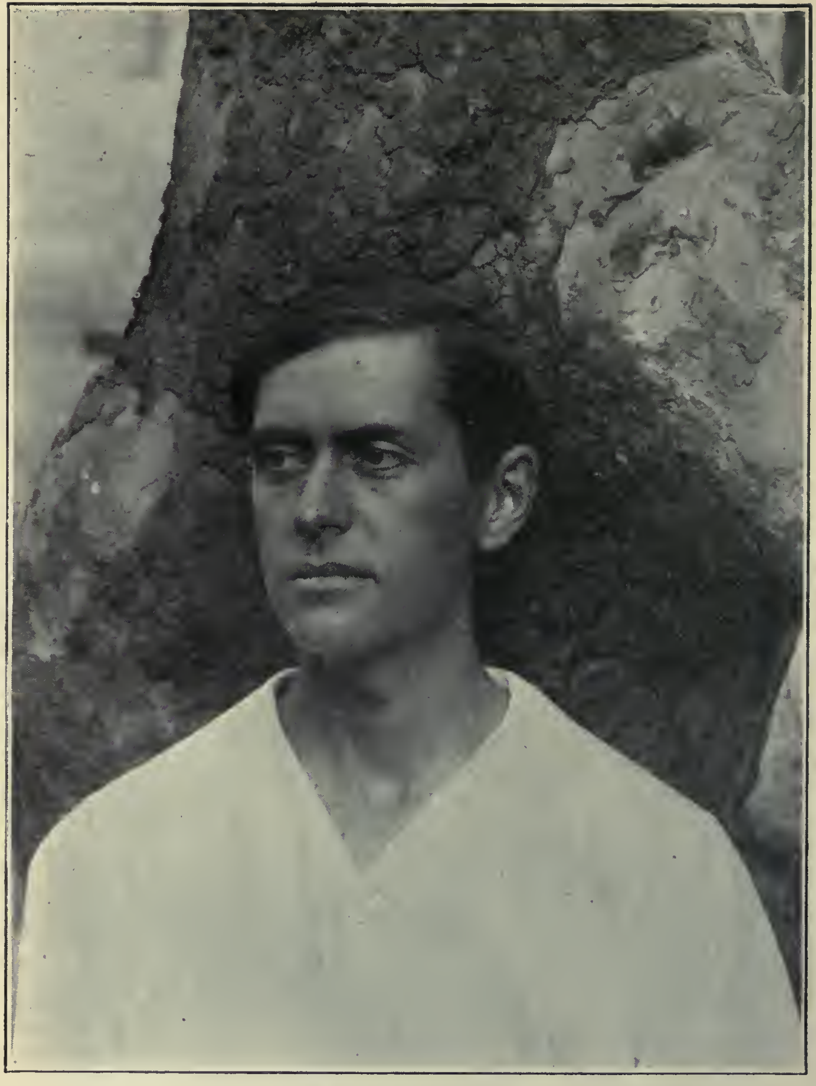
If there ever was anywhere any kind of a song that has not its representative here, I cannot remember it. There is every sort—from the most religious to the most dare-devil; from the tenderest to the most cynical; from the most despairing to the most jubilant. And for real wit, Tom Moore was the last man to write English songs of anything like the same category—and his English songs were Irish! Doubtless something of the dry and seasoned wit which distinguishes Spanish above all other modern languages, was grafted upon the peninsula by the Celts in their ancient duration there. We of to-day have innumerable "funny" songs, and a few humorous; but our humor is rather bludgeoned, and no kin to the deft, razor-edged but unmalicious quality of the Iberian.

None but the student can realize the astounding rapidity with which all these songs are disappearing. The old people who knew them are dying off; the younger generation (with that unreasoned mimicry which is obliterating national characteristics everywhere) forget—or even look down on—the musical inheritance of which any people might be proud, and learn our "ragtime." Within even ten years the "mortality," so to speak, among these songs has been almost incredible. Reasoning from per-

MISS MANUELA C. GARCIA. *Photo by C. F. L.*

sonal experience—and hundreds of times I have found songs forgotten by the very people who had taught me them a decade earlier—this loss must approximate fifty per cent! Worst of all, the rate is rapidly increasing, for reasons obvious after what has been said.

The Southwest Society has been so fortunate as to ferret out and enlist a number of those who still remember. Some are old, some are only old-fashioned enough to care. A poor old washerwoman, proud of her race, was a perfect bonanza of the early Cali-



MR. ARTHUR FARWELL. *Photo by C. F. L.*

fornia songs; while a rich young matron, a famous toast, equally cherishes this her inheritance. A blind Mexican lad has been one of the staunch props of the work; and several brave young women who could hardly afford the sacrifice of time, have contributed to science far more in proportion than does many a rich "patron." The most extraordinary achievement has been that of Miss Manuela C. Garcia, of Los Angeles, who has sung the records of no less than 140 songs, with the full words! Few can do that in any language, from sheer memory. Doña Adalaida Kamp, of Ventura, comes next with sixty-four records. Credit and gratitude belong also, in generous measure, to the Misses Luisa and

Rosa Villa, Don Rosendo Uruchurtu, Mrs. Tulita Wilcox Miner, Don Francisco Amate, and many others. These records, by the way—or several score of them—have been phonographically presented to California audiences aggregating several thousand people, and invariably with a cordial welcome. Some of them are now being reproduced before the Eastern Societies of the Institute.

The Institute not only authorized the necessary expenses for recording the songs, but sent out Mr. Arthur Farwell, one of the best-equipped experts, to transcribe them. After about four months of hard work, he has transliterated some 300. The task is a most difficult one, and wholly beyond the average trained musician who has not had this specific experience.

This work must be completed; then the words must be translated—all literally, and those of the most important examples also metrically, that they may be "singable" by "Americans." A volume of four or five hundred of the Spanish songs (first, as of more universal appeal), arranged, translated and with critical notes, will make a rather respectable monument for the work of the youngest Society of the Institute in its first year. It is hoped also to issue a collection of say fifty of the choicest numbers, harmonized, as a popular edition. Next year a large volume of the Indian songs may well follow; then another in the Spanish—and repeat.

It is to activities of this sort—and like the saving of the Caballeria Collection of paintings, and of the Palmer-Campbell archaeological collection (see another page), that the Southwest Society invites the co-operation of good Americans everywhere. The more its membership, the more rapidly and thoroughly its work can be prosecuted—and the more will be saved to the public of the fast-vanishing treasures of American Archaeology.

IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

By EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.

ALL round us here, in myriad number strown,
The monstrous trunks, great chips and splinters lie,
Of mighty trees that once besought the sky,
Changed to bright jewels of enduring stone.
What eons on slow-pacing wings have flown
Since first their verdure caught the sun's fond eye,
And since transfiguring nature bade them die,
To rise resplendent in this desert lone.
What glorious death was theirs, if death it be:—
To live in newer loveliness, and light
The solitude with love-enkindling ray;
The toad's and lizard's beauty they may see,
With many a bloom's, behold the eagle's flight,
And on all hearts the hand of wonder lay.

San Francisco.

Serenade.

La Noche Está Serena.

La noche está serena, tranquilo el aquilon;
Tu dulce sentinela te guarda el corazon.
Y en alas de los zefiros, que vagan por doquier,
Volando van mis suplicas, á ti, bella mujer.
Volando van mis suplicas, á ti, bella mujer.

De un corazon que te ama, recibe el tierno amor;
No aumentes mas la llama, piedad á un trobador.

Y si te mueve á lastima mi eterno padecer,
Como te amo, amame, bellisima mujer!
Como te amo, amame, bellisima mujer!

* * *

So still and calm the night is,
The very winds asleep;
Thy heart's so tender sentinel
His watch and ward doth keep.
And on the wings of zephyrs soft
That wander how they will,
To thee, oh woman fair, to thee
My prayers go fluttering still.

Oh take the heart's love to thy heart
Of one that doth adore!
Have pity—add not to the flame
That burns thy troubadour!
And if compassion stir thy breast
For my eternal woe,
Oh, as I love thee, loveliest
Of woman, love me so!

LETTERS OF AN ARGONAUT.

From August, 1849 to October, 1851

THOMAS GOODWIN WELLS was the son of a country doctor, born in Sutton, New Hampshire, in 1804. He learned printing at Concord, N. H., and in 1827 went to Chili, where he published for some years "El Mercurio de Valparaiso," said to have been the first newspaper issued on the Pacific coast. He was also for some time government printer in Santiago. Returning to New England, he married and entered into a publishing partnership in Cambridge, Mass. This firm failed. He then lived for a time in Walpole, N. H. In November, 1848, hearing

THOMAS GOODWIN WELLS.

of the discovery of gold in California, and eager alike to discharge his debts of honor and to retrieve his fortunes, he aided to form an association of gold-seekers. The Cheshire Company, recruited, as the name suggests, from the southwestern counties of New Hampshire. Eight of these and 161 others sailed with him, March 1, 1849, in the ship "Sweden" from Boston, via Cape Horn, for San Francisco, which they reached May 4, 1849. They had agreed to share with one another, till November 1, 1850, the profits of their enterprise or fortune. His own hope was to es-

tablish a bank; a small capital with which to inaugurate the enterprise had been loaned by his brother-in-law, Hamilton Willis (of the banking firm of Willis & Co., Boston), who was to receive half the resulting profits. The voyage lasted 154 days, during which it is significant to note they spoke but one vessel bound for the United States. It was hard to get crews in those days to leave California.

A bundle of Mr. Wells's letters from San Francisco, addressed to his wife or collected by her, has recently been discovered. Naturally, personal and domestic interests occupy the largest place, but these letters tell also a dramatic story, with ascending action, climax, catastrophe, all strongly marked, and they afford by the way many striking glimpses of civic, economic and social conditions in the early days of San Francisco. An effort is here made to disengage passages of general interest from their context, while preserving, as far as may be, continuity in the story of one whom a contemporary called "the pioneer of banking" in San Francisco.

August 27, 1849: . . . I consider my business prospects good, even exceeding what I anticipated before leaving home. . . . I can only speak yet of the prospects of business and not of its reality, for I have only had my office open for about a fortnight, but during that time I have done more than I expected. . . . I find winter is much the best business season here, the miners in some regions being obliged to leave on account of the rains and come here to make their remittances home, and that is my harvest. . . . I think I cannot fail of reaching the point at which I aimed when I left home within two years. I am certain I could if I were entirely disconnected with the Cheshire Company. . . . I think I can make more money here in San Francisco than all of them together can realize at the mines. [This, as will appear, was the case.] They chose the San Joachim or southern mines, as they are at this time considered more healthy than those of the Sacramento. . . . They can hardly fail if they have their health, for there is gold in abundance in almost every part of this country. That is as certain as anything can be. It requires very hard labor to get it, and considerable exposure, but I suppose from reports there are now some 50,000 people at the mines and that they are earning from $16 to $25 on an average per day. But I suppose you will feel more interest in what relates to me personally than in what relates to the mines. Well, then, when I first arrived here I was utterly astonished at the state of things which I found here. Board $20 per week, room to sleep in $30 per week, etc. Wages, common laborers getting $10 per day, carpenters $15, and rents and everything else in proportion. But

I soon ascertained that the profits on business of all kinds were graduated to meet these exorbitant prices, and therefore I made up my mind that this was precisely the state of things to answer my purpose; accordingly I looked around for a location for an office and found one that I thought would answer my purpose, a small room 15x18, for which I pay $300 per month, the cheapest rent on the square where I am located. I sleep on my counter in the office and get my own breakfast and tea, and dine at a hotel. I rise in the morning at sunrise, light my fire to heat water for tea, dress, sweep out the office, then take a cup of tea and bread and butter for breakfast, then take a walk for half an hour, after which I return and seat myself at the "seat of office." My office has been open a fortnight and on Saturday night I settled up my accounts for the two weeks and found I had considerably more than made my expenses, large as they are; and this I think very well indeed for a beginning, as I have had everything to do myself, being an entire stranger and having acquaintances and friends to make—also when you consider that nearly all the bill or draft business is put off to the last week of the month . . . before the steamer for Panama, and that I have already engaged drafts to different parties to be drawn before the steamer sails which will pay me about $800 clear profit, and I have no doubt of drawing a good many more. [The capital on which this business was begun is nowhere indicated. He speaks of it as "comparatively nothing."]

September 25, 1849: . . . I have moved into a new office in a more business part of the town, [it was on the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets], and have hired a clerk, and find a plenty for us both to do from half past five in the morning until nine in the evening. We have had some berths for our beds put up in one corner of the office, with a screen partition where myself and clerk sleep, and for San Francisco we find ourselves in this respect very comfortable .... I am already doing a very respectable banking business, many of the best merchants here depositing their funds with me, as with a bank at home, and drawing checks as they make payments, on my office; my deposits for the last week of this nature have been from $30,000 to $40,000. I have also made arrangements ... to receive monthly by the steamers from Mexico a large amount of specie for the purchase of gold dust which is to be remitted to the Rothschilds of London for account of the Mexican banking house of Drocina & Co. The first shipment of $40,000 I received by the last steamer, and am now purchasing gold with it, for which I charge a handsome commission. . . . I think I am rapidly assuming a position as a

business man, which I covet and which I hope in a short time to make second to none in San Francisco.

September 6, 1849: [To his wife's suggestion that she should join him he replied:] San Francisco, as it is at present constituted, is the last place in which I should desire to see those whom I so tenderly love; the whole place is in a transition state—everything temporary and nothing permanent. There are not a dozen dwelling houses in the city fit for a lady and children, tenderly nurtured, to live in, and these rent for from $1,000 to $1,500 per month—servants' wages from $150 to $200 per month—so that what it would cost to live here one year would render us completely independent for life at Walpole. In addition to this, there is not at present any society fit for children, or schools for them. The climate here I do not consider unhealthy after one becomes accustomed to it, but it certainly is uncomfortable in the extreme; at this season of the year we have strong winds in the after part of the day and, as everything is dry and parched for the want of rain, we are enveloped in a cloud of dust, which penetrates into every place and covers everything "as with a garment." We have more or less of the sea fogs every day, and although these are very bracing and give one a ravenous appetite, yet they are very cold and unpleasant. . . . I have never done a harder day's work in my life than today—plenty of business and hard work—never mind, the sooner home. .

October 28, 1849. . . . Business has poured in upon me like an avalanche . . . having more than doubled, and from six o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening I have not a moment's leisure. . . . I have never before been engaged in any business (except the management of our dear home at Walpole), so congenial to my feelings as that which I have created here; the negotiations are most of them of magnitude and the people we have to deal with do not stand for small things, but when they are once convinced you intend to deal with them honorably, they let you make your own terms; you are constantly engaged with matters worthy the attention of a man of business capacity and which it is a pleasure for the mind to grapple with and overcome, and the profits in some measure correspond with the nature of the business done. I do not believe there is in the whole world, in any city of the same number of inhabitants, so large a proportion of energetic business men, those of enlarged and liberal views and untiring industry; every country in the world is represented here, with perhaps its very best men, and I am also compelled to say with also some of its very worst men; but the good greatly predominates and consequently we have excellent order here, and I do not think life and property are safer in any city in

the United States than here. So much for the pleasant side of the picture. . . . But what I do not like is . . . the privations of a residence in this place, at least as it at present stands; some of these time, of course, will remedy, such as irregular living, want of vegetables, of which at times there are none to be had at any price, and at others a scanty supply, such as potatoes from 30 to 75 cents a pound, pears 25 cents each, tomatoes ditto, and grapes a dollar a pound, squashes ditto, and eggs from $1 to $3 each, milk from 50 cents to $1 a quart—these are great privations, but time will remedy them. But the climate of San Francisco no time can possibly make anything but execrable—raw sea fogs with strong winds and clouds of dust, which penetrates everything and everywhere, renders this beyond comparison the most disagreeable place I ever lived in. And then at present there is great distress among the people who are arriving here every day, both from home and from the mines; exposure and intemperance first, and sickness last, are doing their work, and scenes are daily witnessed which make the heart ache, and which it is impossible to alleviate, and I greatly fear, as the winter approaches this will increase. It is estimated that we have a population here now of from 30,000 to 40,000, and of these I do not think one half are comfortably housed, the rest living in canvas tents, shantys, etc., affording but little protection against the wind and rain; and then, too, when sickness occurs from these causes, many are not able to procure, from want of means, the necessary medical attendance and remedies or proper food for their situation, and the consequence is great suffering and death. . . .

November 11, 1849. . . . There are no doubt parts of this same California where the climate is very fine, and where you might live in comparative comfort, but San Francisco is very far from being one of them. Such, for instance, as the Valley of the San José, fifty miles from here, and the valleys of Napa and Sonoma about thirty miles; the climate of these places, I am told, is delicious, and they are very fertile and will very soon become peopled with Americans; so that when our bay becomes covered with steamboats a person can place his family in one of these localities and visit them two or three times a week and still do business in San Francisco, the only redeeming point of which, is that business can be done here and to the purpose. . . . The Cheshire Company have not succeeded very well mining, though I have no doubt they have made every exertion to do so. . . . Captain Greene [of Hopkinton, N. H.], has been with me about siv weeks. . . . I want such a person here with me very much, so that I can feel safe if I am obliged to leave the office on business for an hour or so; he has entire charge of the gold dust, and

CALIFORNIA

stands at the scales all day, and is a very busy man at that. I have also a book-keeper, and we all have just as much as we can do. I am about enlarging my office and think it probable I shall be obliged to hire another clerk in a short time.

November 28, 1849. . . . Since I last wrote you I have made a very important change in my business relations. The Cheshire Company, by unanimous and mutual consent, and in all friendly feeling, have dissolved, and I am a free man. This has been done in consequence of an offer I made them, to pay them so much money and release me from my engagements with them, viz: $2,000 each in hand, and $1,000 each payable in one year. This is a large sum of money to be sure, but if I do as well in December as I have done this present month, I shall have made enough and more than enough to pay it all; and then all I make will be my own—no division of profits by nine—and if nothing untoward happens, I think in one year from that time I shall make money enough to pay all my honorary debts and have ample independence left for our own wants. I am sure to do this if business continues as it is, and I do not see why it should not grow better. . . . Whether E. B. could succeed in gathering a Unitarian Society here, I should consider very doubtful—or even whether those of us who might be interested in the matter could raise money to support him decently is a question. It would take from $40 to $50 per week, and at present I know of but four or five who would be disposed to take hold of the matter in earnest. However, I intend to make it my business to make the necessary inquiries and see what can be done. . . . It has been by proclamation of our good governor, Thanksgiving Day here throughout California—but precious little Thanksgiving have I had, having been hard at work all day. The members of the Cheshire Company, in consequence of our dissolution, and also in consequence of the day, invited me to a dinner with them at a restaurant, one of the best here, and what do you think they had the modesty to ask for a dinner for each of? Why, only $20! Only $180 for a dinner for us; and I vetoed the dinner at once, and told them we would postpone our Thanksgiving dinner until we return home, when I invited them all to our house, and if we don't give them a good dinner it will go hard with us I think! . . . I never had so much or so profitable business as during the last few days.

December 28, 1849. . . . My health and business both continue good. The latter especially is rapidly increasing in magnitude and in profit. I think I do not flatter myself when I say that my banking house now stands the first in San Francisco, both in point of respectability and means; as you well know, I arrived here with comparatively nothing, but I have now all the capital

I want, and this has been done simply by securing the confidence of the public by my manner of doing business, which I certainly have aimed to make high-minded and honorable. The consequence is, that the deposits of money flow in upon me from all quarters, both for use and safe keeping, and my banking business is greater than that of any two other houses in the city, my deposits on the 1st of December amounting to $132,000, and it is now much larger as I open two or three new accounts almost every day. . . . All my plans for business operations have proved eminently successful, particularly my arrangement for receiving money from Mexico and investing it in gold dust on Mexican account, which gives me a controlling influence in the gold market here. I have really in these few months accomplished the work of years for any other position or any other country.

[To be continued.]

GIVE ME ROOM.

By GERALD STANLEY LEE.

POETS of flowers, singers of nooks in Space,
Petal-mongers, embroiderers of words
In the music-haunted houses of the birds,
Singers with the thrushes and pewees
In the glimmer-lighted roofs
Of the trees—
Unhand my soul.
Buds with singing in their hearts,
Birds with blooms upon their wings,
All the wandering whispers of delight,
The near familiar things;
Voice of pine trees, winds of daisies,
Sounds of going in the grain
Shall not bind me to thy singing
When the sky with God is ringing
For the Joy of the Rain.
Sea and star and hill and thunder,
Dawn and sunset, noon and night,
All the vast processional of the wonder
Where the worlds are,
Where my soul is,
Where the shining tracks are
For the spirit's flight—
Lift thine eyes to these
From the haunts of dewdrops,

Hollows of the flowers,
Caves of bees
That sing like thee,
Only in their bowers;
From the stately growing cities
Of the little blowing leaves,
To the infinite windless eaves
Of the stars;
From the dainty music of the ground,
The dim innumerable sound
Of the Mighty Sun
Creeping in the grass,
Softest stir of His feet
(Where they go
Far and slow
On their immemorial beat
Of buds and seeds
And all the gentle and holy needs
Of flowers),
To the old eternal round
Of the Going of His Might,
Above the confines of the dark,
Odors and winds and showers,
Day and night,
Above the dream of death and birth
Flickering East and West,
Boundaries of a Shadow of an Earth—
Where He wheels
And soars
And plays
In illimitable light,
Sends the singing stars upon their ways
And on each and every world
When The Little Shadow for its Little Sleep
Is furled—
Pours the Days.

As The Sun sings
So shall the Song be;
Beauty in its lowest rounds,
Wonder in its highest bounds—
So shall The Song be.

Northampton, Mass.

MAGNIFICAT.

By ARTHUR BENNETT.

I'D rather hear the mocking-bird at dawn, the mother-quail a-chuckling "choo-wat,"
The little chicks a-cheeping as they feed, right here, on any morning, in my hut,
Than hear a double-breasted brassy band—than pay to hear a maestro and be bored—
Or hear a choir of high-priced singers sing, pretending that they're singing to the Lord;

I'd rather hear these children laugh and call, and watch the little skeezicks run around,
Independent, and innocent and all, just careless of who thinks he owns the ground,
Than hear some hoary sacerdote intone to bless his country's banner and its sword,
Or hear a congregation's surf-like sound that thinks it's praying to the Lord.

The canticle He loves these children sing; the way He loves they follow, two and two,
As, hand-in-hand, they wander down the road to bring the mail and see the stage go through;
They stand and watch the sunlight on the leaves—as thus a passing angel had adored—
And, speechless, bless the lovely world awhile—for that is how they pray unto the Lord.

Ensenada, Lower Cal.

THE HUNGER OF MATERNITY.

By WILL C. BARNES.

SHE stood on the porch of the ranch-house and gazed across the untamed land where wild things still might wander. Not far away, two close companions were frolicking, a blue-eyed girl and her faithful nurse, Shep, the tawny collie.

The primitive headquarters of the vaqueros, were set close against the hills, that rose precipitously, their lower stretches covered with chaparral; higher up were oak and pine, a dense wood. A brook ran out of a near-by glen, passing a stone's throw from the door, and there the little one usually could be found, pelting the babbling water or threshing it with twigs.

Even now, the playmates were making toward it, a rather un-

certain way for the little legs that wavered unsteadily. The collie managed to keep always between the baby and the water, and the mother, busy with the evening meal, trusted them, watching them now and again from the open door.

They had been out of sight not very long when she was startled by the angry barking of Shep. Before she could reach the door, her senses reeled at the frightened screams of the baby. She caught a loaded rifle from the wall, and ran out, urged by the fury of a mother protecting her young.

A she-bear, shadowy, dreadful, closely followed by Shep in a frenzy of rage and fear, trotted swiftly up the hillside. The great brute, her head held high, carried in her jaws the blue-hooded, blue-cloaked baby, her limbs struggling vainly, her screams growing fainter as the bear climbed higher.

The lithe, strong body of the woman swung across the space that separated them. The setting sun threw golden lances at the long shadows on the hillsides, and the panting mother, with the rifle in her hands, was fantastically silhouetted on the tender verdure of the sward. She kept bravely on, but her breath was failing, the throb of her heart beating in her ears, her exhausted legs dragging heavily, while the robber drew away from her.

The woman saw the uselessness of the chase, saw her darling borne swiftly to death, passing away forever. The beating of her heart grew still, and in her straining ears there sounded faintly, ceaselessly, the screaming of a baby. She gripped at the rifle in her hands, rested it on a jutting rock, aimed carefully and fired. The bullet struck close to the bear, which, at the report, broke into a gallop, and disappeared in the woods, Shep closely following.

The mother sank on the ground, her frantic cries echoing from glen to glen, as she called for her baby, her darling, for her husband; as she called on God to have pity on her, vainly called till her voice was throttled by her sobbing, till her sight was blinded by her weeping. Only the gentle echoes gave answer, only the kindly earth gave pity.

The setting sun went down behind the rim of the hills, and left the eastern slopes in shadow. A deeper gloom lay on the spirit of the woman, the blackest shadow that can fall on a mother. She helplessly wondered how so short a time could change sweetest joy to bitterest despair. Hastening back to the house, she rang the alarm call on the big ranch-bell.

The vaqueros galloped swiftly in, armed themselves, and gathered the dogs for the chase. The ready hounds took up the scent, baying joyously as they sped away before the men. They crossed the chaparral, and ran swiftly into the timber. The trail led to

the head-waters of the little brook flowing past the house, and there in the gloom of night they lost it. The bear must have waded far up the stream before she crossed; for, beat about as they would, they could not find the track.

All night long the men hunted. Their rough, hardy natures knew no fear. Now, when a human life was in danger, a life dear to them all, they were reckless. Half way between midnight and dawn they gathered for a council, then separated widely, abandoning their horses to search on foot. The father of the little one took the roughest territory, and cautiously groped his way to the highest ravines.

Halting on a point of rock, he stood listening. Shep had not returned. If she were alive, he hoped to hear her bark; he was sure she would scent him if he were near her. The baby long since must be dead, yet perhaps he might find enough of her to make a grave for the mother's sake. And the bear—that must be killed for the sake of all that were living.

A faint sound floated on the chill night air. It startled him, like the distant cry of a child. It could not be. His overstrained attention was playing wild with his fancy. Again he heard that noise. What if she were lying torn and mutilated where the bear had left her? What if he must carry her back to die in her mother's arms? He sank weakly to the rock he stood upon, his breath short and panting, the rifle clutched in his hands.

When he heard the sound for the third time, it seemed like the howl of a coyote. He hastened toward it; there it was again. It was not a coyote, but a dog, and in distress. He soon was near enough to recognize the voice of Shep, and she, hearing him, whined coaxingly.

He knelt beside the helpless brute and reached down to her. His fingers touched a sticky, clammy spot, and she cried with pain, licking the hand that was hurting her. She was weak and worn, and trembled with cold. He wrapped his coat about her, and waited for the dawn already splashing the east with a faint shimmer.

When the full light came, he made out a dim trail winding to a rocky glen above him. He followed the path until it led him between two narrow walls. Before him the shadows still lay deep and the brush grew thick, but through it was a well-worn trail, and the scent of him, that might warn any wild thing hidden there, was carried away by a cool breeze drifting downward into the valley.

He looked to his rifle. It was ready. Silently entering the shadows, he proceeded cautiously, stopping frequently to listen. He had not gone far when a peculiar sound halted him. Nothing

like it had he ever before heard. It grew more distinct as he advanced. With all the skill of a woodsman he crept nearer—it came from above him. Taking infinite care, he climbed the rocky wall. As he glanced about him he could see the rising sun yellowing the barren hillsides; mountain quail were whistling good-morning to their neighbors.

At the foot of a leaning pine tree, in a narrow basin of rocks overhung by shrubs, the she-bear lay stretched full length on her side, the baby nestling happily against her warm, furry hide.

The whining sound, almost human in its caressing note, still came to the listening man, holding him spellbound as he watched them. The baby's head lay against the flank of the bear, who kept moving, moving, as if to call the attention of the little one to the swelling founts of her maternity. The hand of the child, resting confidingly against the bear, found one, caressed it; then the pink lips hungrily caught and sucked. The baby's own mother could have given no sign of greater ecstacy, of blessedness, than did the mother bear.

Something gripped the throat of the man, choking him with an aching pain. The life of this brute that, all night long, he had panted for, was here at his will—at the muzzle of his rifle. To take it now seemed to him like taking the life of a woman, and he felt as if he were an assassin.

The baby, still patting her foster mother, lifted up her face and cooed. The bear reached gently round and licked the uncovered leg of the little one, making a sound he so often had heard in the silent night, the crooning of her mother.

He softly cocked his weapon. The bear must have heard, for she lifted her head alertly, sniffing the air. A low, warning growl came from her throat, and the baby hugged close, hiding her face in the shaggy hair. How quickly the primeval wildness in man will develop itself!

That erect, defiant head was a safe mark for the father. The warning growl had made a beast again of the bear, and roused the killing instinct in the man. He aimed carefully—it was life against life, now. The bullet plunged into the almost human brain, and with scarcely a tremor, the savage foster-mother lay dead beside his baby.

He leaped over the rocky wall of the lair, and stood above his own little girl, who shrank from him and cried out. Something lying on the rocks beyond her, caught his attention; it proved to be twin cubs, not two days dead. He pushed their stiffened bodies with his foot, turned to their mother where his baby still was clinging, then raised the little one up. She knew her father now, and clasping her arms about his neck, prattled to him.

He folded her close, burying his face in the blue coat, to hide the sobs of joy for his baby restored unharmed—of sorrow for the dead brute-mother, who had hungered with so great a hunger for a little one, that she stole his own.

The echo of his shot reached the ears of his companions, and long before noon the searching party joyously returned home, bearing in their arms the baby and Shep. The little one cried out with gladness when she recognized the house. The mother, shrouded in the gloom of her chamber, still sobbing on her lonely bed, heard the cry, and with another like it, sprang through the open door and caught the baby to her heart.

When the father returned again to the house, he stopped at the threshold and looked in. The little girl lay on her mother's breast, drawing through her baby lips the warm life current. He saw their caresses; he heard a crooning sound that only a mother can make. It took him back to the hills where the mother-bear lay dead, her maternal hunger forever satisfied.

San Francisco.

THE "SHOOTING UP" OF HORSE HEAD.

By CHARLES D. STUART.

THE town of Horse Head had turned over a new leaf. There was to be no more "Shooting up" of the village. Patience ceased to be a virtue when the "Cross J" outfit shipped their last train of steers, and everybody in the gang came into town for a big time which culminated in a general shooting up of the place. The lights in all the saloons were bored full of holes; the solitary street lamp-post, standing in front of the "Apache House"—and the pride of the old woman's heart, who kept the place—was riddled over and over again, and every woman in town scared into a fit of hysterics. Then the town people rose up in their wrath and called on the marshal to put a stop to it, or resign his office.

Now Jenkins, the Marshal, who held the position by virtue of his ability to shoot quick and true, was something of a diplomat. He was not anxious to have a row with any of the boys if it could be avoided, and he was still further anxious not to lose the confidence of the town people, a nominating convention being due before long. Jenkins was a candidate for the Sheriff's office on the Democratic ticket, and in Colorado County a nomination on that ticket was equivalent to an election.

Accordingly, being of a diplomatic turn of mind, as aforesaid,

he decided that a little scheming on his part might work to his advantage. To this end, he rode off down to the little cottonwood "bosque" a few miles below town, where the outfit was camped, busily engaged in shoeing up horses for another trip into the mountains and overhauling the wagon generally.

The result of his visit was, that he was authorized by the guilty "punchers" to enter into negotiations with the town Justice and make some sort of terms with him, based upon their pleading guilty and promising good behavior for the future.

All of this Jenkins successfully accomplished, and about three o'clock the next afternoon the wily Marshal rode into town accompanied by eight or ten of the boys. Being arraigned before the town barber, who upheld the dignity of the law for the town as Justice of the Peace, they gravely plead guilty to disturbing the peace and dignity of the place, were fined one dollar and costs each, which they promptly paid and were profuse in their promises for the future.

But alas for such promises! "Cow punchers is pore weak critters shore," old Dad, the cook, used to say; and before sunset that day every last one of them, unmindful of promises or pledges, was again full of enthusiasm and cheap whiskey.

"Tex," the bartender at the "Bucket of Blood," had all their six-shooters behind the bar, and, for safety, he had slyly removed all the cartridges and inserted empty shells in their place.

About sunset the gang started for camp, and with many warnings from Tex not to shoot until clear out of town, he turned over their weapons to them. They mounted their ponies and struck out on a dead run down the main street, whooping and yelling like a bunch of coyotes, but carefully refraining from firing a shot. Below town, however, about half a mile, the white "Yard Limit" sign of the railroad company, was too good a mark for the crowd to pass unchallenged.

True, the heavy piece of boiler iron, some thirty inches across, was pierced in a hundred places from previous attacks, but a few more wouldn't hurt it; and Baldy Peters, the crack shot of the camp, drew his revolver, and spurring his pony into a dead run, took quick aim at the black spot in the centre and pulled trigger.

But no answering shot came, and although he tried all five of the chambers (no true cowboy or frontiersman, ever carries six cartridges in his revolver), they were all silent.

Baldy jerked his pony up on its haunches, and carefully examined the cylinder. Sure enough, every shell was there, but empty.

Jack Gibson, who had followed Baldy, had the same luck, and when the crowd all came up, a general investigation followed.

It did not take them long to see that they had been tricked by some one.

Their indignation knew no bounds. "Jes' to think," said Big Pete." "Sposin' one of us ud a-got inter a row, and some blame town galoot had a-drawed a gun on him, wouldn't he a-ben in a fine ole fix, to a-jerked his hog-leg [Cowboy—six-shooter] and nary a bean in the wheel?"

And the more they thought about it the madder they got. Revenge they must have. What its form they scarcely knew, nor cared. Without more talk they all reloaded their weapons from their well-filled belts and turned their horses' heads towards town, speculating as they rode along as to just what they would do to show the town of Horse Head the danger of monkeying with a cow puncher's weapons.

As they slowly rode back they hatched up a plan suggested from the fertile brain of Mac, the horse wrangler, that they thought would, if successfully carried out, give them the requisite amount of satisfaction for their wounded dignity.

It was on Tex, the bartender, and Jenkins, the town marshal, that they poured out the vials of their wrath. Who else than they, would have removed the cartridges from all those cylinders and replaced them with empty shells?

Now they knew that Tex was the Marshal's right-hand man, when it came to any trouble, and that, during the shipping season, when the outfits were around town a good deal, each of them kept a horse in the corral back of the Bucket of Blood, ready for any emergency.

Arriving in town they proceeded to get gloriously full again, while Tex and Jenkins, secure in the knowledge of all those empty shells they had placed in their revolvers, enjoyed the fun and allowed them full play.

Along towards ten o'clock, the boys all drifted down to the only restaurant in Horse Head that kept open all night as well as all day. It was kept by "Chinese Louie," an almond-eyed celestial, who ran a store, a restaurant, a wash-house, and the village photograph gallery, all under one long roof. Now when a puncher gets into a restaurant, the only thing he craves is ham-and-eggs. Of beef, he has a surfeit. The menu of the round-up wagon is coffee, bread, and meat three times a day with awful regularity. Therefore, the gang was soon busy, seated at the long counter on the high stools. After they had eaten their fill each wadded up his paper napkin and fired it at the cook, lit a cigar from the case at the end of the counter, and paid his bill. Then the fun opened by some one pulling a revolver, and taking a shot at the big kerosene lamp that hung from the ceiling.

In an instant fifty shots were fired, every lamp in the place was out and bored full of holes, the fancy water-cooler that sat in the corner was riddled, and the coffee and tea-pots on the big range behind the counter, as well as a lot more tempting marks in the way of cooking utensils that hung over head on a rack, were turned into sieves.

Poor Chinese Louie and his assistant lost no time in making themselves scarce; and, after it got too dark, for want of lamp-light, to see to shoot anything more, the now hilarious punchers swaggered out to their ponies standing quietly at the "snorting Post," in front, and with a parting volley up the main street towards the Bucket of Blood, rode furiously out of town.

Instead of going straight on down the railroad track, they turned sharp to the left at the first corner, and headed for the county bridge, which spanned the Rio Puerco at Horse Head. This was a wooden structure, with huge beams over head and some six or seven long spans.

Just as they turned the corner out of the main street, a couple of shots whistled past the bunch, which showed that Tex and the Marshal were alive and in pursuit. This was what the boys wanted, and they gave shrill yells of defiance, as they pounded through the heavy sand that covered the road to the bridge.

They slowed down along here to give their pursuers a chance to catch up a little, and when Tex and the Marshal announced their coming by more shots, some of which came pretty near into the bunch of riders they fired a few in reply, and thundered across the bridge at full speed, in spite of the warning sign, that promised all sorts of fines and imprisonments for any one "riding across this bridge faster than a walk."

Along about the center span, four of the boys, Baldy Peters, Jack Gibson, Dutch Henry, and Long Jim, dropped from their saddles, their ropes in their hands, and, two on each side of the roadway, in the shelter of the huge beams, hastily made loops in their ropes and awaited the coming of the two pursuers.

The rest of the gang clattered across the bridge with shrill whoops and out onto the hard rocky road beyond, with the four loose horses following them as if their riders were still on their backs.

Now the four men on the bridge were the most skillful rope-tossers in all that range. When I say "rope tossers," I mean that instead of swinging the rope around their heads before throwing, they spread it out behind and to one side of them, and with a quick graceful throw or toss, launched it with unerring aim over the head of the animal at which they threw. This method is used almost entirely in catching horses out of the "cavvyard,"

and also in catching calves out of a herd, as it is done so quietly and easily that the animal is snared before it has a chance to dodge or move.

Now Tex and the Marshal were not quite so foolhardy or ignorant as to feel that they could capture and arrest the crowd they were after, but the Marshal wanted that nomination in the fall and felt it was a good chance to make a "rep" for himself, and Tex was to be his chief deputy if elected, so he was eager to do something to prove his valor also.

Their idea, therefore, was to make a sort of "grand stand play," follow the boys out a way, fire a few shots after them at parting and come back to town. Hearing them rattle across the bridge, and out over the rocky road beyond it, they feared no trap or ambush and so kept riding ahead in their wake, firing a shot every few seconds as much to show the town people what they were up to as anything else.

As they passed the spot where the four boys were awaiting them, four silent ropes settled down over the heads and shoulders of the luckless officers of the law. Going at full speed as they were, there was no chance to throw off those snake-like coils, and the two riders were jerked backwards over their horses' hips, and landed heavily upon the hard plank flooring of the bridge.

The Marshal's six-shooter went off into the air, as he wildly threw up his arms to clear his body of that python-like embrace, while the one Tex held in his hands flew off into space and drooped into the muddy waters below. Both were stunned by the force of the fall, and lay as if dead on the bridge, but no sooner had they struck than they were promptly "covered" by the four men.

The avengers first took their small "hogging ropes" (a short piece of rope about six feet long, which every well-regulated puncher carries either in his saddle pocket or else around his waist, to be used in tying together the feet of any cow or steer he might have to tie down on the range), and secured their prisoner's wrists firmly behind their backs; then they took one rope and wound it round and round the men's bodies from shoulders to heels, so that moving their feet or arms was a matter of impossibility.

To do this was not hard, for both men were stunned from their fearful fall, and lay like dogs while the boys worked on them.

The end of the second rope they passed through under the arms, around the body and tied in a "bowline hitch" behind the back. The two luckless officers were by this time regaining consciousness and began to curse and struggle, but to no avail.

At first they feared they were to be hung, and begged for their lives like good fellows; but as they were swung off the edge of the bridge and found how they were lashed with ropes, they plead even more fervently; for it looked as if the boys meant to drown them like rats in a cage. But all to no avail. The boys never answered a word, but went ahead with their work in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable.

The ropes, tied as they were, suspended the men by the arms in such a way that they hung fairly upright, and without any particular pain or suffering from them.

Now the water of the Puerco is about as vile-smelling and oleaginous stuff as any one ever saw, tasted or smelled; indeed the offensiveness of the water suggested the name of the river. Especially in time of floods, does it deserve its name. The water, then, is more like thin gruel, of a yellowish red color, and smells to Heaven.

Into this mess the conspirators slowly lowered the two officers of the law, regardless of their prayers, entreaties, threats or curses, of each of which the two men poured out a liberal supply in tones to wake the dead.

A turn of the rope about a rod of the bridge served to check the speed of their descent, and, while Baldy Peters got over the railing and down onto the stone abutment that he might the better see how far to lower the men, the rest held onto the ropes and let them down.

Baldy, crouching low on the abutment peered down into the darkness and gave orders for the work, so that when he gave the word to tie the two ropes, each man was swinging in water about breast deep.

He clambered back onto the bridge, saw that the ropes were tied securely to the bridge timbers, and the four punchers hastened out into the darkness after the rest of the gang, who were waiting for them not far off.

The next morning about daybreak four horsemen rode out of the camp and headed for the New Mexico line, across which they felt themselves reasonably safe, for they well knew that the Marshal would never follow and bring them back to relate in court the way they outwitted him and Tex. All they feared was that he would take a shot at them the first time he got sight of them, as he certainly would have done had he ever "met up with" either of the guilty four.

The boys were "drifters" anyhow, as much at home in one place as another, and good hands were always in demand on the ranches in those days; so it mattered little where they brought up.

As for the Marshal and Tex, their first impression was that they were to be lynched; then they thought they were to drown, which was even worse; finally, however, when they realized what the boys really meant to do, their rage knew no bounds.

I honestly think that the Marshal would have preferred to be hung; for he quickly foresaw that when they were rescued, the ridicule that the affair would cause throughout the county would everlastingly kill his chances for any office. Had they been hung, or even drowned, they would have been heroes, even though dead heroes, but this trick would turn a laugh against them as long as they lived. In spite of the cold greasy water in which they swung and floated, for all the world, as one of the rescuers put it the next morning, "like a couple of cork floats on a fish line," their blood fairly boiled with rage, at the thought of how they had been tricked.

Luckily for the two unfortunates, right below the place from which they were lowered, instead of the river running in its regular channel, there was a great eddy, or swirl, where the water had cut out a deep hole in the sandy river-bed. Here the water was quite deep and had but little movement except a slow circling motion. In this the two officers swung at anchor from midnight until broad daylight. The water caused the ropes to shrink and draw, until they suffered a great deal where they cut into their wrists, making it an utter impossibility for them to untie the knots although they worked for hours trying to get them loose in some way.

The water was cold and their limbs soon became so numb that they could hardly move either hands or legs.

The boys, in lowering them down, had been cunning enough to fasten them far enough apart so they could not aid each other to get loose, and while, from the motion of the water, they occasionally bumped up against one another, they quickly drifted apart as helpless as if in two straight jackets.

About sunrise, a Mormon boy belonging to a freighter outfit that was camped over in town, going out after the horses which had been taken across the river the night before to graze, came whistling down the road to the bridge, and started across it.

As soon as his first footfalls were heard on the flooring of the structure, the two almost helpless men below roused up and began to call as loudly as they were able, what with their numb lips and jaws that were chattering like castanets.

The lad took one hasty look over the railing of the bridge, and with a shriek of terror, fled towards town as fast as his feet could carry him.

Here he told the first man he met that he had seen two bodies hanging to the bridge, and a crowd was soon on the way to the river, expecting to find the results of a vigilance committee suspended from the stringers.

Well, to make a long story short, they pulled them up onto the bridge, and cut the ropes that bound them. Both men were so stiff that they had to be carried to town, and the doctor and several men worked over them for more than an hour rubbing their stiffened limbs and restoring the circulation.

They each caught horrible colds and it was a wonder they didn't both die from the exposure. However, when they told the story of their capture, the whole town went to laughing. The more they laughed, the more ridiculous the whole thing seemed to grow to the rough and ready men of the place.

Of course the story lost nothing in the telling and soon the entire county was laughing too.

Jenkins's chief political opponent made the most of it and as there is nothing in the world so deadly as ridicule under such conditions, Jenkins was literally laughed into political obscurity.

About that time Wells-Fargo Express Company feared a hold-up along the road and were looking for guards, and Jenkins and Tex, glad to leave the scene of their adventure, secured positions as guards and soon dropped out of Horse Head society as represented by the gang around the Bucket of Blood and its vicinity.

The boys of the Cross J outfit, the next time they came into town, chipped in a dollar each and gave it to old Dad, the cook, who was counted as the luckiest "wheel" player in the country.

Dad took the money, and, with a burst of good luck, soon ran it up to something over a hundred dollars at the roulette wheel. This entire amount he gave to Jackson, the wagon boss, who went down to Chinese Louie's place, and poured it all out onto the counter before his astonished eyes, as a peace offering from the "shoot-em-up" crowd that had wrecked his place.

That night about midnight, Louie and his assistant set out to the boys the very swellest "feed" his culinary abilities could prepare, and the affair of the shooting-up of Horse Head was thus amicably settled over the viands that the Chinaman had furnished.

But to this very hour they haven't gotten over laughing about the way the Cross J boys put the Marshal and Tex to soak that night under the bridge, in the cold, nasty waters of the Rio Puerco.

Dorsey N. M.

THE EYES OF JUDAH.

By WASHINGTON MATHEWS.

THE portals of the synagogue before me open wide;
And slowly through them from within there pours a living tide.
I stand beside the steps and gaze upon each passing face,
And in the eyes of Judah read the story of a race.

The sordid eyes of Judah—the eyes to earth cast down,
While, all unseen above them an angel holds a crown;
The eyes of Judas fallen from sainthood and from fame,
To gain, with his poor silver dole, an execrated name.

The noble eyes of Judah—of men whose great names throng
The pages of our history, whose deeds inspire our song.
O, Fold of Judah; fruitful, throughout the vanished years,
In statesmen, bards and martyrs, in sages and in seers.

The warlike eyes of Judah—that seldom shine today
As on the night when Gideon bade three hundred trumpets play;
The eyes of David when he smote Goliath with a stone,
Of Joshua when he stopped the moon in fateful Ajalon.

The patient eyes of Judah—through many hundred years
They've lifted to Jehovah their glances dimmed with tears;
In Ghetto and in Judenstrass, in dungeon and in flame,
They've watched for a Messiah, for such as never came.

The crafty eyes of Judah—with arching glance and wise—
O, Leah the forsaken! had Laban not such eyes?
Was such the glance of Jacob, when, speaking filial words,
He practiced cunning arts and robbed thy father's herds?

The love-lit eyes of Judah—that conquered hearts of stone,
That won Ahasuerus' love and guided Persia's throne.
Today, O, glorious Esther! the lights of Purim shine
In memory of the conquest of those brave eyes of thine.

The cruel eyes of Judah—that saw the thorny crown
Upon His bleeding temples by heavy hands pressed down,
And gleamed when scornful laughter with mocking shouts did blend:
"If Thou art truly Son of God, now from the cross descend!"

The tender eyes of Judah—such eyes as lit the face
Of dying Jesus when he prayed for mercy on his race—
His palate parched with thirst, his brow damp with the mortal dew:
"O, Father mine! Forgive them; they know not what they do."

Washington, D. C.

HER HERITAGE.

By KATHRYNE WILSON.

THE long, quivering rays of the afternoon sun fell aslant the clumps of sage-brush that dotted the plain, and threw ragged shadows upon the alkaline soil. Hovering just over the tops of the bushes, the heat waves trembled uncertainly, and then rose languidly into the thin, limpid air. In a gully, between two undulations of the plain too insignificant to be termed hills, a bit of moisture had seeped down, and there a little plot of bunch-grass eked out its pale-green existence in defiance of the hot winds that swept across the parched prairie land.

On the bosom of this little oasis and within the shadow cast by one of the mounds, a girl lay outstretched, with hands clasped under her head and eyes fixed dreamily upon a faint blue line just above the horizon to the westward. Near by, a pinto pony, with reins dangling loosely between his forefeet, was making futile attempts to convert a pink sunbonnet into fodder.

The occasional bellow of cattle or the tinkle of a cowbell came faintly from a distance through the hazy, pink-blue atmosphere that hung between earth and sky. Crickets chirped shrilly and hopped about discontentedly from shadow to shadow. The dreamy, drowsy languor of midsummer was abroad in the land —a midsummer that, on the cattle ranges of Eastern Montana, is a seemingly endless monotony, aggravated by the sense of isolation which such an expanse of country conveys.

The girl was in the depths of a reverie. The blue line at which she gazed was a mountain range, an outskirt of the Rockies, visible through the rarified air a hundred miles away. It lay close down to the edge of the plain in a faint, irregular form —a mere phantom. But to the prairie girl it represented civilization, ambition, happiness. It meant the end of mere existence and the beginning of life. It meant intercourse with other human beings, contact with the world. For over there, beyond that spur, lay the capitol of the state—a city of thousands of people. Thousands! How enormous that word seemed to her, whose experience had been limited to a little universe of perhaps twenty-five individuals.

Once she had been there—to Helena. Her father had taken her when he went to sell a large herd of cattle. She wondered if she would ever forget it. At the depot had been lined up square "buggies" with windows, and the bewildering shouts of the drivers had given her a panic of fear. Then for the first time

she had seen street cars, and she had not ceased wondering at them before she found herself in a hotel, which, with its blue-velvet chairs, chenille curtains and red carpet, had seemed to her a dream of loveliness.

She had walked the streets with her father in a dazed kind of way, confused by the people, the wagons, the carriages and the gaily-decked show-windows where she feasted her eyes on things she had never known were in existence. The street hawkers were objects of curiosity to her. There was the candy-and-peanut vender who called out his wares persuasively. And the fat old horse-radish man clad in blue jumper and overalls, with his basket of horse-radish over one arm, standing on a corner waiting for custom. The newsboys shrieked into her ears, the car-bells clanged, whistles blew, wagons rattled over the ill-paved streets—the whole jangling, bumping, indescribable hub-bub of a western town lent itself to augment the bewilderment of which the little country girl found herself the victim.

Then of a sudden a new thing came into her life. Something within her seemed to burst into bloom and suffuse her whole being with a kind of enchantment. For a moment she was lost to all consciousness of self, of her surroundings, of everything but the beauty of the vision she beheld.

Moving leisurely down the narrow street had swept a carriage drawn by two black horses, in jingling silver harness, driven by a black man in brass buttons. There was something awe-inspiring in the dignity and importance of that black man, but his glory was effaced by a far more wondrous grandeur; for leaning back luxuriously on the cushions of the carriage, was a beautiful lady with all the grace of a fabled princess. For a moment, as she glided by, there was a glimmer of sunlight in her hair, the glitter of jewels, the shimmer and flutter of dainty silk—and that was all. But a pair of blue eyes had drunk in the charm of it, and a care-free heart had had its first taste of envy and discontent.

Later, her father had taken her to walk over on the west side to see some of the large houses, and once more her lips quaffed from the cup of knowledge. She was learning her own limitations.

There was a big brown-stone house with polished marble steps and pillars, and, the front door being open, she caught a glimpse, as she passed, of a huge hall with slippery floors, fur rugs, and beautiful chairs. It was all so new, so beautiful, so real, so different from that which was her heritage! It was a revelation.

She had come home again to the boundless freedom of the prairie country, but things were different. In the days, weeks,

months that went by she heard the noise of city traffic above the lowing of the cattle and the calls of the cow-boys. As she looked out over the rolling ranges, brown and dry from the sun, she saw buildings and streets and lawns and residences. When she rode her pinto for miles over the plain, she dreamed she was in a carriage, rolling leisurely down the avenue. It was not till the snows had gone with the spring "chinooks," that she forgot a little. It was not until other things came to her that her visions changed to occasional day-dreams. Then she stole off once in a while to indulge her fancy and pave free rein to her imagination as she was doing today.

She was building air castles. With the sky as a background and the blue range as a foundation, she had built a palace—an immense brown-stone palace, with towers, minarets and gables many times more grand than the one she had seen. An expansive lawn sloped away in terraces and a massive wrought-iron gate separated the driveway from the public avenue. Just without the gateway stood a carriage, a copy of the real one she had seen, black horses, silver-trimmed harness, black driver and all. But the lady who sat enthroned in her splendor was not the one who had occupied the carriage in Helena. This one was younger, more gorgeously dressed, more smilingly beautiful. It was herself—she of the cattle ranch, of the sage-brush, of the outer world. To her belonged all this panoply of wealth, this luxury, this happiness, this success! She was of the world; she was admired, envied, feted and imitated. The cravings of a hungry heart were satisfied and she was gloriously happy.

Suddenly the palace vanished to nothingness, the terraces faded away into clumps of sage-brush. The coach disappeared with its lady, and the dim blue line wavered alone in the trembling haze. A sound, faint but clear, had been borne to the ears of the dreaming girl—a sound she knew better than the tinkle of a cow-bell or the chirp of a cricket. She sat up, her lips opening in an expectant smile, and in a voice mellow with eagerness, she gave an answering call.

"La-la-lay-he-ho! La-la-lay-he-ho!"

A minute, two, three went by, then the gallop of a horse's feet, the creak of a saddle, a step and a voice.

"Where's my girl?"

With a spring she was in the arms of a tall, brown youth, whose wide sombrero, flannel shirt and leather "chaps" would have betrayed him anywhere.

A little later, as the sun crept down behind the blue ridge in the west, a marvelous red and gold glow wrapped the plain in a limpid radiance and turned the colorless glare of the soil into soft pastel shades of rose and violet. And guided by a faint lowing of the distant herds, two figures, arm in arm, wound their way in and out of the sage-brush clumps, oblivious of everything but each other, while two pinto ponies ambled aimlessly along behind.

Seattle, Wash.

A SUCCESS OF TWO CENTURIES.

By WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

"THE Irrigation Movement," writes N. O. Nelson, the St. Louis manufacturer and philanthropist, "is one of the howling successes of the two centuries," The statement is true and will bear analysis. The movement has survived the years and grown constantly in strength and popularity. Holding fast to its first great purpose, which was to reclaim the largest possible area and create the largest possible number of homes, it has persistently broadened its foundation by annexing new fields of thought and developing a wider sphere of activity. It has inspired a considerable literature, brought forth new principles of statesmanship, injected new issues into politics, and, in short, made real history—with the promise of far more in the pregnant days of the future. These things certainly constitute such a degree of success as has seldom been realized by a popular movement in so brief a time as thirteen years.

The twelfth annual session of the National Irrigation Congress sat at El Paso, Texas, for four days, beginning November 15, 1904. Twenty-four States and Territories were represented by regularly appointed delegates. A commodious hall had been erected by the citizens of El Paso for the occasion, and this hall was filled to its utmost capacity when President William A. Clark of Montana called the Convention to order.

Executive Chairman C. B. Boothe had arranged a novel program, by which the Congress was divided into five sections, meeting in as many different halls; except for the opening and closing sessions, when it was essential that the entire body should be assembled under one roof. The scope of the Congress has grown to such proportions that it is almost impossible to carry out a comprehensive program in four days without subdivision into sections. The advantage of this arrangement will be much more obvious in the official report than it was to the delegates. As a matter of fact, the plan proved somewhat bewildering to those who were interested in the work of all sections and who could not attend any one of them without feeling that they might be missing something important which was transpiring elsewhere. It resulted in a smaller attendance than many a distinguished speaker was fairly entitled to, yet the contribution to the literature of the movement was very greatly enhanced. It is likely that future congresses will develop such a modification of the plan as to admit of the subdivision of the program into well defined subjects while permitting a much larger portion of the delegates to enjoy the entire proceedings.

The five sections dealt, respectively, with Engineering, For-

estry, Climatology, Colonization, and Practical Methods of Irrigation. Each had the benefit of the ripest knowledge and greatest ability the country affords, and all were in the highest degree educational. No adequate summary of their work could even be suggested in a brief article, but readers are earnestly advised to secure a copy of the Official Proceedings, soon to be issued by Secretary Gifford, of the El Paso Committee.

The great speeches of the Congress were those of Senator Francis G. Newlands, who plead for the building of the Republic as opposed to the exploitation of empire and pointed out the absolute necessity of keeping the Reclamation Service clear of all partisan politics; of Senator William A. Clark, whose advocacy of the reform of the land laws and the preservation of the public domain for the benefit of the people made a profound impression upon the audience; and of George H. Maxwell, who, with tremendous earnestness, pointed out the social and economic disaster impending if we continue to destroy the watersheds of our streams by reckless forestry and indiscriminate grazing. Each of these addresses was accompanied by evidences of deep interest and enthusiasm and will doubtless exert a far reaching influence on public opinion.

The platform adopted represented a distinct step in advance, for its proposals are truly constructive. To begin with, there is the demand that the great State of Texas shall receive the benefits of National Irrigation. The resolution is as follows:

> It is the opinion of the National Irrigation Congress that the irrigation law be so extended as to include the State of Texas within its provisions in so far as to permit the Secretary of the Interior to direct engineers of the United States Reclamation Service to examine and report upon feasible irrigation projects, and, when approved according to the terms of said law, to superintend their construction, to the end that Texas may have the benefit of the same service that is now extended to the other arid sections.

There are no public lands in Texas belonging to the United States. For this reason, the Lone Star State was not included in the communities to receive the benefit of the reclamation fund accruing from the sale of public lands under the Act of June 17, 1902. It will be noticed that this resolution does not suggest the expenditure of any part of the reclamation fund for the actual construction of irrigation works in Texas, but only provides that the Reclamation Service shall extend its investigations to that State and loan the services of its engineers to supervise construction. The cost of building works would have to be met in some other way, presumably by the use of capital raised on the security of lands in State or private ownership. This resolution has a direct relation to another important part of the El Paso platform, which will be presently discussed. It is pleasant to note that the

people of Texas are deeply grateful to the Irrigation Congress for its expression in their behalf and that active steps toward the realization of the plan will be taken at an early day.

Reform of the Land Laws.

The feature of the El Paso declaration which has attracted the widest attention is the unqualified demand for a complete revision of existing land laws. This is the outcome of a battle which has raged fiercely in the West during the past decade. Those who have been familiar with the struggle will observe with interest the details of the resolution adopted at El Paso. It completely meets the three principal objections which have been made to the repeal of the present law. These were, first, that the program was radical, revolutionary, and wholly without precedent; second, that the proposition was to destroy what we now have and provide nothing in its place; third, that forest lieu-scrip would continue in existence and be enormously enhanced in value.

These are the resolutions which were adopted by an overwhelming majority after an animated debate:

> It is the sense of this Congress that the remaining public domain should be sacredly preserved to all the people of the United States and should be rigidly reserved for the benefit of actual homeseekers who will live upon the land and in good faith cultivate the soil.
>
> We recognize that much has been accomplished to this end. Under the provisions of the National Irrigation Law, forty million acres of agricultural land have been withdrawn from entry except under that Act, and from the operation of laws which permit the absorption of public land for private speculation, and eighty million acres of timber land have been withdrawn from entry in order to protect the watersheds, thereby increasing the sources of water supply and conserving the public good.
>
> In further pursuance of this wisely established policy of preserving the public domain in the interests of the entire people, we urge the repeal of the Timber and Stone Act, of the Desert Land Law, and of the commutation clause of the Homestead Act.
>
> As a substitute for the Timber and Stone Act, we favor the adoption of a bill passed by the upper branch of Congress at the last session repealing the said Act and providing for the sale of stumpage and for the application of the proceeds thereof to the reclamation fund.
>
> As a substitute for the Desert Land Law and the commutation clause of the Homestead Law, we recommend an Arid Homestead Law, which shall limit the entry of any one individual to one hundred and sixty acres, which shall permit a reasonable intervening period for reclamation before requiring continuous residence, provided, however, that after reclamation the occupant shall be required to live on the land five years before securing title, as settlers are required to do under the National Irrigation Law.
>
> We also recommend the repeal of all Acts permitting the selection of lieu lands, including any and all laws authorizing the issuance of any kind of land scrip, and recommend legislation for the valuation and purchase, by the Government, if necessary, of all land in private ownership within the limits of forest reserve.

There is a program which meets every honest objection, yet concedes nothing to those who desire to plunder the people and use public property for private speculation. If this program had been offered at Ogden last year, instead of the naked demand for the repeal of the laws, it probably would have prevailed.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY

More Money for Home-Making.

Another declaration of surpassing interest and importance—one which may readily open the way for a policy which will increase the efficiency of the National Irrigation Law tenfold without asking Congress for a single dollar or one new line of legislation—is the following:

> We would not have the West depend alone upon national aid in the development of its resources. We urge the several Western States and Territories to adopt legislation providing for the formation of irrigation districts which shall be able to raise funds by the sale of bonds, said districts to be organized only upon approval by the Secretary of the Interior, who shall employ the engineers of the Reclamation Service in the construction of district irrigation works. By this means the reclamation fund will be supplemented to the extent of millions of dollars by every State and Territory, while the benefits of National administration will be vastly extended. We commend this subject to the earnest attention of the legislatures of our Western States and Territories.

This plan was devised by the writer and first submitted to the State Irrigation Association at Modesto, California, last October. It was unanimously indorsed by that convention. It was then presented to the Engineering Section at El Paso in the course of a speech on the reform of State water laws. It met with favorable response at the hands of an audience almost exclusively composed of trained and experienced minds. Frederick H. Newell. Chief Engineer of the United States Reclamation Service, instantly rose to speak and declared that this idea alone made the El Paso meeting worth while—that the idea was feasible and practicable and would enable the Government to increase the sphere of its operations enormously. The plan was subsequently presented to the Committee on Resolutions and to the Congress itself, by both of which it was unanimously indorsed. It is the hope of Texas and points the way by which it can obtain the benefits of national irrigation. But it is equally important in every other State. It is likely that California will lead in the adoption of the policy.

The California District Law failed, largely because of lack of expert supervision, resulting weakness of administration. Under the new plan, districts would be formed only after investigation by the Reclamation Service. When approved, the work would be constructed by national engineers, but paid for from the proceeds of district bond sales. Investigation and supervision would be at the cost of the reclamation fund. When works are completed and in operation they would be turned over to the management of the landowners in accordance with district laws.

A Remarkably Fruitful Meeting.

On returning to Washington Senator Newlands declared that the El Paso Congress was the most fruitful in the history of the

irrigation movement. "It practically settled the controversy between New Mexico and Texas," said the Senator, "and the international contest between the United States and Mexico, as to the waters of the Rio Grande, by bringing the delegates from New Mexico, Texas and Mexico into agreement as to the location of the great dam and reservoirs at Elephant Buttes in New Mexico." He went on to comment enthusiastically upon the resolutions in favor of the revision of the land laws and the extension of national irrigation work through the co-operation of local districts with the Reclamation Service. This seems to be the general opinion of those who attended the convention. The remarkable success of the movement continues unabated, though its greatest history yet remains to be made.

The Congress of 1905 will meet at Portland, Oregon, at the time of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Its President will be Hon. George Cooper Pardee, Governor of California, who was chosen as the successor of Senator Clark at the recent meeting. He wielded the gavel during the last hours at El Paso and was greatly admired for his ability in dispatching business and keeping the convention in the best temper, notwithstanding the stormy debate. There is every reason to expect that "one of the howling successes of the two centuries" will continue its triumphant progress on that occasion.

San Diego, Cal.

PONCE DE LEON AND HIS MEN.

By R. E. LEE GIBSON.

HITHER of old, Spain's banner in the van,
A hardy train, bold cavaliers, in sooth,
Came; and the Fountain of Perpetual youth
Sought 'mid the trackless wilds Floridian.
For somewhere there, a native rumor ran,
The fountain gushed—and they would know the truth.
Their path was fraught with treachery and ruth.
And wretchedly they perished man by man.
Their bones were scattered in that alien soil;
Heroes they were and martyrs they became;
And all in vain was their adventurous toil;
No stream they found that could their youth reclaim;
But valor never was oblivion's spoil,
They chanced instead on wells of deathless fame.

Los Angeles.

It is true enough that a historical work running to fifty-five volumes, and costing, complete, more than $200, would hardly be looked for on a list of "best selling books." Yet in this land of exceeding literacy, with colleges and universities and normal schools crowding thickly, each making a show of possessing a working library—to say nothing of Mr. Carnegie's libraries spattered over the map—one might suppose that such a work would be assured of some moderate support. Particularly should this be true if it covered a field almost new to English students, yet of vital importance to statesmen and captains of industry, as well as to mere students of history; if it covered that field thoroughly for more than four centuries; if it made available for the first time to students a great number of important and interesting "sources;" and if it were entirely without a rival or a substitute. To say no more than this of *The Philippine Islands: 1493-1898* would be but cold praise for an undertaking so carefully planned and carried out in so thorough and scholarly a fashion. Yet its publishers, the Arthur H. Clark Co., of Cleveland, are now obliged to announce that less than 100 sets have been placed in the United States, and that the total support, though larger abroad than here, is still so small that they are facing serious financial loss. They propose to carry out their agreements with the comparatively few subscribers and to complete the work even at a heavy loss; but they are obliged to limit the loss as far as possible. Hereafter, therefore, they will print only enough of each volume to meet orders received before February 1st and will dstroy all surplus copies of the earlier volumes. After that date the series will not be purchasable.

If it is difficult to write with moderation concerning the presiding deities of public institutions who fail to see that they might better scrimp a little on the supply of the latest novel for the sake of placing at the disposal of serious workers the tools which are indispensable, it is even harder to be patient with a certain class of individuals—the people who profess to care for this sort of work and who are amply able to help it along, but who think they can't afford to buy the series. If fifty sets had been ordered in California alone for private libraries, that would have been, not a large, but a decent sale. In reality only seven sets have been ordered in the entire United States, apart from those ordered taken by public institutions. *Seven sets!*

It is probable—at least, it is to be hoped—that some intending patrons have designedly postponed making their wishes known until the series approached completion. It is largely for the benefit of such would-be buyers that this paragraph is written. Merely as evidence that I am most entirely in earnest in my recommendation, I will mention (confidentially) that I sent to the publishers today my personal order for the entire series—since the sending of copies for review will be discontinued.

A NOVEL THAT COUNTS.

Among the historical novels appearing in 1904 I count Upton Sinclair's *Manassas* as unmistakably the one of the most significance. Indeed, it is one of the very few novels which have

any just claim to be called "historical" at all. Almost all of them have no vital relation whatever to history. Even when some pains has been taken to follow the record, the history is commonly no more than a background before which adventurous gallants and winsome maidens may be effectively posed. Mr. Sinclair, on the other hand, has undertaken seriously—and it seems to me successfully—to interpret history through the medium of fiction. He has chosen the period just preceding the Civil War, and has set before his readers the conditions which led up to that war as they appeared to the most active participants on either side. To this end he selects as central figure a Mississippi lad of aristocratic family, and takes him to Boston in 1850. The youngster had left that marvelous orator of the South, Yancey of Alabama; it is not long before he falls under the spell of Frederick Douglass while that black statesman tells what Slavery means to the Slave. Later he returns home, and plantation life looks very different to him. Within himself there is no peace, nor is he long left in peace from without. In the end he must choose between nearly everything that has been dear to him, and the larger duty.

There is nothing like a love-story in this novel, and no "plot" in the commonplace sense. Yet it is to me a thrilling and fascinating tale. Among the most notable passages are those in which Yancey and Douglass and their audiences are described. They have in them that rare power to make the reader see and hear and quiver, with the emotion-swept listeners.

This volume ends with the first great battle of the war. It is planned as the first of a trilogy, the second dealing with the war itself, and the third with the reconstruction period. If Mr. Sinclair can maintain the note he has struck, he will make a really notable addition to American literature. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

AN H-LESS GENIUS.

For all its six hundred pages, *The Divine Fire* is not a whit too long. It might be defined as a study in evolution and degeneration; but novel readers who do not care for the study—or, for that matter, do not perceive it—will find it sufficiently interesting as a plain novel. Of the two leading men, sharply contrasted, one is an Oxford don, fastidious, critical and scholarly; the other, a genius—a young poet of remarkable power, who is insecure as to his "h's" and earns his living in the second-hand department of his father's Bookselling Emporium. The one fights his way steadily upward through all disabilities, struggling always toward the higher good as he sees it; the other slips away at last from his own self-respect. A host of other characters appear, every one well drawn and entertaining, and the principal love-story is charmingly handled—altogether a book of more than passing consequence. The name on the title-page is May Sinclair—one which I must admit to be wholly unfamiliar to me, even at the cost of arguing myself unknown. But this book alone is sufficient to make a solid reputation. Henry Holt & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. $1.50.

THE SPORT OF KINGS.

Whether Bliss Perry is recalling the five-year-old who, after watching his father depart a-rabbit-hunting, shouldered his wooden sword, and, dragging his reluctant rabbit by a string, sallied forth upon the dusty Vermont road "to get a lion for breakfast," or whether he is discussing the relative advantage to a college president of induration of the epidermis and of the conscience, his essays are a constant delight. *The Amateur Spirit* contains half a dozen of them, which have for a central theme the significance of the amateur spirit in carrying forward the daily work of the world. It is less irrelevant to the subject under discussion than appears on the surface to suggest that any Boston editor who really wanted a Lion for breakfast might have found, lurking among the forests of Cambridge, at about the time

this paragraph is written, one who has been missing from his Den for some weeks. But since slushy weather and a lost trunk form a combination to rasp the temper of the most amiable beast, there might be some question as to which would supply the breakfast when Lion and Editor met up with each other. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.25 *net.*

FEWER TEACHERS AND BETTER.

A book "designed for all persons interested in the control of schools and of school systems" assuredly appeals to an audience of sufficient size. William Estabrook Chancellor claims no smaller range than this for his *Our Schools; Their Administration and Supervision*—and has earned it. The book is written not from the standpoint of the teacher, but from that of the recently differentiated class of school managers or supervisors. There is no space here to follow Mr. Chancellor in his thorough-going consideration of his many-sided subject, but I may quote the words with which he closes:

> . . . the welfare of the American people, the permanence of its democracy, depends upon free public education, upon its extent and thoroughness, and upon its vitality. Liberty is a matter not only of the heart, but also of the mind; and all those who realize this will constitute themselves enthusiastic advocates of the severest restrictions upon the entrance of teachers into the profession, and of far greater rewards than now fall to those competent to direct the development of the American society of the future.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

The Long Ago and the Later On, by George Tisdale Bromley, is precisely the book which might have been expected from that Dean of the World's Good Fellows. "Uncle George" has discovered the secret of being eight-seven years young, and in his reminiscences of eighty years one will search in vain for a harsh, a cynical, or a weary word. Through his whole life Uncle George has been meeting none but jovial, generous, kind-hearted people—at any rate, no other sort appear in his recollections. The book is dedicated to the Bohemian Club, of San Francisco, of which he is the Perpetual High Priest—and the best-loved member. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. $1.50 *net.*

It seems to me that Hall Caine must have broken all previous popular-novelist records of piling up the agony, with his *Prodigal Son.* Certainly the variety and depth of the spiritual torments endured by all the leading characters is amazing. Fortunately, no one has to read Hall Caine who doesn't want to—always excepting the reviewer—while those who do relish him will find him more relishing than ever in this book. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Upland Pastures, by Adeline Knapp, is but a small volume, yet satisfying in every way in the "Author's Autograph Edition," of which a copy comes to me. It is one of the "outdoor books," with a little botany and a little philosophy and a good deal of good-humored companionship—a combination which should please most readers. The frontispiece, from a Keith painting, is a gem. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

Between author, illustrator and publisher, *Yosemite Legends* appear in distinctly presentable fashion. Miss Smith and Miss Lundborg have collaborated admirably for the purpose they had in mind—which, be it understood, was neither a scientific record of Indian legends nor a series of Yosemite views. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. $2.00 *net*; postage 10 cents.

How four girls earned the summer's rent of a little house all for their ownselves by pulling weeds, and what they did with it form the material for Carroll Watson Rankin's *Dandelion Cottage.* It will interest the young girls for whose reading it was intended Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Omar and Fitzgerald, and Other Poems, by John G. Jury. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. $1.25 *net.*

The Elements of Plane and Solid Analytic Geometry, by Albert L. Candy, Ph. D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Fundamentals of Child Study; "A Discussion of Instincts and Other Factors in Human Development, with Practical Applications," by Edwin A. Kirkpatrick, B. S., M. Ph. The Macmillan Co., New York.

A Modern School, by Paul H. Hanus, Professor of the History and Art of Teaching, in Harvard University. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.25 *net.*

Rhymes From a Round-Up Camp, by Wallace David Coburn; illustrated by Charles M. Russell. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50 *net.*

Poccalito, a Tale of Telegraph Hill, and Other Tales, by Eugenia Kellogg. "The Unknown Publisher," San Francisco.

The Divine Vision, poems, by "A. E." The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.25 *net.*

The Hour Glass, and Other Plays (being Volume Two of Plays for an Irish Theatre), by W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.25 *net.*

Love Triumphant; "A Book of Poems," by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. $1.00 *net;* postage 10 cents.

Lamech, by Mrs. N. B. Williamson. Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. $1.00.

Reminiscences of a Trip Across the Plains in 1846 and Early Days in California, by Luella Dickenson. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. $2.00.

Truth and Freedom, by Thomas Hebblewhite. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. $2.50 *net.*

Prayers Written at Vailima, by Robert Louis Stevenson, with an Introduction by Mrs. Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 50 cents.

The Testimony of the Suns, and Other Poems, by George Sterling. W. E. Wood, San Francisco.

Poems All the Way From Pike, by Robertus Love. The Pan-American Press, St. Louis. $1.00.

A Source Book of Roman History, by Dana Carleton Munro, A. M. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Chuggins, the Youngest Hero With the Army; "A Tale of the Capture of Santiago," by H. Irving Hancock. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia.

Educational Broth, by Frederic Allison Tupper, Head-Master of the Brighton High School, Boston. C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, New York. $1.50.

The Quest and Other Poems, by Edward Salisbury Field. Richard G. Badger, Boston. $1.00.

Poems; and Poems of California and the West, by Ben Field. Richard G. Badger, Boston. $1.50.

Reed Notes, by Blanche M. Burbank. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

The Planting of the Cross, by Horace M. Du Bose. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. 75 cents.

Of Both Worlds, Poems, by Herman Scheffauer. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. $1.25 *net.*

LAUREL STREET, LOOKING WEST, ONEONTA PARK

Two interesting views of Oneonta Park appear here. This section, owned by The Huntington Land & Improvement Co., promises to become one of the choicest residential sections in South Pasadena, its growth being largely stimulated by the excellent car service to Los Angeles and Pasadena, and the thorough way in which the property has been improved, the superior street improvements and magnificent view. One cut gives a picturesque glimpse of this oak-dotted tract, taken on Laurel street looking west. Another view shows the artistic Mission style ticket office, located in the center of the tract, at the junction of the Pasadena and Monrovia lines, also occupied as the local office of the Wm. R. Staats Co. of Pasadena, who act as agent for

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(Formerly THE LAND OF SUNSHINE)

Edited by CHAS. F. LUMMIS

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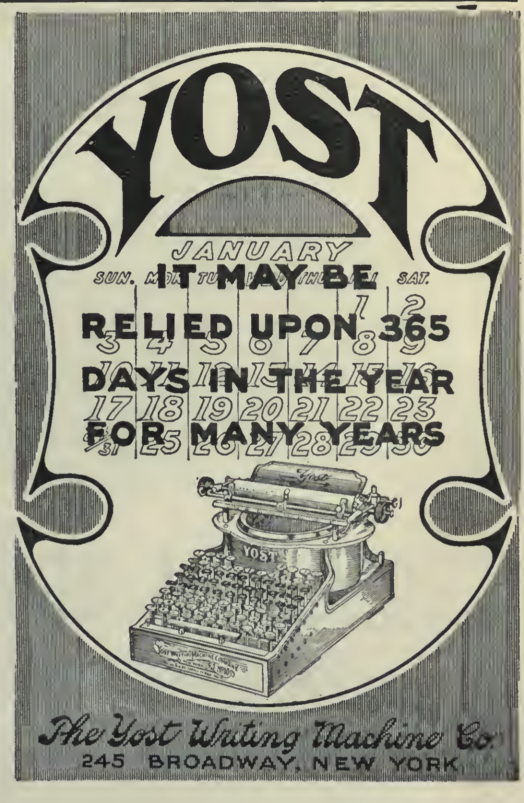

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We are constantly receiving pianos of the famous makes we represent —the Steinway, Kranich & Bach, and Emerson, in all the latest models and finishes, having recently arrived—a car of each.

Besides these world-known instruments, we have many other less expensive pianos which are equally reliable in their class. We cannot afford to sell, nor you to buy, any other kind.

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Editor OUT WEST:

Dear Sir—In OUT WEST for November appeared an article on "An Old Turnpike Road of California," in which a cut of an old stone bridge was given with a statement thereunder that it is "the only stone bridge in the State." The accompanying cut of Mission Bridge, Santa Barbara, shows that "there are others."

Other illustrations of Santa Barbara's beautiful scenery, and literature describing same, mailed on application to

C. M. GIDNEY, Secretary
Chamber of Commerce, Santa Barbara, California

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DIVIDEND NOTICES.

San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, corner California and Montgomery Sts. For the six months ending Dec. 31, 1904, dividends have been declared on deposits in the Savings Department of this Company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1905. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California St., corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st of Dec., 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and one-half (3½) per cent on term deposits, and three (3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1905.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, No. 710 Market St.—For the half year ending Dec. 31, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1905.

GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California St. For the half year ending Dec. 31, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1905.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, 301 California St., San Francisco, Cal., has declared a dividend for the six months ending Dec. 31, 1904, of five per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, six per cent on term deposits, and seven per cent on class "F" installment stock.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
WM. CORBIN, Sec. and Gen'l Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery St., corner Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending Dec. 31, 1904, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Jan. 2, 1905.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

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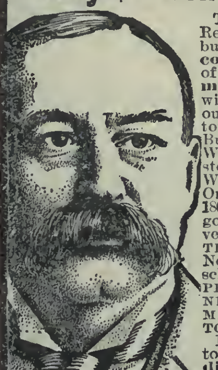

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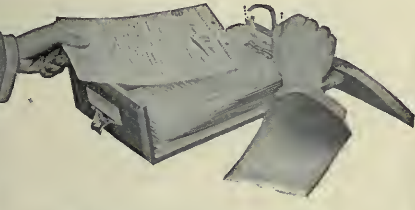

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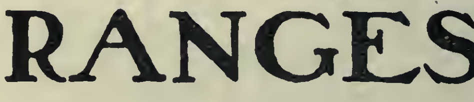

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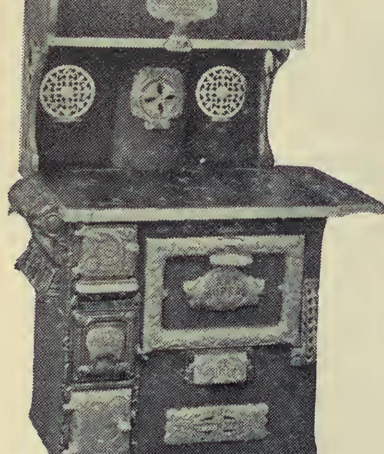

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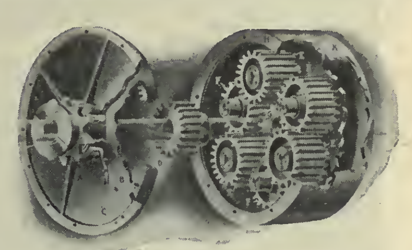

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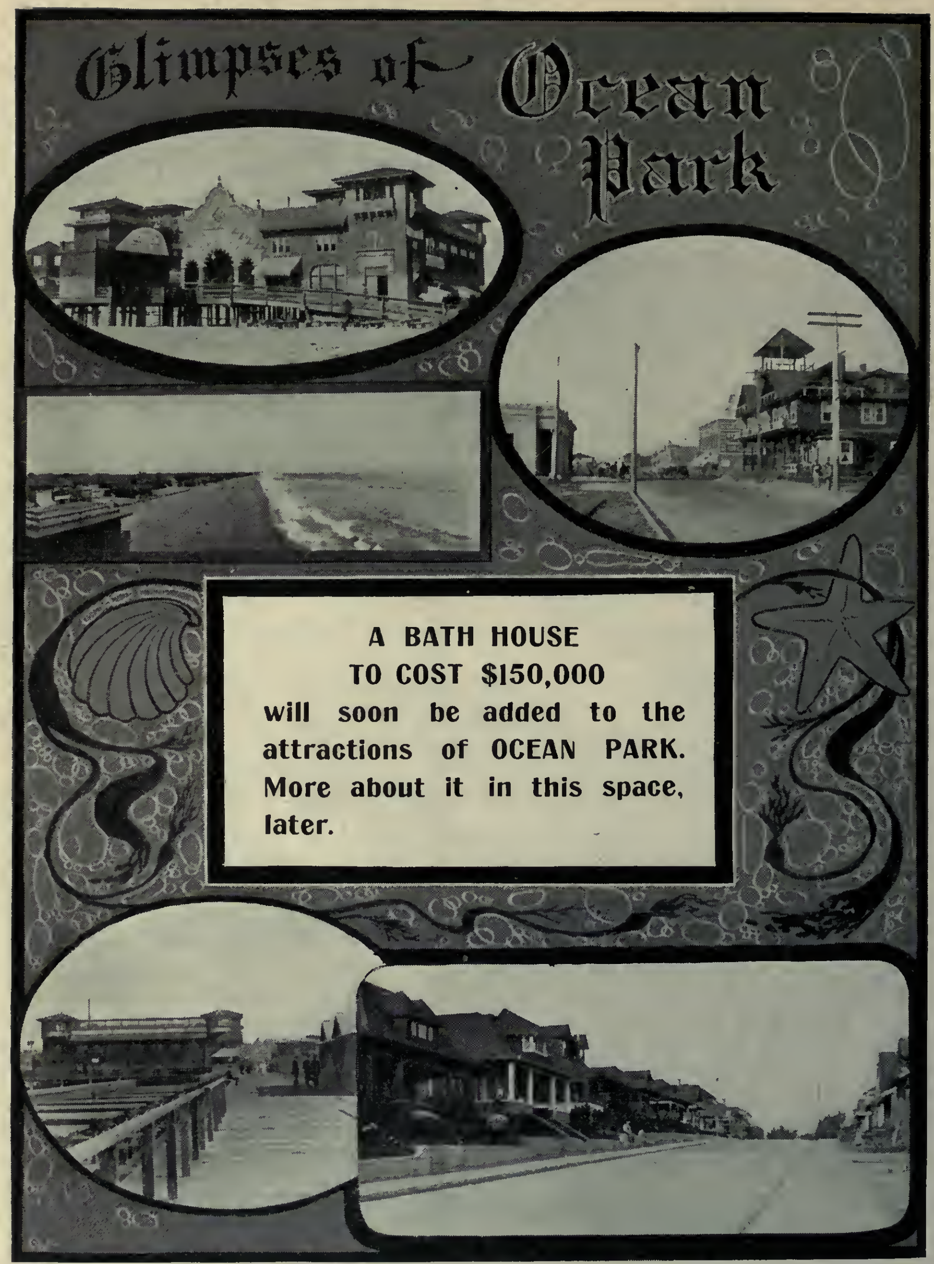

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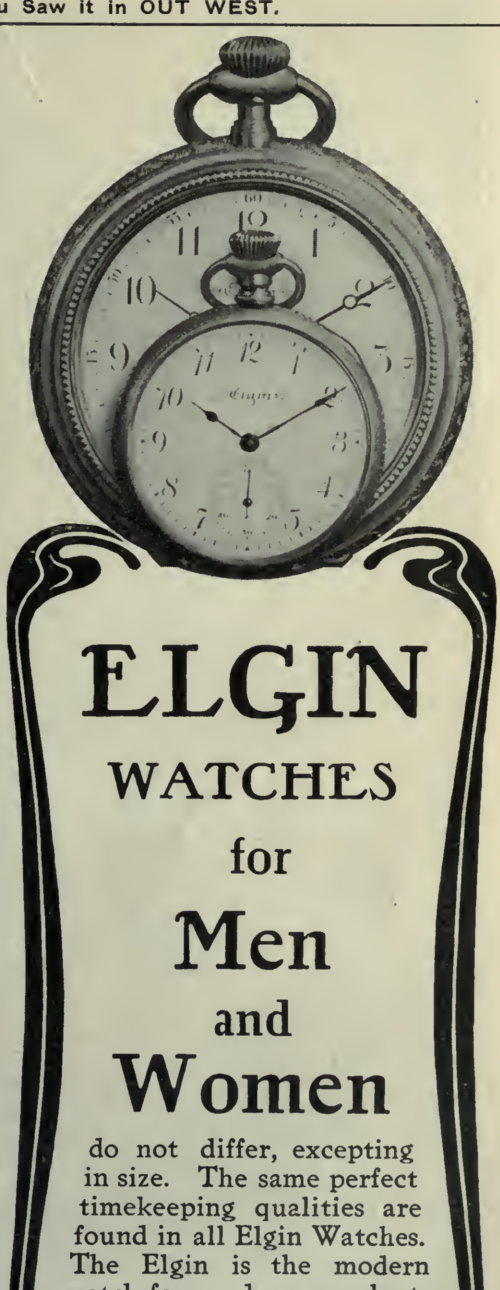

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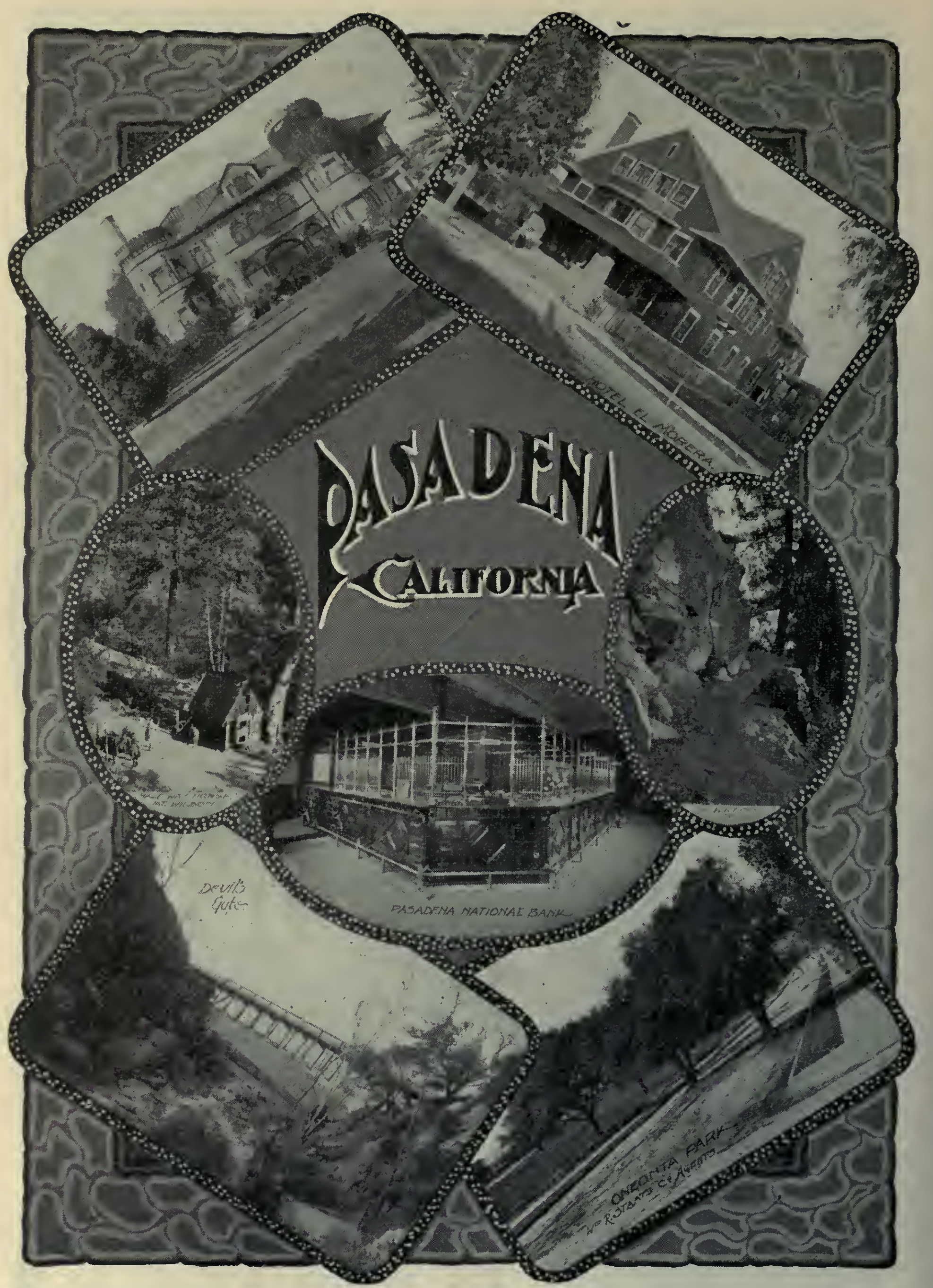

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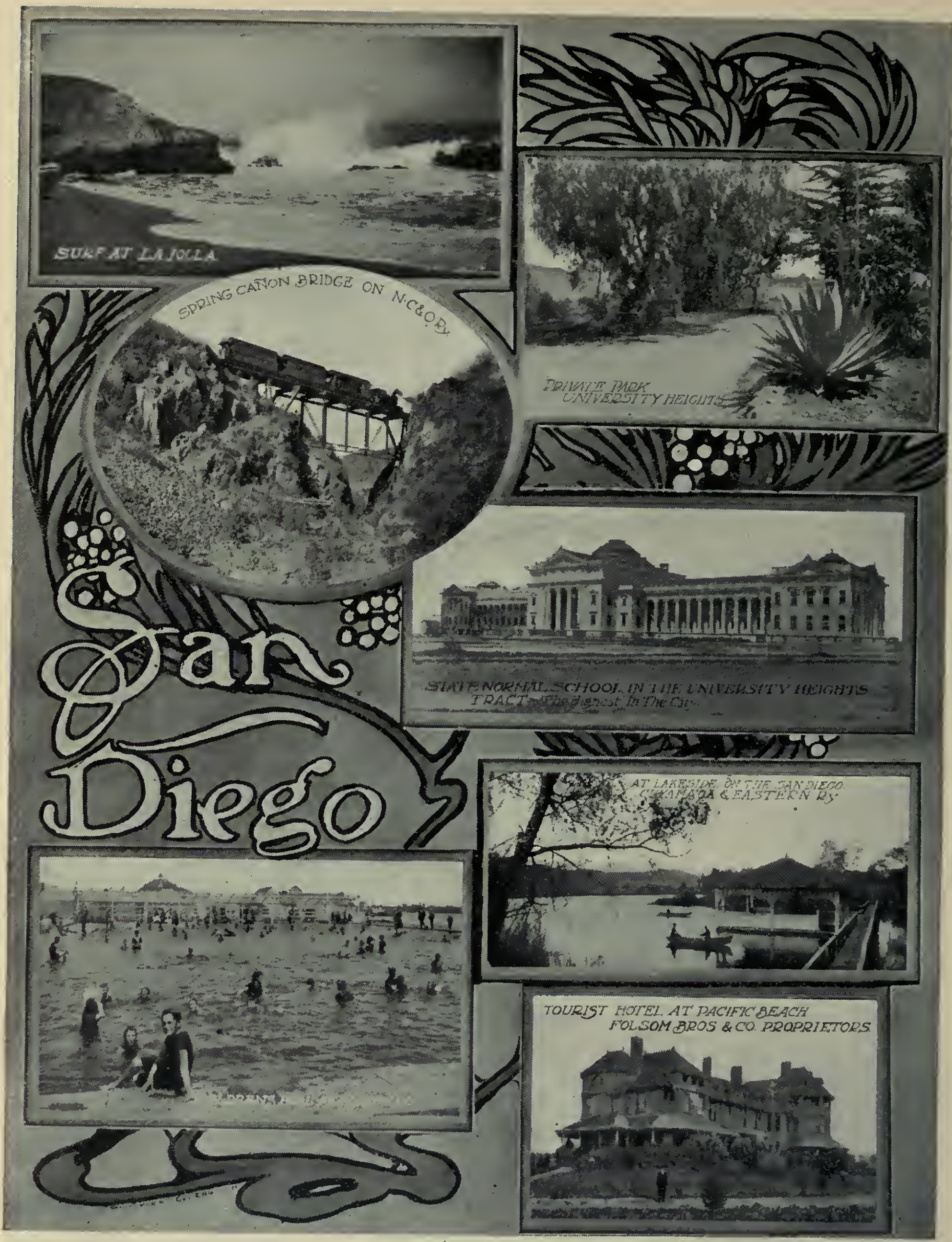

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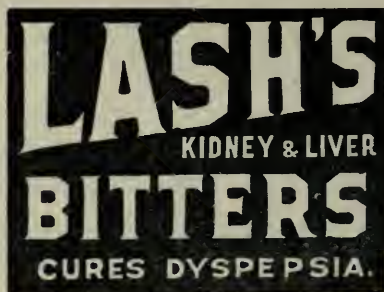

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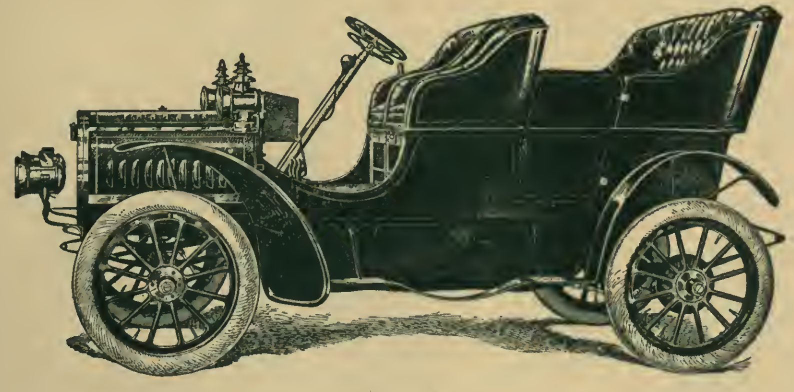

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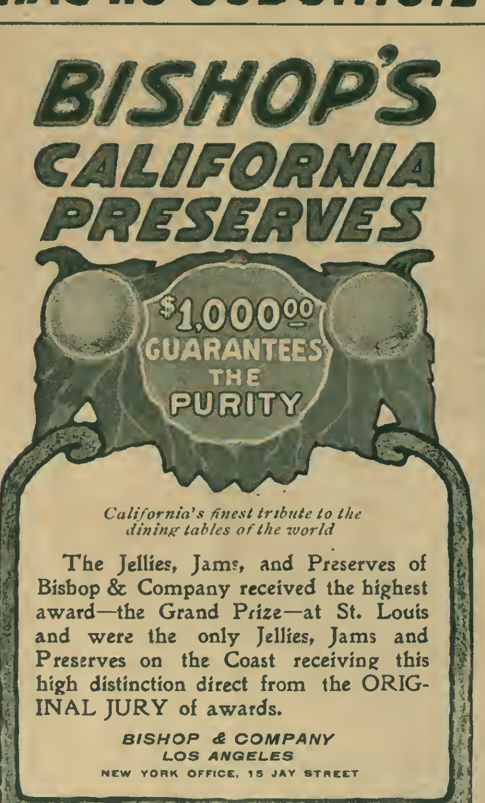

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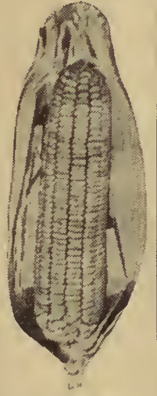

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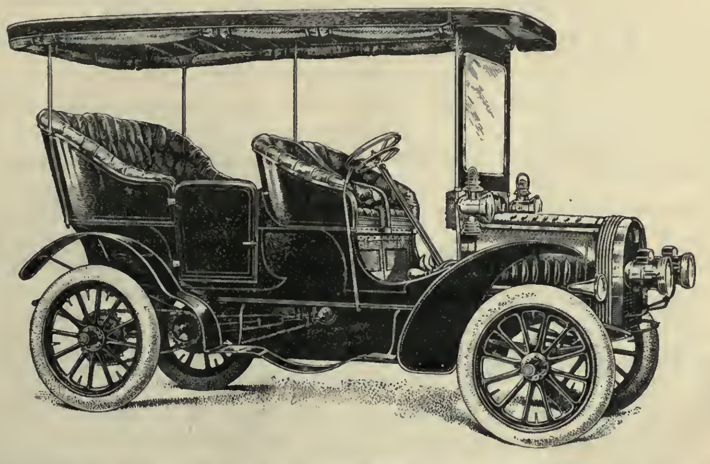

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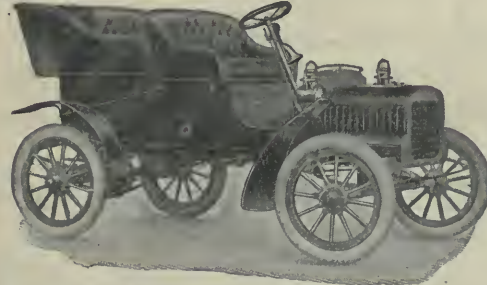

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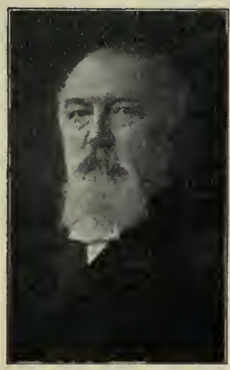
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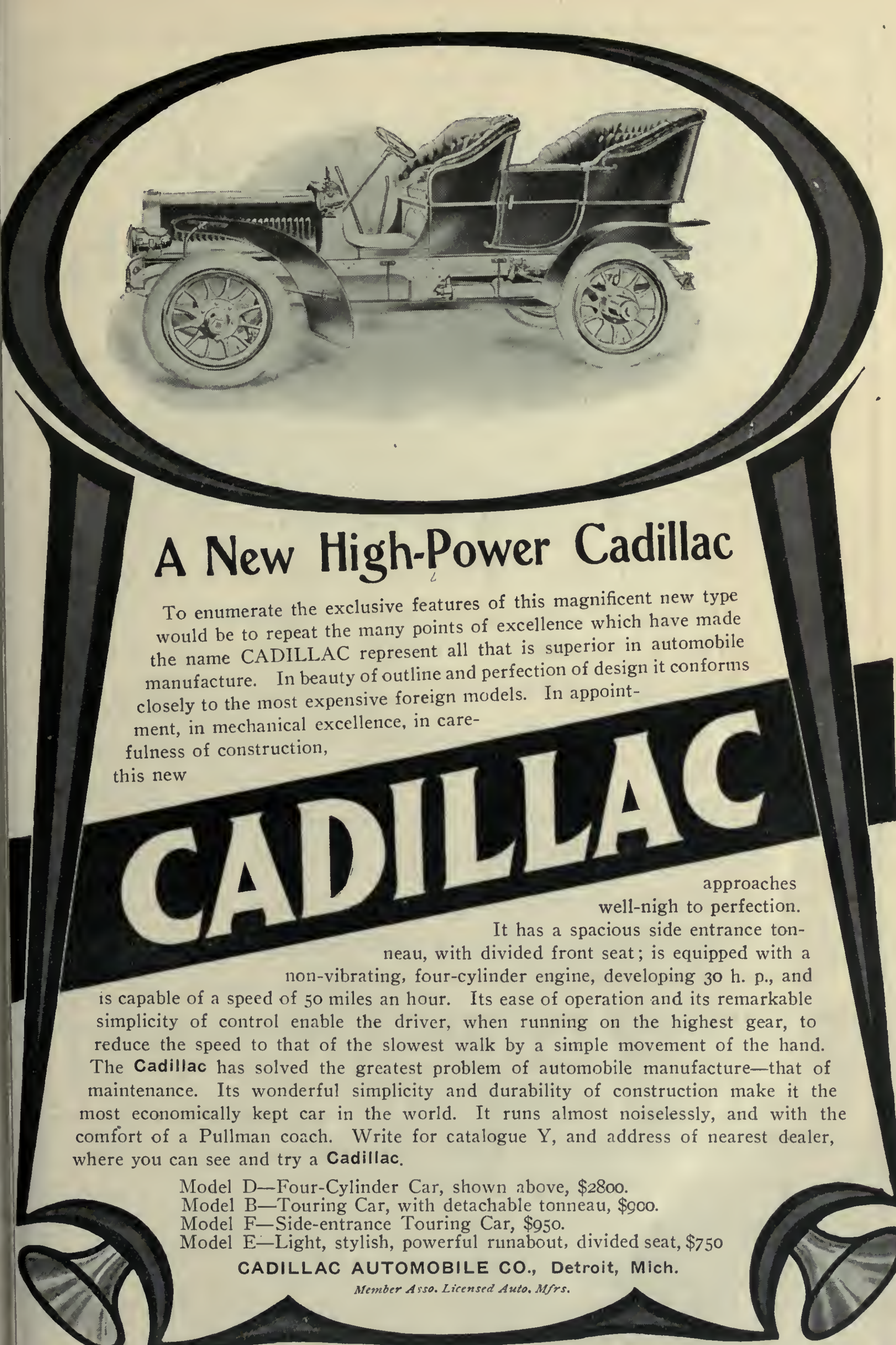
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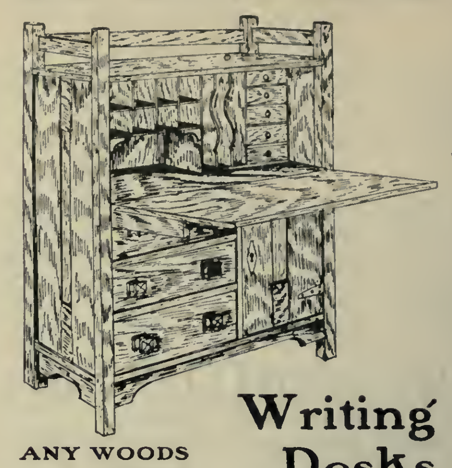

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CHILDREN'S ROOM, SAN DIEGO PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Photo by H. R. Fitch

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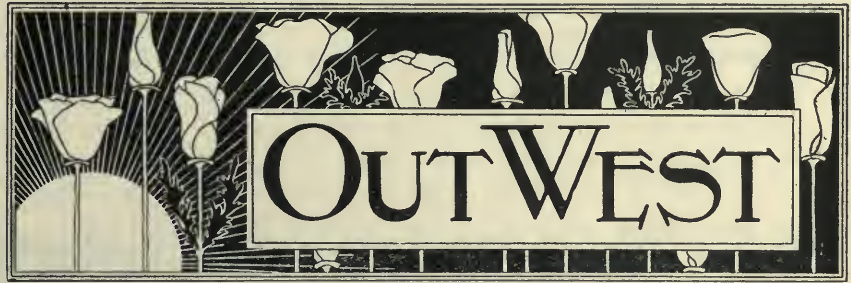

Vol. XXII, No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1905.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By ARTHUR MACDONALD DOLE.

INCE the establishment, early in the nineteenth century, of the world's first free public library at Peterborough, N. H., the growth of the public library movement has been steady and substantial. The benefits from the institution are so evident that its necessity is admitted, its influence unquestioned and its permanence acknowledged. It has proven itself supplemental to the great American free public-school system. Together these mean the manifold advantages of free education alike to all.

Southern California, once considered the untutored land of romance, has, since the gringo came, been as earnest a participant in public-library evolution as any locality in America and the state of California now possesses the largest state library, New York excepted, in the country. Many of the libraries have been founded by women's clubs, or literary and social organizations. When the rapid growth in patronage has necessitated other means of support, the control and the responsibility of maintenance has been transferred to the municipalities wherein the institutions are located. Thereafter they are operated under the provisions of the general State library-law, the income for support being derived from the annual city tax-levy.

This institutional work, so well started, has been given particular impetus of late years by gifts of philanthropic men—notably Andrew Carnegie—who have furnished funds for the erection of numerous library homes, until Southern California,

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for its area, has as adequate a group of structures as will anywhere be found. These buildings, constructed with special attention to sanitary ventilation, are finished with modern completeness for the comfort and service of the public, having separate reading, reference, stock, lecture, work and juvenile rooms and usually book-fumigating vaults. For, coincident with the reputation of Southern California as a synonym for "invalid's camping ground," came the necessity of providing means for disinfecting books as a safeguard against contagious illness. Accordingly, fumigating-vaults, built of brick or stone, where volumes may be periodically

THE A. K. SMILEY PUBLIC LIBRARY, REDLANDS.

disinfected with some germ destroyer, have been added as a part of library equipment.

In several places, further sanitary precautions are taken, the board of library trustees working in conjunction with the city board of health against the spread of contagious disease, such as typhoid fever or diphtheria. Wherever such illness is discovered or known to exist by the health officer, the latter notifies the library authorities of the case. These, in turn, are enabled by reference to their records, to discover whether any library book or magazine is in possession of the disease-affected home. If such is the case, the volumes are either ordered destroyed or thoroughly fumigated before again being circulated—according to the nature of the case.

Forward days such as these—days of rapid changes—are demanding the keenest talent in all educational branches and the specialist is surviving as the fittest. Hence the twentieth-century call of the public library is for librarians and assistants as well

trained for their work, as University professors or instructors are trained for their chosen vocations. To meet this requirement, training classes have been formed in connection with several of the libraries in Southern California, providing courses in bibliography, reference work, cataloguing, administration, etc., along the lines of eastern library training schools, destined to prepare apprentices for performing library duties. A high-school education, at least, is required for applicants desiring to take the course and those finally accepted are selected by competitive examination.

Along with the general awakening to library possibilities in Southern California, has come the recognition of the needs of

REFERENCE ROOM, THE A. K. SMILEY PUBLIC LIBRARY, REDLANDS.

the coming generation by providing a separate department in the library especially for juveniles. This has proven a wise and successful step in the right direction, fostering and instilling as it does, the habit of reading among the little folks. Many methods have been devised to arouse the attention and enthusiasm of the children, all with the deeper ultimate purpose of leading them toward the reading of good books. Picture bulletins or picture-racks on the reading tables afford good opportunity for the display of bright posters, vari-colored bird-plates, magazine illustrations, "Perry pictures" or "Elson prints." Monthly lectures on current topics, on nature-study, and on life and customs in remote parts of our own and foreign lands, prepared for the child mind, are given in several cities by the librarians, local teachers, or friends of the library, for the benefit of the children, who are always present in large numbers. Thus they are led to take

much interest in their own department and in numerous instances have donated, for the adornment of their rooms, pictures, bronze or plaster-casts and copies of recognized works or art purchased with funds raised from the production of little plays, entertainments or other individual effort.

The constant aim on the part of librarians and boards of library trustees generally, in this section of the southwest, is to render the library a practical aid and instructor for the people as well as a valuable mine for the scholar and worker along technical or scientific lines. To this end bulletin-boards, containing suggestions and references for reading on important subjects and events of the day and world, frequently revised and kept up to date, are hung conspicuously in the reading rooms both for young and old.

SAN DIEGO PUBLIC LIBRARY. *Photo by H. R. Fitch*

Free monthly newspaper-bulletins are also published, in which are printed all the new accessions to the library, together with timely magazine or book-lists for the guidance of school pupils, club-women and patrons generally. In these ways the libraries of the southwest are keeping pace with the advantages offered in the established "literary east."

Although the county of Los Angeles alone, has more public libraries than any other county in the state, it is not the writer's intent to review all the good work being accomplished in all Southern California, but rather to touch upon the structural gain in libraries, as a result of the philanthropic munificence to which reference has already been made.

The cities of San Diego, Riverside, San Bernardino, Pomona, Santa Ana and Santa Monica, each have been within the past three years beneficiaries under the terms of Mr. Carnegie's liberality. Redlands was provided with the means for constructing a splendid library home by one of her own winter residents, Albert K. Smiley, while the building at Pasadena—which may

Some Public Library Buildings of Southern California.
1. Pomona. 2. Santa Ana. 3. San Bernardino. 4. Riverside. 5. Santa Monica.

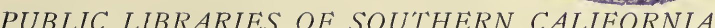
properly be called the true pioneer of the better library structures in Southern California—was commenced by progressive citizens who first formed an incorporated library association. The funds of this association proving inadequate to complete the work of construction, the city of Pasadena voted and issued bonds to purchase the property and to finish the handsome building. A $10,000 addition was built three years ago, to meet the needs of rapid growth and the library building located so that it overlooks an attractive, green-swarded park, is valued at $50,000. The Pasadena library, possessing excellent reference, juvenile and other departments, maintains, as a distinct feature, a special California reading-table department, which is incessantly patronized, particularly in the winter season by the tourists, many of whom enjoying visitors affiliation privileges, are accustomed to make of the library a reading rendezvous.

In the California department are to be found carefully prepared scrapbooks, filled with articles appertaining to the environment, wealth, industries and possibilities of the State, which have appeared in periodicals and newspapers since the time when Charles Dudley Warner and Helen Hunt Jackson first sung the praises of this land of promise; also articles upon, and photographs illustrating the Old Missions and Indian basket-weaving, together with several valuable manuscript letters and documents of early times. This collection consists, in part, of exhibits made at the Omaha, Paris and Buffalo Expositions. This library has been the fortunate recipient of numerous pictures which are hung about the building, having been presented by generous patrons, and is also the proud possessor of the Wyeth-Bowler collection of art books and photographs, donated by the late Mrs. Elizabeth F. Bowler.

The children's room is a well-equipped section, much patronized, and its Kindergarten, or "baby's corner," made bright for the little ones with many Mother Goose posters, bird-cuts and indestructible linen picture-books, is original.

The Smiley public library and its beautifully arranged park, at Redlands, is one of the attractions of that artistic city. This property cost $60,000, Mr. Smiley having spared neither expense nor pains in making the building a monument to his generosity. The Redlands library is efficient in all departments, but its music-section is a feature of the institution, situated as it is in the midst of a musical populace of high culture. This collection has been gathered with discriminating care, and comprises a splendid selection of operas, oratorios, organ-, piano- and violin-scores and string-quartettes, together with a high-class collection of orchestrations and songs. Some patrons come many miles to make use of the musical wealth of the library.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Frequent reading- and club-lists are prepared for the benefit of patrons, and numerous photographs of art and architecture are loaned from time to time for use in the public schools.

The largest gift of Mr. Carnegie in Southern California, was made to San Diego, the original donation of $50,000, having been increased to $60,000 upon the showing made by the library authorities that the original amount was insufficient to complete the splendid structure planned for the city.

The building is the largest of libraries in the southwest, consisting of two stories and a large basement. The unique feature

General Interior, Riverside Public Library.

of this institution is a complete model bindery department, occupying a room on the second floor, which is being successfully conducted by a member of the staff, who rebinds and repairs all books, magazines and papers, at a considerable saving to the city. Three years ago a system of traveling libraries—like those now sent out by the State library—was inaugurated, to supply remote outlying districts. The plan has worked successfully, and now nine such traveling libraries, of twenty-five books each, which can be exchanged periodically, are available for circulation. The walls of the building are hung with celebrated pictures and photo-engravings, many of which are copies of the mural paintings and ceiling-panels in the Congressional Library at Washington, and the Boston public library.

Riverside's handsome Mission-style library, completed last

Reference Room, Pasadena Public Library. *Photo by C. J. Crandall & Co.*

year, is attractively located on a corner opposite one of the leading tourist hotels of the State, and its privileges in winter are enjoyed by hundreds of tourists from all parts of the world. The handsome large reading rooms, and elaborate interior and mural decorations are matters of favorable comment, and the book-stacks have capacity for accommodating 50,000 volumes.

The city of San Bernardino was first given $15,000, which was later increased to $20,000 upon the urgent request of the board of library trustees, when it was found that the first gift would not meet the cost of the new building. The rooms are all upon one floor, underneath which is a commodious basement, which also is provided with a bicycle-rack room, and a sanitary fumigating vault. In view of the fact that in San Bernardino are located the shops of the Santa Fe railroad, the library is supplying a department of mechanical and technical works, which are used to advantage by the railroad employees, who, in common with the regular citizens, appreciate the privileges offered them.

At Pomona also, another building costing $15,000 has been erected which is agreed by all visitors to be a gem of its kind among the smaller libraries. The chief charm of the structure, and its advantages, lie in the convenient arrangement and relation of its rooms, all being built about an octagonal delivery hall. from the central desk of which, complete supervision can be had of the entire floor. The effect is that of one large room, combining economy of both administrative service and space.

The plans and a description of the Pomona building were published last year in an issue of "Public Libraries," and attracted wide notice. As a result the library authorities have received letters from numerous localities in different parts of the country, seeking for more data concerning this ideal small-library structure, and five new libraries have adopted the general plans of this building, with a few minor changes. The architecture is Romanesque, and aside from the customary rooms, there is a cozy juvenile room with kindergarten chairs, and reading tables, and some larger ones to accommodate children of different sizes; a ladies' rest-room, for the convenience of patrons coming from suburban distances; a commodious fumigating vault, and a large lecture-room or museum, as yet unfinished, in the basement.

A new plan for some of the grade reading-classes in the public schools, is being successfully operated at Pomona, in conjunction with the use of the public library. Pupils are permitted to read aloud in school-room recitation, from books obtained at the library, of travel, biography, history or mythology, in which they are interested, and which have first been approved by the teacher. Such reading is duly credited as a part of the pupil's

regular school-work. The substitution of this plan for the former system of having an entire class recite from the same reader—a method bound, more or less, to induce mechanical results—is proving highly satisfactory, the pupils showing a keen awakening to the possibilities of emphasis, pronunciation and interpretation, in reading from books that claim their interest. This method of study thus becomes pleasure, rather than work, and by its employment, the percentage in the circulation of juvenile fiction at the public library is greatly reduced, while that of other juvenile departments, from which attain the most permanent good results, is increased—always to the gratification of the library management.

The city of Santa Ana likewise boasts an attractive $15,000 library, which has been constructed along lines typical of the Mission style of architecture. Here the newspaper and magazine reading room is located on the basement floor, and is directly accessible from the street. The main floor is given over to the delivery, stack, children's and reference departments, the latter being much used by public-school students, and members of different literary societies and clubs. The space upstairs is largely occupied by the valuable medical library donated by the Orange County Medical Association, for reference use.

Built upon much the same plan as the Pomona library, the new $12,500 structure at Santa Monica, furnishes a convenient home for the free public library of that city by the sea. Possessing the usual departments, it has also, as an added feature, a room devoted exclusively to the purpose of reading aloud to the blind. A free delivery station in connection with the library has been established at Ocean Park, and has proven of much benefit and accommodation to that city.

Before closing this article, reference must be made to the Santa Barbara and Los Angeles public libraries. In the former city the library was established about twenty-three years ago, under the California State law. For two or three years prior to this, there had been a small circulating library there, belonging to Mrs. Ashley, a resident of the city. These books, and other gifts of the townspeople, formed the nucleus for the public institution, which was opened in one room in the old Odd Fellows' building, books being added by gifts and purchase. Two years later, the library was moved to second-story rooms at the corner of State and Carrillo streets. In 1890 the library board commenced work upon the nearly fire-proof brick building, which is the present location of the institution.

The most important library in Southern California, and the one containing the largest and most valuable collection of volumes in

Photo by C. J. Crandall & Co.

PASADENA LIBRARY AND LIBRARY PARK.

the southwest, is owned by the city of Los Angeles, and is attaining a remarkable growth, and a reputation for a high standard of excellence, both in departmental and administrative lines, under the efficient guidance of Miss Mary L. Jones, librarian. The effect of her conscientious and thorough system is readily appreciated by library patrons, and the benefit of her experience and wisdom, has been freely given, whenever sought by any of her coworkers in smaller libraries about Southern California.

The growth of the Los Angeles public library has been little short of phenomenal, and that the institution is taking prominent standing among the leading libraries of the country, was shown at the last meeting of the American Library Association, at St. Louis, upon a chart prepared by the library of Congress, for exhibition at the exposition, indicating the relative position of the twenty-two libraries in the United States having a circulation of over 300,000 volumes for the year 1903. In this record Los Angeles occupies twelfth place, being just below Cincinnati, but ahead of Pittsburg, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Detroit and some other cities. For some time the library has been greatly cramped for room, in its present congested quarters in the city hall, and the steady registration of patrons, constantly increasing with the flocking to the city of thousands of new-comers, is insistently forcing to the fore the need of a commodious new building. At a recent election it was voted to issue bonds for a new library building, and this may be expected in the near future.

The Los Angeles library is constantly seeking to widen its field of usefulness, and is now maintaining eight regular branches, sending traveling libraries of a certain number of books each, to the different city fire departments, the Detention Home, Stimson Lafayette Industrial school, the two Coffee Clubs, some Sunday schools, and upon request, generously loaning from time to time, to the smaller libraries in near-by cities, special reference, historical or descriptive books, not owned by the borrowers.

The several branches show gratifying monthly circulation records, and when the new library building, donated by Charles M. Stimson to Occidental College, is completed, a branch for

GENERAL READING ROOM, POMONA PUBLIC LIBRARY.

the residents of Highland Park will be opened in a room of the new structure, and conducted somewhat in conjunction with the college library.

In departmental work, particular attention is being devoted to enriching the Spanish-American historical section. And it is indeed fitting that the City of the Angels should make special endeavor to procure all available material dealing with southwestern history, and particularly, those works relating to the Spanish period of that history, which are constantly becoming more difficult to obtain. Therefore, whenever opportunity is offered for securing rare and prized editions, these are being added to the library's wealth in California, sometimes at seemingly fabulous

DELIVERY HALL, POMONA PUBLIC LIBRARY.

prices, a hundred dollars being paid for some editions hardly thicker than pamphlets.

Charles F. Lummis has rendered much valuable service in the selection of these volumes, the most valuable of which, like government bonds, are guarded under lock and key, in a fire-proof safe.

So noted is this unsurpassed department of California becoming, that archaeological scholars are looking to the Los Angeles library to supply them with editions now inaccessible elsewhere, and several such persons have come hither to avail themselves of this valuable collection.

Pomona, Cal.

THE REMOLINO.

By MRS. FRANK RUSSELL.

FLEET Daphne of the Desert,
Elusive, whirling sprite,
Pursued by wild Boreas,
All feignéd is thy fright.

No laurel need encase thee
In supple, sheltering band;
Too swiftly should Love chase thee—
Thou'rt but a drift of sand.

Los Angeles.

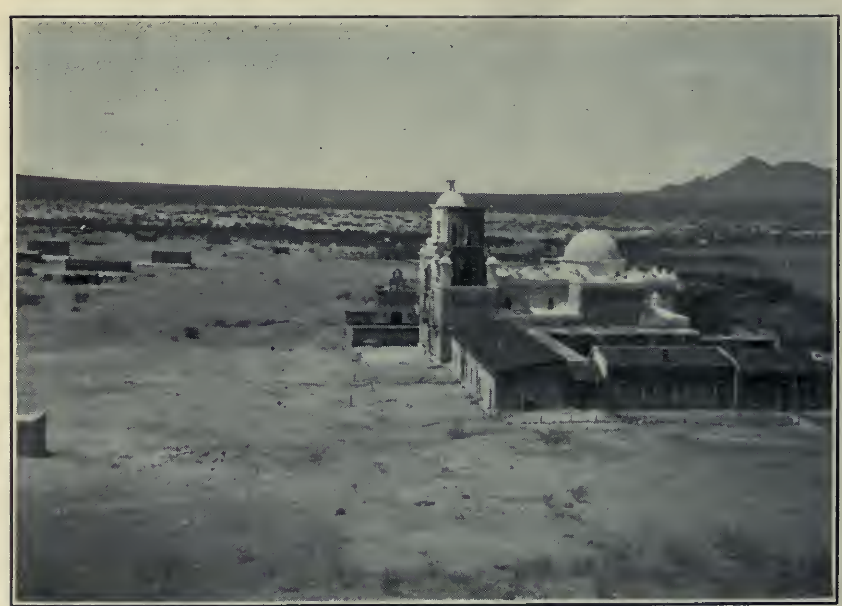
THE MISSION OF SAN XAVIER DEL BAC.

By HEYWARD TREZEVANT WATKINS.

THE San Xavier mission has been called "an architectural gem in a desert setting." One clear day in August, three of us were spending the afternoon in the mountains just about two miles west of Tucson. By the aid of field glasses, we were able to see the mission, nine miles distant. About us lay a great expanse of waste land, brown and sunbaked, broken by a disorder of hills and barren mountains, through the center of which ran a narrow strip of green, marking the course of the little Santa Cruz river. In the midst of the green and the brown shone the graceful dome of the mission, white and glistening in the sunlight like some great pearl.

It was several weeks later, when we set out on a visit to the mission. Our way led us through the quaint old Mexican quarter of Tucson, with its narrow winding streets, lined with adobes, through the open doors of which came the odor of chile and frijoles; out into the open country where the few straggling huts gave place to Indian wickiups, until these too were left behind, and there remained only the cacti and the barren hills.

The symmetrical beauty of the building cannot fail to im-



press the visitor. It is said by reliable authorities to be one of the finest missions left by the Padres, and is certainly one of the most unique. The Papago Indians helped to build it. Some of the decorations showing their handiwork are almost barbaric, yet produce a striking effect.

In response to our summons, at one of the side entrances a Sister of Charity opened the door, which led into an annex, where school is held for the Indian children on the reservation. She first took us into a courtyard, where are some weather-beaten statues and a few old relics. On one side of the court is the colonnade of the mission. Above, the graceful curves of the dome and the two slender towers were clearly outlined against a matchless blue sky.

Within the recess of the arches, it seemed cool and inviting, as compared with the heat and the glare of the long drive, and we were glad to rest within their protecting shadows for a while. Silence lay about us, the busy world of the present day was for the time lost sight of, and the spirit of the brave Padres, who in the midst of peril and sudden death had so often trod where we were now sitting, seemed to descend and hover about the old walls, and to lurk within the gloom of the solemn arches.

Once again we stood before the main entrance, impatiently waiting to be admitted. The door is made of wood and studded with nails, and on it are carved the names of many tourists. Finally a grating noise was heard within, and the door slowly swung back upon its hinges. It as slowly closed behind us, and once more the heat and the glare were left to the outside world. and about us out of the half darkness loomed this beautiful old monument of the long ago. There are no windows, but our eyes soon became accustomed to the half light that stole in through the loop-holes in the ceiling. That reverence for the old and curious, which all possess in a more or less degree, was awakened. We were moved to admiration by the symmetry of the outlines and enchanted with the crudeness and quaintness of the details. With wonder and delight we gazed at the impossible statues and frescoes. The hand of the Indian, the half barbarian, the lover of the gaudy, is as plainly visible here as when horses and lands are bartered for a red blanket or a string of beads. One statue of the Virgin is clothed in a modern silk gown, resplendent in laces and flounces; while one poor old saint is habited in what closely resembles a night-gown, with a woman's fur cape thrown around his shoulders.

In the first chapel on the right are two altars, one with the image of "Our Lady of Sorrows," standing at the foot of a large cross, which is deeply engraved in the wall, and the other one

with the image of the Immaculate Conception. In the same chapel are two frescoes, representing Our Lady of the Rosary and the hidden life of our Saviour. The opposite chapel is also adorned with two altars. One of them is dedicated to the Passion of Our Lord and the other one to St. Joseph. There are also two paintings.

The main altar which stands at the head of the church, facing the nave, is dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, the patron saint chosen by the Jesuits for the first church established in the Mission. Above the image of St. Francis Xavier is that of the Holy Virgin. Between the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, and at

the summit of the altar piece is the bust of God, the Creator. The pictures near the altar, are, on the right hand side, "The Adoration of the Wise Men," with the "Flight into Egypt"; and on the left, "The Adoration of the Shepherds" with the "Annunciation."

These altars, especially the principal one, as well as the entire walls and ceiling, are decorated with a profusion of arabesques, in low relief, all gilded or painted with different colors. On either side of the gate opening into the chancel is a lion curiously carved in wood, typifying the strongest of beasts guarding the most Holy of Holies. There are also statues of the twelve Apostles and numerous other saints, generally of the order of St. Francis.

On the west side of the church, separated from it by a narrow

passage, is an enclosure, with a small chapel standing at its western side. The ground enclosed was formerly used as a cemetery, and the chapel was the place where the dead bodies were kept until the ceremony of burial could be performed.

One of the towers, as can be seen, was never completed, lacking the dome and plastering from the second story above. The reason why it was thus left is not known.

The Mission of San Xavier del Bac, was named for St. Francisco Xavier, a Jesuit missionary who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century. He was one of the founders of the society of Jesus, and was called "the Apostle of the Indies." The word Bac in the language of the aborigines means a place where there is water.

The exact date of the founding of the mission, and much of its history, are clothed in mystery. It was established by the Jesuit missionaries for the Papago Indians toward the end of the seventeenth century, although some claim that there was a mission

there as early as the latter part of the sixteenth century. We learn from the records that between 1720 and 1767, twenty-two Jesuit missionaries successively administered at San Xavier. A severe revolt among the Pima and Ceris Indians broke out in 1751, causing the death of several missionaries and obliging others to abandon their missions until better times should come.

In 1767, the Jesuits were expelled by the Spanish government. In the same year, at the request of the Marquess de Croix, Viceroy of Mexico, the Rev. Francisco Garcez was sent to take charge of the mission. From that time on it was in the hands of the Franciscans.

The date 1797, which is seen on one of the doors, is, according to tradition, the date of the completion of the present building. The building prior to this one, was a small adobe affair, and was several times destroyed by the Apaches.

After the expulsion of the Franciscans it was left largely in the hands of the Indians themselves, who defended it with much bloodshed from the attacks of hostile tribes. The mission is now under the charge of the Bishop of Arizona and New Mexico and his assistants, and mass is held twice a month.

When one considers the circumstances under which the mission was built and cared for, the scarcity of food and water, the utter lack of transportation facilities, the intense heat and the many privations of the desert and the continual warfare of savage natives, it must be admitted to be a remarkable structure.

I can find no more fitting words, with which to close this little

sketch, than the tribute of John C. Van Dyke, in his admirable work, "The Desert:"

"What of the Padres—were they not here? As I ride off across the plain to the east, the thought is of the heroism, the self-abnegation, the undying faith of these followers of Loyola and Xavier who came into this waste so many years ago. How idle seem the specious tales of Jesuitism and priestcraft. The Padres were men of unshrinking faith and a perseverance almost unparalleled in the annals of history. The accomplishments of Columbus, of Cortez, of Coronado, were great, but what of those who ventured out upon these sands and erected missions almost in the heart of the desert, who single-handed coped with dangers from man and nature, and who lived and died without the slightest hope of reward here on earth? Has not the sign of the cross cast more men in heroic mould than ever the glitter of the sword or the flash of the sabre?"

Tucson, Ariz.

The Kind of Carts Used in Southern Chile.

One of the Bath Carts.

A SUMMER TRIP IN JANUARY.

By. H. K. PALMER.

LAST January, while the Eastern states were suffering from the coldest winter in several years, and even in California the weather was cold enough to make fires comfortable, Central Chile was sweltering in the midst of a long, dry summer, and everyone living in the cities of the interior was planning to leave for some cooler place. In Santiago, business became almost dead, as many had left for the sea-shore and others preferred to sit in the shade in the patios of their houses rather than to go out on the streets. In the evening, they ventured out to the plaza to listen to the music and promenade; but along toward the latter part of January, when so many had left town, it ceased to be fashionable to come out even for that, the great daily recreation of the Spanish American.

With its long coast-line, Chile is well provided with seaside resorts; but many of them are hard to reach, because the railroad runs down the central valley and branches are built through to the coast in only a few places. Not caring to take a trip in a stage over a dusty road, I decided to go to Constitucion, about two hundred miles south of Santiago. The day I left Santiago was comparatively cool, so that the ride in the train was not so disagreeable as had been predicted. We had an early start; and, as the train was the Talcahuano Express, which makes a run of about three hundred and fifty miles in eleven hours, we made good time and few stops. For the first five hours the trip was down the central valley of Chile, lying between the high Andes on one side and the low coast range on the other. Although it was the middle of summer, some snow-clad peaks were visible all the time, each one being from fifteen to twenty thousand feet high. Every few miles we crossed small muddy rivers, each one flowing down the center of a wide strong "wash," like the small streams of Southern California. As we went south, these streams became larger and clearer; for, as we go south, the Andes become lower and less precipitous, while the rainfall is much greater.

It was in the height of the fruit season, and at the larger stations women came out to the train with baskets of peaches, pears, figs and grapes. When a Chilean train stops, it usually stops long enough for the train-crew to exchange gossip with the station-men; so we were not prevented from buying fruit by lack of time, and we survived the journey without getting hungry,

although we had had only a cup of coffee and some toast before starting, according to the South American custom. At eleven, we stopped twenty minutes for breakfast. We got a very good meal, at eating-station prices, but as it was served a la carte it was possible to get a fair meal quite cheaply, when helped out by the fruit bought along the way.

Chile is a wheat-producing country like California, and every few miles we passed farms where they were threshing. In some of the more modern places they use threshing machines; but at most of them they cling to the old-fashioned method of driving

THE UPPER PART OF THE BAY OF CONSTITUCION.

cattle over the grain, and then separating the wheat from the straw by throwing it into the air. Labor here is so cheap that it is about as economical to do many things in the old-fashioned way as to employ modern machinery. Besides that, there is often the difficulty of getting labor sufficiently intelligent to handle machinery.

A little after noon, we reached Talca, a city of about twenty thousand inhabitants. Here we left the express train to take the train for Constitucion. As we had an hour to spend, I took the horse-car to go up town and back; but the car was so slow that I did not have time to go all the way to the plaza. To save time, I walked back to the depot.

The train to Constitucion is narrow-gauge, although the rest

of the railroad is the old-style broad-gauge of five feet six inches. I was told that this branch was constructed narrow gauge because, running to a small port, it might easily be captured by the enemy in time of war; and if the road were of the same gauge throughout, they could enter Santiago without trouble, whereas if part of it were narrow gauge they would have to change cars at Talca.

The first few miles below Talca was a repetition of what we had passed through before, but the train soon entered the cañon of the Maule river and the scenery changed. Now, instead of the

The Beach at Constitucion.

wide valley, there was a narrow cañon, lying between low hills, with the river winding about at the bottom and the train running on the side—in some places nearly a hundred feet above. Here and there we passed small towns, consisting mostly of thatched Indian huts. Here the river is perhaps twenty-five yards wide and from one to two feet deep. Occasionally we passed large flat boats, bound down-stream with fruits and vegetables, or up-stream empty. In the latter case they usually carry a large square sail, for the wind draws up through the cañon with considerable force every afternoon. I have heard that at times it blows hard enough to drive the low heavily laden boats, bound down-stream, up against the current. In a case of that kind the boatmen simply land and wait for the wind to go down.

The railroad runs for fifty miles down this cañon until the walls finally become too steep and it comes to an end on a large sand-bank jutting out into the river. We have now passed the head of tide-water and the river has become an estuary, two hundred yards wide and from ten to fifteen feet deep. We are still three miles above Constitucion, and across the river, so we take boats for the rest of the trip. The second- and third-class passengers go in the large rowboats used for freight, while the first-class passengers take the stern-wheel launches. When we reached the end of the railroad, it was late in the afternoon and the cool breeze from the Pacific made the trip in the boat a pleasure after the long hot ride in the train. Nearly all the way to the mouth of the bay, there are steep hills on each side, covered with low brush and a few trees.

We were landed at the short wharf which had become the center of attraction for the whole town, everyone turning out to see the new arrivals. At once it became a question as to which hotel I should choose. I had seen the advertisements of two in the launch, and had noticed that one with an Italian name was kept by a man with an English name. I decided that that one was likely to be the less dirty of the two, and as there were more porters from that one at the wharf I decided to go there, and I soon found that I had made a wise choice. In all my experiences with Spanish-American hotels I have found only one which provided a carriage for guests. That was in Guatemala, near enough to the United States to feel some of its influence. But that bus was only for use from the station to the hotel; you must find your own way back to the station.

In Constitucion the hotels are near the wharf and carriages are very scarce, so the guests simply walk, while porters carry their baggage. The very first appearance of the town was rather pleasing, as we walked under large eucalyptus trees which shaded the whole street for a block, but for one block only. After that we walked on narrow, uneven sidewalks, with the low one-story houses on each side of the street in various stages of repair.

The hotel was built about a large patio, each room opening out into the patio in true South American fashion. Just outside the doors there was a covered walk and in the center a large garden with flowers of various kinds. No room was provided for a dining-room, but all the meals were served in the patio under a large awning. This was extremely comfortable in the summer, but in the winter I fear it is rather cold.

The following day I started out to explore the town and beach. The town lies on a point between the river and the ocean, and protected from the latter by low hills. At the end of the point,

just outside of town, there is a hill higher than the rest, which is used as a signal hill, a lookout being stationed there to announce the arrival and departure of vessels. The town itself is a true Spanish-American town of one-story adobe houses. They have not even adopted corrugated iron as a substitute for tiles, as has been done in many other Chilean towns. The streets are narrow, but there is little traffic, and, with the low houses they are not dark, so they answer the purpose very well. The narrow sidewalks are sometimes badly paved and the rest of the time not paved at all. Finally, there is the regulation plaza, in

A Group of Young Chileans, Constitucion.

which the garrison band plays every other night, while the townspeople and the summer visitors promenade.

A little after nine, the people start for the beach to bathe. As yet there are no electric cars in Constitucion, nor are there likely to be any for a long time. In the meanwhile they make use of the bath-carts drawn by oxen. These carts are very much like the old-fashioned "bob-tail" horse-car, but without platforms and mounted on only two wheels. In this part of the country, many of the wheels are made of one piece cut from a log, and all, whether solid or with spokes, are of about the same size—about a foot and a quarter in diameter. These carts are all built with springs, but that does not keep the journey from being exceedingly rough—every little pebble causing a jolt. They say the

rapid succession of jolts entirely makes up for the tediousness of the ride. When they finally reach the beach, which is about a mile from town, the carts are drawn up with their doors facing the water and at a safe distance from the waves. The passengers then convert the cart into a dressing room and don their bathing suits.

When they are ready for the bath they march into the water carrying a rope, the other end of which is tied to the cart. It would be showing entirely too much public spirit for a Chilean city or company to provide fixed ropes for the bathers, and be-

SAWING OUT BOARDS IN THE SHIP YARDS, CONSTITUCION.

sides they would be stolen in a short time, so each cart provides its passengers with a rope. While men and women do go in bathing at the same beach, it is very unusual to see the men helping the women in the water. As a rule the men prefer to go down the beach a little way, where they are not required to wear so much clothing. The favorite place is near a large rock which is used as a dressing room, despite the fact that it is very public.

Although Constitucion is in a latitude corresponding to San Luis Obispo, the water is much colder than it is in California, the Antarctic current being much cooler than the Alaskan. For this reason you see very few people in bathing at one time, although there may be many bath-carts on the beach. As soon as the bath is over and the bathers are dressed, they walk up and down

between the surf and the carts, watching the other bathers and talking to their friends. Horseback riding is a favorite recreation, and many spend the morning riding about the beach and out to the "Iglesia," or Church Rock. This is a huge rock jutting out into the sea with two or three caves in it, one of which runs clear through and resembles the small door of the South American churches. Iron bridges have been put up there so that it is possible to walk out to the cave and watch the water seethe and boil as the currents from the two sides meet inside. The trip is always interesting, although made at the risk of a

SELLING FRUIT AT A WAYSIDE STATION IN CHILE.

wetting. Inside the caves the rock is covered with many kinds of moss which give it the appearance of different kinds of rock.

Among the interesting places to visit are the shipyards, where they build the launches for loading and unloading steamers. From San Diego to the Straits of Magellan there are but three places where a vessel can tie up alongside of a wharf; at Panama, Callao, and Valparaiso, and at the last only a very few are able to use the one wharf. For this reason, at all ports, both large and small, they use lighters, and as many of them are wrecked each year, there is a large demand for them. On the hills back of Constitucion, there is a supply of oak which is used in the construction of these lighters. It is brought to town in all shapes, usually as timber, about ten inches square and twenty

feet long. We saw one of these timbers on its way. A small two-wheeled cart was lashed to it in the middle, and a yoke of oxen were hitched to one end, the yoke being tied directly to the timber. Nothing could be simpler, and to the natives, nothing more could be asked. The timbers as they are delivered are not always straight—many of them are very far from it—and these are used for the ribs. Only the boards for the sheathing are steamed to be bent, the other curves all being natural. These timbers are all hewn out with adzes, the favorite tool of the Chilean carpenter. The boards for the sheathing are all sawed out of these timbers, and they prefer to use the old-fashioned

BRINGING VEGETABLES TO MARKET, CONSTITUCION.

method of whip-sawing. This keeps from four to six men busy all the time, but it is considered cheaper to hire many at about thirty cents a day than to buy machinery. As to the quality of the workmanship, the less said the better; but the lighters seem to serve their purpose, and when first launched in their fresh paint, they look as though they had been turned out by the most modern ship-yard. Sometimes masts are fitted to them and they are delivered at their destinations without the necessity of towing. In that case the journey to Iquique, a thousand miles north, may take two or three months.

One of the favorite diversions of Constitucion is to watch vessels cross the bar. This can only be done at high tide, and the channel is so changeable that before a vessel enters or leaves the

harbor, the pilot, who is also harbor-master, goes out in a row-boat to sound the bar. He then stands by and with a flag signals to the captain where he is to go. One day there was a double attraction, for a vessel entered just after another had gone out —a very rare occurrence in Constitucion. The first one got out without difficulty, but the second one, having passed the bar felt that she was safe and disregarded the signals of the pilot until she ran aground. The pilot then boarded her and took her in without further mishap. The channel is so shallow that when the bar is at all rough the small steamers that enter there always touch bottom once or twice while crossing the bar. The channel is so close to the shore that a small schooner was towed out almost to the bar by men on shore. Just before reaching the bar the wind caught her and she was able to proceed by herself. The pilot is a tall German and there is a tradition that all he has to do to sound the bar is to stick his leg into the water; for which he receives a fee of twenty-five pesos.

But my time soon came to an end, all the attractions had been tried, and I had to return to Santiago. As it happened, I had to return on Sunday, when the Talcahuano Express does not run. I had my choice of two trains from Talca—an accommodation train and a night train. The night train is a cattle train with a Pullman and two passenger coaches attached, so I decided to try the accommodation train. The Constitucion train is scheduled to just meet this train in Talca, if all goes well, but the Santiago train will not wait for it. For a while it looked as though I would miss the Santiago train, but fortunately it was as late as we were and I managed to catch it just as it was leaving the station and before the Constitucion train had come to a stop. Having made the connection and avoided a delay of twelve hours in Talca the excitement ceased and the rest of the journey was simply hot and without incident.

Santiago, Chile.

THE WIND AND THE TREE.

By ROSE TRUMBULL.

WHEN the wind crept into the cottonwood tree
With a whispered word
Which I almost heard
As it stole its way past me,

Then the night-hushed tree from its silence stirred—
For each tiny leaf,
With a sudden grief,
Trembled at what it heard.

Then the branches moved as in secret pain,
And I heard a moan
That was half a groan,
Like the breath of the battle-slain.

Then the long boughs scourged themselves in despair
Till a shriek and a crash
Told of death 'neath the lash,
And sobs shook the quivering air.

Thus the night wore on, and the cottonwood tree
With its piteous wails
Made me think of the tales
Of a lost soul's agony.

Now the wind crept forth at the sun's first ray,
And the cottonwood tree
Hid its agony
In silence before the day.

But what was the whisper of wind and tree—
Aye, what was the word
Which I almost heard
As the wind, it stole past me?

Scottsdale, Ariz.

THE SONG OF DAYS.

By HARTLEY ALEXANDER.

A FABLE! How one sultry summer's night
I walked the prairies; black, flame-riven clouds
And scant, reluctant drops of scalding rain
Tenting the thirsting fields and crispéd corn.
Afar, coyotes wailing and the long sigh
Of tomb-awearied spirits, cradle-rock
Of Earth's old rhythms, and like a lullaby
Crooned in her witch's breast—the Song of Days:

"I am the Eater of Times—
I, the primordial Earth!
Unto what creatures I willed
I gave birth:
Drank their heart's blood till it filled
My Heart's dearth!

"Tombed in my bosom, they bide
Where first they were suckled and kissed;
A chant to their spirits I raise,
Nor desist
Singing the Song of their Days
As I list!

"I feel the warm surge of the primitive sea,
Hear its refrain;
Breathe the fragrance the ashes of blossoms for me
Ever retain;
Quiver with loves of lovers long free
From their love's pain!

"I throb to the rushing of cattle that thrill
To the storm's rod;
Laugh the wild laughter the prairie-wolves shrill,
Hopeless to God;
Hear the fierce battle-cry echoing still
Under the sod!

"I am Eater of Times;
I am the Future and Past!
None from my holding shall part;
All at last
In the wide house of my heart
I chain fast!

"Tombed in my bosom they bide,
Where first they suckled and kissed:
A chant to their spirits I raise,
Nor desist
Singing the Song of their Days
As I list!"

Boston, Mass.

CALIFORNIA POPPY (*Eschscholtzia Californica*).

THE GLORY OF THE DUNES.

By F. E. HAWSON.

T THE first glimpse of the sand-dunes of the Golden Gate, one is almost repelled, for they seem like dreary, cheerless, white wastes, relieved in places only by vegetation of a neutral shade of green. But their charm and fascination grow with a closer acquaintance, and it is wonderful to reflect that the site of the great city of San Francisco, with her half million citizens, her parks, gardens, mansions, homes and marts of commerce, now sitting queen-like at the gate of the Pacific, was once a stretch of sand-hills and sloping dunes. Here the genius of man has indeed wrought a wonderful transformation.

But such of the dunes as are left in the state in which they were when Drake sailed by and the Franciscan padres first set foot upon the soil, have a beauty, a restfulness, which is sometimes lacking in a man-made paradise. To bask in the sun, lying on the warm, white sand, to look up at the clear blue sky, inhale the ozone from the ocean, and listen to the little brown wrens singing sweetly in the distant low brush and lupin bushes is to taste pure joy. A sense of peace and calm falls upon the spirit, and thoughts of the teeming, bustling city, so near, yet invisible, fade away, and we are alone, if but for a brief space, with God and Nature.

When, refreshed and tranquil, we arise and ascend the low sand-hills, and, turning our eyes resolutely from the conventional

BEACH STRAWBERRY (*Fragaria Chilensis*). *Photo by F. E. Hawson*

Cliff House and the Seal Rocks with their writhing, squirming sea lions, shut our ears to their harsh barking—the one discordant note in Nature's harmony—we look out far to seaward over the restless Pacific, out to where the horizon appears to melt into the ocean, and we catch glimpses of masts and sails of incoming steamers and ships laden with rich cargoes from the Orient and from Australasia. Then our eyes turn to the west where a peak juts into the sea and the declining sun makes a quivering golden trail on the water, and up to where the undulating dunes melt into the wooded hills—wooded with trees planted by the hand of man.

Then the wind rustling in the coarse grass, which in places

BEACH ASTER (*Erigeron Glaucis*). *Photo by F. E. Hawson*

sparsely clothes the sand-hills, draws our eyes to the ground, and looking around we find with a thrill of pleasure that there are fertile patches, little oases in the desert of sand, where flowers grow—wild blooms which seem more lovely because of their surroundings and because their discovery is so unexpected. They are truly the crown and glory of the dunes. Eagerly we make search, and the finding of numberless floral treasures rewards our efforts.

In the spring whole hillsides facing the ocean are white with the sweet, fragrant blossoms of the beach-strawberry (fragaria Chilensis). They lift their dainty, five-petaled cups above the dark green leaves, and turn their smiling faces towards the sea. The main plant is a mass of thick foliage held firmly in place

in the shifting sand by roots many feet long. In every direction it sends out long, red-brown runners, each joint of which drops roots into the sand and adorns itself with a cluster of leaves in whose center a white blossom sometimes shines star-like. In June the deliciously flavored fruit is ripe. It is much smaller than the garden strawberry, and is of a bright red color when exposed to the sun's rays. If buried in the sand, as is often the case, it is white even when fully ripe.

Though it puts forth its greatest wealth of blossoms in the spring, flowers are to be found on the beach strawberry at almost all seasons of the year, even through the long, rainless California summer. Its long roots find moisture far below the surface, and

YELLOW SAND VERBENA (*Abronia Latifolia*). *Photo by F. E. Hawson*

the leaves absorb the soft fogs which drift in from the ocean, and so it flourishes and refreshes the eye the whole year round.

Two other sea-loving plants and near neighbors of the beach strawberry are the beach-aster (erigeron glaucis) and the yellow sand-verbena (abronia latifolia). The beach-aster is a lovely flower with central disc of dull gold and fringe of purple rays. The leaves are of a pale green and the plant spreads over the soil in thick low patches. When studded with the flowers and opening buds, these are a charming sight.

The blossoms of the yellow sand-verbena are deliciously perfumed, and grow thickly on the plant, which clings closely to the sand, and like the beach strawberry, sends down long roots to hold it in its chosen place. The leaves are fleshy and of a pearl-like shade of green, and are so sticky that the sand adheres to them as well as to the stems. It comes to greater perfection facing the ocean, but also grows on sandy slopes some distance away.

On the hill sides, blazing like burning torches among the neutral-tinted foliage of the yellow lupin and the sage brush, are the scarlet tufts of the Indian paint-brush or flame plant (castilleia parviflora). The leaves, as well as the vivid crimson flowers, are covered with little downy hairs. Near the sea shore the paint-brush blooms every month in the year, though more profusely in spring and early summer.

Contrasting with the scarlet of the flame plant is the pale gold of the sand variety of the California poppy (eschscholtzia Californica). It is as the moon to the sun to the gorgeous deep orange cup which is the glory of the plains and slopes far from the ocean, but it has a delicate beauty all its own. Pale yellow at the outer edges, it shades to a rich gold at the center, and the stamens are of orange, while there is a soft sheen on the slightly corrugated petals. These are usually four in number, but specimens have been found by the writer with six petals. When a little sheltered, this poppy grows to a larger size than when exposed to the full force of the ocean breezes.

In little sheltered hollows between the rolling hills of sand grow masses of the pearly everlasting-flower (anaphalis Margaretacea). The thick clusters of this little blossom, with its

Indian Paint Brush (*Castilleia Parviglora*).

Pearly Everlasting Flower (*Anaphalis Margaritacea*).

white scales and yellow or brown center discs, are framed in leaves of deepest green. Like most of the members of its family, this flower retains its beauty long after it is gathered.

Many other flowers are to be found growing in the fertile spots on the dunes—too many, indeed, to describe in detail in this short sketch; but they are there to delight the eyes and hearts of those who will seek them.

San Francisco.

THE DREAM OF THE PINE.

By BLANCHE TRASK.

ON the alpine meadow, dull and brown,
The gold of the oak comes shimmering down!
The scent of the fern on the withered stem
Clings to the garment's sleeve and hem.
While a sound as deep as the song of the sea
Is borne from the heart of the pine—to me!
For ships still "plough the furrow'd main"
But if it be joy or if it be pain
We dwell so high that we may not know
How the white sails fill, or the great winds blow!
For the stars are agleam in the taper trees,
Which bear in their hearts this dream of the seas!

Idyllwild, San Jacinto Mts.

FROM HEIGHT TO VALE.

By ALFRED I. TOWNSEND.

DOWN foothill slopes chill Winter slowly creeps,
His picket line aflame with red and gold;
Fast in his icy arms the mountain sleeps,
Dull, desolate, austere, and oh so cold!
Save where the manzanita bravely flings
A blood-red flame through thickets bare and grey,
A gleam of warmth mid bleak and sombre things—
A promise of a future summer day.

Through naked alders winter breezes blow:
In cañons deep, the drowsy streamlets sing;
Like empty censers, slowly to and fro,
Majestic pines their summer's harvest swing.
On aimless errands, drift the fallen leaves,
Through frosted ferns that cower toward the earth;
Each barren oak a shadow carpet weaves
Upon the rocky slope which gives it birth.

Here bloom of buckthorn, safe in Nature's breast,
Sleeps, sweetly sleeps; and sleeps the sweet wild rose;
Their mother bids them sleep, and she knows best,
And jealously she guards their deep repose.
But in the vales, among the orange trees,
Flies laughing Summer, sunshine in her hair;
Soon will she storm the rocky heights, and seize
And claim as her domain, the ramparts bare.

Los Angeles.

A Pasadena Tomato Vine. *Photo by Helen Lukens Jones*

To harvest the fruit of this "Ponderosa" tomato, an 18-foot ladder is used. The vine is more than 30 feet in length. It was about a year old at the time this photograph was taken.

THE WHITE POPPIES OF SANTA BARBARA.

By ELLA M. SEXTON.

"OH, SANCTISSIMA, oh, purissima," crooned Ysidro, altar-boy at the Mission of Santa Barbara, as, pattering softly about in the dim, cool church, he finished his appointed tasks. For tomorrow came the Saint's Day, when all honor was paid to that blessed Barbara whose holy life among the nuns of Seville good Padre Rapoli never tired of extolling to his half-understanding Indian flock. All they grasped, perchance, was the holiday, the gay fiesta, but to Ysidro the pictured Saint over the altar seemed almost real, and he had absorbed her whole wonderful history. And as he made immaculate the consecrated abiding-place of this Santa Barbara, her eyes, grave and sweet, constantly sought his, he fancied, with an appeal he longed to answer by some most special service.

Very reverently he laid over the altar a snowy cloth embroidered in a far-off Spanish convent, gazing wistfully, meanwhile, at a stock of white lilies the artist had painted in Barbara's meekly-folded hands.

"Ah, for those waxen flowers," thought the boy, disdainfully surveying a mass of yellow poppies he had crowded into one of old Vitoria's baskets, and set before the crucifix. As he stepped backward, his silver clear voice rose again in the "Ora, ora pro nobis" of that old Latin hymn; and Father Rapoli, entering just then, smiled a little at his favorite acolyte's enthusiasm, and at Ysidro's curious elision of the letter "r" from his sweetly falling syllables. Searchingly the Padre noted the boy's faithful labor: the sprinkled and firm earthern floor, each dustless, rudely-carved chair and altar-furnishings, and the whiteness of lime-washed walls rising to meet a ceiling crossed with heavy oaken beams.

"Thou hast done well, Ysidro mio" said the priest approvingly, "but those common flowers—those poppies so truly named 'dormidera' sleeping there with their closed petals—are not for this sacred place, boy." The acolyte sighed, as Father Rapoli continued dreamily; "Couldst thou but see, Ysidro, the gardens of fair Seville with their tall, snowy lilies and milk-white roses—those are the flowers for Santa Barbara's day—but, there, I am foolish, child! What lack of wisdom to pine for garden-beauties in these barbarous wilds, where it is but early June, the rose-month of dear Spain, and behold, all is brown, and dry, and dusty—save for these wretched poppies, and their wild kindred."

Ysidro was silent, but his lip quivered as the Padre lifted the despised poppies down from their exalted place, and, long after Fra Rapoli's brown gown had vanished, the boy, unmindful of the noon bell, lingered near the bare, undecked altar. Over and over he wished that somewhere he might find flowers suitable for the Saint and her fiesta.

While musing thus, he suddenly recalled tales narrated by those Indians who had brought the huge oaken beams for the church toilsomely down with patient oxen, from the Pass of San Marcos; tales speaking of a wondrous flower called "Our Lady's Candlestick," so pure and stately was it. Surely up in those mountain-woods there must be more of such blossoms, fit offerings for Santa Barbara's shrine, indeed!

But could he reach the San Marcos, and return in time for Angelus prayers? Ysidro pondered anxiously as he stood in the shade of the outer corridor, looking up to yonder purple heights drawn clear against the blazing blue of a midday sky. Should he ask the good Padre's permission? But, no; he was fourteen, strong, almost a man; and Ysidro gazed proudly at his slender length of limb, scarce covered by a simple brown tunic. Besides, the beautiful flowers he might find were to surprise his adored Padre; so merely pausing long enough to beg a tortilla or two from Vitoria, the old Indian housekeeper, the boy hurried along the broad, upward-leading trail, cut deep by solid wooden wheels of ox-carts in their mountain journeys. Soon his bare feet trod gayly over the mesa where, free and wild, the despised common poppies glowed in an orange flare so vivid, that it seemed to run along the ground like flying flames before him. Quivering waves of heat-haze flickered and danced everywhere on this wide upland, and Ysidro hastened through the hot silence, eager to reach the shaded wood-road beyond. And ere long the white-walled Mission in its deep valley below him, the measureless blue of ocean brimming over to that far horizon where the Channel islands lay adrift in an opalescent mist—all these vanished as the cart-track led steeply up between banks of red dust. For many minutes Ysidro followed this road's numberless windings among foothills tawny with ripe wild oats or green with scrub-oak thickets, and so, ever mounting to the woodland heights. Here the oaks grew larger, and all the sunshine seemed tangled in spicy laurels, or gilding the slender, copper-red madroño trunks. Great boulders of rock shouldered out across the open spaces, or ridged the trail rather unpleasantly for bare brown toes.

But suddenly the boy forgot his growing weariness, and ran forward with delight to a swift stream that gurgled out of a fern-choked cañon, and widened into a clear pool where the crossing

lay. Not far from water, reasoned the lad, would be found the longed-for blossoms, and springing up along the rocky walls of this gorge Ysidro searched ceaselessly through berry-clumps and thickets of wild lilac. Higher he ranged, and, after a score of illusions due to the flicker of butterflies' wings or gleam of wax-berry, there rose, quite by itself in the sunny open, a tall bush, one glory of white and gold.

"Oh, the beauties! the beauties!" called the boy, eagerly bending the cups of creamy whiteness nearer to admire their great golden hearts and petals of crinkled satin—"like Our Lady's gown, but whiter," thought he. What to call these radiant blossoms, each larger than his two outstretched hands, puzzled Ysidro as he carefully cut the long stalks. The "candlestick flowers" were lilies, he knew. These seemed like fringed poppies, glorified poppies—the white poppies of Santa Barbara. How Padre Rapoli would smile to see the altar transfigured by such beauty! Never were conqueror's palms of victory borne more triumphantly than the sheaf of blossoms Ysidro held out of harm's way as he plunged down the long slopes homeward. Crashing through underbrush, sliding on grades slippery with dry grass the boy hurried, singing the "Ora, ora pro nobis" through the quiet woodland dim with lengthening shadows.

An hour's descent brought him to that cañon through which the Mission creek foamed and tumbled headlong to the valley. Down this water-way, to save time, Ysidro clambered valiantly, albeit somewhat hampered by his flowery burden. Half a mile from the Mission this stream spread into a succession of shallow basins linked by tinkling cascades, and to these pools came Indian women to wash the garments Father Rapoli had taught them were necessary for his converts. Already Ysidro saw them gathering up linen from surrounding bushes, their soft chatter coming pleasantly to his ear wearied by the long stillness of his solitary trip. As he drew near the upper basin intent upon sprinkling his precious flowers before its cool crystal should touch his own thirsty lips, he almost stepped on a child, a sturdy brown baby its mother had carefully corralled in a warm niche between two boulders, with a sapling laid across their edges. The little one gurgled, and stretched imploring hands for the pretty poppies, and Ysidro began to search for a blossom to spare for the tiny fingers, saying cheerily, "Surely, thou art Marta's bambino; yes, thou art the small rascal who screamed so lustily when the dear Padre blessed thee with the holy sign, only last fast-day, thou naughty Miguel! But, here, then, this for thy fiesta," and leaving the youngster contendedly grasping a flower, Ysidro started onward.

Scarce ten steps had he taken when a sound, sharp, whirring, unmistakable in its terrible significance, shattered the evening peace of the cañon. Flight was the boy's first impulse; swift, ignominious flight after that dread warning; yet the rattlesnake was not, apparently, near him. A second thought clutched his heart. Little Miguel, alone and unprotected! Yet even so, there were dozens of brown babies, Ysidro well remembered—and he with his precious flowers for the fiesta must be prudent—for Santa Barbara's sake. . . . And instantly the grave, sweet eyes of that gentle Barbara who had so loved and served poor children seemed to shine forth from his sheaf of snowy blossoms, reproachfully, questioningly, till the boy's selfish fear and cowardice vanished utterly. One leap took him back to Miguel, happily oblivious of the hideous velvety-gray coils of Death on the sun-warmed rock above the bare, chubby baby-limbs. But an instant's delay to drop his poppies, and the boy's left hand caught up the protesting child. Yet the snake was quicker, and struck just above Ysidro's ankle, even while he showered effectual blows with the sapling on its writhing curves.

"Marta! Marta!" he called loudly, "the bambino! Come, come quickly!" And immediately all was confusion. The frightened women gathered, with loud lamentations as they realized Ysidro's danger, and with voluble praises of his bravery. Marta only clasped her baby closely, and silently brought bruised leaves to bind tightly on the wound; two blue punctures, already swollen, though the boy disclaimed the hurt in his anxiety to gather up and convey homeward the flowers he had guarded so dearly.

Half-led, half-carried, the women brought him faint and numbed by the poison to the Padre's house, and the priest, greatly distressed, scarce listened to Marta's tearful, "Ah, Padre, save him, the brave boy! He hold my little one so . . . the big snake quick—so quick—not the dear bambino, but poor Ysidro . . . he give his life for my Miguel!"

"Call me the blacksmith, instantly!" commanded Fra Rapoli, bidding then that Indian to bring from his forge the iron at a red heat which he had been about to hammer into a rude door-hinge. The Padre laid the cruel heat against the wound, murmuring pitifully, "With our blessed Santa Barbara's help we shall sear out the serpent's venom. Rest then, Ysidro mio, all will be well with thee on the morrow."

The boy shuddered at the helpful pain, and whispered anxiously, "The flowers, dear Padre? The white poppies for Santa Barbara? I brought them from the San Marcos for her fiesta"—and lapsed into deepest unconsciousness again.

Alone Father Rapoli read the Angelus prayers that evening

to his flock of kneeling worshippers, while his heart ached for the patient, gentle acolyte still lying in the stupor of that deadly poison, and the saint, smiling from the dusky depths of her altar-niche, looked down upon a great sheaf of snowy poppies gleaming in the twilight. What aid was vouchsafed poor Ysidro who shall say? Yet on the long-looked-for fiesta-day when the blossoms stood resplendent, their golden hearts outshining twinkling candles and mellow sunshine, a small, brown-robed figure limped painfully to the altar and knelt there in an ecstacy of grateful adoration. Never had Santa Barbara's eyes smiled so kindly, thought Ysidro; never had her altar been so fittingly graced before.

And many were the brown babies brought that day for the good Padre's blessing, since, as Marta said, "not even the brave Ysidro could have saved my dear Miguel, but for the holy sign upon the bambino's forehead."

San Francisco.

A LIZARD OF THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

By EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.

UPON an age-worn, upright stone
Of gems that once had lived a part
Of some great tree's rejoicing heart,
A Lizard, motionless and lone,
A glowing, living emerald shone,
Of such encrusted, radiant sheen,
He reigned the monarch of the scene—
A creature nature's hand had done
When wrought the earth, the air, and sun,
In most harmonious unison.
He viewed us, as we passed him by,
With calm and yet with questioning eye;
But moveless still, as though the stone
Were portion of his being's own,
And voiceless as the forest is,
Whose jewelled ruins all are his.
The desert seemed to hold him there
As one of her supremest fair:
As one to whom our souls should owe
The best that beauty's love can know,
And with her prideful voice to say,
"See how I gem my breast of gray!"

San Francisco.

THE FOREIGN FIDDLER'S FEE.

By LEO CRANE.

SERGEANT Boone MacManus sat upon the little wooden bench and tried to doze himself into thinking the park's gentle sunshine that of a tropic land. The thin and wintry-looking pines began to mysteriously turn to waving palms, and the half-frozen sparrows twittering to and fro became as flaming parrots, when the halting tap-tap of a cane aroused the soldier, and he started up hastily to see "the crippled man," by whose side shambled weakly a tall and lean chap who might have been old or young.

"This," said the old man, jerking his thumb vaguely in the direction of his peculiar companion, "is my friend—his name's Dick. You've heerd me speak o' him afore."

"Glad to know ye," growled the Sergeant with assumed cordiality, having noticed that the other possessed a "bum" eye and a shrewdly quizzical expression.

"Back from the Islands, I s'pose?" asked the thin one pleasantly.

"Had to come," grunted the soldier; and then, pointing to his bad leg, added, "Through the leg plumb, in Cebu—pretty bad—hurts. Ever been there?"

"Well, not the Philippine proposition, but I've worked Honolulu out an' out. It's much the same when ye consider dirt an' niggers, ain't it?"

"If ye'll add a pinch o' slavin' Chinese coolies," replied the Sergeant. "Have ye ever soldiered?"

"I'm not sayin' a word," answered the lean one, grinning up one side of his face.

"An' I'm not blamin' ye," gruffly reassured the other.

"I've known a bunch o' soldiers in me time," explained the thin fellow, "an' they all tell me 'tis a poor proposition. An easy lay is more to my likin'. Of course, I mean the real, simon-pure, nothin' under the table. But then, ye know, I always expect the coin to wander across."

"Natcherally," admitted the Sergeant. "'Tis the same way in the army. There's the chap that goes through foolishness; there's the chap wot fights for greed; there's the boy wot goes to keep outer jail; an' there's the one that makes the scrap his own personal quarrel—he's the worst. That puts me in mind o' nine men I helped to break into the goose-step perhaps a year ago. Cowpunchers they were, just like raw beef outer the West.

an' I nearly strained me heart valve on 'em. A fellar called Weatherby—"

"Not a tremenjous man named Jim?" asked the lean one eagerly.

"Jim it was. He was so big he looked for all the worl' like the broadside o' an elephant. Know him?"

"Well, maybe yes. He ain't a bad man, he ain't, when ye know him. Is he out there now?"

"Yes, an' he's likely to stay," replied the soldier.

"No! Jailed?—but that's nothin' new for—"

"Six feet under," growled the Sergeant.

"No!" the other said again sorrowfully. "Why the last I heerd o' him, he an' the boys had just 'listed. Funny story 'bout his 'listin'. Too bad! Six feet under! Well—I'll be damned!"

There was a bit of silence between the men. Over beyond the city the cold autumn sun began to gild the dull roofs. The birds were rioting through the dried and faded leaves of the trees about. The "crippled man" reached slowly down into his pocket, and then started to hack off from the black slab a slice of consolation.

"Yes," he said slowly, holding out the piece of tobacco; "we all git it, sooner or later. He weren't no better'n the rest before him."

"An' specially do they git it when they hunts for it," interrupted the Sergeant. "S'pose ye tell the first o' it, an' then I'll tell the last o' it," he suggested.

The lean one reached for the slice of tobacco and carefully filled one of his impoverished jaws. It seemed to do him good.

"Now this is the truth," he commenced: "Gawd's own solemn truth, an' ye oughter appreciate that from me, 'cause I ain't generally in the habit o' tellin' it However, them boys all worked for one Jawn Hannibal, an' he was a testy cuss. He was a man ye had to obey strictly or else travel from. Somebody'll kill him one o' these days. The boys stood for him, though. Kind o' patient men they were. Didn't do nothin' but work, an' work, an' work. Now there was goin' to be a ball given at the fort—Fort Retreat. Every man in the state wot could crawl would be there, an' so these fellars all wanted to go. Why, even ol' Mark Kennedy, who'd been shot through both legs a month before by the marshal, intended to go on his crutches. He had 'em painted a bright red for the occasion. I tell ye, it was an event in that country when them Fort Retreat soldiers give a ball.

"Well . . . . . Hannibal's ranch is a lonely hole. It stands in a sorter desolate bit o' strip, runnin' not a great ways from the sage desert; so it means som'thin' like exile to work for him.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

An' these boys had been workin' a whole year herdin' cattle—sorter nine Jawn the Baptistes.

"I had been out in that section, an' I was about to cross the sage desert makin' for Fort Retreat, when I met up with a fellar called Denson. Denson told me o' the ball, an' that night we struck Hannibal's where we put up. When them fellars heerd o' that ball, they went nigh crazy, an' like a lot o' kids, they all started plannin' to go. We laid up there three days, restin', an' in all that time them boys did nothin' but practice jig steps when things was quiet.

"Now Hannibal heerd o' it, an' being a greedy cuss, he goes pokin' aroun' one night, like the owl he is, an' the boys weren't suspectin', so what does he come across but six great slatherin' men solemnly waltzin' to an' fro in the moonlight like the silliest kind o' fules. This fellar Denson was showin' 'em the newest step at a quarter a head. Hannibal, he immediately gets upbrageous at it, an' seys he:

" 'Do I pay ye fur ghost dances, or do I pay ye fur herdin' cattle?'

"Course, all the boys were sore at bein' caught, like a boy with his fingers in the jelly, an' bein' on'y human men, they natcherally got a bit hot. Ye know, when a man's caught doin' wrong, he gets scared, but when he's nabbed playin' the fule, it makes him madder'n two wet hens. I remember it all right now plain.

" 'Why,' seys Weatherby, lookin' foolish, 'we're on'y practisin',' seys he. 'There ain't no harm done, Jawn Hannibal.'

" 'Well,' growls Hannibal, 'there ain't no sense in your practisin'. None o' ye ain't goin'. Them cattle has to be rounded up. Now ye've all heerd what I had to say. Course, if ye'd rather have a jamboree than honest work, why I guess I can scare up a few punchers from over to Harding's. Now, remember, I ain't wantin' no row with ye, but I ain't wantin' to be left in the lurch. If ye go, ye go fur good an' all. An' don't none o' ye ever come back,' seys he stern like. 'Keep right on movin' after ye cross the desert.' "

"He was a dog," growled the crippled man.

"He would have made a good drill-sergeant for recruits, you bet," agreed the soldier casually.

"Now, course, ye all see that was rather rough on them fellars. Ye can't bully a cowpuncher. The man wot tries bullyin' makes a healthy mistake, an' he don't have to wait long for it to be made known to him. So Big Jim he blurts right out with:

" 'I wouldn't miss that 'ere ball for all the horns ye have in these parts,' seys he. 'I'm goin' to it, an' as fur the derned cattle, ye can round 'em up alone, an' then ye can drive 'em to hell, an' foller 'em too, if ye feel so disposed.'

"Natcherally, then there was a bust-up. Hannibal got hit a powerful lick on the nose, an' a vaquero, wot sided with him, was pitched down on his head by two angry men. Then the boys, nine o' 'em, all pulled out together. Right that very night they went, cursin' an' swearin', an' callin' him all the names in the list. They got hold of a bottle somewheres, an' by the time we struck the desert, all of 'em were wobblin' an' singin'.

"Now Fort Retreat was one o' the loneliest posts in the country. It looked for all the worl' like an Eastern monastery, covered with climbin' vines, an' nestlin' into the rocks o' the hillside. Behind were the larger hills, an' then the larger ones, an' miles away were the snow-capped peaks, showin' like icy needles in the sky. Fort Retreat stood at the partin' o' the ways. On one hand was a vast wavin' sea o' sun-browned grass, an' over the hill a little way was the gray dried desert. From the grass came in the prairie winds, an' ye could see it movin' for miles an' miles, while from the other side o' the hill came the stingin' dust, an' there ye could see the withered an' stunted bushes strainin' in the hot wind, an' dryin' an cracklin' in the sun. Away in the background, like the promised land, were the hills an' the green things an' the peaks. Late one afternoon when the Monk's Head had donned its hood o' richest crimson, an' the blood was drippin' down into the folds o' the green cassock, we men slowly climbed up the hill from the desert side. Just when we got to the top, two men, soldiers, reached it from the other side.

"We all shook hands jovial, an' then seys Weatherby, 'How's things?'

" 'Pretty lively, now,' said one o' the soldiers, 'Are ye comin' in to 'list?'

" ''List yer grandmother!' echoed Big Jim queerly. 'When ye get nine husky cowpunchers 'listin' in your ol' regiment, ye'll know that the weather's fallin'. We've come in to the fandango, we have. We've been punchin' cattle in that desert for nigh onto a year, an' we're all parched up. The last time I had a clean drink was back in Tucson. We've come sixty sweatin' miles to see the wimmin' an' to hear the moosic, an' to shake a leg to the chune o' the Blue Danoobee, that's what we have.'

" 'But ain't ye heerd the news?' seys they, 'War's loose!'

" 'War!' yelled Weatherby, scared, 'Injians again? S'pose they had ketched us back in that desert, boys?'

" 'No, no,' seys the soldier. 'With them little niggers in the new islands . . . . the Feelypinooes.'

" 'Ye mean them little devils wot's been lickin' the Spanyards?'

"The soldier nodded his head.

" 'An' they've turned again us?' gasped Big Jim, horrorstricken.

" 'Jest like so many copperheads,' replied the other.

" 'Well, now, that's gratitood for ye! An' after we've been helpin' 'em to be free! What a cussed lot! Why, dern their hides, we've been fightin' their scrap back there.'

" 'Yes,' admitted the bluecoat, 'It looks that way. But the trouble is that when we got done fightin' their scrap, we thought we'd better eat their cake—an' we're doin' it. Just like as if a man gave ye yer dinner, an' then, right when ye were ready to wade into the soup, why he decided that the stuff was a little too rich for yer blood.'

" 'Well, well, ... but then we ain't got nothin' to do with that row. All we're lookin' for is a fandango, ain't we, boys?'

" 'But there ain't goin' to be no fandango.'

" 'WHAT!'

" 'The boys were all gettin' ready when the war news came. We've gotter go.'

" 'An' we've come sixty miles, an' lost nine jobs, fur nothin'?'

" 'Sorry,' said the man. 'The regiment got its marchin' orders last night. We're due for double quick time to the coast, an'll be loaded on a raft, an' be dumped right onto the backs o' them squealin', snarlin' imps.'

" 'An' we men are got to sit by, an' lose our jobs, while a lot o' measly unbleached hat-weavers spoil our ball?'

" 'It looks that-a-way,' said the soldier.

"Weatherby wheels his horse right around facin' the rest o' us. and seys:

" 'Are we free-born men goin' to let a package o' unwashed soot, wot lives on a little island 'bout as big as yer hand side-ways—I say, men, are we goin' to let such tell us that we can't hev' a ball? Here we've made a heap o' brag, lost nine jobs, an' traveled sixty miles good. Are we goin' to let Chinese coolies tell us we can't dance? I ask ye that as free indiwidooals. Not for me! Not for ME! The man wot spitefully sets out to ruin my holiday will have to feel the weight o' my hand. Them niggers are wicious. They ain't happy until they get hectorin' white men. An' they can't hector me, simply 'cause the ocean is washin' between us. They may laugh at me now, but a time's comin' when they'll laugh on the far side o' their mouths. Who's goin' to 'list? I said, who's goin' to 'list? Loud now! How many?'

" 'Then,' concluded the lean man with a sigh, 'they all whipped up the jaded horses, an' yellin' like demented braves, dashed down to the fort. Me an' Denson follered, but by the time we

arrived, them nine had already signed the books, an' ye can bet the major was mighty glad to get 'em.' "

"I ain't so sure o' that," said the Sergeant.

"Well, it's your proposition to prove it," said the thin one.

Sergeant Boone MacManus cleared his throat and answered:

"I'm a-goin' ter do it. Your end o' the yarn is a lot o' dash an' bravery, but right where ye left off the trouble began. They 'listed—yes—an' after that they did nothin' but play the devil. It was out in Cebu where I met 'em, an' they were a precious uncooked lot. They had gone on a spree in Manila, an' had near burned down the town. They had water-cured the sergeant o' their company nearly to the point o' tellin' his sins one night by mistake, an' they were generally in a state o' blue-drunk. All this, however, happened before the lads came under my gentle hand. After that—well, after that, if the truth be told, I held them in for perhaps six days out of the week; the seventh they spent in the pen. Durin' them six days I drilled 'em, an' I drilled 'em, an' I drilled 'em, not to the manual so much as to the rough side o' work. Seys I to them, seys I:

" 'This is the Philippine Islands, an' I'll be your Padre. For your penance ye'll do two hours o' trench diggin', an' if ye open yer mouth it'll be three hours, or maybe I'll see fit to double it.' That was my method. But they liked me for it, they did; for one night they gave me a cordial invitation to share a drunk with 'em, an' Big Jim Weatherby said he'd stand my penance for me.

"Then we got into a peaceful country. The natives had been bad enough, but powerful persuasion managed to quell about seven-eighths o' 'em. The rest laid off in the bush an' took pot-shots at us. We endured a good bit o' this sort o' stuff, when one day there was quite a little muss at the village of El Pardo—some o' our boys hurt a bit, an' the natives gettin' uppish—so the general in command refuses any more men the privilege o' spendin' their off time there. That natcherally caused some little discontent, 'cause the place we held down was dull enough. Anyway—no sooner than the order was given, I knowed we'd have trouble with Weatherby's crowd. About two hours later, when the sun was just 'bout goin' down, Big Jim looms up beside me, an' asks if he can have a few words confidential-like. I could smell his words all covered with native liquor, an' I knew he had some ramblin' yarn to tell. We went aside, an' what do ye think he said?

" 'Sergeant,' seys he, 'I wants ter tell ye the story o' me life.'

"He meant it. I threw up me hands despairingly, an' waved him away, but he wouldn't go. He came back doggedly, an' clung to me with his tremblin' hands. Says he:

" 'Sergeant, the boys have come all this yer way for a little dance, an' there's one to be in that village tonight. Are ye goin' to be a brute, an' keep nine men from their pleasure, are ye? Just think how we've waited for that little step this way an' that. If I could on'y tell ye, Sergeant, how we've waited, an' how we've dreamed o' it, an' now ye say we'll have to miss it—Ohoo! Ohooo!' an' so he begins to blubber like a calf. I chased him away two or three times, but I couldn't keep him off. He follered me aroun' the camp, blubberin' an' raisin' a lot o' fuss. Some o' the men began to think that I had robbed him, or maybe had put him diggin' trenches forever. Anyway, that lasted for maybe an hour. He went away sobbin'.

"Now the next thing I knowed, the fellars caught sight o' the nine o' 'em all clustered together off near the end o' camp. Suddenly Weatherby steps to the front o' the gang an' yells out:

" 'Good-bye! We're goin'!' an' by jing, off they goes, runnin'. Half the regiment started after 'em. It was a stiff sprint, but in perhaps twenty minutes we had 'em nabbed, they bein' sorter unsteady, ye know, from liquor. Back we dragged 'em, like nine beasts to the slaughter; fired 'em into the pen, which was a hut we had fixed up; locked the door; set a man afore it, an' left 'em all weepin' in disgrace. We thought that was the last o' it. We hadn't been used to such men, an' we thought they'd be human. We didn't know that such a little thing as a dance would draw men across the seas, make 'em turn deserters, make 'em risk murder, betray their regiment, disgrace us all with their actions, just for the sake o' a little jig-step.

"But that night, mind sir, they sobered up a bit, an' by jing! they tore down the door o' the pen, an' they nigh killed the sentry, an' down through the camp they came, whoopin' like wild men, off into the jungle, crashin' an' breakin' things, straight for El Pardo, like a whirlin' cyclone let loose. Up we starts, thinkin' the whole population, with maybe Aggynaldo at their head, was upon us.

"Then, we had to give up sleep an' such things, an' go huntin' them fules. My company was the one selected to round 'em up, an' off we went, slap-bang, after 'em.

"It took us a long time to get down to El Pardo. Perhaps we missed the way—I don't know—but anyway, by the time we did reach it a whole raft o' things had happened. Weatherby an' his crowd had burst upon them villagers like a whirlwind out o' the dark. El Pardo, like all the rest o' them towns, was built about a central plaza—quite a little place, ye know, a couple o' palms in the center. Down at one end o' it a small band o' musicians were tootin' on their flutes an' twangin' away at round-

bellied fiddles, an' all the girls an' fellars out in the center dancin'.

"Whoop! an' these lunatic cowpunchers were upon 'em. The dancin' stopped, an' the people huddled back to one side. But before the girls could get away, Weatherby grabs the purtiest—one, by the way, that he had been struck on when the boys were allowed to loaf there—an' away he goes with her, sorter draggin' her, 'cause she was unwillin'. It took him 'bout two minutes to realize that the music had stopped—bein' befuddled, ye know—but when he did, he let 'em hear him.

" 'Why ain't ye twangin'?' he yelled fiercely. 'Have we come all this way across the sea, made a heap o' brag, lost nine jobs, an' can't find a fiddler? Play up on them machines, ye swine!'

"But the natives wouldn't do it, an' so Weatherby made a bolt for 'em, intendin' to teach 'em better manners. The musicians fled for their miserable lives; the crowd began to grumble and murmur, but still kept crouched back afraid. Around and around the plaza the players dodged, Weatherby close behind 'em, pantin' an' laborin' along like a weazy threshin' machine. The other cowpunchers joined in the chase an' away the whole crew went merrily, hare an' hounds, staggerin' an' cursin' an' yellin'. It might have ended all right even then, had not one of the players managed to stumble an' to fall. Weatherby took advantage o' this, an' jumped on the fellar with his feet. The music man let out a squeal, an' the crowd gave a terrible yell; a man close by fired a gun, an' in two seconds the entire throng was like a flame. Shrieking in savage rage, they rushed upon the nine luckless an' foolish drunkards. Out through the jungle the whole o' 'em went. At the head o' the village rabble ran a couple o' devilish lookin' chaps, an' the outfit hootin' like fog-horns an' witches. Through the palms and dank vegetation they went gropin' in the darkness; through a misty rice field they crashed their way and out into the moonlight.

"Soon the hands o' the mob were graspin' like wolves' teeth at the soldiers' backs. The natives began to close in on the runnin' men. In a moment there was a fierce tangle o' fightin' figures. A cowpuncher went down with three natives clingin' to his throat like hungry hounds. One by one they were pulled squirmin' to the ground, until at last Weatherby an' one other, worn out an' exhausted from runnin', stopped back to back an' tried to beat 'em off. They rushed in upon the two men like the waves o' an ocean . . . . there was a surge, a flashin' o' blades in the moonlight, an' a struggle. . . ."

"What then?" excitedly asked the crippled man.

"Then . . . . we men came up out o' the dark an' shotted

'em a few. We killed perhaps four, I think; the rest slunk away into the shadows."

"An' Weatherby?" queried the lean chap.

"He was holdin' up the other man by the arm—half holdin' him, 'cause the other chap had all sagged down at the knees, an' Weatherby himself was wobblin' to an' fro.

" 'What does this all mean?' I asked him, stern-like.

" 'Mean!' gasped out Jim Weatherby, wavin' his hand about him with the magnificent air o' a glorious drunk; 'It means we've had our blamed fandango . . . . an' . . . . an' by Gawd! Sergeant, we've paid the fiddler!'

"Then he turned roun', waved his hand again, helplessly, weakly—the wounded chap slid down slowly—an' Big Jim Weatherby, the cowpuncher, pitched out upon his face like a great clod o' earth."

"An' so," ended the lean chap, huskily, "he's six feet under!"

Baltimore, M. D.

MODERN SCYTHIANS.

By ISABEL DARLING.

THESE are they who come with their sharpened blades
To strike at our cherished best,
With a flash of steel and a whirr of wheels
And never a pause to rest.
O, a daring horde are these keen-eyed men
Defying a nation's wrath,
With a careless greed or a hint of need
Invading each forest path;
And the ranks that wait are a noble race,
More grand than the hosts of Gaul;
With a forward leap and a strong, wide sweep
These strike and the giants fall.

O, men of the ax and the rending saws
And ye of the laden ships,
Give masterful heed to the future's need!
For fetters and chains and whips
May pass with the hour but the slave of thirst
And hungering want must die
When the burning drouth from the torrid south
Shall stifle his fainting cry.
When the floods break loose and the fields are bare
And herds seek in vain for shade,
O, who would be then of these Scythian men
Who carry the sharpened blade?

Dimond, Cal.

LETTERS OF AN ARGONAUT.

From August, 1849, to October, 1851.

[CONTINUED.]

ON December 29, 1849, a Mr. Skinner arrived bringing proposals of limited partnership with the banking house of Willis & Co., his correspondents in Boston. The possibilities of business in Sacramento were investigated. After a fortnight's negotiation a counter proposition was submitted to the Boston house and ultimately accepted. Of this Mr. Wells writes:

January 14, 1850: Our agreement for one year [to Jan. 1, 1851] is as follows: Willis & Co. enter the business as silent partners putting in a capital of $50,000, they to have one half the profits and I the other half, the style of the firm to be Wells & Co. . . . The law here will allow special partners taking an active share in the business, although this would not be permitted in Massachusetts, and therefore, of course, Mr. Skinner will remain here as an active partner.

January 28, 1850. . . . Captain Greene has been with me till about a week since, when he left for the purpose of conducting a hotel here, called the Ward House. He is paid very liberally indeed, I think, viz: $1,000 per month or $12,000 a year, of course also having his room and board. . . . It was a most fortunate thing for him when his company broke up, as it was for me when I bought off my connection with the Cheshire Company, although I did pay them quite a round sum for my freedom! [Capt. Greene kept the Ward House only a month and later returned to shipping]. . . . Mr. Moore and his sons . . . have arranged our Post Office very well indeed, and our community are much indebted to them. They are very good friends of mine and I should enjoy their society very much had I time or thought for anything but business, business! This absorbs all else, almost, in this country of whirlpool excitement. I have boarded for the last few months with a Mrs. Meacham. . . . Mr. Skinner boards with us. He and I now have a chamber over the office which we have fitted up comfortably, at least comparatively so—our two clerks sleeping in the office.

February 24, 1850: [Referring again to this chamber he says it] is papered and carpeted, the latter being quite a luxury in San Francisco. . . . I only wish a majority of those in this country were a quarter as well off, but this is far from being the case, a considerable portion of the emigration suffering much from privation and exposure and its almost sure attendant, sick-

ness. But do not be uneasy about my health. I am perfectly well and do not think the climate unhealthy for those who live temperately and take care of themselves as I do.

March 28, 1850. [To Hamilton Willis, of Willis & Co., Boston]. . . . I never should (as I wrote you in my last letter), have sent you exchange instead of dust from choice, but because I could procure no insurance which I had confidence in—and you say in your letter that three quarters of the insurance here is not worth a straw. . . . Were you here in person, I would cheerfully defer my opinion to yours in business matters. but you are not, and I think do not judge us rightly here. Our position is a singular one, such as the world has never witnessed before; and although I freely admit the value of correct business principles, yet I think in our position here we may sometimes be justified in departing somewhat from its strict rules. I cannot see that we differ much about business principles here except in the matter of loaning money. I really think that money can be loaned here on short time as safely as in Boston. We have men of substance and means here, and commercial houses of undoubted responsibility connected with some of the oldest and most respectable firms in the United States and in Europe. Now in the face of a drain of some $10,000,000 during the past winter of gold dust, almost our only currency, and a complete non-intercourse with the mines—and also when you consider the new and untried state of things here—does it appear strange to you that some of these houses should occasionally want a temporary loan? This has been the case and still is to some extent; and consequently, there being no banks here, they come to us and others and pay us a large rate of interest, but only corresponding to the price of everything else in this country, and they always back it with good security, at least when they get it from us. You remark that everything here, at least the value of everything, depends upon dust or gold. This is true, therefore I reason that there is a real value in all kinds of property here, real as well as personal, because the most sceptical now are obliged to acknowledge that the supply of gold is inexhaustible, being, so far as has been explored, found in the bed of every river and the bowels of every mountain of Upper California, of course more or less abundant in different localities. There is no danger of exhausting the supply of dust, and consequently on your own showing no danger of property of every description becoming valueless because it cannot be carried away. From appearances at present in regard to immigration to this country, most descriptions of goods will be needed for consumption here. Also we occasion-

ally loan money on security which I think you would yourself approve of; for instance we have today loaned $6,000 at ten per cent per month on a single lump of gold in its native state weighing some 23 pounds and for which its present owner paid $10,000. This is a rare case to be sure; but it is not rare to lend on security we consider equally sound. . . . We certainly intend to be very careful. . . . Without boasting, I think I can say that I do not need either your name or your capital or your credit to enable me to get along here, although perhaps I might be glad to be assisted by all three. . .. . [Of his business correspondence this letter and one other alone are known to exist. To his wife he wrote:]

March 30, 1850. . . . I have made a journey up into the mining region of the country for some hundreds of miles, it being the first time I have been absent from my office here for three hours at a time since I have been in the country, and I have experienced great benefit from the change of air and scene, for though my general health was good, still I had got worn down with such constant and unremitting application to business. I saw nothing in the valley of the Sacramento which leads me the less to desire a speedy return to that of our own beautiful Connecticut, notwithstanding the gradual approach to the lofty summits of the Sierra Nevada forever clothed in their white raiment, was grand and sublime beyond description; beyond this sublimity, however, and the interest attached to its mineral resources, there is nothing inviting so far as I could judge, to the upper country; the valleys of the Sacramento, Feather and Yuba rivers are vast and rich but almost wholly incapable of cultivation, from their being subject to inundations and only fit for grazing lands at certain seasons of the year. They are consequently wholly uninhabited, and you travel for miles on these rivers without meeting with a vestige of former civilization; but now and then you see perched on the banks a new tent or hut, inhabited by one of the universal Yankee nation. But it appears to me that even this persevering race must get sick of their location before long; for to my eyes it has a most dreary and forbidding aspect. The particulars of this short trip I will reserve for our amusement on my return, and I think some of its scenes among the rarest specimens of the ludicrous that I ever witnessed.

May 13, 1850. . . . We have had another great fire here, [May 4] three whole squares being entirely burnt over, and some $3,000,000 of property destroyed; it commenced very near the same place as the one we had last December [14] but was much more destructive. We had another very narrow escape, our of-

fice being on fire several times, but was at last saved by the greatest exertions. As by the former fire, so in this, we have escaped loss as by a miracle. Wells & Co. will not lose a cent, but I had outstanding on my own account a mortgage on a house burnt on which there may be some loss, although the man who owns the house has gone right on with his business and I think cannot fail of doing well and will pay me all up. This fire I think very well illustrates the character of San Francisco; many people have lost all they had, some $1,000 and from that up to $100,000, but they don't fail, because they in most instances owe no money, indeed I have heard of no failure since the fire—and they are not discouraged, because they do not compute their losses by so many thousand dollars but only that they have lost so much time, say a month, or six, or a year as the case may be; they are feeling quite sure they can make up their losses in that time. This fire occurred on the 4th inst., and the ground burnt over is nearly half covered with buildings already, and in a fortnight you will hardly know we have had a fire here at all. On the corner opposite our office they have commenced building today, and the owner told me the contractor has agreed to have the building, 20 by 40 feet, two stories, finished ready for him to occupy by Saturday night. Verily this is a fast country at all events!

June 16, 1850. . . . We have just again passed through another fiery ordeal; four entire squares of the most densely populated part of our city are in ashes, but four buildings being left standing; about 300 stores and buildings are burnt and the loss of property variously estimated at from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000. I think the former sum, however, the nearest the truth. . . . This time we did not escape. Our office was burnt, but we saved everything of value, losing only our office fixtures, valued at some $200, more or less. The damage by change of location and detriment to business is more serious, but this is nothing when put in the scale of the general calamity. We consider ourselves among the most fortunate. In any other place in the world these continued disasters would prove most ruinous to business, but here there seems a recuperative energy in the community absolutely astonishing. No man despairs or is discouraged, although he has lost everything, but instantly begins to repair his losses. For instance, the fire broke out at 7:30 o'clock in the morning [June 14]. In one hour our office was in flames, at 10 o'clock we could estimate the probable extent of the fire. At 11 o'clock we had hired another office and by 4 o'clock p. m. we had carpenters at work, our new office was fixed up with counters, etc., and we were again at work serving our customers with bills of exchange

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The location of Mr. Well's office is indicated by a circle.

and money. I do not mention this as at all extraordinary, but only as instancing the spirit which animates us all here. There was a building nearly opposite our old office, two stories, 25 by 40 feet. This was of course [burned] Friday forenoon. Last evening, Saturday, I went by there and they had all the timbers and lumber on the ground for a new building and the foundation and first floor all laid. In five days more the contractors have agreed the building shall be finished. There are a great number of examples of this kind which shows the spirit which actuates all classes here, and losses which in other countries would drive men to despair here only stimulate them to greater exertions and industry, which are almost certain to meet their reward. . . . We now intend to buy a lot of land and build a fireproof banking house and have made an offer for the lot where our late office stood [corner of Clay and Montgomery streets] which, I think, will be accepted.

June 29, 1850. . . . We have bought the lot on which our office stood before the late fire and are erecting a fireproof banking house. [It cost, with land, $116,000.] As soon as we get the first story finished so that we can move in I shall start for home [for a long promised visit]. I shall then feel a degree of security in leaving the business which I have never felt before. I think this will be done in four or five weeks. . . . Mrs. R. takes washing for Mr. Skinner and myself by which she makes from $8 to $12 a week. I lent her $75 to buy a cooking stove. . . . Miss Eastman proposed to enter one of the hospitals here to tend the sick. Such angels of mercy are much needed here, for the sick suffer more than can be expressed for want of attendance.

July 15, 1850. [In speaking of his approaching visit to his family in New England he says:] We are arranging the business as well as we can for my absence, but it is constantly increasing and its magnitude is startling even to me, who have grown up with it.

July 31, 1850. . . . We are building the finest structure in California, and as good a one as can be constructed in any country, completely fireproof. We have a beautiful banking room, certainly equal to any one in Boston.

[A letter of August 1st to Hamilton Willis, of Willis & Co., his Boston correspondents, states that Wells & Co. have remitted (presumably during July) "Gold dust to N. Y., $91,125; to London, $13,500; gold quartz specimen, $3,330; sundry drafts, etc., $4,440," and had drawn drafts for $92,089.66, which gives an idea of the extent to which a business could be developed from "practically nothing" by a stranger in San Francisco in less than a

year. In this connection it may not be without interest to note that in the course of the letters thus far, Mr. Wells names eighteen persons in San Francisco whom he or his wife had known, or known of, in New England. To this list subsequent letters add fourteen names more.

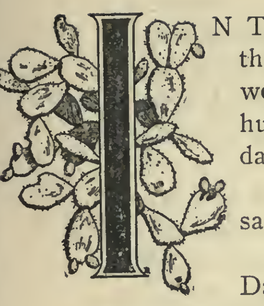
Mr. Wells left San Francisco for New York, via Panama, on August 15, 1850. Returning from New York on November 26, 1850, accompanied by his brother Edwin R. Wells, afterward of Beach, Wells & Co., bankers in Sacramento, he reached Chagres on December 10, and Panama on December 16. As his experiences on the Isthmus must have been those of many old Californians they may fitly find place here. He writes from Panama:]

December 16, 1850. We left Chagres on Sunday last [Dec. 10] in a small dirty launch, and after getting about 30 miles the machinery gave out, and we had to take to boats, sleeping two nights on the river, but at length arrived at Gorgona, dirty and hungry; we started from there on Friday [Dec. 13] under a pretense that the road was good, but were three days on the road of thirty miles, with nothing to eat but two eggs apiece, and a small piece of bread; I never saw or conceived anything like the mud. For about three quarters of the way the mules sank every step from a foot to a foot and a half deep, and were absolutely mired a great number of times; some of the ladies you envied so much were on the road at the same time, although somewhat behind us, and I never pitied any persons so much in my life; I would not have had you there for all the gold in California; they were thrown from their horses (which they were obliged to ride astride) some dozen times or more into the mud, and such looking sights as they, and indeed we all were when we got in, I think you never saw. . . . It has rained every day more or less since we arrived at Chagres. I shall sail in the morning . . . leaving Mr. S. to look after the baggage which has not yet arrived. I hope we shall not lose it altogether. . . . I am surprised that we are all well. [Evidently he did not then known the incubating time of Chagres fever, but in a letter of January 14, 1851, from San Francisco, he tells how both he and his brother were sick on the voyage, his friends at one time hardly expecting his recovery. He reached San Francisco on January 8, too weak to walk ashore, but had a rapid convalescence, as did his brother also. "There were," he writes, "about thirty cases of fever on the 'Antelope' and forty-five on the 'Tennessee.'" Few who spent those two nights in boats on the Chagres can have escaped. In San Francisco he reports "some few cases of cholera, and in Sacramento it has been quite fatal."]

[To be continued.]

THE DAVIDSON POCKET.

By IDA ALEXANDER.



IN THE beginning they "peeled poles" to "grub-stake" themselves. They had figured out just how much it would take to procure the necessary supplies. Two hundred feet at a cent a foot (supposed to be a fair day's work) was clearly two dollars.

"I can peel two hundred and take it easy, father," said Bill Davidson, the younger.

"Well, I dunno jest what I kin calkilate on," said old Davidson, removing the short, black pipe from his mouth. "I seldom calkilate—jest do the best I kin."

The younger Bill fidgeted.

"Can you do half, father? Because if you can make one a day, and I two, in a month and a half we'll have enough. We don't need to eat very much."

"I don't like to count ahead, Bill. Something surely happens when you do—but I'll do the best I kin."

The old man was right. Each did his best, but as their hopes neared fruition, a careless turn of the axe struck Bill in the knee, necessitating a "lay off," and the little hoard quickly vanished.

" 'Seems like I don't get on so well, Bill, when you aint there," remarked the old man to the convalescent. "I dunno, but I don't fancy Henry for a pardner. He takes 'em jest as they come, but you always left me the best ones. I could make better time."

"Well, father, of course Henry wouldn't care like I do," Bill answered, gently.

Before the injured knee was quite mended, Bill was peeling poles again. So well, and to such advantage did they work, that in a month the necessary money was again due, and they started to "the store" for supplies.

"Better get a little brandy, Bill," whispered the old man, nudging him, as one by one he heard the necessary articles called off. "We might be took sick in one o' them gulches and have an awful time."

"I promised mother I wouldn't touch it," Bill whispered back.

"Well, I didn't promise."

"Father!"

"I said I wouldn't except in case of sickness, and this is for sickness," argued the old man.

So the black bottle was added to their list, and as each took his load, Bill noticed with what care the father held it. It wasn't enough for a long debauch, but the old man made the best of it, even covering his lapse by screaming, "Cramp! cramp!" in the

night before he sought the cure. As Bill heard the scream of pain change to hilarity, and then to sulky silence, he guessed at the task before him.

One dollar and a half of their precious money wasted—worse than wasted—and there at home, waiting for the finding of the "pocket," was the white-faced mother, the young-old sisters, and some one else—some one who would always be young and beautiful in Bill's eyes.

At prospecting the old man was at his best. He it was whose older and more experienced eye discerned the formation where the precious metal was most apt to lie. And he, whose magnifying glass discovered "color" in a hopeless looking "pan."

"I'd rather see it this way, Bill, than too much at first," he explained to his son. "Jest enough to promise more. Them little bunches of six bits and a dollar don't amount to nothing." However, when "little bunches" came, his pleasure was almost childish.

"We're makin', Bill; we're makin'. By and by we'll strike a big pocket." He stopped to scratch his head, embarrassedly. "I'm thinkin', Bill, to take a walk over to the store tonight. Sugar's runnin' low, and I always think a heap o' sugar."

"Let me go, father. It's too long a tramp for you," pleaded Bill.

"Don't you think your father's petered," he said, crossly. "It beats all how children's gittin'. Why, when I wuz a boy I'd no more talked like that to my father."

"Why, father, I only said—"

"'Taint what you say, Bill, it's what you mean. You can beat me peelin' poles, but when it comes to prospectin', why you ain't in it, and I'll follow my prospect till it runs up a pine tree. Same way hiking—I'm a hard man to beat."

So the little "bunches" were tied in a red bandana handkerchief, and Bill watched his father and the sun disappear over the hill at the same time.

"It means bad luck," he said to himself, and then laughed at his superstition. After supper he sat in the cabin door, listening long into the night for his father's step, but it did not come.

In the morning he was at work early, "panning out." Somewhere near a frog began, "Struck it! Struck it!"

"There's luck for us now," said Bill, working with redoubled zeal. When he saw his father coming he ran to meet him.

"Father, father, we're nearly on the pocket. Every pan's getting heavier, and there's a frog somewhere in here saying, "Struck it! Struck it!"

The old man nodded solemnly. "Bill, I believe we hev. Let's

make as good a showin' as we kin, Bill," he added, taking off his coat, "for there's a—a friend of mine comin' out to look at us working'."

"Who is he, sir!" queried Bill, interestedly—friends were not plentiful.

"Why it—it ain't a he—it's a she—a lady, Bill."

"Oh!" said Bill.

After a while she came, or rather two of them, gaudily dressed, with a bold, steady stare beneath which the boy's clear eyes fell. The old man was hospitality itself. He straightened himself up, twirled the ends of his moustache, and insisted on cooking for and waiting on his guests.

"We're doin' well here, Bill and me," he observed, confidentially. He lifted up one of the planks of the cabin, reached down and drew up a tin tobacco box.

"This may be said to ben made in one day," pointing proudly to the little heap of gold. "Not a day, neither, but a mornin'. Bill done it. I wuz so tuk up with your comin', I ain't done much."

" 'Tain't much, is it, Bill?"

"It's a growin' pile," he answered. "It'll be a thousand before the end of the week if it keeps up."

"O-h! Then, Bill, you'll treat?"

"Certain, sure," he said, lowering his voice.

After his visitors had departed, with many promises to come again, the old man fell to work as industriously as any one could have desired.

"Them wuz nice girls," he remarked.

"Girls!" echoed Bill.

"Compared to me, son; compared to me. I'm an old man, but I like young folks."

"I don't think they were young, father," said Bill.

They worked till too dark to see.

"It's ben a good day, Bill," the old man observed as they measured the gold at night. "A few more pans like them, and we can get your mother here and the girls—and Jennie."

"God grant it, father," said the boy, solemnly.

The next few days were days of excitement. The vein seemed inexhaustible—every pan was heavy with gold. Their simple dreams were changing to those of splendor. Then, with the caprice always shown by the precious metal, it dwindled—dwindled—stopped!

"But we have enough, father, more than enough to make us comfortable—bring mother and the girls—"

"And Jennie!"

"And Jennie," echoed the boy.

"Bill," said the father at nearly nightfall. "I been thinkin'—ye didn't say nothin', but you knew I didn't get no sugar that night."

"Yes, father."

"Well, it's really out now, and I think a heap o' sugar. If you wouldn't mind to go after it—"

"I," said Bill, joyfully.

"Yes, you. I'm—I'm gittin' old fer trampin' and no mistake. Don't try coming back tonight—put up at Johnson's. Them woods is full of wild animals—promise you won't come, Bill."

"Why, not if it'll worry you, father."

"It would, it would nearly kill me. I hate you to go, but I think a heap o' sugar."

It was early the next morning when Bill came whistling over the hill—much earlier than the old man had come. He had the load swung over his back. To the sugar he had added such things as the old man liked—even a couple of cans of condensed milk.

"For father ought to have everything when he staid home," he said to himself.

The father was up and the cabin in order.

"Well, Bill, here you air, here you air," he began, "with food for a dozen I'll be bound. You ain't extravagant, oh, no!"

"I got a lot of things, father, but I've still got some of the gold," answered the boy.

"Well, it do beat all what an old head you've got on young shoulders. I'll bet you didn't buy nothing for yourself."

"No, I didn't. You know, father—maybe you'll laugh at me—but every time I opened the handkerchief, mother was looking at me—and Jennie."

The old man cleared his throat. "You're a good boy, Bill. Did you have breakfast?"

"No. You see, father—I thought I'd wait."

"And save the price?"

The boy nodded.

"Did you mail your mother's letter?"

"Yes."

"Well, there'll be excitement when she gits it. She's waited a long time, but it's come at last."

He now turned his attention to the purchases, smiling as he opened package after package—all things he liked and had missed.

"It do beat all, Bill, what bargains you made. I believe I'll feed again."

"Do, father. First I'll put this away. I'm anxious till it's with the rest."

He pulled up the plank and groped down with his rough hands.

"Come on, Bill," said the old man, impatiently. "The coffee's poured—with milk in it."

"You moved it, father?" he said at last, jumping up from his fruitless search.

"No."

Then down on his knees again, digging in the clammy soil, with his long, nervous fingers, tearing up plank after plank. The old man took the alarm and helped pull up the rotten boards. Nothing!

"Father!" said the boy at last.

It was like a cry.

"I dunno—I dunno, Bill. Lord, it's hard, but I never teched it—that I'll swear."

"Were you here all the time?"

"All the time."

"And there was no one else?" said the boy, accusingly. "Oh, father!"

"There—there—wuz some—one—else—Bill."

"Who?"

"Them—girls."

"That painted Jezebel! My mother's money! God forgive you, father, but I never will."

Through the open door came the sound of the friendly frog, still crying near the worked-out pocket, "Struck it! Struck it!"

The old man rose up noiselessly, and threw the canned milk at him; but the boy covered his shamed, despairing face with his hands.

Millbrae, Cal.

AT DUSK.

By ETHEL GRIFFITH.

TWILIGHT, then dusk, long silences and thoughts of you;
The little waves low plashing on the pebbly shore,
The distant ocean's muffled drowsy roar,
And soft, low, trailing mist the earth's brown bosom o'er,
Wild birds call home their nestlings to their breast,
I, only, yearning—vague—with deep unrest.
Home from the ocean's endless voyage wide,
The slow, dark, ever-murmuring, restless tide
Breaks in swift kisses on the warm beach-side.
Only my heart's great empty call
Echoes the deep night's solemn fall.
Silent my heart, as some deserted nest
Wherein the fledgelings never more shall rest.
Then lo, you come! Swift tender radiance falls around;
I only know of peace, supreme, profound.
Glad silence fills the night's great star-lit dome,
For thou art home!

National City, Cal.

A DESERT BLOSSOM.

By JOHN HAROLD HAMLIN.

THE gray, castellated butte threw a welcome shade over the low, rambling house, the shed-like barn and half the big corral. A bunch of ponies were listlessly grouped in the shaded corner of the corral, their heads hung low in characteristic cattle-pony pose. Gladding, the overseer for the Humboldt County cattle kings, sat in the doorway, his right foot swathed in arnica-stained bandages. Within the house half a dozen vaqueros were enjoying a quiet game of draw-poker, and at one end of the house, beneath an arbor, over which climbed a carefully nursed hop-vine, Blossom, Gladding's daughter and only child, was talking in Spanish to a middle-aged Mexican woman.

A dry wind whistled softly around the butte, shriveling the hop leaves and swirling up the loose dust. Brush-covered plains extended away out to the sinuously twisting Humboldt River, where five thousand cattle cropped the fast disappearing grasses that looked brown and sere along the river's course. Faintly outlined hills circled the expanse of grazing grounds which were crackling in odd little geometrical figures as the last drop of moisture evaporated under the withering influence of sun and wind.

Gladding's experienced eye swept over the blistering landscape. The unusually dry season would drive the herd into the stream-fed cañons a month earlier this year, and he realized that the move must be made soon.

"Boys, you had better round up those cattle tomorrow, and push on to the mountains with them. The plains and meadows are no more than a desert by now, and getting drier every day."

The card game, which had been dragging somewhat, abruptly ceased; the cowboys shoved back their stools with a great racket, trooped out of the house to the merry time of their jingling spurs and stood around their "boss" awaiting further orders.

"Yes, you must drive them up tomorrow. Split the herd in half; three of you take one bunch over to Hunter Creek Cañon, the rest of you drive the other bunch out on Star Flat. I guess I can manage to drive the grub-wagon on ahead. Sorry I can't ride with you boys, but the foot won't let me."

As the vaqueros were conversing with Gladding, a gray horse topped a low hill about a mile to the west and approached the big butte at a swinging lope.

"That's Willard's pony, sure enough," said one of the cowboys. "And Willard, too; for he lets nobody ride Cognac but himself and Blossom, as you all know."

The gray pony soon cantered up the sloping path that led to the butte. Willard greeted his comrades, dismounted, and after relieving Cognac of saddle and bridle turned him into the corral with the other ponies.

Ben Willard was a lithe, well-built fellow, twenty-four years old, a general favorite amongst the stock-men, both employers and employees, and a rattling good rider.

"How's the feed down there?" asked Gladding.

"Pretty scant picking, Mr. Gladding. It can't last much longer."

"Well, we were just planning to drive the herd into the cañons. We start at three in the morning."

Willard nodded his approval in an uninterested fashion, for his attention became centered upon a ribbon fluttering through the thin foliage of the hop-vine arbor. An eager expression lighted up his tanned face, and making an excuse of being thirsty, he struck off toward the tiny well behind the house and hastened into the arbor. Blossom arose with a great show of surprise, and to his, "How are you, Blossom?" she exclaimed: "Why, Ben, I thought you were down on the river!"

"I was a few hours back, but here I am, and aren't you glad to see a fellow?"

"Oh yes, Ben, and how is Cognac?"

If Ben hadn't loved the gray pony so well he might have grown jealous at this sudden and impersonal query of the naive Blossom.

"Fine as silk, girl. Say, can't you ship Rosita there into the house? I've got something to tell you."

Rosita, who professed to understand not one word of English, calmly picked up her lace-work, and ambled good naturedly out of the arbor.

"Oh, Blossom, it's too good to be true! I tell you I am a rich man!"

"Rich! You? Ben, what's too good to be true?"

"Cast your eyes on these and then on me, Benjamin Willard, and behold riches and a rich man!"

The excited youth drew several pieces of rock from his pockets and threw them into Blossom's lap. The girl examined them minutely. Ben frequently brought in quartz samples, and had taught her how to distinguish the presence of some of the best known metals, he himself being an enthusiastic mineralogist.

"These are gold specimens. I can see free gold sticking out

here and here!" cried Blossom, glad that she could recognize their value so readily.

"Gold? I should remark! Girl, girl," Ben's voice sank to a whisper, "did you ever hear of the 'Lost Judith' mine? The ledge that hundreds of prospectors have hunted for ever since those fabulous assays, made by the original discoverer, set Nevada wild? Some have found it since by merest accident, only to lose it; and once lost could never find it again. These samples I knocked off the 'Lost Judith' this very day. Girl, no more riding for me; I can go back to civilization once more, providing—"

"Oh, Ben, I am glad, but are you sure it's the 'Lost Judith'; and you, too, won't lose it again, will you?"

"Lose it? I guess not. I have the spot mapped out in my brain so clearly that I could go to it in the dark." Dropping his voice to a whisper again, "Girl, it's not more than a mile from this very butte! Millionaire Willard! Whoop!"

Ben let out a lusty yell to relieve some of his pent-up elation. Blossom jumped to her feet, a merry light sparkling in her eyes, and the two performed a lively fandango under the vine-covered arbor.

In the gray of three o'clock next morning, the butte headquarters bustled with activity. Horses were deftly roped and quickly saddled; spurs clinked, ponies snorted, and the pale stars shed a dim light over the sullen butte and the vast Nevada desert. From the kitchen came the clattering of dishes, and a fragrant coffee-aroma stole out on the still, dry, night air.

Blossom and Rosita had breakfast prepared by the time the cowboys finished saddling their ponies, and in the candle-lit dining room breakfast disappeared in much shorter time than it required to get it. The noisy vaqueros stamped out to their horses, mounted, uttered a chorus of "ki-yips" and clattered off toward the winding Humboldt. No one observed Willard linger a moment at the kitchen door, except Rosita, who didn't count—and Blossom, who did.

"Girl, your answer?"

"I don't know, Ben. Oh, wait till you come back, Ben. Wait till then!"

"You don't love me? Think of my prospects—the 'Lost Judith.'"

"I do, and that's why I want time. Why should that make a difference? You'll be back in a week. Good bye, Ben, good bye!"

"Good bye, girl." Ben vanished around the house, and was soon hurrying after the galloping squad a half mile ahead. An hour later Mr. Gladding drove off to the north with the four-

horse grub-wagon, leaving Rosita and Blossom the sole occupants of the butte colony.

The gray of morning took on pearly tints, the blurred circle of hills turned purple and gold; the sun crouched just behind the far, brown range, then dashed up in full splendor, and for half an hour Aurora was sublime even on this expanse of desert plains and barren mountains. Soon heat rays shimmered, locusts began to drone, and another glaring hot forenoon drew its slow way on to the drying afternoon winds.

Blossom scanned the far off-line of the Humboldt's course—the glass brought nearer a dark blur which slowly moved towards the northern mountains. Now a white cloud of dust enveloped the creeping mass; now the dust rolled back and she could distinguish individual creatures in the herd of five thousand cattle.

Higher mounted the sun up the arched blue of the heavens; pillars of dust whirled about in wraith-like dances; the herd split in two and each division branched off on diverging trails to the mountains. A projecting shoulder of the dun mountains hid from view both herds; the sun entered on its downward trend; shadows crept out from the butte and grew longer and longer. Rosita snored gently as she enjoyed her siesta. Blossom busied herself between a novel and the glittering gold quartz from the fabulous "Lost Judith" ledge, and dreamed day-dreams similar to those of any normal, healthy American lass.

And so the days passed uneventfully until a week had slipped by. On the seventh day Mr. Gladding returned with the empty grub-wagon. Blossom ran to meet him, clambered up on the seat, and after kissing "my dear daddykins," took the reins from his hands and drove the broncos at a fast clip up the last stretch of road.

"Where's Willard?" inquired Gladding.

"Ben? Why he hasn't been here. I thought he went up with the cattle?"

"So he did, but he started six hours ahead of me. He should have been here this morning. Blossom looked puzzled, but said blithely: "Oh, I suppose he's prospecting as usual."

Ben failed to arrive until dusk. He rode up in a tired, distracted manner, quite different from his usual gay entry. He was dusty, worn and dejected—his appearance would indicate that he had trudged afoot the entire distance from Star Flat. His "Hello" lacked a joyous note.

"What's up, Willard?" asked Gladding.

"Nothing, sir, only feel fagged out, that's all."

He told Blossom a different story when the two happened to find themselves alone in the arbor. "Just my ill-fated luck, girl!

Of course my prospects couldn't remain bright for more than a week at a stretch."

"What is it, Ben?"

"That elusive mine—the 'Lost Judith' has vanished completely."

"What? You have lost it, too?"

"It seems so, but don't give up yet. I shall look for it all day to-morrow."

If Ben had not been so down-hearted, so wearily disconsolate, he might have discovered something far dearer than a fabulously rich gold mine in the tender light that melted Blossom's brown eyes. A week's absence had taught the girl many things. But the youth failed to read her thoughts; the maid—like many another—remained silent, and once more the "what-might-have-been" hovered and passed by two of God's children.

The men were to stay twenty-four hours at the butte, then back to the mountain camps with a fresh supply of provisions. Willard packed the wagon in a hurry next morning; this accomplished, he struck out, on foot, in a northwesterly direction; for what purpose he knew, as did Blossom, but not even Gladding was a sharer in this secret of the latest claimant of the "Lost Judith."

"No, Blossom. The cattle are grazing down this way; we move them farther north next week. Are you afraid to stay here alone for a couple of weeks longer?"

"Not at all, daddy, when I have Rosita with me."

"You're a brave daughter, my little Blossom."

"And how many times have you told me that a daughter of the West should be brave, daddy?"

"Well, well, that's so. Now I wish you would ride over to the north shed and bring me the two bridles that are there. The boys need a couple of extra ones pretty badly."

Blossom gladly complied. She was longing for a ride, and Cognac looked fresh and eager for a brisk jaunt as she called him to the corral bars.

Gladding watched his motherless daughter with adoring eyes as she cantered by. Cognac threw up his head, sniffing the air suspiciously as he struck a swinging lope over the brush-covered foothills. A threatening thundercloud hung over the purple mountains to the north. Lightning shot forth in jagged streaks, and solid shafts of rain poured down from distinctly separate portions of the cloud. It was one of those peculiar storms that spring up suddenly throughout Nevada, and send down sheets of rain in one locality while the sun shines brightly within a mile of the storm-center.

Blossom halted Cognac on a small hill and gazed, enraptured and awed, at the lowering cloud, the dense columns of rain and the vivid forks of lightning. She heard a dull, rumbling roar—like a continuous peal of low thunder. She grew alarmed. Cognac uttered a frightened whinny. The rumbling increased in volume, and suddenly a hundred madly-running steers emerged from the mouth of a cañon barely a mile away—more following. Hundreds and hundreds of crazed animals dashed down the sloping ravine. Another bunch roared over the hill's crest. Still more poured out of an adjacent arroyo. The whole five thousand head appeared to be in that terrible stampede from the storm-visited mountain fastnesses.

Cognac quivered in every muscle, yet Blossom was fascinated by the sight. She knew the maddened brutes would sweep down the wide valley below her and on to the Humboldt River, so she felt safe on her high vantage-point.

No human power could check that frenzied mass. Nearer rolled the panic-stricken body of thundering hoofs and tossing horns. Blossom felt a sickening sensation steal over her; she turned her eyes away and stared out on the desert—on the parched plains that would be soon ground to powder by twenty thousand pounding hoofs.

Her startled eyes beheld a sight that seemed to sear her very brain. There in the direct pathway of that awful stampede was a human being—a man! Ben searching for the "Lost Judith!" "Oh, God, merciful God, protect him!" The cry issued involuntarily from Blossom's agonized lips.

In a few moments, before her very vision, the man she loved would be trampled into "bleeding jelly"—those two words flashed through Blossom's brain as once spoken by her father in describing a man overtaken by stampeding cattle.

"Ben, dear heart!" A tearless sob wrung the girl's heart; she looked back at the on-rushing herd—nearer, horribly near! With a nervous bound Cognac covered twenty feet down the hill. Blossom lashed him with her quirt, a thing she had never before used on Ben's prized gray. Down, down bolted the cow-pony; brush, rocks, gullies were insignificant obstacles to the steel-muscled bronco. The hill's base was reached in marvelous time; nearer roared that apalling brute-avalanche, but on sped horse and rider, a hundred yards before.

Ben Willard heard the muttering rumblings and thought them distant thunder. When they grew louder he understood and gave himself up as lost, for the stampede had rounded the last obscuring buttress and bore down on him with the velocity of an express train, and in constantly widening lines.

Such a death! His inevitable doom seemed a monstrous nightmare, too ghastly to be true. Then the pony appeared—another dream figure—flying like a gray meteor. And a girl riding him! He was surely dreaming—crazy!

He stood mute and motionless, staring at the apparitions. A cry, "Ben, Ben!" clear above the din of stamping hoofs, reached his ears.

"My God, it's Blossom! It's Cognac! Oh, fool, fool that I am to kill her and Cognac and myself this way!"

Dripping with sweat, Cognac pressed his muzzle against Ben in dumb recognition. "Up behind, quick!" shouted Blossom; still dazed he obeyed.

Not another word was spoken, but on sped the beautiful gray with his double burden, before that crashing sea of horns and grinding hoofs. To the left he ran, gradually, fearfully, yet more and more to the left; the heads of the leading steers touch his flanks, but still the cow-pony swerves to the left, firmly guided by Blossom. The noble gray falters, he feels a reassuring hand on his bridle and recovers himself. Again he staggers, but it doesn't matter now; the thundering herd surges by, Cognac barely moves with the outer flank of the stampede. Swiftly the wild thousands rush past them; thick clouds of dust rise and envelop the roaring mass. Straggling, bellowing hundreds lope blindly in the rear of the distant van-guard—and Cognac, Blossom and Ben are safe on the quivering desert.

Ben slides to the ground; Blossom, white as death, falls limply into his strong arms, and great, rending sobs shake the youth's body as heaven-sent rain drops fall upon the girl's up-turned face and bring her back to life.

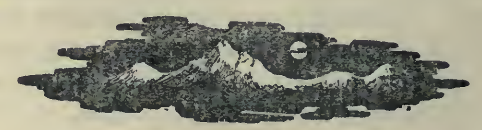
"Ben, dear heart, are you safe?"

"Darling, oh, darling girl, why did you risk your precious life for me?"

"Ah, love, can't you guess?"

And out there on the desert their troth is plighted directly over the sand-concealed ledge of the "Lost Judith" mine; but the sweetest face in the world blinds Ben's eyes to sordid things, and another "what-might-have-been" hovers and passes by these two miraculously-saved and supremely-happy mortals.

Reno, Nevada.



SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM

The triumphant election of the Douglas $3 Shoe to be governor of Massachusetts opens unsuspected vistas of political preferment for them that have no objection to make manifesto of their faces. Why should we elect men "sight unseen," an they were pigs in a poke? Let us rather save our ballots for the tf. statesman who gives us his face on every package, whose sempiternal mug is ineluctable in every advertising column. What odds if his goods are shoddy, so long as his curlicued moustaches aid to relieve the dulness of the current magazine? We are an imaginative folk. Only American advertisers could have concluded that the best guaranty of his wares a man could give would be a benevolent half-tone of his phiz. Only American purchasers could have taken this ingenuity at its word.

Now, it isn't any disgrace to make good shoes—as I believe Governor Douglas makes. It is much more admirable than making dirty money—which has elected a great many governors. But it does inevitably seem still a trifle queer that in yonder venerable and consummate commonwealth which is sometimes called The Old Bay State, but sometimes (and with more scientific exactitude) the State of Mind, such things can be and overcome us like a summer cloud, with or without our special wonder. For it is not exactly what you could call cult-yure. Quack doctors, with ignote panaceas for nameless disease; and amateur elocutionists, and stammer-healers, and the smallest fry of real estate fakers, and a few other purveyors to the Two-for-Five intelligence—these use this device. It is their idea of the size of the rest of us—and evidently they size us up pretty well. They aren't such fools as we look!

And why particularly Douglas? Will anyone pretend that the type of manly beauty his electrotype presents is more fascinating and resistless than that of Woodbury's Facial Soap, or Beeman's Pepsin Chawing Gum? It may be presumed that Gov. Douglas will have the familiar half-tone printed on his official stationery—God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the gubernatorial cobbler's face to boot! There are people who put their pictures on their letterheads, as in their ads.

Pictorial Governors may probably be all right; but the Lion is sort o' sorry to see his native State so inconsistent as to give the first laurels to a mere imitator. By rights, the first governor under the new chromo dispensation ought to have been that earlier flower of New England modesty—Lydia Pinkham.

HAVING DONE PENANCE

Just what he had done, the Lion really does not know—but it evidently was something very bad. If the punishment fits the crime, the crime must have fallen within the capital category. For three years—ever since the last time—the Lion has been trying to live so virtuously that the penance of going East would never again be laid upon him. But either it does not pay to be good, or else one can be very bad unconsciously. For the Lion has had to go again. He has just got back alive from two months inclusive of every considerable city of the East—and he is glad to be back in God's country, and duly repentant for the unknown sin which condemned him. The East is still the same—only more so. There are still too many people, and they still do not know how to live. Some of the dearest people in the world are there—needing nothing but translation. The very worst conditions in the world are there, needing only to be escaped. It is a wonderful thing to see human beings by the millions content with an environment which to a Californian would seem incredible had he not himself once known it.

On this two months' trip the Lion has encountered blizzards to burn. He has reverted again to the land which "has no climate but all sorts of weather"—and all of them bad. Today an 18-inch snow; tomorrow a warm rain and 12 inches of slush—and through the classic walks of the greatest university in America, the victim waded knee deep in half snow, half water. Tomorrow two below zero; crusty hummocks, sharp edges and glare ice—people slipping, horses scraping and straining, and the whole world in a fair way to fall down. And through it all, houses and cars heated seven times hotter than they are fit to be heated, and both smelling second-hand humanity unto heaven—or somewhere else.

The East is a great country. It is full of folks—some of whom are the salt of the earth. They may have it. The Lion is prepared to sign a quit-claim deed to all his right, title and interest in that whole geography. There is no cloud upon the hereditaments of the sort of people who like that sort of thing. It is good enough for those who like it.

But for those who know God's country, that back yonder not only is not good enough; it is not good for anything—except as a place to contain those who do not belong to graduate. God be

with them—and keep them where they are. Also as they are—content with hand-me-down weather; content with streets that are dirty, deep cañons, content with a medieval system of street numbering, content with poky transit, content to burrow like moles two stories under the earth, and to "live" like answered letters in thirty-story pigeon-holes above it, content to breathe one another over and over as a steady pulmonary diet, and to fall over one another as a principal exercise—it would be a great pity if they were to find out what ails them. There are a lot of folks back there who do belong to graduate—and here's hoping they may step up soon and take their diplomas.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST

There is an amusing little quadruped cuss, most smooth and amiable-looking at some distance, but very like some people on closer acquaintance. If you crowd him, his one answer and his special delight is to make other folks smell like him.

The politicus vulgaris has this in common with the mephitis. Charge him with an ill odor, and he at once tries the reciprocal compliment. He has less thought to exculpate himself than to inculpate his accuser.

Seriously speaking, of course, all rascals are ignorant. It does not pay to be a scoundrel; and only those who are short of sight fancy they can see advantage in selling themselves. But there are a great many short-sighted persons, in politics and in business; and the same ignorance which enables them to think they prefer to be bad shows in the poverty of the arguments they can find in their own defense. A boodler, a faker, a corruptionist, when cornered, thinks less of cleansing his own fame than of blackening that of someone else—preferably the cleanest person in sight. It is the kind of answer that kind of people might be expected to make.

Peculiarly characteristic examples of this have been frequent of late; for—thanks to several things, and particularly, no doubt, to the example of one strong American whose place helps his fist—there has been a rather general hunting down of the skunks in American civic and economic life. The men who have been trying to reform New York, the fine young crusader in Missouri—these and their like have a chance to learn that it is as easy for a thug to call a white man scoundrel as for a white man to give his due catalogue to the thug.

It has been particularly interesting to observe similar tactics since the President began his campaign for the regulation of the railroads. We have to have railroads—but we don't really need to have them have us, as they have become so much in the habit

of doing. Every thoughtful American outside of railroad circles, and every large man within them, has realized for a good while the need of the regulation of this enormous and hitherto almost irresponsible power. Unfortunately a good many railroads are run by peanut-minded and accidental whipper-snappers who have spent their last brain in making money, and have no thought left for the longer things—not even for the prospects of making money ten years from now. The people of this class have resented, after the fashion of their black-and-white quadruped prototype, any disturbance of things as they are. They have had either too much sense or too much timidity to come face to face with their real assailant, the President; the kind of intellect they carry has led them to turn up at that member of his official family who has himself been a railroad man. The reasons for this point of attack are obvious.

For a good many years the Lion has known Paul Morton—once vice-president of the Santa Fé Railroad, now Secretary of the Navy—and his fine old father before him. For more than twenty years he has known the Santa Fé Railroad, and Mr. Morton's associates, and their joint predecessors. He has known the personnel of that railroad; he thinks he has known its policy past and present. He has also known the policy of several other railroads. He is free to say what every intelligent old-timer in the West knows—that this policy has been a god-send to the West. It has been the most enlightened railroad policy ever seen this side of the Hudson River—and if there is anything as far-sighted and as clean the other side of that exaggerated rivulet, the fact is not yet of record.

If any men in the history of American railroading have stood for decency and honesty, it is Paul Morton, President Ripley and their associates. It is entirely probable that they are human; but it is entirely sure that they are Men. What the policy may have been more than twenty years ago, the Lion knows only by hear-say; but for twenty years he has known first hand. The policy of Mr. Morton, of Mr. Ripley, and of the men whose logical heirs they are, has been not to buy legislators, not to buy judges, not to lobby congress, not to milk communities—but to do business on a business plan. When such men are attacked by yellow reporters and by the class of railroad pin-heads whose idea of railroad business is to carry courts and legislators in their breeches pocket, it doth indeed make the judicious grieve, but it must bring a smile to all who have retained a sense of humor.

JUSTICE VS. LAW

A good deal the snippiest and most cowardly tack ever yet taken, even in our Century of Dishonor as towards Indians, is the attempt to rob the Pueblo Indians of their land by taxation. The warlike, nomad, rationed, government-eating Indians are not taxed—they need not be, for they occupy reservations which depend only on the honor of the government and are as easily broken up as that honor is broken down. But the Pueblos, peaceful, industrious, sedentary, farmers and irrigators since before Columbus, un-rationed and independent, have been for a long time the safest Indians in the United States, because their tenancy depended on the honor of Spain. That is, they were christianized 300 years ago. They were given adequate grants by the crown of Spain—which grants have mostly been confirmed by the United States patent, a harder thing to disregard than any other form of governmental pledge. For 300 years their wonderful little communities have been the admiration of historians, travelers, artists, students. Ever since Mayne Reid, they have been known to the English-reading race. To this day, though affected for the worse by civilization, they are the most law-abiding, decent, clean-living communities in the United States. Unfortunately, the lands which the Spanish crown gave them and which the rottenest administration of the early Mexican independence respected, are pretty good lands. For a generation a good many land-sharks and orphan-robbers in New Mexico have had their eyes on these lands. The Indians did not care to sell their homes; under the United States patent it was hard to take their homes—a very different thing from a reservation. But where there is a will there is a way; and the kind of New Mexicans who are a disgrace to a historic and noble territory, and who have had the will to rob the poor, thought they had found a way. It was simply to treat the Pueblos "as citizens," tax them—the assessment being made by the kind of officials who have kept New Mexico from statehood by a corruption probably unparalleled in the world's history—and to sell their lands out for taxes, to some bidder of the superior race. This was a very pretty trick. It secured the official sanction of the Supreme Court of New Mexico. The Lion does not wish to be in contempt of court—and therefore suppresses his opinion of the Supreme Court of New Mexico as to its knowledge of all Spanish legislation and every other matter touching the case in point.

Anyhow the said Supreme Court found the Pueblos to be citizens, therefore taxable—and the harpies who had pushed the question were happy. In five years the civilization, which at least has no superior in that territory, would have been wiped absolutely off the map. The Pueblos could not pay taxes—and

it was not intended that they should. They are hard-working farmers—the hardest working the Lion knows. In fair years they have enough to eat; in average years not quite enough—but in no year do they have coin to pay the taxes that a New Mexican assessor would put on them. Their finish was not far to see.

But it is dangerous to be too smart—and some New Mexicans were. The matter has been brought, within the past month, to the President of the United States, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and other people who do not live in New Mexico. The result is that the attempt to get, by cowardly indirection, the lands of these first Americans will fail. The people who have tried to rob them are welcome to their own thoughts—if they have any. The Pueblos are only Indians, but they are very decent people. They are sober, industrious, better in their family and public relations than most of their neighbors; and they are going to be given a chance to persist a little longer—they who have been Americans since long before the first obscure ancestor of their would-be oppressors was whipped at the cart's tail.

THE CAMPO SUFFERERS

The matter of the Campo Indians left to starve for twenty-five years by the Indian Department, fed by individual citizens of Southern California this year—a year when their case became so desperate as to leave no alternative—has been presented to the President and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and to some of the leaders of Congress. There seem to be reasonable chances that the Government will furnish permanent remedy for the distress which the local public has so generously relieved pro tempore—that is, by giving these Indians lands on which, by industry, patience, and self denial they can make at least a poor living. The peculiar procedure of a former administration of the Indian Office has diverted funds which would have relieved these and several hundred other Mission Indians; but there is a reasonable hope of new legislation which shall relieve this disgraceful condition of affairs. The matter practically depends on Senator Bard, who has been the staunch and efficient champion of similar measures in the past. The needs of these Indians are now well understood by the government; the way to relieve these needs has been pointed out; sufficient outside aid has been enlisted so that a properly formulated plan of relief can no doubt be carried out. It is a particularly good time to "bear on" by personal appeal to whatsoever senators or congressmen anyone may know, to make sure that proper measures are put through.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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is unlike many of the subdivisions now offered for sale. One of the principal and most unique features wherein it differs from other tracts, is the fact that the motive in marketing it is not profit over original cost. This may provoke a smile. Let us explain. Oneonta Park is owned by the Huntington Land & Improvement Co., whose electric roads radiate for miles in all directions from Los Angeles. These roads extend through new and unsettled country and are unprofitable until the adjacent property is settled and traffic thus created. It is for this reason, and no other, that such a vast amount of money has been expended at Oneonta Park. The accompanying cut shows the character of the improvements. A rapid growth is inevitable. We quote from Mr. H. E. Huntington: "If in time I get my money out with interest I am satisfied. Our profit is the railroad." Many are availing themselves of this chance to buy highly improved building lots, practically at cost. Prospective purchasers will do well to look about before the choice lots are spoken for. See

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(Formerly THE LAND OF SUNSHINE)

Edited by CHAS. F. LUMMIS

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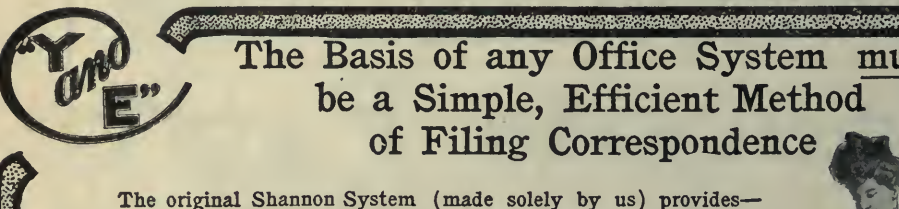

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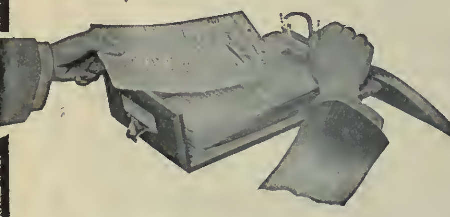

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From a modest beginning to the largest and most complete establishment of its kind in the Pacific Southwest, within a period of four years, is an achievement, even in these days of great accomplishments, sufficiently notable to justify a review of the "Hows" and "Whys."

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The clientele of the Birkel Company comprises hundreds of leading families, together with fully forty musical artists and teachers, including leading professors—those who know and demand the best instruments.

The individual members of the house have always taken a personal interest in matters of the musical world, giving both their time and attention to furthering any well organized movement for the encouragement or development of the art.

As shown by the illustrations accompanying this article, the George J. Birkel Company occupies an up-to-date and first-class musical establishment in its large and well appointed quarters in Los Angeles, at Nos. 345 and 347 South Spring street.

Geo. J. Birkel Company

345-347 South Spring Street — **Los Angeles, California**

First Floor, George J. Birkel Co. Small goods and sheet music departments and some pianos. Private offices to left and in front of electric passenger elevator. General offices in extreme rear. Electric freight elevators also in rear.

Steinway Room—second floor.
Grands with Uprights lining the wall.

The Officers of the Concern

George J. Birkel is the President and Treasurer of the corporation and Edward A. Geissler is Vice-President and Secretary.

Mr. Birkel is a thorough piano man, with an extended knowledge of the business, having established the Birkel house in San Diego, California, eighteen years ago, and outgrowing that field and seeking a wider sphere for his business enterprise, opened in Los Angeles four years ago, since which period Mr. Birkel's bold, aggressive and modern methods have placed the concern in its prominent position in the Southwest.

Mr. Geissler has acquired a thorough knowledge of the details of the music business on account of his past connection with one of the greatest houses on the Coast, and his mastery of figures and the handling of details—both so important for the success of a large business—have proven of valued assistance. With constant activity and broad ambition, Mr. Geissler has proven an important and esteemed factor in the growth of the

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Repair Shops—fifth floor.

Medium and Popular Price Piano; also general surplus stock—third floor.

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The George J. Birkel Company handles the Steinway, Kranich & Bach, Starr, Estey, Emerson, Haddorff, Richmond, Brinkerhoff and other pianos. A complete and satisfactory line for the customer to make his selection from.

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The makes of reed organs sold by the George J. Birkel Company are the Mason & Hamlin, Estey and Farrand.

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GEO. J. BIRKEL COMPANY

Second Floor, Showing Steinway and Kranich & Bach Grands-Uprights, which line the wall back of the Grands. This view is taken from rear end looking to front into Steinway room, which is beyond the pillars and grill work in extreme front end.

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The Birkel house covers the principal agencies in brass, reed and stringed instruments, music boxes and Victor talking machines (a very successful department) and have special rooms fitted for the display of these goods in the basement, but which are not shown in our illustrations.

Another view of Second Floor taken from Steinway room looking through main wareroom and on into Cecilian room beyond plate glass partition in rear.

Geo. J. Birkel Company

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Sheet Music and Books

This stock is conceded to be one of the best in the country and has a large and most select professional following. This, in addition to the large popular trade, makes this department a very busy and profitable one.

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On all of the agencies named, the George J. Birkel Company controls all of Southern California and Arizona, their trade, however, extending into Nevada, New Mexico and Lower California. The concern has branch stores at San Bernardino and Pomona, California, and sub-agencies at Santa Barbara, Riverside, Santa Ana, Pasadena, Whittier and Long Beach, California, and Prescott and Phœnix, Arizona. Other territory is covered by traveling salesmen.

Cecilian Library—third floor.

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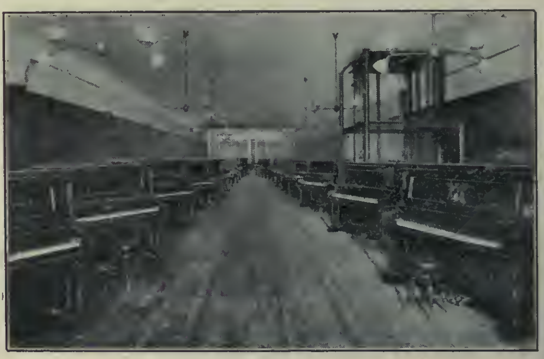
Thoroughly equipped and systemized—doing a large business. Correspondence invited. Catalogs and price lists gladly furnished — pianos, organs, Cecilian piano players, Victor talking machines, small musical instruments and sheet music.



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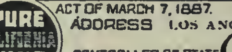

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Perfect California Wines. Each bottle bears the State of California's official label (as above facsimile) guaranteeing its contents to be **true and pure California wines.**

These are the finest wines California produces, aged naturally from 4 to 20 years old, and unexcelled for the table or for medicinal use. Shipments East **Freight Free.**

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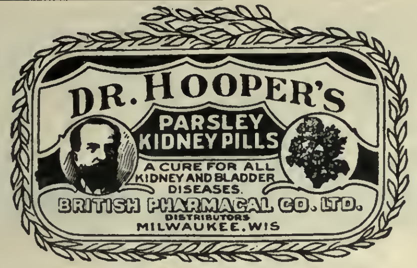

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THE WEAK SPOT

isn't going to stand the strain many days. You must either do something for yourself quick or be in a condition beyond all medical aid.

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Bailey's Complexion Soap	.10
Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush	.75
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Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)	.25
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Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1, 25c; No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.

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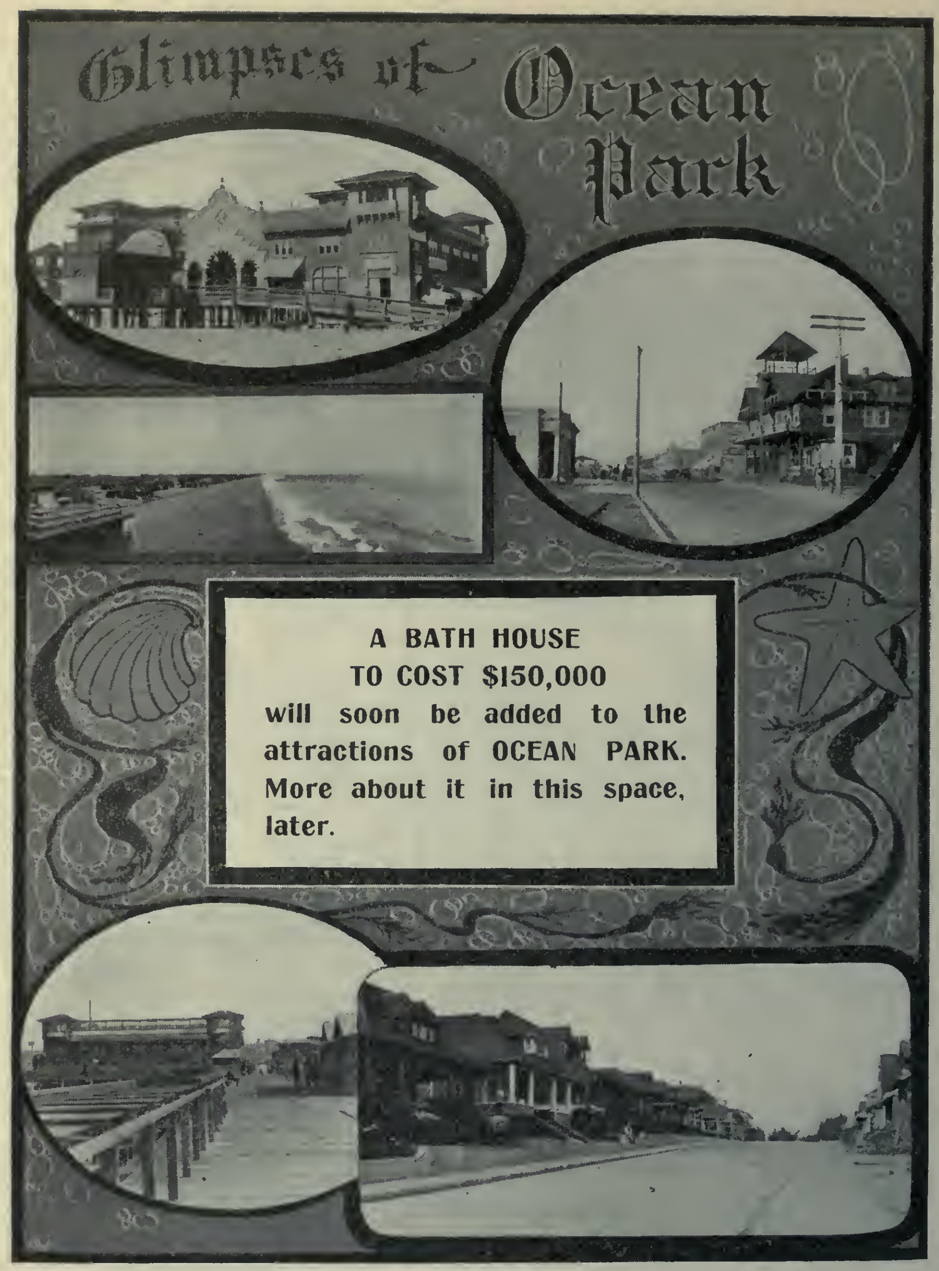

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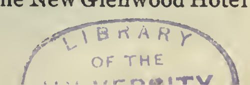

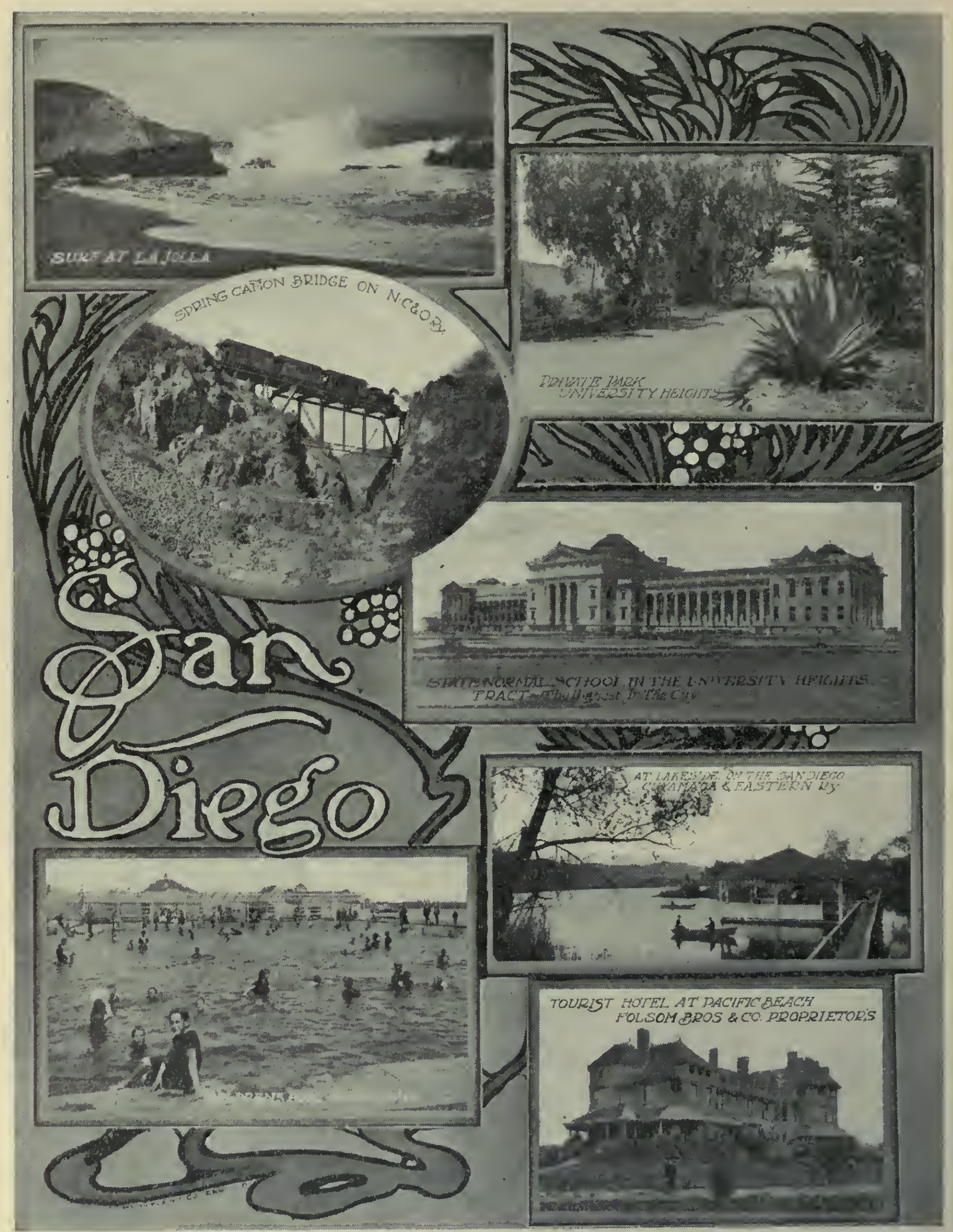

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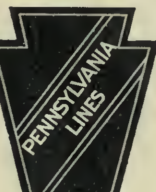

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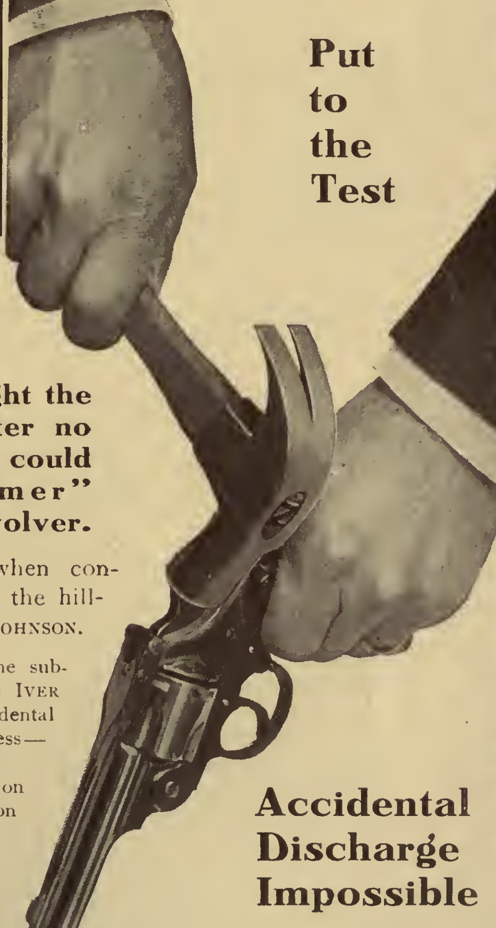

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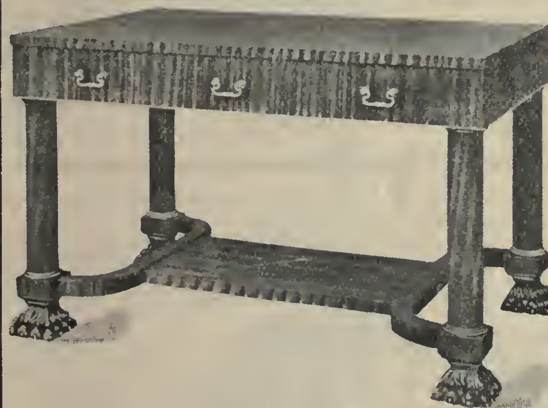

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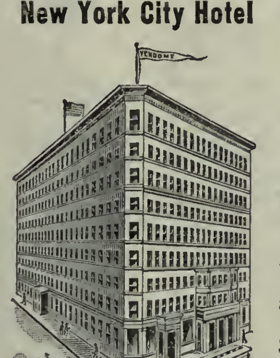

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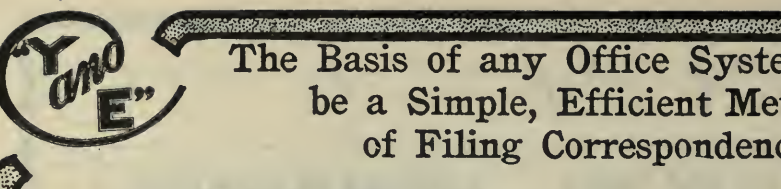

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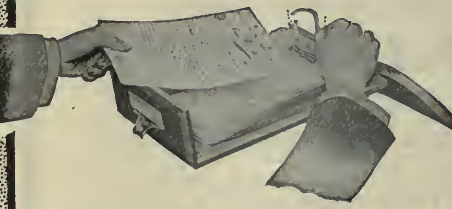

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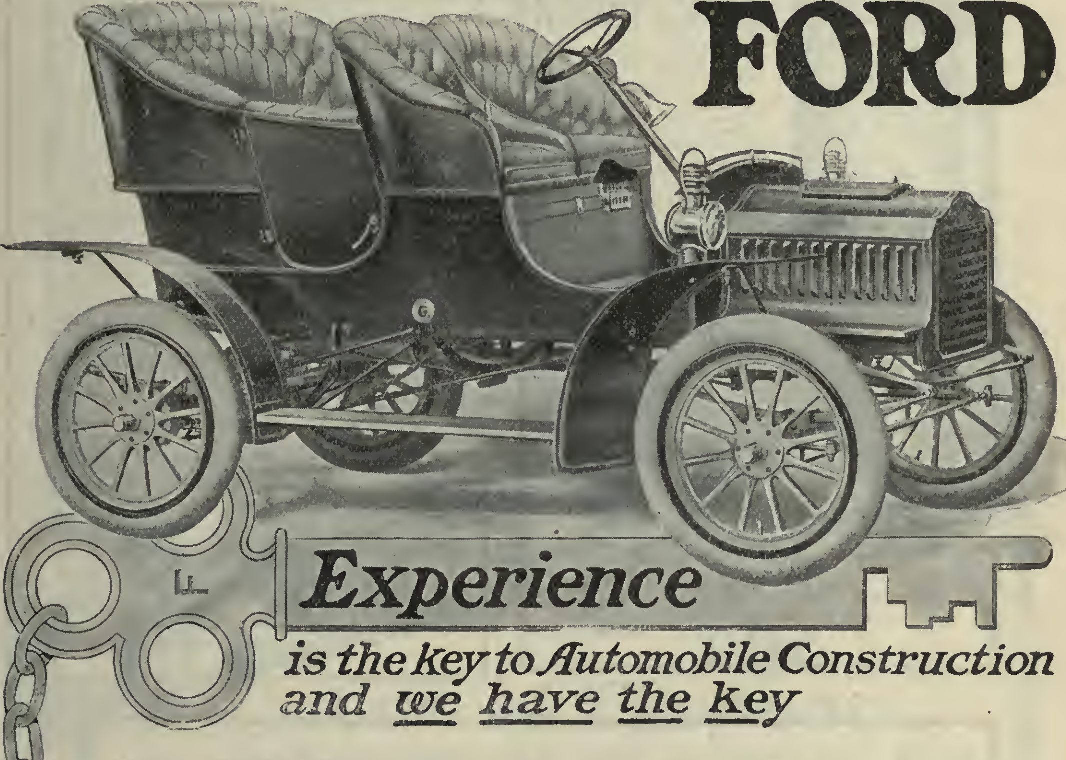

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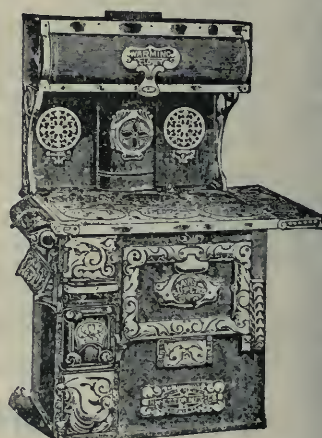

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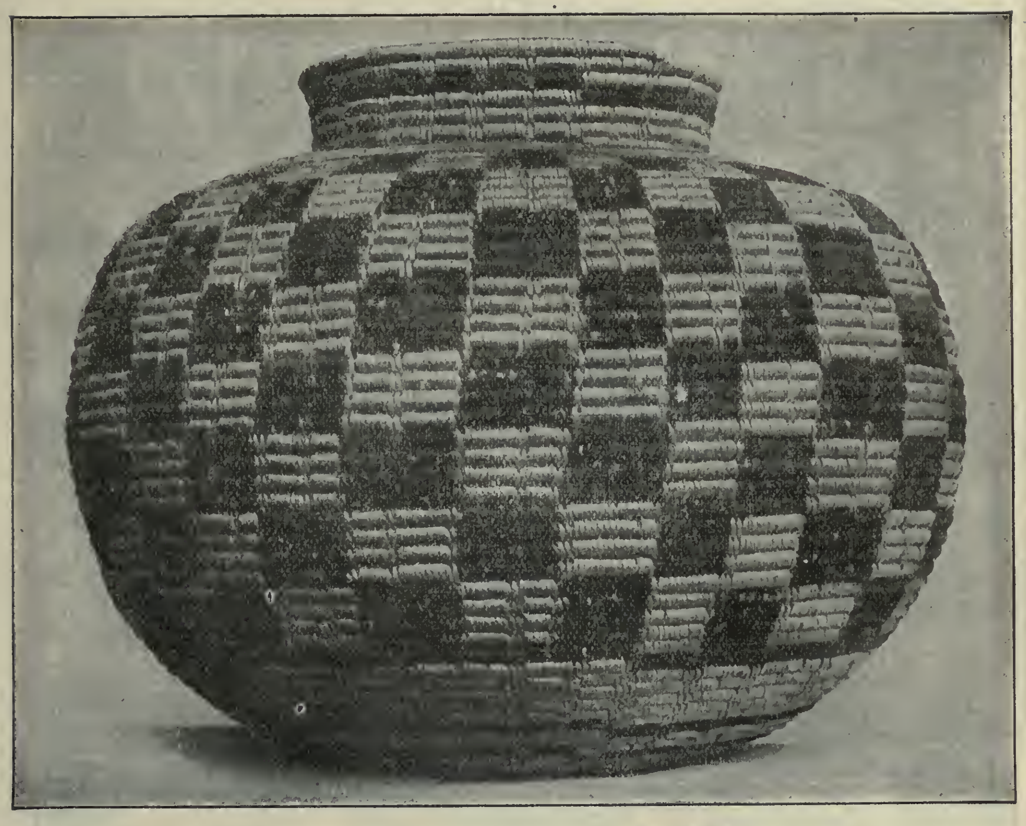

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The Forest Reserve in Snow Time

Photo by D. P. Alexander

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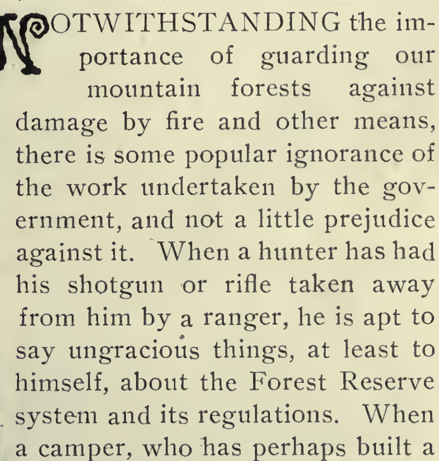
THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.

Vol. XXII, Nos. 3-4. MARCH-APRIL, 1905.

FOREST RESERVES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By SOLON LAUER.



NOTWITHSTANDING the importance of guarding our mountain forests against damage by fire and other means, there is some popular ignorance of the work undertaken by the government, and not a little prejudice against it. When a hunter has had his shotgun or rifle taken away from him by a ranger, he is apt to say ungracious things, at least to himself, about the Forest Reserve system and its regulations. When a camper, who has perhaps built a big campfire among dead leaves or against the side of a dry log, is told by a ranger that he must put out the fire, and build another one in a safer place, he is quite likely to resent the interference as an outrage upon the sacred rights of an American citizen, who owns his share of the government domain, and thinks he ought to do about as he pleases on it. When a man who wants to take a little trip into

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the mountains, for health or recreation, is told that he cannot carry a shotgun into the reserve under any circumstances, and that he cannot take a rifle or even a revolver without first obtaining a permit from the Forest Supervisor at Los Angeles, he may make remarks to his informant to the effect that he thought he was living in free America. When a stockman who has been driving his sheep wherever he could find feed for them, and has been in the habit of setting fire to the woods to burn off the brush and timber, in order that more feed might come up for his sheep, is told that he cannot any longer use the public domain as a private pasture, nor even drive his flock across any portion of it without permission; and that if he sets fire to the brush he is liable to a fine of anywhere under five thousand dollars, and to imprisonment as well, he may feel like cursing the United States government from Roosevelt to the nearest ranger.

When a rancher is told that the preservation of the timber growth on our mountains is of most vital importance to his own private interests, in preserving and augmenting the natural water supply on which he depends for his crops, he may smile, and make remarks about the new-fangled notions of these young fellows just out of college, and insinuate that the Forest Reserve has been organized chiefly to make more jobs for politicians, and their push. As for the resident of the city, the chances are, that unless he is a sportsman, the average man could not tell you what the Forest Reserve is, or where it is, or what it is for, anyhow.

Of course there are plenty of people who know something about this great work which our Uncle Sam has undertaken, and plenty, too, who entertain no especial prejudice against it; but it is safe to say, that not one citizen in a thousand really has an adequate conception of the vast importance of this work, to the whole country adjacent. In land which without water for irrigation would soon lapse into a howling desert, it would seem as if every inhabitant should be vitally interested in everything that has even a remote bearing upon the question of water supply. It is a fact that the mountains included in our forest-reserve system form the only source of water supply for the cities and towns of all Southern California, and our best and most valuable farming lands. Now the relation of timber growth to the conservation of the water which falls upon these mountains is a subject which has received the most exhaustive study of our best scientific minds. The effort of our government to preserve and increase this growth is neither a new nor an untried enterprise. Similar work has been carried on in Europe for many years.

One Reason for the Forest Reserve

There are many sources of injury to the brush and timber which clothe our mountain ranges; but the worst and most common are fires started sometimes by the carelessness of campers and hunters, and sometimes intentionally by stockmen. The use of the public domain for grazing purposes has wrought much havoc in some sections, especially where young trees had been planted by the government to replace timber burned off in former years. Sheep usually make clean work of it wherever they go, and what they do not eat, they destroy by trampling under foot. The ax and sawmill have done their share in denuding some sections; and devastation still goes on, where land was patented before the reservation was made by the government. But all these sources of danger to our forest growth have been greatly diminished during the time that the government has been at work here. For three or four years now, there have been no very extensive forest fires, in Southern California, though there were some that might have been very bad had they not been soon extinguished by the well-organized efforts of the rangers. In this work, it is especially true that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The vigilance of rangers, and the greater caution of campers and others in the matter of camp fires, since a penalty was fixed for carelessness, have doubtless saved our mountains from many a devasting blaze.

Not only is the government active in preventing and extinguishing forest fires, but it has made considerable effort toward replenishing the destroyed growth of the mountain sides. While some of this effort was misdirected, enough has been accomplished to give encouragement for future work. He who loves the mountain trails, and travels them often, will find places where the work of reforestation has made a very good beginning. In the pineries are millions of young trees, from little seedlings to saplings four to six feet high, and none of them over six years old. In many places they stand so close as to cover the ground. With proper care in guarding this young growth, it will not be many years before the bare places on our mountain slopes will be covered with a garment of living green. There are many places, however, which can never be covered with pines or other big timber, and the conservation of the water will be effected by preserving carefully the native growth of chaparral. The fact is, this growth, which no fires or other destructive causes have ever been able wholly to annihilate, furnishes the very best of cover for our watersheds. Its roots intermingle and bind the soil, and its dense growth catches and retains leaf-mold and other vegetable matter, so that rain falling upon it does not rush into

Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.

A MOUNTAIN FIRE IN THE SIERRA MADRES

the water courses and away to the sea, where it certainly is not needed, but soaks into the soil, to filter through slowly during the dry season, and supply distant cities, towns and ranches.

There are about four million acres of mountain lands embraced in the forest reserves of Southern California, located in the counties of Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, San Bernardino and Riverside. The organization of the government work in two territories, the San Gabriel and the San Bernardino, may be taken as representative of what is being done throughout the whole Reserve. These reserves were organized in 1892. They are divided into 34 districts, each in charge of a ranger. There are three grades in the office of ranger, the salary for each being respectively $60, $75, and $90 per month. The rangers are

PINE FOREST SEVERAL YEARS AFTER A FIRE

all under the direction of a Forest Supervisor, with an office in Los Angeles, who is empowered to employ and discharge them, and sign the vouchers for their pay, which comes direct from Washington.

The districts in charge of the rangers vary in size according to their location and exposure to danger. Some of the more remote, where there is little travel, include from 100 to 200 square miles, while those nearer civilization and its dangers contain only from 20 to 40. In the larger districts, the ranger does well if he gets over his territory once a week, but in the smaller ones, he is expected to patrol his beat every day. Each ranger has some kind of a headquarters on his territory—a tent or cabin—

and almost all of them are now connected by telephone with the office of the Supervisor.

The duties of a ranger are various and often strenuous—especially in case of fire. He is expected to watch all the travelers in his district; take their names, and their guns, too, if they are not provided with a permit; select camping places for such as stop; see that camp fires are built only in safe places, and are thoroughly extinguished when left; and in every way supervise the conduct of campers in the interests of the Reserve. The ranger has power to arrest for any violation of the game laws, and must report to the supervisor any violation of the regulations for the Reserve. He must prevent the destruction of

FOREST FIRE ON MT. LOWE

timber, and trespass by stock. During the summer season these duties keep the ranger busy. In the winter he has no time to loaf. He must work on trails, repairing old and making new ones. His hands must not shrink from the mattock and the axe. He is set to constructing telephone lines which every year are being extended.

If a fire starts in any district, the rangers within a certain distance go to their comrade's assistance, while their own districts are temporarily guarded by others, whose territory is adjacent. If the rangers cannot manage the fire, outside help is called. For such emergencies a very clever and effective plan has been adopted. A sort of fire militia has been organized in

GROWTH OF LUPINE AFTER DESTRUCTIVE FOREST FIRE

Photo by C. J. Crandall & Co.

communities adjacent to the Reserve, and the members of this respond to a call for help with all the zeal and alacrity of the old-time village fire department. Ranchers and stockmen are sometimes drafted, and must serve in cases of necessity. A stockman who refuses will forfeit his grazing permit. In each district are located tool houses in which are stored supplies of food and various implements for fighting fire.

Rangers are required to wear their badge and entire uniform while on patrol duty, except during hot weather, when they are permitted to leave off the coat. Each ranger provides for himself in the matter of food and shelter. He is given two days out

Scorched by Fire

of each month to procure supplies. He must furnish himself with a shovel and an axe or brush-hook, and must carry them with him while on patrol duty, so as to be prepared for fire, or to repair bad places in trails. If the ranger meets anyone carrying a shot gun, the weapon must be confiscated, as it is not permitted on the Reserve under any circumstances. Rifles and revolvers can be carried only by those able to show a proper permit; and even then, if the party be a minor, the weapon must be confiscated, unless the permit is marked "special." This is to prevent the use of other people's permits by a minor.

If the miner spells it with an e, however, the case is different.

Miners and other settlers are allowed to use even a shotgun on their own property. Fireworks of any sort are prohibited on the Reserve; though other forms of patriotic enthusiasm are tolerated, if they do not lead to fire. Fire-water is sometimes dangerous in this particular, causing fires which water will not extinguish.

The ranger must make a monthly report to the Supervisor, in which he states his work for each day, the distance traveled, number of hours of work, camp fires extinguished, number of people seen, number of gun permits examined, and amount of trail or other work performed. If a ranger is careless in these matters, he is liable to "get fired." Uncle Sam does not intend that his rangers shall spend their time picnicking, or gossiping.

The fact is, these men do more work than men employed in European forests. Germany, with a forest area less than three times the size of the Southern California reserves, employs five thousand men in her forestry work. In our reserves, doing work more difficult, only ninety men are employed, and most of them only a portion of the year. Thus it may be seen that Germany employs 20 men where we have one; and even then she has had more timber destroyed by fire in the past three years than was destroyed in Southern California reserves. Of course the denser population of Germany will account for the larger force employed, but our ranger force is certainly not extravagant, or even adequate, all things considered. As our population increases, larger appropriations will be needed to care for our Forest Reserves.

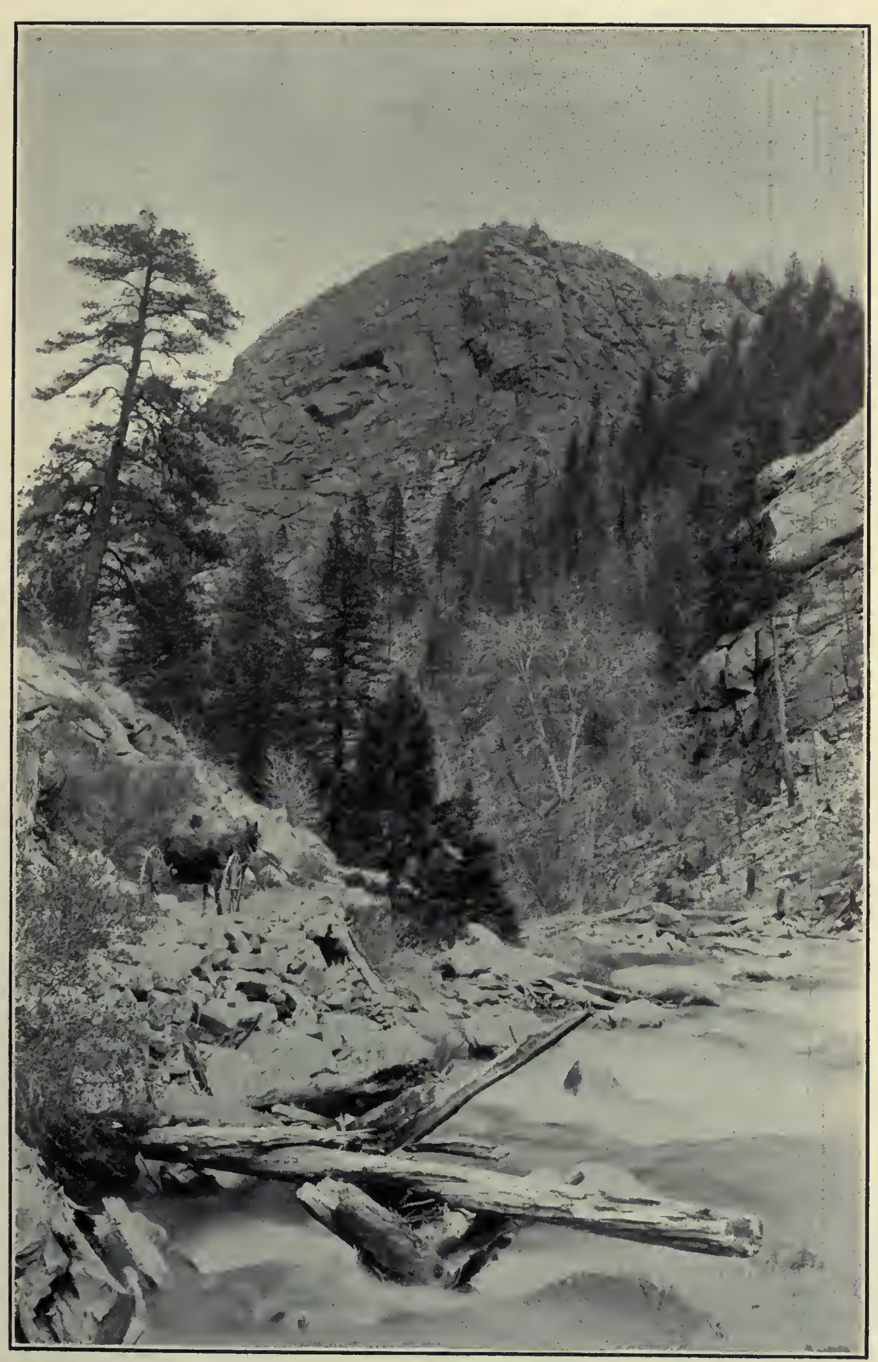
All along the boundaries of the Reserve are posted notices printed on cloth, setting forth the objects of the government in establishing the Forest Reserve, and the regulations enacted for its protection. This circular states that the prime objects of the work are:

1. To protect a growth of timber on land which is not fit to grow other kinds of crops.

2. To keep a growth of vegetation, especially timber, on land which would otherwise wash and gully.

The circular adds that it is for the welfare of the people of this particular region that this Reserve is created. It is for the settler and home-builder of this region that the National government expends large sums of money to insure to his home the benefit of future supplies of timber and water, and protection against flood and drought.

Among the principal regulations governing forest reserves, are the following:



High Up in the Reserve

1. Agricultural settlement of any kind under any claim is forbidden.

2. Timber may be obtained as follows: (a) under the "free use" permit, any settler or prospector can obtain timber free of charge for his own use. (b) By purchase. Application for timber is made to the Supervisor of the reserve.

3. Persons wishing to graze stock, other than riding, pack or team animals, and persons wishing to cross the reserve with

RANGER'S CABIN IN THE ARROYO SECO

herds of sheep, cattle or horses, should apply for permit to the Supervisor.

4. Persons wishing to erect and occupy buildings for the purpose of carrying on any kind of business other than mining, should apply to the Supervisor or to the Secretary of the Interior.

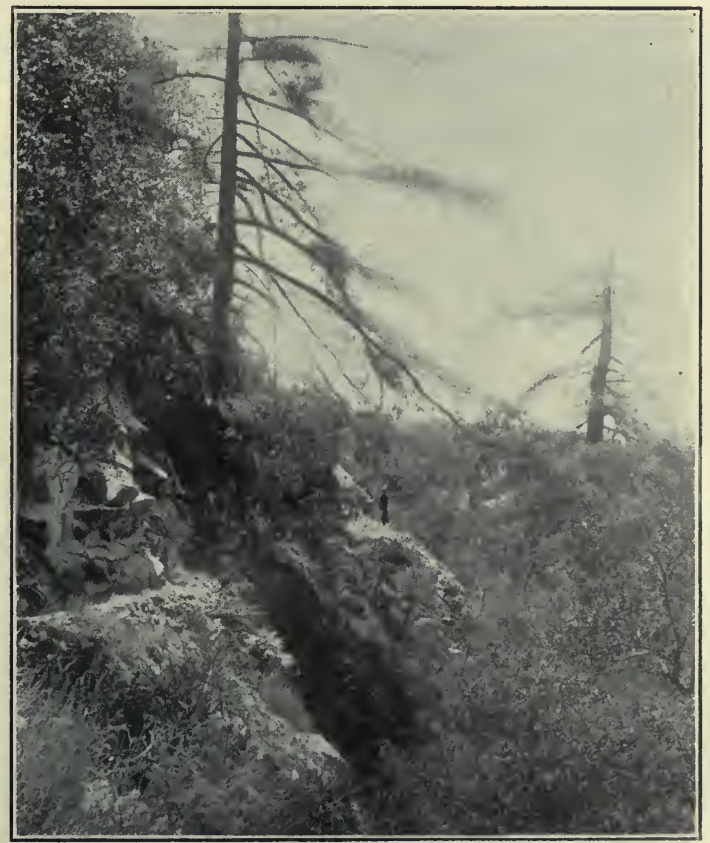
5 Prospecting and mining is permitted anywhere in the Reserve; but it is forbidden to take up land as mining ground and use it for other purposes than mining.

The regulations concerning rifle permits, and those govern-

ing the location of camps and campfires, together with those which exclude shot guns and fireworks, are local in character, not being enforced on other reserves. As applied to our local reserves, however, they are salutary and necessary.

Upon the Fire Warning circular are posted certain suggestions to campers and others entering the Reserve, which are necessary precautions, as every old camper will testify.

1. Do not build a larger fire than you need.



A TRAIL ON THE RESERVE

2. Do not build your fires in dense masses of pine leaves, dust and other combustible material where the fire is sure to spread.

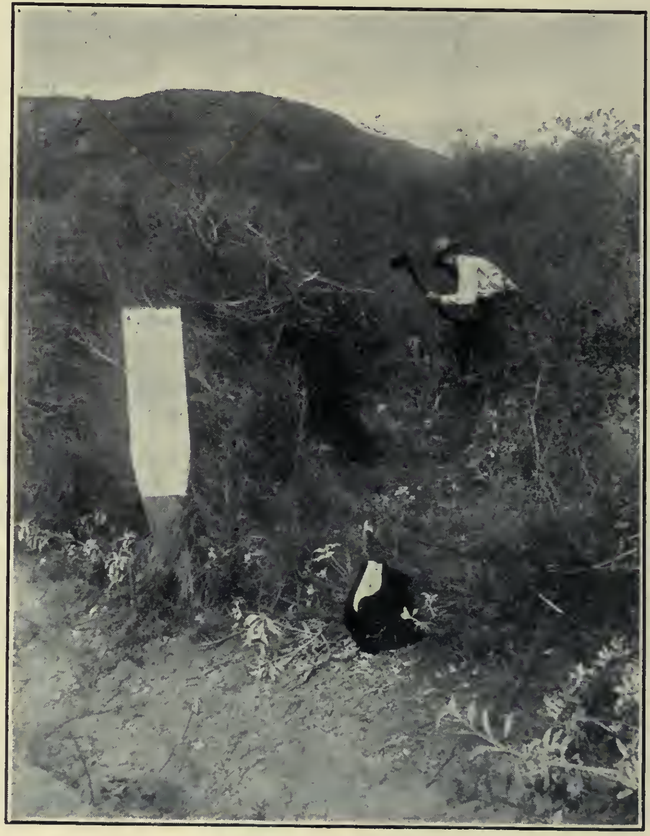
3. Do not build your fire against large logs, especially large rotten logs, where it requires much more work and time to put the fire out than you are willing to expend, and where you are rarely quite certain that the fire is really and completely extinguished.

4. In windy weather and in dangerous places, dig a fire hole and clear off a place to secure your fire. You will save wood and trouble.

5. Every camp fire should be completely put out before leaving camp.

6. Do not build fires to clear off land, and for similar purposes, without informing the nearest ranger or supervisor, so that he may assist you.

If picnickers and campers would cut out these suggestions



MAKING A TRAIL

and read them over frequently before going into the cañons, it might save trouble, for them and others. Most persons do not realize how inflammable the fallen leaves, dead grass, twigs and brush are, in most of California through much of the year. Fire will spread in this stuff as a spark would in timber. A burning sulphur match, a cigar stub, a wad from a shot-gun, may start a fire that will destroy hundreds of acres of timber, and indirectly lessen the water supply of the burned district for several

Photo by C. J. Crandall & Co.

SUPERVISOR THOMAS AND A RANGER ON THE RESERVE

Mt. San Jacinto from the Desert

Photo by Pierce

years to come. This dry stuff is much more easily ignited in the sunshine than it is in the shade; therefore camp fires should be made in shady places. There is often a difference of temperature of 30 or 40 degrees, between ground lying in the sun and that lying in the shade. Often this difference in temperature will determine whether or not a stray ember, a spark, or a flying bit of lighted paper will set fire to the dry stuff on which it alights. Campers should bear this in mind.

In an interview with the Supervisor some facts were brought out which may be of interest to the readers of this article.

Many of the rangers are young and unmarried men, but some are married and maintain their families on the Reserve. No age limit is prescribed for those who wish to enter the employ of the government as rangers, and no special examinations are held. The candidate for a place should be recommended to the Supervisor, if possible, and should be able-bodied and healthy, for the duties of a ranger are often very severe, in cases of fires. The ranger when once employed, is closely watched, and if found unfit, for any reason, is summarily discharged by the Supervisor.

Any person who properly conducts himself may enter the Reserve to camp, hunt, or fish, within the limitations prescribed by the Regulations, and the local game laws. He may set up a temporary camp, but permanent habitations are not allowed, even for strictly private use, unless by special arrangement. Certain camps, like Martin's and Strain's on Mt. Wilson, are on patented ground. Camp Merriam, on an elevation west of Echo Mountain, was established before the Reserve was set aside, though not on patented land; and is allowed to remain on sufferance, during good behavior. The "Brown Place," above Las Casitas, where Jason and Owen Brown, sons of old John Brown, filed their claims some years ago, as patented, and is at present private property, though the cabin was for some time used by the Forest Rangers as a store-house and headquarters. Sturtevant's and Switzer's Camps, as having no patent, have been included in the Reserve. A number of claims in the Arroyo Seco, having never been perfected, were absorbed into the Reserve.

In conclusion, it may be said that our great Forest Reserves may and ought to be every year more and more the great Park and recreation ground of the people.

This use of our mountain territory is perfectly consistent with the objects of the Government in maintaining the timber growth in the interest of our water supply. It is only necessary that every person who enters the Reserve should make himself perfectly familiar with the regulations, and then abide by them

faithfully and conscientiously. The regulations enacted for the preservation of our forests need not be a burden to any person. There is plenty of room for all, and plenty of latitude for legitimate pleasure, within the limitations prescribed.

On the other hand, it might be suggested that, in the interests of legitimate recreation, the Federal Government, or the local, State or county officials, should take measures to improve the roads leading into the reserves, that these greatest natural parks may be more readily accessible to the people. In some of our cañons, access by wagon can be had only over private roads, which are liable to be closed by a whim of the owner, or a toll charged. Other cañons are accessible only by trail, the road, if there is one, being too rough for ordinary vehicles. These matters should be attended to, as soon as funds will allow. Good roads into the cañons would tempt many who are now prohibited by physical inability, from enjoying the grandeur and beauty of our mountains.

Pasadena, Cal.

FOG

By NEETA MARQUIS.

COOL and gray and spirit-soft,
To sick flowers tossed in fever-heat,
I come, a night-nurse from the sea
With quiet treading feet.

I lay calm fingers on each pulse;
I gently wet the parched lips,
And give them drink from mist distilled
That off the palm-tree drips.

To poppy, rose and heliotrope,
Each in her little garden bed,
I glide refreshingly in turn
And ease each aching head.

What time the breeze of day must rest,
I thus my healing vigil keep,
And when she stirs again at morn,
I steal away to sleep.

Los Angeles.

WHERE CAPTAIN COOK WAS KILLED.

By WALTER K. FISHER.

KEALAKEKUA Bay is the one spot which rescues the western shore of Hawaii from utter mediocrity. Perhaps its association with the name of that great navigator, Captain Cook, may lend a certain enchantment to its bold outlines. One comes upon it, too, when all hope for beauty of detail has long been abandoned, and the traveler wonders if the monotonous shores can support anything more inviting than forbidding fields of lava, or noncommital sugar-cane. To be sure, in early dawn, he catches a glimpse of the lofty crown of Mauna Kea, but about sunrise the inevitable cloud-cap settles down, and all that relieves the long, snaky rivers of black lava—now apparently descending from the sky—is an occasional cocoanut palm, or a native hut half buried in thorny algaroba trees.

When the U. S. S. "Gony" dropped anchor almost under the shadow of a green cliff at the far end of the bay, "the Major," S., and I were dropped unceremoniously into the yawl and left to explore the fauna of the shore, while the ship went outside and held argument with submerged lava flows, through the medium of dredge, tangle-bar and sounding-shot.

We rowed over to the north side of the bay, beneath a steep "pali," or precipice clothed with verdure. Along its face were

MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN COOK, KEALAKEKUA BAY

numerous small caves, now tenanted by tropic birds. In early times, S. said, the natives hid the bones of their dead here, and we easily distinguished upright sticks in the mouths of the diminutive caverns. Those early Hawaiians showed themselves able climbers, for the face of the bluff is xceedingly steep, and in places fairly vertical.

Kealakekua Bay was obviously formed by two ancient lava streams, descending from somewhere up behind the pali, and thence extending seaward on either side, forming two low, rough points. Indeed the latest flow on the north might have hardened last week, so sleek and shiny is it; but the sea has bitten out big

Hawaiian Canoe, Near Spot Where Captain Cook was Killed

chunks of the black rock, and cut blow-holes far back from the shore, which, when the surges rush into the sea-caves, spout water high into the air with a booming roar, and suggest veritable geysers.

We landed at a little stage on the north point, close under the pali, and near Cook's monument. The captain was killed here in 1779 by the natives, and his appreciative countrymen long ago reared a cement obelisk to his memory. A family or two of Kanakas—it was rather difficult to figure just how many—lived close at hand, and their brightly colored outrigger canoes were drawn up on the rocks before the door, in very nearly the same

spot where their ancestors knifed Captain Cook. The sail of one black-and-yellow canoe was still hoisted, and presently the burly owner emerged from the recesses of his shack and shoved off. The sail caught the uncertain breeze even before the canoe was fairly afloat. This gentleman of anglophobic ancestry was a worthy disciple of that prevalent cult in the Hawaiian Islands which adopts for its motto, "Never do a thing which may safely be left undone." How much work is saved by never lowering the sail!

We scattered to explore the shores though they yielded little save a few fat sea-cucumbers or beche-de-mer, sea-urchins, shrimps and limpets, the last two being used as food by the na-

Lava in Foreground. Ruins of an Old Heiau in Middle Distance

tives. There are probably few tropical islands which have such barren shores as the Hawaiian group. But on the point, where shiny black lava was rolled in coils like new taffy, we came upon the ruins of an old "heiau," or shrine, built like a big stone wall enclosing three sides of a square. Near the landing there was another and larger enclosure, now used as a goat yard and full of young cocoanut trees. The latter resembled a sanctuary, for we felt convinced that no modern natives would build such a wall.

The Major now opportunely arriving from a tour of inspection of the fishery proposition (which was only slightly more flourishing than the shore fauna), we embarked for Napoopoo, on

the south side of the pali. The sea is always nervous on the Hawaiian coast, so that the diffident traveler is forever rushing at a dock, as if he intended to carry it inland. It was thus we bore down upon the unsuspecting landing at Napoopoo, and the one native who saw our approach fled (in search of the sheriff we found later). But the Major, being an old hand at the rudder, averted municipal expense and a damaged boat. We presently met Mr. W., an American engineer engaged in laying out a railroad line to this hallowed spot from far Hilo. He conducted us through a long lane of checkered shade, to the north of the little settlement, where, near a small pond, stand the ruins of the old

NAPOOPOO LANDING, PALI IN THE BACKGROUND

heiau or temple of Lono. This structure was one of the causes of Cook's death, inasmuch as his desecration of the sacred precincts first estranged the friendly natives. It is now surrounded by jaunty cocoa palms and almost half hidden by shrubbery. One is reminded of nothing more than a huge, rather regular, rectangular pile of lava rocks, some eight feet in height, and covering perhaps half an acre, though the ever-present lantana hides a considerable portion. The top of the heiau is paved with smaller stones and pebbles, and is nearly level. Here one sees the remains of still higher structures in the form of ruined altars, built like common heiaus, namely a small square, open on one side.

Opulent castor-oil plants thrust themselves up through the chinks between rocks and cast a diminutive shade, while on all sides save to the seaward the yellow and pink blossomed, thorny lantana raises a threatening chevaux-de-frise.

Our narrator briefly told us that Captain Cook put into Kealakekua Bay on his second visit to the islands, in January, 1779. He had come upon the northern islands of the group early in January of the previous year, while on his way from the Society Islands to Alaska, during his third voyage of discovery. And now, having spent the summer along the coast of Alaska and in the Arctic Ocean (in search of a Northwest Passage), he was

RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF LONO, KEALAKEKUA BAY

retreating from the ice fields to spend the winter with his two vessels, the "Resolution" and "Discovery" in his newly-found islands.

Immense throngs of people collected on the shores of the bay, and one of the first ceremonies after landing was the formal installation of Cook as an incarnation of the god Lono, at the temple on which we were standing. His return thus verified an ancient prophecy or tradition. An observatory and camp was made near the heiau, and the place tabued by priests. Rich presents and constant supplies of provisions were given to Cook, for which small return was made, and after about ten days the na-

tives began to tire of their guests, whose abandoned conduct disgusted them. There being a need of fuel, the men from the ships carried off not only the railing of the temple, but also the twelve idols. From this time on numerous affrays took place and when the visitors embarked, February 4, satisfaction was general. But the natives reckoned without their host, for the ships returned in a week to repair the foremast. The priests, as before, tabued the former camp, and the party landed. But matters soon went from bad to worse, thefts on the part of the natives became general, and fights frequent. At last the cutter was stolen and broken up for iron. Cook determined to decoy the old king

"We Explored the South Point"

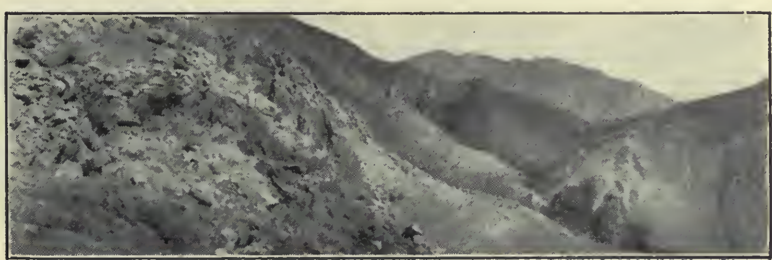
abroad and hold him till the missing boat was restored. Accordingly a blockade was formed across the bay, and Cook landed on the north side, at a place called Kaawaloa, where his monument now stands. Unfortunately for these carefully laid plans, two high chiefs attempted to enter the bay in canoes, were fired upon, and one of them killed. An immense crowd of people had collected, many of them armed, and when the surviving chief reached shore with the news, a general rush was made upon Cook and his marines, who fired aided by the people in the boats. During the scrimmage Cook turned for a moment to signal his men to stop firing, when a chief stabbed him in the back from behind

with an iron dagger. The captain fell forward, partly in the water, and soon died. Lieutenant Phillips then killed the murderer and swam to the boats. That night, on the summit of the pali above the heiau, the natives held funeral ceremonies, and the bones of Cook were deified. Later, a portion of them were recovered by his officers and committed to the deep with military honors.

We spent the remainder of the forenoon in exploring the south point, which proved rather disappointing. But on our journey back to Napoopoo with our friend the sheriff we were waylaid by some hospitable natives and regaled with fresh cocoanuts, while we held a rather commonplace conversation with our entertainers in well-chosen remarks upon the beauty of their country. The trail to Napoopoo meandered through one of the roughest lava flows we had yet seen. Walking was made possible by laying flattish stones over the worst places, and it was a marvel to see the barefooted boys pass over the trail without seeming discomfort. In cooling, the lava seemed to have been ground up into hillocks and valleys of extremely sharp scoriae and rock.

The "Gony" had returned to her anchorage, and no sooner were we seated in Mr. W.'s lanai or summer-house (in full view of the vessel unfortunately) than several sharp blasts of the whistle rent the unruffled atmosphere of the bay. Some one suggested that the "Old Man" had hold of the whistle cord and that we had best carry our alligator pears aboard. We wisely concluded to do this and took leave of our new-found friends with genuine regrets. There are no more kindly and hospitable people than the native Hawaiians,and the same is true of our countrymen who have made their home there.

Palo Alto, Cal.



Shakespearean Cliff, Santa Cruz

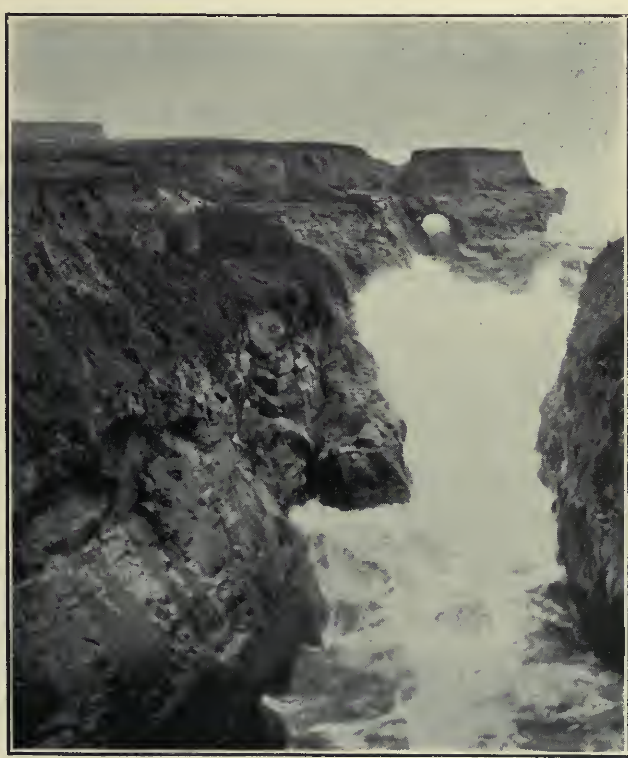
SHAKESPEAREAN CLIFF.

By MARY H. COATES.

FRONTING the ocean above the Santa Cruz lighthouse, on the cliff drive, where the scenic bluffs alternate with shallow, sandy beaches, stands a conspicuous rock—Sphinx Rock. Beyond it is a cul-de-sac worn into the land by the sea waves, the east wall of which is sometimes called the Shakespearean Cliff.

On this cliff the elements work continuously, making and tearing away, chiseling with strokes as ponderous as the blows of a battering ram, etching with touches as light as the brush of a falling feather. It has pleased many observers to interpret some of the resultant carvings as representing Shakespearean characters.

The most prosaic may count a dozen faces, so plainly are they depicted, and for the sufficiently fanciful there is almost no end to the delineations. By changing the point of observation some of them change like the shifting of a kaleidoscope; and again, pictures vanish and others appear with the weather and years.



A Slightly Different View

One of the most noticeable is a Janus-faced masque easily symbolizing Comedy and Tragedy. Far below is a quadruple, with Portia above, Brutus on the left, Bottom beneath and Caliban on the right; but a difference of ten feet toward the left in view-point changes the whole to a jumble of witches; five feet still further along and the entire farrago vanishes.

The largest single face portrays wisdom and moral nobleness—Prospero; below it, on a jutting shaft leer the fun-making wrinkles of Touchstone; to the right is the melancholy Jacques, and beyond is a face with a conscience-stricken mark. Around are uncountable profiles skewered together in a cradle-to-the-grave series.

To a student or dreamer sitting on the opposite cliff, with the afternoon sun shining at a favoring angle, with prating gulls wheeling over, with the murmur of soft wave-lappings beneath and the odor of ozone in the air, it is but a step into Make-Believe land. Before him come the swaying of a sea of faces, the glare of footlights and the stage. The orchestra rumbles, the curtain rolls up, and the thought-people of Shakespeare's creating live, love and hate; scheme, counter scheme and die.

Santa Monica, Cal.

THE SONG OF THE RIVER.

By MAUDE SUTTON.

O RIVER, flowing from wonderland,
Into the vales of the under land,
Sing me a song of some dear old wood
That close to the heart of the mountain stood.

Some wood by the lone hills girded in,
Where never the foot of man has been,
Where you slipped in the dawning by mossy ways,
Starry with blossoms of sweet, dead days.

Stand under the city's walls and sing
A song of that far away blossoming;
Sing in the hush of the afterglow
A song of the hills that you used to know.

Moab, Washington.

HIS MAIDEN VISIT.

By THERESA RUSSELL.

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

NOW Jimmie had never heard of **The Child's Garden of Verses.** Nay, verse itself was as far from his acquaintance as Sanskrit, and "garden" connoted to his sparsely furnished mind some ragged rows of turnips and radishes and a big patch of melons and sweet potatoes flourishing within their borders of irrigating ditches. Of the number of things in this world, the overwhelming majority, including kings, were, and were likely to remain, denoted by **x** in his simple calculations.

Nevertheless, he was as happy as a king. This morning, indeed, he was happier than any man could be who had to wear a heavy crown upon his weary head. For no king had ever sailed up the Colorado to see Mrs. Garnet, and probably, no king ever would.

The boy bounded down the bank, ran along the willow-lined trail to the boat and was about to climb in.

"Jimmie," said his mother, "where's yer hat?"

JIMMIE AND HIS GRANDFATHER

He clapped his chubby brown hands to his rumpled brown hair.

"I left it on the woodpile."

"Oh, such a young one!" she exclaimed in the guttural tone that signified vexation. "Run back an' git it, quick, now, or we'll go off an' leave yer."

Jimmie knew better than to interpret this literally. He was familiar with threats but a stranger to punishment. Moreover, this particular fate would have been inconceivable, for he had known scarcely an hour's separation from his mother in all the five years of his life. However, haste was all very well enough, and he scampered breathlessly up the bank. At the top he met his grandfather.

"Fergot yer hat, didn't ye, boy? Here 'tis!" tossing it into the eager palms. "Be ye all ready to start finally?"

"Yep," answered Jimmie, already nearly back to the boat.

The old man hesitated an instant, and then slouched after him. He had intended to go on about his business, but he suddenly seemed to see endless hours of time before him for that, after they were gone and he should be left alone for the first time in—oh, longer than there was any use in thinking about.

Lelia glanced up at her father. She was leaving him, too, for the first time in her life, and she had lived nearly twenty-four years. That grizzled, knotted, unwashed figure represented all the parenthood and most of the companionship she had ever known. Her recollections of her Indian mother were of the faintest; those of Jimmie's father were sharp enough, but belonged to the same remote, because irrecoverable, past. There was no place now in her life for him whose careless coming and cruel going had been as brief and tragic as the visit of Faust to the trusting Marguerite.

Tom Boyle had hoisted the sail and it bellied out promptly with the breath of the south wind.

"Good bye, Mr. Underwood," he called, intent with the rudder.

"So long," replied the old man.

Lelia smiled but said nothing. She was still weak from the touch of typhoid which had given excuse for this trip to her neighbor, twenty-five miles up the river, where feminine care and a good rest might win back her strength.

"Lelia put some spuds in the oven for yer dinner," shouted Jimmie over the rapidly widening distance. The grim old face lighted up as the man gave the boy a quizzical, almost tender, glance. He did possess a smile, but it was so seldom used that it had a rusty appearance when he put it on, while his infrequent laugh grated on harsh hinges.

Jimmie was used to the river. It had always been his next door neighbor. But it was borne in upon him now that the river knew about more things than he did. He had never dreamed it would look so strange to him away from home—that it would wear this air of unfamiliar aloofness. The little ranch in the little valley was soon hidden from his wistful backward view. The circling hills that had always defined his horizon at what seemed to him an unapproachable distance now actually came right down and dipped their feet into the water. The boat, scudding freely along, passed the "Klondyke" mill, then the "Quartette," then the Pai-Ute camp above Round Island. Jimmie had grown

THE ABANDONED MILL

up with these names, and now he retaliated upon the river for its unfraternal reserve by regarding the real places with vast condescension. "So this is you, is it? Well, I know all about you!"

He also knew that the abandoned mill of Monahan and Murphy, and the "Gold Bug" with its solitary watchman, were landmarks that indicated the latter part of their journey. At last they also were back of him, and Tom pointed to some objects on the left bank, away on beyond the riffles.

"See that row of buildings?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well that's El Dorado Cañon."

At this announcement Jimmie nearly upset them in his eager, anticipatory joy, but as the boat swung around alongside the big flat ferry, moored to the shore, his little heart felt the cold clutch of a panic. To the most cosmopolitan traveller there's no place like home, but to Jimmie, hitherto, there had been no place but home, and every other-where possessed all the terrors of the Unknown. He doubled himself up into a miserable, funny little bunch of quaking distrust,and began to cry.

"Aw, Jimmie!" broke in his mother's rasping, ineffectual voice, with its undertone of indulgence. "Come on now and behave yourself. Don't be such a silly!" And he was transferred forci-

THE MILL AT EL DORADO CANYON

bly from the boat, the last familiar home-link, to this alien shore.

Now Mrs. Garnet was a woman of supreme tact and accurate knowledge. She met her reluctant little guest with a piece of pie. The Unknown at once began to divest itself of dread and take on interest. Nothing that held and offered anything so tempting could be unpardonably awesome. Besides, Mrs. Garnet was laughing in her eyes. Jimmie felt dimly that no one had ever looked straight at him and clear through him like that before. And yet, somehow, he didn't mind. He became suddenly subconscious, so to speak, of something sweet and appealing, something better even than pie, though intimately related to it. He ac-

cepted both and sat down on the step to incorporate them into his little hungry system and in so doing he acquired a sense of belonging to this place that eliminated all the dismal Heimweh.

Next morning Jimmie awoke with the feeling of one at home in a strange land. If he had ever heard of Heaven, he would probably have supposed that he had arrived. This sense of reincarnation was due in part to the novel sensations contributed by the soft freshness of his bed, and comfort of clean, sweet things around him. There was also the reminiscence of the hot bath and little night-shirt Mrs. Garnet had insisted on the evening before—had had to insist on, in the face of his strenuous and dis-

"Garnet's Place"

gusted opposition. He smiled in enlightened amusement now and made a virtuous resolution to humour her without any trouble next time. Dreamily he contemplated the lace curtains, the pictures, the rugs, the bowl and pitcher of water, the white, white towels, and wondered what people had so many things for; wondered, too, in an unconscious fashion, why he liked them so well. And yet he could not feel on easy, cordial terms with them. He turned for relief to his mother, sleeping by his side. The evening before, his hostess had brought a cot into the room for him, put him in it and instructed his mother to see that he stayed there. But after her departure, his broken-hearted wails, beat-

ing upon Lelia's own unaccustomed loneliness caused her to yield, as she always did, covering her tender pride in him with an assumption of harshness that no whit deceived her spoiled, willful son. Now her dark, round, heavy face, framed by coarse, black, tangled hair, gave him a sense of reassurance and contentment. He put out his hand and shook her shoulder.

"Lelia, do you reckon th' ol' man's got th' cow milked yet?"

Her thoughts were already at the little home, away from which she had never before spent a night, and her reply was prompt, "Sure! Long ago. They don't get up early here."

"I'll bet he'll never look after th' eggs under th' settin' hen," mused the boy. Then with the kaleidoscopic freakishness of a child's impulses, he exclaimed eagerly, "Let's us get up, quick!" He had thought of something. Out in the other room was a rocking chair. It was the first one he had ever seen. "What is it, Lelia?" he had asked, sidling up to his mother and viewing it with a mixture of apprehension and curiosity aroused in him by every separate object in this avalanche of new impressions. He could scarcely be persuaded into it, but once in and going at full and reckless speed he could be no means be persuaded out of it, not even when sleepiness overcame him and reduced his sweeping career to intermittent, spasmodic jerks. But he was wide awake now,and, hastily slipping into his clothes, he ran into the adjoining room and put himself into direct and immediate communication with enjoyment.

Presently came the summons to breakfast. Obedience, touched with alacrity, brought him promptly to his chair beside Lelia. His expectant eye roved over the beautiful and bountiful table. Over against his marvelling delight in napery and china loomed the depressing discovery that there was no pie. However, the biscuits looked compensatory. Meanwhile another eye was taking cognizance of him and observing that ablutions had manifestly not been included in his toilet.

"Why, Jimmie," said Mrs. Garnet, "you haven't washed your face this morning, have you?"

Jimmie wriggled in embarrassment and transferred his gaze from the biscuits to his grimy little paws.

"Well, run on now and do it," continued that cheerful, inexorable voice. Both those qualities were new to Jimmie, and he did not move. "There's a basin on the porch right by the door, and you'll have plenty of time. We always wash at Garnet's house before we eat."

In her heart she was thinking, "It's now or never, and it shall be now." But the obstinate little figure never budged. His monitress had evidently given it up, and was serving a platter of eggs,

dainty dishes of ivory and gold garnished with morsels of crisp, brown bacon. Lelia, a silent auditor of the admonition, took her portion and was about to help the boy to his when she felt a restraining hand on her arm. "No!" said a gentle, decisive voice. "Jimmie doesn't care for any eggs this morning." She gave her hostess a mute, bewildered glance, for the idea of discipline was as utterly foreign to her as to the boy, but acquiesced. Jimmie felt a suffocation in his throat.

Next came a dish of creamed potatoes. Mr. Garnet, from his side of the table, started to give the boy some of these, but was checked by the same mild, warning tone, "No, Jimmie doesn't

JIMMIE'S PLAYGROUND

wish for any potatoes this morning." The look he threw his wife, however, was one of appreciative humor, and nothing more was said. The steaming, savory potatoes passed by on the other side, and that constriction around Jimmie's throat tightened uncomfortably.

Lelia continued to eat with her customary stolid indifference, her maternal inheritance. Jimmie continued to starve, while the battle waged between hunger and stubbornness. To the latter was the victory, however, and he began the day in unrepentant fasting.

About ten o'clock that morning Mrs. Garnet saw a shadow fall

athwart her kitchen door. "Please," timidly spoke an humble voice, "can I have a little piece of bread? I'm awful hungry." She looked down at the small, sturdy figure. Under a sheen of hair brushed to brilliancy on either side of the rather jagged "part," glowed a face transfigured by zealous scrubbing and the grace of a hard-conquered self. "What a handsome lad!" she thought, noting his rounded, dimpled beauty, the clear shining of his baby eyes, the satin smoothness of his clean cheeks flushed with a fresh color that seemed to glow rosily from within through the thin, transparent, olive skin, the sensitive mouth, the cameo features—mocking legacy, sole endowment from the father who had never seen him. "What a pathetically handsome lad!" Aloud she said, "You come right in here and sit up by this table and I'll give you a good breakfast."

The only danger after that was that the vain youth would become an unconscionable dandy, so extravagant did he become with soap and water, so diligent in dressing his ambrosial locks.

When not engaged in these dermatologic operations, he spent his time playing with Lelia, the only playmate he had ever had, or by himself in Mr. Garnet's tool-shop. This place was his delight. The only drawback lay in the disturbing penchant his playthings had for losing themselves. At home the caution to leave things exactly where he found them would have been as unheeded as the trifling breezes that were forever talking to the cottonwood trees. But the newly-infused leaven was beginning to work within the hard little lump of his soul.

One day, Mrs. Garnet, sitting on the veranda overlooking the river, was astonished to hear the quick patter of feet and to feel, the next moment, a hot, wet cheek rubbed remorsefully against her sleeve.

"Oh, Mrs. Garnet," sobbed Jimmie, in the grief-stricken candor of a spontaneous confession. "I do want to be a good boy; I do try not to be bad, but I just can't find them damn screwdrivers anywhere!"

"There are in this world such a number of sins," murmured the discouraged missionary. "Where shall I begin?"

She began by soothing the culprit about the fugitive screwdrivers, and ended by addressing to him his first sermon on profanity.

"It is a very wicked thing for anyone to swear," said this amazing friend of his. He wondered vaguely how she came to know about so many, many things. "It is dreadful. Why, God will not love you at all if you say such naughty words."

"But who is God?" inquired the young pagan in the frankness of absolute ignorance. "And where is he at?"

"The plot thickens!" she sighed helplessly, and Jimmie continued in reflective defense, "Why, Grandpa says that all the time, and Lelia, too, when she is awful mad." But he attended to her exhortations like a harkening cherub, and seemed of hopeful promise

That afternoon he was sick. The cause was laid to the extremely hot weather, and, perhaps, too much lemonade. But when this short but violent attack became of daily repetition, in spite of their watchful care, they were at a loss to account for it. One afternoon, Mrs. Garnet, engaged in arranging some things

The Home of Lelia and Jimmie

in a shadowy corner of the store room, perceived Jimmie making a stealthy entrance. On a low shelf stood a large bottle of wine that had been recommended to Lelia's conservative use as a tonic. Making a tiptoed beeline for his mother's "medicine," baby Bacchus quaffed generously and gleefully smacked his thieving little lips.

"So he's just been drunk all this time, has he?" cried Lelia, when acquainted with the companionable relationship between her inebriated son and the inebriating bottle. "Well, if he ain't the worst rascal! Why, he smokes a pipe at home, sometimes," she continued, with a shrill fluency of excitement. "Father gives

it to him. He looks so comical with the big old thing in his mouth."

"Never mind, dear," said Mr. Garnet consolingly to his wife. "We are advised to let the heathen rage, and I guess we might as well let them do other things, according as it pleases them." Then he strolled away, humming irreverently, "They'll be happy in their own sweet way!"

At last, and yet too soon, the time came to go home. Jimmie sat close to his mother in the boat, his pudgy little fists tucked into his bulging pockets, his flapping sombrero pulled down over his sober countenance. Mrs. Garnet stood on the shore, direct-

"HIS TRULY OWN RIVER"

ing them where to stow the lunch box she had provided. A sudden thought came to her.

"Jimmie," she cried, "don't you want a cookie to eat as you go along? You'll be hungry before noon. I'll run in and get you one." As he reached out for it he encountered that look again, so sure, so sympathetic, so penetrating.

"Oh, Mrs. Garnet," he cried, the close-folded little bud of his nature beginning to swell with the compelling sap of these new impulses and influences, his material and moral horizon widening, his vocabulary enriched by at least one new, divine word. "You do **love** me, don't you?"

The boat was carried into the current and glided swiftly down stream. A sudden realization of home surged up within the little wanderer.

"Say, Lelia," he exclaimed, munching his cookie, "the chickens will be hatched by this time, won't they? And won't Bulger be glad to see us! And old Bob and Nig, too. They'll all wag their tails an' come a-runnin' an' bark like he—" He caught himself up ruefully. "Like—like anything," he concluded bravely, trying to put as much swagger as possible into the mild and inexpressive word.

He gazed down the long, gleaming stretch of water. It was such a big river! It bounded his world as completely as did the Homeric Oceanus that of the peninsular-dwelling Greeks. But there, by the willows and cottonwoods, the creaking windmill and the low, sagging shanty of withes and adobe, it was his truly-own river.

"Lelia," he murmured pensively, "I wish we was home right now, don't you?"

Los Angeles.

A SONG OF THE NESTING BIRDS

A DASH and it's over, the warm spring rain,
And hurrah for the flowers and sun;
Hurrah for the flash of a grey, damp wing—
And the nesting songs begun!

The foothills slant to their feet of sage,
And hide in grease-brush and thorn,
And under your feet, at the turn of the road,
The first wee spring flower is born.

Up the long hill where the shy quail hide
A furled green fern has pushed through;
There's a smell on the hills of rain, and grass,
And exultance and gladness in you.

Out from the pepper's lace-latticed green,
Comes the cheeriest music heard—
The droning hum of the working bee,
And the song of the nesting bird.

Happy are they of the swift dark wing,
And cheerily sing they their lay;
And happy are you of the troubled heart,
Who were weeping yesterday.

Cheering is love from one beloved,
And cheering a friend's kind word;
But cheerier still is the hum of the bee,
And the song of the nesting bird.

Elsinore, Cal.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE.

By RICHARD SCRACE.

NOTHING in all Nature stands alone;
Upon the grand, gray rock, the Mountain Pine
Hath a companionship divine.
Tu-ee-u-la-la chants with deep, low tone,
Wa-pama thunders down its shadowy gorge.
One sings: "He dwells in peace," through every hour;
And one seems as His chariot wheels of power,
Torn from the ore, welded at Titan's forge.

But in the balmy days of early June
The water's flight is hushed in part repose,
In white sun-fire they fly and float and drowse—
The pines sway dreamily to their own tune,
And down the face of the bare granite walls
A flood of singing water, sunlight, air,
Shrouds it with mist, as though some spirit fair
Played with the sun-filled tissue of the falls.
And in the Winter, there's grim comrad'ry
Of hurtling boulders and up-rooted tree,
And avalanches from the laden height;
The shining bloom of snow is everywhere,
A dust of shimmering petals fills the air,
Swaths of majestic forests catch its light.
The precipice's stones form polished keys,
And rushing waters make wild harmonies.

Blessed evangels hath the mountain high;
The flood-wave, leader of the glorious choir,
With snow and clouds and winds that never tire
Sing and wreathe round it as the years go by.
And on the great gray rock the Mountain Pine
Serenely dwells; the whirling winds below
Do not trouble its strong boughs; the snow
Can bend it not, nor flood wave undermine.

When I'm a-weary of the babbling world—
Its books, and all—save the four footed things—
I clamber where the pine its shadow flings
O'er the path that's round the boulder curled.
Breathe in exhilaration, sweet and clear
And watch the great white clouds drift slowly by,
Into the wilderness of thin, blue sky,
And gain rare glimpses of an upper sphere.

Toronto, Canada.

TWO NOBLE GIRLS.

MONG the good things that have recently happened to the distressed Campo Indians—thanks to the public interest of Southern California—is the placing of a little squad of field matrons at Campo. The government is paying a part of the salary, and private contributions from the East are eking this out. The American matron, Miss Robinson, has seen service before, and is meeting all expectations. With her are two noble Indian women, Frances Lachappa (daughter of that fine old type Narciso, at Mesa Grande) and Rosalia Nejo. The latter is not included in government aid, but is absolutely essential to the work; and the Sequoya League has undertaken to give her $5 a month for the next twelve months as a slight assistance. It would be glad to double this amount if the funds are forthcoming.

Both these Indian girls are educated, refined, of high character,

ROSALIA NEJO. FRANCES LACHAPPA.

and of clear intelligence, and they are doing enormous good among their people. Naturally they add very greatly to the efficiency of the white matron. They are located at Campo, and are to be provided with a team so that they may make the rounds of all five reservations —a pretty serious mountain trip in any weather. There could hardly be a worthier assistance than any given to these two devoted girls. Extracts from one of their letters, and a facsimile of the writing, speak better than comment.

Miss Lachappa is 24 years old. Her mother died at her birth, and she has been brought up by her grandfather at Mesa Grande. She went to the Mesa Grande school, thence to the Perris boarding school. Coming back on vacation, and finding her grandfather living on acorn meal only, she secured a place to do housework and sent home her earnings. Then she was matron of the Mesa Grande school; and after that went to the Phoenix, Arizona, boarding school, paying much attention to cooking and music. Thence she went as assistant in an Episcopal Mission among the Piutes near Reno, Nevada, for two years. By her own earnings she has built a comfortable wooden house for her grandfather, and furnished it. Last December she entered this important but self-sacrificing work at Campo.

A letter from one of these Indian missionaries:

CAMPO, CALIF.

My Dear Teacher:—Your letter we received yesterday. How thankful I am for the cheque sent by Miss Du Bois, and all your troubles. Indeed, you have won the crown, and it is waiting for you. * * * Even if I was alone I would get just enough to keep me from starving and nakedness. You know how happy we are in this kind of work. I wish we did not have to think of money. Every day and week seems to bring us something to do for these poor creatures. We have eight children in school. Frances teaches them and I make children's underwear out of the old clothes. We have no books, chalk, "nor nothin'." Miss Robinson wrote to Mr. Shell for these things; he promised to help us all he could.

Mr. Weegar has promised to give us $3 a month from Sequoya League for rations for noonday lunch for the children; he said he would try it for three months. We cannot tell how much it will cost; we only started last week. * * *

A man from Cuipaipa came down here so that his children could come to school. We let him have the tent; four of them are of school age. He is at Cuyamaca cutting wood; many of them went from Manzanita and La Posta. * * * Mr. Weegar is to suggest about building houses and furnish them some furniture, stoves, beds; these will help them to start on the new life. I wish this was to be done *pronto;* we would be the *happiest creatures.*

You remember the old sick lady? She is getting worse; her feet are much swollen, but she may live through winter. We go to see her every day and take soup and sometimes fuel.

I will send Auntie $10.00. I wonder who is plowing the land.

I think Frances will write you. Teacher, you do not know how close we have to live; we live on nothing but beans. Miss Robinson is learning to eat them; she is quite fond of them now.

The tent flies are here.

My love to you and from Frances.

Your hija,

ROSALIA.

us. She has been in the In-
dian service for ten years
and is a great help to us
in many ways. Of course she
has never seen such poor.
miserable Indians as these
but I am glad to say that
she is not discouraged.
We walk about a mile
every day to the Rancheria
Perhaps you will remember
old Mike and his wife. the
oldest couple in the village.
The old woman died Tuesday
was buried Thursday. She
had good care and everything
she wanted to eat but she
died of old age. The is a

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM ONE OF THE INDIAN MISSIONARIES.

Miss Nejo's mother died when she was twelve. Rosalia, in her child years from eight to twelve, walked to school four or five miles every day. At twelve she was sent to the San Diego Mission school; and was there, off and on, for eight years—sometimes with intermissions to earn money by housework. She was matron of the Mesa Grande school for two years; and then for two years, without pay, assistant to Mrs. Mary B. Watkins, the devoted woman who has done so much for the Mesa Grande Indians, and who had broken down in health. Rosalia then spent two years in San Mateo, California, working her way through a course in Mission work. She saved enough from her wages to build her father a good wooden house, which she furnished and decorated. Several oil paintings of her own execution adorn the walls.

At Campo, with Miss Robinson, these Indian girls are conducting

a little school—which is sadly hampered for want of books and materials. For blackboard, they are using planks covered with black cloth. They not only teach the chilren, but are carrying helpfulness to the families, teaching the women to sew, make over clothing, cook, and so on.

All that these devoted young women ask is a poor living. There ought to be no doubt that in Southern California there will be many glad to give them that—and more. And contributions for this purpore can be sent to the Sequoya League. More about Campo, its needs and the work going on there will be found on later pages of this magazine.

YATAI.

By ARTHUR B. BENNETT.

NO, thou, in a niche in that cañon, where the human tide eddies below—
Whose sides were performed of the mason, where the trolley cars clang to and fro;
Where the minutes are masters of iron, begrudging to live or to die—
Ho hither, dear soul of the days that are not, let us take the trail down to Yatai!

Remember, I pray, in your city, where your waiter detachedly waits
To proffer you nothing for hunger, nor to drink, that a thirsty soul sates,
That we fed on the fishes of Egypt (do its cucumbers come to the eye?)
Or rather, dear soul of the days that are not, on the feed that they have in Yatai.

And what? 'Tis a niche of a cañon where the sycamore blinks to that sun,
Who times one in rising and setting to beguilment of days as they run;
There the meals are the masters of iron, the deciders to live or to die—
There living, we lived, in the days that are not, in a hut by a spring in Yatai.

By voices that call in that cañon, by the echoes that halted our hearts,
By vistas that pray to be gazed on for their charms from the Master of arts;
By the dews and the brush-scent at even, clear stars, and coyotes' far cry,
I conjure, dear soul of the days that are not, let us take the trail down to Yatai!

San Diego, Cal.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A WORKER.

By ROY O. ACKLEY.

OURTEEN months ago, after a hard struggle with winter, I threw down my hammer and saw, and started west. Work in the building trades had been unsteady, and indications held no promise for the future, so, acting on the advice of a friend, I headed for a western mining camp, resolved to try my hand at mining. A little job that I had just finished afforded me a "road stake"—$8.00. It was in May and the weather was beautiful. I caught a night freight, and the next morning I found myself in Minneapolis with Butte, Mont., fixed as my destination. A walk around the block to the employment agencies assured me that it would be possible to "ship out" a part of the way, so I waited for my chance. Along the curb on either side of the street for at least four blocks were lined up a gang of men, mostly foreigners, waiting their chance to be shipped out of town for railroad work.

The next day I found my chance. It was a little town in North Dakota—Valley City—near where they were building a branch; men would be shipped that afternoon, and the fee, $2.00. In exchange for my money I was given a little slip of paper which assured me of a job as trackman at $2.00 per day, with board at $4.00 per week. There were nine in the bunch, and at four o'clock we were herded to the depot by the Employment Man and placed in the smoking-car of a west-bound train.

It didn't take me long to size up the bunch and determine that they were not railroad workers. They were simply fellows like myself who wanted to go west and had seized upon the cheapest way to get there. Two dollars a day and the filth of a railroad camp had no charms for us; so, when the train arrived, we jumped to the station platform, and, disregarding the cries of the agent who was there awaiting us, we scattered in every direction. It was night, and after a hasty lunch at an uptown restaurant I returned to the depot. A west-bound freight was due in two hours, I learned from the station agent, so I climbed into an empty box car to await its coming. A cold rain set in shortly, and when the train arrived I was stiff and shivering. I looked over the train as she stood puffing and snorting ready to pull out—not an "empty" on her. All were loaded and sealed. Lights were flickering here and there through the darkness. Suddenly there were two short blasts of the whistle, the slack was pulled out of the train with a jerk, and she started forward. I made for the rods underneath, but as I did so a dark form

came running up from the rear and stopped me. "A flat car loaded with pipes up ahead," he said and we started.

It was a stiff run, the train was gaining speed at every moment, but despite the darkness we gained steadily, until at length we arrived out of breath, and pulled ourselves up onto the "pipe" car. It was the fourth car back from the engine—a "Gondola" piled high with twenty-four-foot sewer-pipes. It was the work of a moment to scramble into one of the pipes to and through the center of the car; we lay there panting. The wind whistled through, cold as ice, and in a few minutes we were chilled to the bone. Then a light flashed into the end of the pipe; it was the "Brakie." We could hear him as he moved about, throwing his light first into one pipe and then another. At last ours was the one. The lantern came into view, held high to the top of the pipe, and underneath appeared the face of the brakeman, his eyes shaded with his hand, and peering ahead. I buried my face in my arms and lay still, but he saw me.

"Pile out of there," he said. "You'll have to dig up a dollar apiece. Get the rest of 'em out. I'll be back in a few minutes and collect fare." The next instant the light disappeared, and we could hear the brakeman climbing over the pipes, going back to the rear of the train.

It was no use laying low any longer, so we scrambled out and sat down on the end of a pipe.

"Going to dig up?" I asked my companion.

"Naw," came the reply. "It's bad enough to have to hobo without havin' to dig up. If I digs up, I rides on the cushions."

I myself felt a good deal the same way, and besides my road-stake had dwindled to $4.50 and not half of the distance covered.

"Try de end door," said my "pardner."

I rose up and reached across to the end of the box-car next ahead. It was so dark that I could not see, but I could feel it was not the regulation end-door. Instead it was a little opening, eight by sixteen inches, high up in the front of the car, closed with a sheet-iron slide. I felt for the seal but there wasn't any, my fingers pressed against the iron and it slid open. From inside came the heavy snores of someone sleeping.

"She's all right!" I cried. "Give me a boost." My arms and shoulders slid through all right, but my hips stuck. The train was running at a good rate of speed and the roadbed was rough. My feet rested on the edge of a pipe on the "Gondola," my head and arms dangled downward feeling for the floor inside the car. I struggled, my "pardner" outside pushed, and finally, with a lurch of the train, I slid through and fell to the floor of the car a few feet below, scraping my shins as I did so. But I was in-

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

side. The next thing was to get my "pardner" in; his arms came through but his shoulders stuck. It was no go; he was a heavier man than I, and, after a few minutes of fruitless effort, he gave it up.

"So-long, old man!" he said, and I slid shut the door, and, finding a pin and chain inside, bolted it. Inside, it was as dark as pitch. I crawled to the farther end of the car, removed my coat, and, throwing it about my shoulders to keep in the warmth of my body, lay down. A few minutes later, lulled by the peaceful snores of the other occupant of the car, I fell asleep. When I awoke, light was streaming in through the cracks around the doors; the train was running, and I made my way forward through the semi-darkness, and cautiously pushed open the door. There was the "pipe car," but as for my friend of the night before, he was nowhere to be seen. Anyway he hadn't given me away to the brakeman, and sliding the door farther back I sized up the interior of the car. It was loaded two feet up from the floor with lumber apparatus which later I found was to be used in the interior workings of an ore-mill. In the farther corner, all curled up in a ball, his coat thrown over his head, lay my companion of the "snores." He was still asleep. Partly closing the door, I scrambled back and shook him. With a grunt he opened his eyes and sat up. He was a short, slightly-built fellow, dressed in a greasy suit of black. Over his face spread a plentiful growth of grimy whiskers. "I'm going to Butte," he explained. "Got a job cooking out there—twenty-four a week in it."

I closed the end door and bolted it, then little by little I gathered up his story. He was a cook, and for six months he had worked in a railroad camp. After that, a trip to Minneapolis, a turn at "bank," with plenty of "booze" for a week, then a night freight west-bound where a job awaited him.

The car we were in I learned was billed for Butte, and as long as we laid low we were all right; but the question was, could we stand it for that length of time without food or water? Already my friend had passed two nights and a day with nothing more substantial than a can of tomatoes which he had drank the first day out.

"Just lay down and sleep as much as you can, not moving around any, and we'll make it all right," advised the cook. "I've stood it four days and four nights going to Seattle, and I guess it can be done over again. Have to lay still, though, and save your strength."

And we lay down. Part of the time asleep, part of the time awake, lying first on one side and then on the other. The in-

terior of the car, as the sun rose higher, became warm, then hot. Night came on and it cooled until we shivered underneath our coats. Another day, then again night. I was so thirsty I could hardly speak; my tongue seemed swollen to twice its natural size. And still the train pounded along; sometimes stopping and switching for a time, then on again. Morning came and passed; then the car became unbearably hot and I knew it must be after noon. The train stopped; I could stand it no longer —three days and three nights without food or water. Slipping open the door I crawled through, and this time it was easier. I had shrunk.

"Here's two bits," said my companion handing a quarter out through the opening. "If you can get back here without letting the shack see you, bring me a can of tomatoes, or something. If you can't—" But I didn't stop to hear the rest. The sun was pounding down between the cars, hot and dry as the blast out of a furnace. I staggered forward, dodged through between cars, stumbled over tracks, until finally I emerged. The town lay before me; a wide street, two rows of low frame buildings, and many saloons . . . . I lined up to the bar, called for beer, drank it, and everything grew black before my eyes; the room whirled. Someone grabbed me by the arm, and I went over.

When I came to, I was lying in a rear room of the saloon. "Been doped, I guess," said a voice; but I denied it.

"I'm subject to these spells," I said, putting my feet on the floor and sitting up. I felt better, although a trifle dizzy.

Across the street I found a restaurant, and exercising a little common sense, I refrained from eating hearty food, taking a little beef bouillon instead. After that I purchased some potted veal, some crackers, a loaf of bread, and four cans of tomatoes; thus supplied I hurried back to the depot, where the train was still standing. They had been doing some switching, but after some difficulty I found the "pipe car," and was just climbing up when a voice stopped me: "Where you going?"

I looked down; there on the rail between the cars sat the brakeman. "I want to get to Butte City," I told him.

He sized me up, looked over my bundles, and grinned: "You made this train in?" he remarked.

I nodded my head.

"Well, if you want to get to Butte, you will have to dig up six bits. This is Logan Junction, it's a seventy-five-mile run from here. No show to beat her," he went on. "It's all grade and we only pull ten cars. It's worth the money anyhow."

I handed him seventy-five cents and climbed onto the "pipe

car." All of the time I was afraid the cook would pull open the slide door in the box-car and look out, but he didn't, and in a few minutes I heard the two short blasts of the whistle (release brakes), then it was repeated from the rear, and we had started. At a corner I looked out. Ahead were two monstrous mountain engines; in the rear, pushing, was one; and only ten cars. Cautiously I rapped on the door of the box car, cautiously it was opened, and the cook's face appeared at the opening. "Coast is clear," I announced, opening a can of tomatoes, and handing them in. "Go slow," I cautioned, "or you will founder yourself."

Then we had a meal fit for the gods—tomatoes, tinned veal-loaf, bread and crackers. The sun was sinking lower and the air felt fresh and invigorating. We ate until not a morsel was left. And all of the time we were climbing higher up into the mountains; the scenery was becoming more rugged. Above us towered the peaks sharp and abrupt. Winding, twisting, over trestles, through cuts, at times barely clinging to the face of some precipitous descent, the train threaded its way cork-screw like upward into the hills; sometimes creeping at snail's pace, the three engines belching and snorting like mad, then fairly flying down short grades, around curves, and on. Then we came to a stop for the engines to take water. The "Brakie" came over the train: "The highest point in the Rockies on the N. P.," he announced.

The balance of the run into Butte was down grade. The sun plunged down behind the peaks and the air became chilly, but despite the cold I clung to the topmost pipe on the "pipe car," and watched the gathering darkness, with the wind, as we increased speed going down grade, tearing around like mad. One of the pipes loosened, shifted backward, turning out over the side of the track with the lurch of the train. The chains that held the pipes in place groaned with the strain. At any moment the chains might give way, precipitating pipes, car, and all down the mountain side. It was dangerous; I knew it, but still I sat there clinging to my place with both hands. And onward we rushed, around curves, over trestles, through cuts, and every instant gathering speed. Finally away ahead through a gap in the mountains, flashed the lights of Butte. I looked at the shifting pipe; it had wedged itself in and lay still. Then gradually came a slackening of speed, the train crawled around the side of a mountain, and down onto the flat, shimmering white in the moonlight, then into the yards, and we had reached Butte. The cook scrambled out through the end door, we shook hands, and he disappeared.

That night I found a bed at the Southern Hotel—rates with

board, $1.00 per day—and the next day I buttonholed the hotel-clerk and inquired for work. "If you are not a miner, boy, and have got to rustle, you had better try some of the smaller camps."

I took his advice, and that night at eight o'clock, after a thirty-mile railroad-ride and twelve miles by stage, I found myself in Soap Gulch, with just two bits left in my pocket.

"Yes," said the Hotel Man, in response to my inquiry, "your credit is good for a month. I always hold up a rustler for that length of time if he's square; it's the custom in the west, boy." And I climbed into bed and slept the sleep of perfect content.

The next day I met the shift-boss at the mine and got a job—$3.50 per day, with board $1.00 per day. If I was saving, I could lay up $60 a month.

I stayed in that camp a year. Part of the time through the breaking down of machinery I was idle. One day I dug up my cache and counted it—$350.00. It was enough. Again it was spring. In the east the lilacs were blooming. The next day I registered at the best hotel in Butte. I stayed there a day, then down to Ogden where I caught the Overland Limited, buffet, observation car and all. It was costly, but I was going east. I was going right—my clothes were good and I looked the part. I tipped everybody—porters, flunkeys and all. Now—two months later—I am in Iowa, with a hammer and nail-sack, driving nails to beat the band. Next spring I am going back.

Sioux City, Ia.

RAIN

By NORA MAY FRENCH

THE rain was grey before it fell,
  And through a world where light had died,
There ran a mournful little wind
  That shook the trees and cried.

The rain was brown upon the earth,
  In turbid stream and tiny seas;
In swift and slender shafts that beat
  The flowers to their knees.

The rain is mirror to the sky—
  Oh, passing words, a blue so dear!
And drifting in the shining pools
  The clouds are white and near.

Los Angeles, Cal.

CAUSES OF DIALECTS AND TONAL VARIATIONS

By MARY A. DAVIS

THAT human character is largely affected by climate and geographical conditions is manifestly true, and that the tone and voice are influenced by the character is so evidently manifest as to need no proof. The mental endowments of a race affect the accent. A nation may be gay and vivacious, thereby causing the individuals of each successive generation to speak in bright and sparkling tone; or the habits of the people aided by climate give to other races a language slow and guttural. Environment leads still others to be silent and thoughtful, causing the language to be sad and mournful in accordance with the character.

The throat and lungs have a large share in making our tones, and these in turn are dependent upon aliment and hygienic conditions for their proper development.

The popular drink of a nation directly affects the brain and we immediately see its effect in the speech, wine drinkers being quick of action and speech, and beer drinkers usually heavy of motion and slow of speech.

As the food eaten by a race depends largely upon soil and climate, the human constitution must adapt itself to the locality in which it lives, and this is the primary cause of change of tone and accent by people allied in blood and speaking the same language.

A fair illustration of this change is found between the people of Spain and their descendants in Mexico and South America. On this side of the Atlantic the voice is not as soft and sweet as in Old Castile. These descendants do not pronounce **z** with the soft sibilance of their forefathers. Mexicans do not pronounce **ll** properly, as in such words as "gallo" and "caballo".

In the United States of Colombia and Venezuela they do not sound the **a** as hard as in Spain, and in many words the **e** instead of being sounded as an English **a** has the sound of **e** in met.

The Republic of Argentina has a different climate from its more northerly sisters, and the change in the voice is more distinctly marked. Burning winds from the north blow over the salt deserts, laden with a mixture of dust and salt, making respiration positively painful, and irritating the throat and nasal passages. Another wind called the Pampero sweeps from the Antarctic over the dreary wastes of Patagonia, without hill or tree to check its mad force, and drives across the plains of Ar-

gentina unobstructed, save for the tall grass of the pampas. With such a climate it is not strange that the native of Argentina should have a harsh voice, and that his tone should lose the softness of the tones of his forefathers in Europe.

It is said that the quick energy and suspicious caution of the Italian is partly due to his volcanic mountains, his tones having developed distinct but low; the balmy air giving his language that peculiar sweetness so agreeable to the ear.

The Slav gets his deep and melancholy note from his dense forests and boundless steppes. The oppressions undergone from a succession of corrupt, despotic and unjust dynasties have lent a depth and pathos to his tones that a happier race could never possess.

So many causes, almost imperceptible at first, affect the character of a race, when placed in new environment, that it is difficult to analyze the reason of the change of tone and voice unless there be a pronounced distinction; but it is not difficult to trace the cause of the difference between our English cousins and ourselves. They have no earthquakes or cyclones, nor any other elemental forces to disturb their calm. They are reasonably sure of their fogs and rains, and the uniform change of the four seasons. This calmness, we sometimes stigmatize as phlegmatic, but we are forced to admit that it gives them patient energy and a sure command of themselves.

The British Isles have not the vast areas and lofty mountains of our own continent, neither have they our mighty rivers that water the boundless plains. They have no deserts with dry and burning wind to parch the throat, nor our virgin forests, which alas, are being so ruthlessly destroyed. Their plants and trees do not grow so rapidly nor so large as do ours. The flowers, the birds and the insects, have not the same variety of colors which distinguish those of our own land. Their sky is not as bright, and all their tints are softened and tempered down.

There is no doubt that the religious beliefs of a people are influenced by climate; and the voice takes on a tone in accordance with this belief, as is evinced by the deep resonant tones of the Scotch, inherited from their Presbyterian ancestors; the quiet, gentle tones of the Quaker, who wishes all men well, and the light quickness of the French, showing their indifference to all religion.

This same cause, no doubt, influenced the change of accent so pronounced in the descendants of Puritan forefathers. The Catholic church has left her mark in the use of Latin by giving the Irish their broad **a's**; and in her love of display we trace an

analogy to the language and character of the people of Southen Europe.

In the beginning the continent of Europe seems to have been, in many respects, inferior to the other continents of the Eastern Hemisphere. How can we reconcile this apparent inferiority with the brilliant part Europe has performed among the other continents? Could it have been an accident that so many fine languages developed on this, the smallest continent of the three? May not Europe have concealed, under her irregular topography, some real superiority which has given it the distinguished place it holds among the continents? The very fact that it is diversified and separated by numerous mountains and bodies of water, into small plains, peninsulas and valleys, gives each community of people a certain amount of isolation.

Diversity of soil, climate, religion, and the different forms of industry strengthen this individuality, and a variety of dialects follows.

The continent of Europe has neither the extreme heat of the tropics, nor the cold of the frigid zone. Much of the land, owing to the irregularity of the coast line, is near bodies of salt water, developing and changing, not only the sea-faring people, but those in other occupations, through the softening influence of the salt air. The influence of the sea upon language is easily seen by comparing the soft tones of the Portuguese, Spanish and Italians, with the harsher tones of inland countries such as Germany, Austria and Russia.

Had the soil been uniformly prodigal, and the climate universally salubrious, the people of Europe would have been more indolent, but, not possessing great natural wealth, they took up the form of livelihood most suitable to each locality, and the difference of soil, climate and the forms of industry pursued in the various communities, affected the dialects of those speaking the same language. Isolation and intermarriage so confirmed the habit of these dialects, that, after generations, they became distinct languages.

The numerical strength and power of the people speaking different tongues influenced the time in which they sang and spoke; the conquering nations using a major key, while the conquered nations invariably sang in a minor key, and their spoken tones were deep and often sad. It is said that all nature speaks in a minor key; the ocean's roar, the murmur of the river, the rustle of the leaves, and the moan of the wind in the trees carry the same soft cadence, and it is not strange that the Indian, who lives among these sounds, should use the same key in his music, and that his spoken tones should be in unision.

Frequent wars and numerous difficulties which beset the people of Europe in their march of progress turned many to the New World. The strongest and bravest men of every country, speaking a variety of languages, and using terms peculiar to their own section, meet in this new land. Gradually the language of the fatherland is forgotten, and yet tones and words and expressions linger, and are repeated by children and grandchildren, until, unconsciously, these differences, being diffused through a section of country, become characteristic. It is not strange that the children of foreign parents should have some accent of the fatherland. It is remarkable that they do not retain more of their parents' accent, and it is a great compliment to our public school system that the English language in America has preserved so great a degree of purity.

A striking illustration of change in tone and accent produced by climate—the more striking because the language itself is the same—is that between the New-Englander and the Englishman. The geography of the country is similar to Old England, and the people themselves are more like their English ancestors than those of any other part of the Union. The fact that they had no important mineral wealth contributed toward doing away with the element of chance which has affected the western pioneer.

The soil not being so productive as further south gave them a precarious food supply, and a part of the population turned to the sea for its food. Finding immense quantities of food and other fish, they began to carry them south, and sold great quantities to the southern planters. Whale fishing followed, and gradually a large commerce sprang up. They had many fine harbors and excellent timber for ship-building, and thus the peculiarities of sea-faring people crept into the language. The soil was poor, but sheep throve on their stony hillsides, leading to the manufacture of woolen goods. They were not slow in discovering that their rivers furnished exceptional advantages for water-power, and what was more natural than that their vessels should return from the south loaded with cotton to be made into cloth? They had a variety of excellent hardwoods for furniture, and consequently this was added to their list of manufactures, and boots and shoes, hardware and firearms, and so on, until they became foremost as a manufacturing people. The whirl of machinery, with its accompanying lint and dust, naturally injured the voice, and we find their language becoming nasal.

The people of New England did not buy slaves, but this was not because they were better than their southern neighbors, but because the labor of the negro was not skilled enough to be of value in manufacturing, but was particularly remunerative in the south

where they had large exportable crops. They did, however, need skilled labor, and it is from the English manufacturing class which came over, that our true Yankee inherited his pronunciation of "caow" and "haow."

In New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania the people are largely of Dutch and German origin, and carry in their speech peculiarities of those languages, frequently saying "wy" and "wot" for "why" and "what."

Maryland and Virginia were principally settled by educated English. This fact, aided by a salubrious climate, seems to have helped them to retain an especially pure tone. Though they have a quality of tone and accent entirely distinct from any other section, they have one peculiarity in common with a good many other southern people, that of entirely eliminating the r from the end of a word, as "Mistah" for "Mister." Further south they have a pleasant "throaty" accent, probably induced by their warm, moist climate, and assimilation with Spanish and French. The rich resonance of the negro voice probably aided in effecting this change.

We find the most striking dialect of the United States in the mountains of Tennessee, where, partly because of the topography of the country, they have been isolated for several generations. Their illicit "stills" have fostered this isolation, and they have continued to live in such a state of ignorance that their English has undergone a change not only in accent but in words and expressions, until one can readily see that if this were to continue for a few more generations, these people would have a distinct language. They constantly say "we'uns" and "you'uns" and "you all," and one occasionally hears the educated people of Kentucky and Tennessee say "you'all."

The people of Arkansas and Missouri sometimes use the participle without the auxilliary, as "He taken his hat," or "I written a letter," and in Texas there is an elusive difference from the rest of the south, charmingly soft and sibilant, but difficult to describe.

The Mormons in Utah have an individuality of accent, and sometimes drop their "H" like a cockney. This is probably due to the fact that many of the first generation of Mormons were from England. They are the only Americans who have this habit. It is not strange that they have it, but it is remarkable, considering how many in this country are of English descent, that more Americans do not have it.

The people of the Mississippi Valley, although descended from those who emigrated from other parts of the Union, have a distinct accent of their own, pronouncing their **a's** less broad and giving the **o** vocative a slightly different sound.

West of the Mississippi, where high winds, cyclones and blizzards abound, the voice is liable to be, not exactly nasal, but rather catarrhal in tone, with the **a** flat and the **o** long and slightly drawled.

In Minnesota and that part of the northwest there seems to be a peculiar mingling of "Yankee" and western accent. The voice is rather monotonous and sometimes there is a sort of burr to the **r** caught from the Norwegian settlers there. You often hear "Sumthun" for "something," and "Sary," "Almiry" and "Piory," for "Sarah," "Almira" and "Peoria."

The mining states of the west have their own expressions and accent, and their tones are buoyant and hearty. Hope dominates their mental vision and lends its cheer to the voice.

Northern and Southern California seem destined to have two distinct dialects, for already we can detect a difference of accent. In the north they say "singin" and "dancin" for "singing" and "dancing," and the tones are not so much from the throat as in the south, but rather from the head. In the south, the young, especially young girls, have rich and full tones but speak so rapidly as sometimes to have to repeat their sentences, as if stammering. This does not seem to be a fault of the vocal organs, but rather that the brain is too rapid for the speech. It has been said that the children of California master studies which do not require deep thought with extreme readiness, the brain being exceedingly active, but are lacking in mathematical and logical studies; and although in California much time is given to arithmetic, the children there are two years behind the children of the Lake states in the same branch. If this is a fact, it is probably due to climatic conditions, and is the reason why so many young people speak too rapidly in Southern California.

After all, the English language as spoken in America, although a much larger country than Great Britain, varies very little in comparison with that spoken in the various counties of England, to say nothing of the varieties of language of the Irish, Welsh, Scotch and Cornish.

Probably in olden times it was not correct to sound an **h** at the beginning of an English word, any more than it is now to sound it at the beginning of a Spanish word, but there seems to be no good reason why they should have prefixed the sound of **h** where there was none.

The Irish roll of the **r** was probably the universal method, and it would be an excellent custom if it were practiced in our schools as it would greatly aid in learning foreign languages.

English women pronounce their words with less effort than do Americans, and even if illiterate they seem to have a softness

of speech, the words apparently flowing out with great ease and sweetness.

They say we drawl our words, but we think we only pronounce them distinctly. However this may be, we learn to speak foreign languages much more correctly than do they. And it is a well known fact, that although France is their next door neighbor, and we are separated from that country by several thousand miles of ocean, Americans who learn French speak it more correctly than do the English.

Although our young people sometimes stammer out their words, a distinction should be made between stammering and stuttering, and there is not nearly so much stuttering and lisping in this country as in England; in fact one rarely hears a grown American lisp.

The **r** is the most troublesome letter of the alphabet except the **h**. It is put on the end of words where it does not belong, and left off where it does belong, and sometimes it is left out of the middle of a word. The lady who said: "Marier, bwing me a dwink of watah and close the doah," furnished a good example of these vagaries. Sometimes the final **a** is changed to **y** and a broad **a** given when it should be **y**. As "Marah" for "Mary," and "Sary" for "Sarah."

South Sea Islanders and Chinese have no **r** in their language and say "lice" for "rice" and "stling" for "string."

There is much confusion about the various sounds of **a**, particularly in such words as "aunt." "Can" is correctly pronounced, but when it comes to the negative some "cahn't" and others "cawn't" pronounce it.

There is no doubt that various diseases affect the voice, and those who suffer from indigestion have more or less huskiness of tone. The frequent "hem" that we hear is not always produced by catarrh, but is often the result of a nervous irritation arising from inflammation, or disease of some vital organ.

The speech of a whole community may be modified by some peculiarity of one family. Perhaps the children are tongue-tied, and, going to school, all the children in the district learn to drawl with a slight lisp. Being tongue-tied is a defect more common than is generally supposed, and one that proves a serious detriment in singing and learning foreign languages. If the ligament holding the tongue is too short it is a simple operation to have it cut during infancy, and every infant should have its mouth examined soon after its birth to see if it has this defect.

The destruction of our forests is having a very injurious effect upon the American voice by drying up the water supply, thereby decreasing the humidity of the air, and causing blizzards

and cyclones and sudden waves of heat and cold. These have much the same effect upon the vocal cords as that produced upon the strings of a violin.

The nervous haste of the nation, in its frantic effort to get ahead, makes us enunciate hurriedly, and prevents our language from being smooth and refined.

The servant-girl problem, so difficult for the American housekeeper to solve, sometimes gives the voice the tired whine which the woman no doubt feels who must take care of her home and family, and keep up with the tide of fashion. And no doubt catarrh, more than any other one thing, gives American women the nasal twang which foreigners so often harshly criticise.

Southern women are said to have sweeter voices than their northern sisters, partly because they have a warmer and moister climate, and partly because they have had for generations their black servants, and more freedom from household worries.

It is said by the English that the second generation of California women have a bell-like clearness of tone, sweet and pleasant to hear, which is no doubt due to the mild climate and proximity to the sea. They also live out of doors a great deal, and have little or no furnace heat to weaken the vocal cords.

The tones of the voice are so subtle and elusive, that although we might not be able to tell why, we are quick to detect the nationality of strangers, and even to tell the section from which they came. In the west, where the residents meet many tourists, they get accustomed to judging by the voice, tone and manner, and are rarely mistaken in their judgment. Often they can tell not only from what section the stranger comes, but his business, whether a doctor, lawyer, minister, merchant or farmer, and even his religion, whether Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist.

Of the thousands of tourists who go to Southern California annually, very few respectable people are asked for references, even when taking up their abode in private homes, and those whose business brings them into frequent intercourse with strangers are rarely deceived, the voice being a safe guide in forming a correct estimate of character.

Pasadena, Cal.

LETTERS OF AN ARGONAUT.

From August, 1849, to October, 1851.

[CONCLUDED.]

JANUARY 31, 1851. . . . This place since I left it has improved in a most astonishing manner in every respect. It has grown nearly one-third, and when I go into the streets I hardly know where I am; society has also improved, a great many gentlemen having either sent for or brought out their families, so that when you now walk the streets it is no uncommon thing to meet ladies. I went to church last Sunday at the Rev. Mr. Williams, Presbyterian, and found a church about as large as ours at Walpole, well filled; and much to my surprise and pleasure also, there was a very respectable portion of ladies; it looked more like home than anything I have seen in this country. . . . The church is a new one. . . . Sunday before last I went to hear Rev. Mr Farley, Unitarian, who has commenced services in a small hall . . . There is no doubt, I think, that moral and religious influences are decidedly on the increase here. . . . I have never before since I came to California for a moment wished you a resident of this place, but now I wish with all my heart you were here, for I see I could make you comfortable and many of the annoyances which I feared to expose you to, have passed or are passing away.

[His business had suffered materially by his absence and, though it rapidly improved, he began to anticipate that his stay would be prolonged beyond his first expectation of one year and proposed that his wife, with one or two of their three children, should join him. In the course of discussion of these plans it appears that acquaintances were often escorting ladies in parties of four or five either around the Horn or across the Isthmus. Hope is expressed that the Tehauntepec route will be opened in the course of the year, thus avoiding "the detestable Isthmus of Panama altogether," and later (Sept. 14, 1851) mention is made of a man's returning, September 15, via Nicaragua, a route which he himself was to take a month later. It appears that it was not thought safe to start on the journey via Panama between May and November on account of the rains. His advice for this journey shows what the women had to undergo who created American domestic life in California. He writes:]

March 14, 1851. . . . You will need to get an oil silk over-dress for bonnet and all, both for yourself and Totty. This is better than India rubber, which is too heavy and hot. Also

you had better prepare for riding across from Gorgona or Crures to Panama on horseback—and you will do this much more comfortably by riding astride on the horse or mule than sideways. Both Mrs. P. and Mrs. M. who came with us, started on side-saddles, but were obliged to give them up after a trial of a few miles. The roads in some places are very steep, up and down, and it is next to impossible to sit in a side-saddle. The best way to cross is to take a hammock-netting and bearers—four or six are needed. In this way you can pass over without the least fatigue, but it is more expensive and sometimes takes two days. . . . If all the ladies in your company could come this way it would be much better for them. L. [5 years old] I suppose will have to be carried over on a chair, which the natives carry strapped onto their shoulders. These men with a light load can keep it up with the mules. . . . I have told Dr. M. he must bring with him some tea and a spirit lamp, so that he can make some tea on the river. You had better also, I think, take a small package of tea, a nurse-lamp and a small bottle of alcohol and pack them where you can get at them conveniently. Dr. M— also said he should be provided with provisions for use in going up Chagres river. In case he should fail in this, you had better, before leaving the steamer, or before you leave New York, provide yourself with crackers or something of the kind, as it is difficult obtaining anything fit to eat on the river. Also you and Totty will need to provide yourselves with silk umbrellas—you will need them as protection from the sun if not from the rain. A wide dress at the bottom, rather long like a riding habit, and drawers with a strap to go under the foot inside the boot, which should be of leather as thick as ladies' boots are ever made of, you will find the most comfortable for horseback riding across the Isthmus. [Nothing came of these plans.] . . . I have about concluded all arrangements with Mr. Skinner by which I purchase all the interest of Willis & Co. here . . . Mr. Skinner and Hamilton [Willis] retaining each one-third of the Banking House building. [This arrangement was consummated and Mr. Skinner returned to the East on May 1, 1851.]

March 31, 1851. . . . I have three rooms, a parlor and two bedrooms, the fourth story of our Banking House, which are very pleasant and comfortable, and I think for the present we shall do very well there; there is also a small room which now answers for a kitchen on the same floor—I think we can live here until we get rich enough to go home. . . . Business better than it has been for six months. It has nearly doubled since my return. [Beach and Wells in Sacramento were, as appears from

the same letter, then averaging in commissions on the purchase of gold dust alone, $75 a day.]

April 14, 1851. As business is much depressed here just now —— and —— are thinking of trying the mines, and I think that perhaps is the best thing they can do, for the present, as they run no risk now in doing so, there being comparative comfort and plenty at the placers, compared to what was the case a year ago . . . Mr. Faulkner . . . is engaged in putting up some iron warehouses until his material for his machine shop arrives. . . . I have rather more on my hands of business than I like, but still I am in excellent health and spirits.

April 29, 1851. If you come round the Horn . . . I would not recommend you to bring much beside your wearing apparel as we can get everything that is needed here now. [On May 1st, he adds:] All well at the last moment, business good and plenty to do.

[These were the last words Mr. Wells was ever to write as a well man. In the great fire of May 4 his Banking House was burned, his books and papers destroyed and he himself injured beyond recovery. Letters from his brother, who came from Sacramento to tend him, tell of acute suffering and manly struggle with destiny. Of the catastrophe itself, the only record by an eye witness in these papers is a clipping of a letter by an unnamed correspondent of the Boston Courier (undated). He says in part: "I came near losing my life in the fire and lost everything else. The reason was our trusting implicitly in Wells' fire-proof block, which no one doubted was fire-proof to all external fire, though finished inside with wood. The walls were brick, two feet thick, the roof covered with cement a foot thick, the window shutters of bolted iron and the wood frames at least eighteen inches inside of the shutters. People even moved jewelry and valuable papers into it during the fire for security. Mr. Wells, General James Wilson, the two Whitcombs, Messrs. Norton and Sattalee, Mr. E. G. Austin, the last five being lawyers in the building, one or two clerks of Wells, Capt. William L. Howard, Wheeler and myself shut ourselves up in the building after the fire had reached its neighborhood with as much water as could be got from the well in the yard outside in buckets, tubs, etc., intending to stick it out. There were wooden buildings nearly around the block—Dr. Rabe's, a large three-story frame adjoining Wells' (within four feet) on the rear. When this last got on fire the heat was tremendous and the flames roared around the north end of the building down Clay street in one continuous sheet in the direction of the gale enveloping the whole of that end of Wells' building. . . . All the iron windows and door

shutters on that side became heated, almost melted and warped into semi-circles. . . . We were forced downstairs and into the banking room in the basement. . . . The great wooden block on Montgomery street opposite was in flames, the scuttle on our roof took fire. We sought the only possible avenue of escape (the staircase was all on fire), the bank doors on Montgomery street, which were closed and bolted on the inside. Horrible to relate the doors were so expanded with heat that the bolts could not be started. For a moment our fate seemed inevitable—we must be roasted alive—when someone found an iron bar. It was Norton. Sattalee had already burnt his hands horribly on the iron door in his frantic efforts to open it. With the aid of the iron bar the door was forced and the appalling scene outside presented itself. . . . Then commenced the race for life. Through flames and smoke, blinding, suffocating and scorching we rushed. . . . Everyone except Wheeler was worse burned than I. . . . Wells is frightfully burned, so is General James Wilson. Whitcomb and Austin fell down in the fire and are so horribly burned that neither is expected to live. . . . This banking house was erected by Wells & Co. under the superintendence of a Boston mechanic at a cost of $116,000 including the land. . . . It was the best building in the city. . . . The books of Wells & Co. were burned, the bookkeeper being engaged on them making up the bank book of their depositors on the night of the fire. The gold dust and treasure were in the vaults and were saved. The building will, we learn, be immediately rebuilt." [The repairs were completed late in June. Mr. Wells' brother, Edwin, who arrived from Sacramento on May 5th, wrote to his sister:]

May 13, 1851. Not a single person connected with the office of Wells & Co. escaped, and only one is as yet able to be out, and he can do but little. Everything in the vault was secure, but the books and papers were all burned. The vault was generally closed at dark and the bookkeeper, Mr. Strong, had usually to write at his books till ten and sometimes one o'clock before he got through. Mr. Skinner in reply to Mr. Strong's remark that the books should be put away in the vault remarked that the building was just as secure as the vault, and I have no doubt would have been under ordinary circumstances, but, all having the same opinion, those outside trying to save goods and stacked [them] up on two sides of the building and they caught fire and burned about the same time that a large wooden building burned at the south end, which [i. e. the goods] added so much to the mass of heat from the surrounding buildings that, with the means at hand, [it] made their efforts to save the building of no avail and when

they went out [they] had [to] go through livid flames of fire without knowing which was the best way to go. The more fortunate came off slightly damaged, but others guessed wrong and are suffering to a terrible degree. Thomas [Wells] and General Wilson ran right into it and had to turn about, both completely exhausted and had to be carried to some place of security. Mr. Strong the bookkeeper was unfortunate, face very bady burned indeed. . . . Thomas' business will suffer interruption till he is able to attend to it himself with his bookkeeper. . . . He will be so liable to fraud from which he has nothing to protect himself but the good recollection of his bookkeeper. . . .

May 15. . . . There was quite a shock of earthquake here this morning; no damage that I can learn.

[The bank re-opened for business on June 20th. His brother Edwin writes:]

June 13, 1851. Public feeling here is all that we could wish. Everyone has confidence in the soundness of the house. . . . We shall open the office very strong, with coin enough to pay all and more too, and I am in hopes we shall come through all right. [Again he writes, June 30, 1851:] You will have seen by the papers that we have had another terrible conflagration [June 2, 1851] in this doomed city. We expected the house we are stopping at would have been burned, but it escaped. We had all our things removed and Thomas rode [was driven? He never recovered the use of his hands] out of town to Judge Bennett's where he stayed until it was all over, and although we did not get burned out again, we were considerably alarmed. By the time the fire got down to the Banking Building we had it so secure that I do not think it would have burned had the fire swept all around us, which it did not, but was stopped on the opposite side of the street. There is no such thing at present as controlling a fire here in a windy day. No water to be had, and houses built of such light inflammable materials that its progress is very rapid. A whole square will burn down in about twenty minutes or half an hour.

[On July 10, 1851, the invalid moved back into his old rooms in the upper story of the rebuilt bank. There exists a board-bill of this date that contains some items of economic interest. It is as follows:

"Thos. G. Wells, Esq., to Mrs. Denny, Dr.

To parlour and board from May 11 to July 10, 61 days at $16 per day	$ 976
To cash paid Mrs. Stutts for washing	76
To cash for flannel, silk, etc	50
	$1102."

A marginal note states: "The last item was for furnishing the materials and making of two undershirts."

July 14, 1851 (dictated). Business has been so dull and affairs in general have assumed so gloomy an aspect that . . . if business prospects do not improve as the season advances I shall probably close up my affairs here and return to you . . . at the worst, however, I hope and trust to be able to save enough from the wreck to make us comparatively comfortable. [His brother adds in a more encouraging strain:]

We shall not make anything for some two months and perhaps more; business, however, is seen to revive and we shall get our share of it I have not the least doubt, perhaps not as much as formerly but still a very handsome one. We have much, very much to be thankful for and indeed to be justly proud of. That a business of such magnitude should be interrupted under such circumstances for eight weeks and then resume with apparently all the confidence it ever enjoyed is a triumph. . . . There has been no excitement, no run for money, but they came and got it just as they had a need for it. All the old friends of the firm have continued their accounts just as before . . . but the worst of it all is that Thomas does not recover.

July 31, 1851. [Edwin R. Wells writes:] We have got the building all repaired up so that it looks better than it ever did, and is now considered by good judges to be fireproof from the outside. The improvements to render it fireproof have cost considerable but they are all of a permanent character and could not have been made for less than twelve thousand dollars had they been made before the building burned. . . . We have two of the finest stores in all the city, one a stationer's and bookstore, the other a jeweler's, and equal to the same in the Atlantic cities and cost about five times as much to fit them up. We have paid from $12 to $14 a day for mechanics in the building, and that has been the general price.

[On August 14, 1851, Mr. Wells was again able to hold a pen, but with pain and difficulty, yet he speaks of a plan to make a visit in the East and return to continue the business. A fortnight later, however, he begins pathetically to realize the fact that his nervous system is permanently shattered.]

August 31, 1851. . . . The ambition of business has been completely burnt out of me, I believe, I feel so differently from what I did before my late misfortunes. I only now wish to get the business here in such a train that Edwin can carry it on, and to find a suitable person with some capital to be associated with him, and this I have reason to believe I shall soon be able to accomplish.

Sept. 30, 1851. . . . I have at length concluded to close up my business here entirely . . . for various reasons, among which are that I find my long confinement has enervated both body and mind to such an extent that were prospects of business even better than they are, I should still hesitate to undertake the task of creating and managing a large business. I find I need and must have a period of mental repose. . . . All that I saved from the fire was one pair of drawers, one pair of socks, my wallet and sleeve buttons; everything else was burnt . . . together with about $75,000 worth of notes and papers of my own and other people's property.

[He was not suffered to "close up his business." Fate had still a last blow for him. The next is his last letter from California:]

October 13, 1851. I expect to leave this place tomorrow for home. . . . I go by the way of Nicaragua and as the mail which goes by Panama may arrive first, I send these few lines of advice to you. The cause of my leaving thus suddenly is that on the 2nd inst. I received notice that Willis & Co. had protested some of our bills of exchange for non-acceptance; this at once caused me to suspend payment here and put my affairs in the hands of assignees. . . . I think I can do more good at home than here in settling up the business. [He reached New York November 18, 1851. He lived on for nearly twenty-two years, suffering often acutely, and never recovering health either of mind or body. No one in his home ever mentioned California.]

With these letters were found three newspaper cuttings, extracts from which may form their fitting epilogue.

The Alta Californian of October 4, 1851, in announcing the assignment, said:

"The misfortunes of Mr. Wells heretofore have been enough to break down almost any man and this stroke must have added the last drop to his cup. When in the full tide of success the devastating fire of the 4th of May came down upon our city and swept thousands from his hard-earned capital. Nor was it content with this; his office must not only be made a ruin, his capital must not only be threatened, the books of his concern must not only be totally destroyed—leaving his business in utter confusion—but the dread element, not yet satisfied, must touch even him with its withering blast. . . . Were it imprudence, were it rash speculation which had brought this about, the case would be different, but the fact that untoward fate has done it all is what has excited the utmost sympathy of the whole community."

The San Francisco correspondent of the Journal of Commerce

in a letter dated October 15, after rehearsing the circumstances, said: "Mr. Wells carries with him the sympathy of this whole community."

The San Francisco correspondent of the Atlas in a letter of October 14th, after discussing the assignment, said: "Whatever may be the final issue of his business, no complaints are made against him by his creditors. He was the pioneer of banking in this city. His promptness, his scrupulous integrity, his urbanity and public spirit have endeared him to the business population of this place."

He had given the best of his mature manhood to San Francisco. He passed out of the Golden Gate broken in health and little richer in fortune than when he entered it, but he had played a worthy part in laying the foundations of commercial California.

New York.

A LOAFIN' ON THE SHORE.

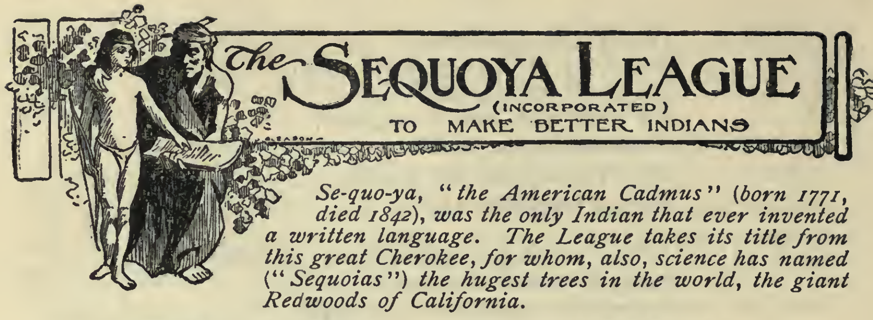
By ETHEL GRIFFITH.

LOVE to lay along the shore,
On an ole gray rock;
See the breakers rollin' in,
Feel the jar and shock.
Ocean hits the shore a biff,
Knocks hisself in spray,
Then goes slidin' back agin',
Meanin' jess hoss-play.
Love the salt smell in the air,
An' the gray gulls' call;
Love the little homely crabs,
An' grass an' mud an' all.
Sun pours down so warm-like,
Soaks y'u through an' through,
Sky bends clost an' frien'ly,
Like it jes love you!
Waves come whisperin' up to me,
Layin' on the sand;
Leaves some sea moss, likely,
Er a wet kiss in my hand.
Breeze a-tricklin' through my hair
Tender an' caressin',
Makes a feller almost feel
It's his gal confessin'.
Close my eyes an' drift away
In memories vague an' sweet,
Hearin' still the little waves
Singin' at my feet.
Little fishes swimmin' by,

All so gay and free,
'F I keep still, they don't keer,
Jes wink back at me!
An' hear the loon a laughin',
Dismal-like an' wild,
Er cryin' in the salt marsh
Like a long-lost child.

Love ole Ocean smooth an' green,
Sleepin' neath the moon.
Purrs an' murmurs to hisself
Drowsy little tune.
Then the gray clouds gathers,
Wind comes mutterin' by,
Ocean whispers sunthin',
Wakens with a sigh,
Rolls an' tumbles round a bit,
Then flings his covers high!
All his waters darken
Neath the wild dark sky.
Feel the salt spray on my cheek,
Wind howls lonesome-like,
Makes a feller shiver
'Lone there—in the night!
Waves toss high an' higher
An' moan along the sand,
Mutterin' sunthin' landward,
I can't understand!
Hush my breath an' listen,
Almost catch the call;
Some old secret likely,
In the waves' sad fall.
Lonesomer an' sadder,
Never heard the beat!
Jes the waves a talkin'—
Breakin' at my feet.
Feel so dumb an' foolish,
Settin' there all still,
Can't make out the meanin',
Listen as I will.
Seems like I'd remember it,
Song I'd heard before,
Long ago an' far away,
Heart mem'ries turnin' o'er.
Only know the feelin',
Half of hope, half fears,
On the wet sand kneelin',
Eyes a rainin' tears.
Feel s' weak an' silly,
Feel s' mean an' small,
Can't make out the meanin'
In the waves' wild call!

National City, Cal.



Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.

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ABOUT ten months ago the Los Angeles Council of the Sequoya League came into being. This occurred at a meeting held at Mr. Chas. F. Lummis's residence on the 28th day of April, 1904. On May 27th a great Mass Meeting was held by the League at the Simpson Auditorium, for the purpose of calling public attention to the work it had undertaken. This meeting was presided over by Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, the President of the Council. It was addressed by Chas. Cassatt Davis, Mrs. Arturo Bandini, Rev. C. J. K. Jones and Chas. F. Lummis, whose lecture on Conditions among the Mission Indians was illustrated by lantern pticures.

The first Bulletin, a statement of the situation and the plans of the Council, was issued at this meeting. Much interest was aroused. A congratulatory telegram from President Roosevelt, and letters from President David Starr Jordan of Stanford University, General Harrison Gray Otis and U. S. Senator Bard were read. Mrs. Jno. S. Mitchell exhibited a well selected collection of baskets, blankets, etc., illustrating the Indian arts and crafts.

On Nov. 7th Chas. F. Lummis and Wayland H. Smith, representing the Sequoya League, and Chas. E. Shell, representing the U. S. Government, made a wagon trip to Campo and the four neighboring Indian Reservations of La Posta, Manzanita, Laguna and Cuipaipa, to investigate conditions there. They had been reported very bad. They were found wretched in the extreme. All five reservations in a starving conditions. The Indians had nothing but acorns to

eat, and few of them; insufficient clothing and blankets, and many of the brush huts afforded no protection against the long cold winter rains and the snow that sometimes falls two feet deep in the mountains.

A Relief Committee composed of Geo. W. Marston, Mrs. C. B. Daggett, H. C. Gordon and Mrs. Frank Salmons was organized in San Diego. They did excellent relief work. Seed grain for the next season's crop was furnished by them at once, together with abundance of warm clothing and bedding.

On Nov. 25 a large public meeting was held in Simpson Auditorium, to arouse sympathy for the condition of the Campo Indians. Bishop Johnson presided and Chas. F. Lummis described the state of things at Campo in an address with lantern pictures from photographs taken by him on the trip. The audience was large and intensely interested. Nearly $900 were subscribed for the relief of the Campo Indians.

Wayland H. Smith then returned to Campo and organized a scheme for systematic relief through E. H. Weegar, representative of the Council at Campo. Regular rations are distributed every two weeks to the old and sick. Medicines, soup, etc., are also furnished when required.

Two Field Matrons have been appointed to Campo by the Government, paid by government funds. In addition, a third matron is paid by private subscription. To this amount the Council contributes $5.00 a month. The duties of these matrons are to work among the Indian women, teaching them the domestic arts of civilization, caring for the sick and encouraging as much as possible high standards of life. They have been given a horse and wagon and keep in touch with five reservations.

They have also established a little school at Campo, where the children and some of the older people are taught.

Wayland H. Smith made during December a trip of several hundred miles, mostly by wagon and stage, to the reservations of Capitan Grande, Los Canejos, Santa Ysabel, Mesa Grande, and the picturesque and remote reservation of Inyaja, all in San Diego County.

The Indians of Los Canejos and Capitan Grande were found entirely without seed grain for planting, and with no means of getting any. They were otherwise quite destitute. The water supply of Capitan Grande was also found entirely inadequate. Through the Relief Committee of San Diego, seed grain was supplied these two reservations, together with warm clothing and bedding. Mrs. Daggett went personally to the reservations with the supplies, and superintended their distribution.

Steps are now being taken by the government to improve the Capi-

tan Grande water supply, and water has already been developed in good quantity near the school-house.

The Council is endeavoring to have all the Southern California reservations fenced with barbed wire, for the double purpose of defining the limits of the reservations against the aggression of settlers, and also keeping their stock out of the Indian's crops.

During a visit made by Chas. F. Lummis to Washington during September, he had interviews with President Roosevelt, Indian Commissioner Leupp and the chairmen of the Indian Committees of both Houses, looking to the purchase of a new and adequate reservation, near their old ones, for the Indians of the five reservations of Campo.

February 9, 1905, a mass meeting was held in Blanchard Hall, Los Angeles, to urge the action of Congress in this direction. The meeting was presided over by Bishop Johnson and addressed by Oscar Lawler, Bishop Conaty and Charles F. Lummis. Resolutions were passed calling upon Congress to secure such reservation and recommending the services of a reservation farmer.

The Federation of Women's Clubs, representing over 200 clubs and 10,000 members, passed similar resolutions.

A second Bulletin, profusely illustrated, descriptive of the Relief of Campo and other matters was issued by the Los Angeles Council. It will be mailed free to any one addressing the secretary, Wayland H. Smith, 828 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Cal. W. H. S.

* * *

At this writing, the status of the case is not definitely known, but apparently there is no appropriation this year to purchase decent lands for the Campo Indians.

There is hope, however, of a commission to investigate the matter—and if anyone ever doubted that this is the only way to do such business properly, the Warner's Ranch case settled the doubt forever. A proper commission can, as it did in the Warner's Ranch case, save the government not only from blunders, but about 40 per cent. in money over the ordinary Red Tape way of doing these things.

Without knowledge and authority, it is reasonably safe to say (because there are people in California who will try to see that this comes true) that such a commission will work very much as the Warner's Ranch Commission did; that it will be of people who "know their job;" that it will investigate the case thoroughly in the field, and not in hotel lobbies; that it will find adequate lands on which these Indians could live, and secure the proffer of them at a reasonable price. The Warner's Ranch Commission started out by giving warning that any attempt on the part of the property-owners to "hold up" the government would cut that property out of consideration. Most people who received this notice wisely took it at its face value: two people who did not, found their mistake. It is safe to prophesy that the same thing will be true with the Campo Commission.

Any person in the mountainous part of San Diego county who has good lands, with water, for sale at a reasonable price—and a reasonable price means the price that a commission of veteran Californians would be willing to pay if the property was for themselves as

an investment—should send in statements of acreage, water, price, and other particulars of Chas. F. Lummis, Los Angeles; who will see that such proffers reach the proper official hands at the earliest moment.

* * *

Those who have contributed so generously to the relief of Campo will be glad to know that their sympathy was not wasted. The seed was all put in the ground, and is all up. This excellent winter promises as good a harvest as can possibly be raised on the wretched lands a rich government now allows its wards. The Indians are warmly clothed and well fed, thanks to Southern California. A little noon-day lunch is provided (by the League) for the schools taught by the American matron and her two Indian assistants. A family has come clear from Cuiapaipa to Campo, that its children may attend this school.

The poor old woman, so starved and emaciated that her picture* aroused wide public indignation, died in the middle of February. It is good to remember that for two months before her death—and for the first time in half a century—she had plenty to eat, to wear, and to cover her sleep. To those who saw this poor old creature, this in itself would repay all the effort and all the money that have been contributed to the bettering of the condition of these five reservations. But it is also good to remember that the spontaneous generosity of Southern California has also fed a great many others who have a fair chance to LIVE.

* * *

An official in the Office of Indian Affairs, at Washington, writes to one of the workers in the Southern California field, in response to a request forwarded by the Campo Indians for permanent relief. The Indians said "we do not ask for rations; we can work for our families, we only want a CHANCE to work." The official, having sent the Indian letter the rounds of Red Tape, writes that "the office has supplied $700 for these Indians; that 'the public has responded to the needs of the Indians and *have* (sic) assisted in the matter of seed grain, clothing, etc.'; that 'the government has placed two field matrons at Campo' and that 'they are obtaining great results;' that 'the Indians are grateful for what has already been done.' In view of this the office can *do nothing further, as the Indians have been amply provided for.*"

With all due respect to those who live where Red Tape moveth itself a-wrong, it may be predicted that the Office not only can, but will, do a great deal more for these Indians. "Amply provided for" eh? $12 apiece for the year may be deemed ample provision in Washington, but there are pessimists who would think it rather short measure. But $12 apiece for all time is a little worse yet—and that is the logic of it. These Indians have gone hungry and destitute for forty years or more—ever since the government at Washington pretended to give them lands on which to make a living, and ordered them to stay on these lands and live. The Department has known for forty years of this wicked blunder. Not a year has ever gone by that the attention of the Indian Office has not been

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*See frontispiece of this magazine for January.

called to the destitution and suffering of these its wards. For years past, kind-hearted people in Southern California have been contributing more or less to keep these Indians from actual starvation; and within six months there has been a great uprising of popular feeling upon the discovery that conditions were far worse than ever before, and that 150 people were literally dying of hunger. For the time being, this public has very gladly relieved the necessities of these neglected wards of government. It has fed them, clothed them, and given them their seed. It comes, then, with clean hands in asking that Department of the government which is put and paid to take care of the Indians that these Indians be permanently taken care of. There is only one permanent remedy, and that is to give them lands upon which, by hard work and sharp economy, they can make a poor living. Nobody could make a living on the lands they now have. Half as many New England farmers would starve there. And precisely as public sentiment in California forced a proper solution of the Warner's Ranch case, it is perhaps not too much to say that it will insist upon a proper solution of the Campo case. The thing as it stands today is a disgrace to the government, and the Indian Office. The only parties respondent who needn't feel ashamed are the Indians, who have worked, with pathetic patience and industry, their worthless lands; and the public of Southern California, who have risen up with their good money to relieve present conditions and to demand the permanent remedy.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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Campo Relief Fund:

Previously acknowledged, $1142.00.

New contributions—Mrs. Lucretia R. Garfield, South Pasadena, Cal., $5.00; Rev. Robt. J. Burdette, Pasadena, $5.00; Jas. C. Kays, Prest. Dollar Savings Bank, $5.00; Rev. J. S. Forbes, Los Angeles, $5.00; Mrs. Harriet W. Chambliss, Altadena, $3.00; Mrs. Wm. C. Baker, Pasadena, $3.00.

AN OLD GOLD MINE OF DARIEN.

By G. BRITTAIN LYTTLE.

Despues del descubrimento del Pacifico por Balboa, se supo que en sus costas habia territorios donde se encontraba mas oro y plata que hierro en biscaya.—HISTORIA UNIVERSAL.

MONG the adventurous colonists who had accompanied Encisco to San Sebastian, situated on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Cartagena, in the Province of Darien, was one Vasco Nuñez, commonly called Balboa. Nine years before, he had accompanied Bastidas and La Cosa in their expedition to the Isthmus. That enterprise had been profitable, and Balboa had made money. Subsequently, however, he had lost all his money and had obtained a livelihood at husbandry on a little rancho near Hispaniola, on the island of Santo Domingo—which he could not leave on account of his indebtedness. The authorities on the island practiced the closest scrutiny of outgoing embarcations to prevent the desertion of colonists, and the inspection of vessels was made after they had weighed anchor.

Balboa had managed to get himself shipped on one of Encisco's expeditionary brigantines as freight in a cask such as were ordinarily used for shipping provisions. He remained stowed away until inspection was concluded and the port officials had gone back in their boats to Hispaniola, which began to lay well astern when he appeared aboard the departing vessel. Encisco, who was "de por si," or by nature a pettifogger, would have been inclined to proceed harshly with Balboa, but what could he do? It was impracticable now to send him back, and after all he was regarded as a desirable recruit on account of his well-known valor and experience.

Was it not he who in 1513 had been the first European to behold the Pacific? Had he not then taken his ships to pieces; transported them across the isthmus in sections, and set them up again and launched them on the great ocean of his discovery?

Was it not he who had published abroad that thirty streams prospected by him in that region carried gold?

Arrived at San Sebastian, before they had begun to unload the ships, the largest struck a rock in the offing and foundered, with the greater portion of their supplies, which were entirely lost. The colonists were now in a predicament, their best ship and nearly all their stores destroyed, and themselves, to the number of one hundred and fifty men, including thirty of the survivors of Ojeda's former disastrous expedition to the same place, practi-

cally "acimarronados" on an inhospitable shore. Not only had all their provisions been lost, but also their supply of medicine, and all their maps and charts. And Balboa was now the one man of the expedition who held a definite idea of means of escape from almost certain death from starvation, slaughter by the aborigines, or the inclemencies of the approaching malarious season.

On the opposite side of the gulf, he informed his almost despairing comrades, was a powerful tribe of Indians, occupying an extensive region interspersed with numerous villages and rich in gold. He proposed that they should endeavor at once to cross the gulf and possess themselves of the territory on that side where they might at least find means of subsistence and employ their time in collecting gold, if successful in subduing in detail the native inhabitants of whom there were several less powerful tribes than the one they should first encounter.

Balboa's proposal was accepted by all with enthusiasm, and with their brigantines and such other small craft as they could get ready without delay, they set sail. Taking advantage of the prevailing season of favorable weather, they effected a landing without mishap at the point indicated on the crude chart improvised by Balboa. They found the tribe of Indians which he had described, and after a bloody battle with its warriors, commanded by its chieftain, Cacique Cernaco, whom they defeated completely, possessed themselves of the principal village and laid the rest for leagues around under tribute. One result of their first battle was the discovery in the conquered village of gold to the amount of "diez mil castellanos," or about 1,500 ounces. They then built a fort and proceeded to prospect the adjacent streams and alluvial deposits, which they continued to do profitably for several years.

The quick returns, and the abundance with which gold was found as soon as mining was started, encouraged the Spaniards to brave the unknown perils of the virgin forest, inhabited by warlike Indians, some of whom have, to this day, remained unconquered and still occupy and hold sway over a small portion of the territory now comprised in the Republic of Panamá. The pioneers were repaid for the untold hardships of travel and climate they had undergone by the discovery of the Espiritu Santo gold mine, in Cana, about one hundred and fifty miles southeast from the capital of Panamá, which alone, according to Restrepo, the historian, produced above thirty millions in gold from 1680 to 1727, when a general revolt of the Indians obliged the Spaniards to be constantly on the defensive, and made it very difficult for them to continue operations. Matters were aggravated,

presently afterward, by the falling in of one of the main galleries, causing the loss of several lives and hastening the complete withdrawal of the Spaniards from the gold region.

During the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the Darien Gold Mining Company was organized in Manchester, England, with a capital of $1,000,000, for the purpose of re-locating the Espiritu Santo mine and taking up the work where the Spaniards had left off. Innumerable obstacles encompassed the enterprise at its inception. The mines of this region had remained untouched for a century and a half. A new and dense forest had grown on the site of the old mining town near Cana, which at one time must have been well defended, as, in the ruins of one of its forts, three brass cannon were found. Old workings could be seen in the beds of many streams, or near them, where the alluvial deposits had been worked. Remnants of old stone stamp-heads and long and deep water-ditches added to the evidence of the industry and activity displayed by the early settlers in that region.

The ancient records had been somewhat confusing in relation to the precise location of the richest mine, and, in consequence, not a few of the old workings had to be prospected to locate the one most desired. The difficulties of transporting provisions and machinery were of the first magnitude, as Cana is situated on one of the spurs of the Andes, at more than 2,000 feet above sea-level, with higher mountains and a very broken country intercepting the way to the navigable portion of the Tuira river, which forms the natural outlet to the Pacific. The working capital was being rapidly exhausted, and doubts had begun to enter the minds of the organizers of the company, when a happy incident caused a favorable turn in affairs. In January, 1893, the prospecting shaft at what was designated the South mine struck old workings at ninety feet below the surface, and the water that had accumulated in them rushed in and flooded the mine.

But were these the old workings of the Espiritu Santo mine? To answer the question new capital was subscribed, and the mine was drained by the construction of a drainage adit, consisting of a tunnel 1,100 feet long, opening on the hillside. This tunnel was finished in August, 1894. After the water was drained out, extensive old workings were revealed. Some of the galleries had fallen in, and the extraction of any kind of rock was "peligrosisimo," as the native workmen expressed it, in a word; so they had to proceed "poco a poco" and with tedious precaution. To expedite the work it was necessary to sink the Heenan engine shaft a short distance from the lode. At one hundred feet below the adit a cross-cut was commenced toward

the ore body, which was struck in December, 1895. A few days afterward the workmen again found empty cavities. The Spaniards had obviously been further down than had been supposed. Old implements and tools slowly came to light—iron bars with steel points, hammers, remains of leather buckets, pieces of manila rope, wooden "bateas" about eighteen inches in diameter (probably used to carry the ore out of the mine), and six tread-wheels (evidently worked by slaves for raising the water). A remarkable thing, was that some of the wheels and many tiers of timbers were found in place and in good condition, after more than 150 years.

All the above findings agreed so perfectly with the description of the workings of the Espiritu Santo mine, given in the Spanish records, that no doubt was now left as to its identity, and the efforts were directed to get below the Spanish workings, which now appears to have been accomplished, the results so far achieved pointing to the full realization of the anticipated profitable exploitation of this famous abandoned Spanish mine.

The lode formation of the Cana mines differs considerably from the ordinary ore deposit, and for that reason it is interesting from a geological point of view. The gold is associated with fragments, mostly of calcite, that fill the cavities in a volcanic rock—andesite. These cavities do not seem to have measured more than a few inches in any dimension. The gold is mostly found around the material filling the cavity, and in contact with the enclosing andesite. The ore is chiefly free milling, about seventy per cent. being extracted by amalgamation. The average value of the rock treated has varied from one to two ounces of gold per ton.

The trip from Panamá to that region of the new republic is one of unusual interest. A little steamer called the Darien, with an elegantly fitted cabin and capacity for twenty tons of freight, make the voyage from Panamá to Real de Santa Maria, at the head of navigation on the Tuira river, in twenty hours.

Leaving Panamá at daylight, the little craft steams along on the calm waters of the Pacific, passing close to the Pearl Islands, so called on account of the large number of pearls covering the surrounding sea-bottom. The shells are secured by divers who make a specialty of the work. Although the majority do not contain pearls, they are all valuable as mother-of-pearl.

Next we enter the extensive gulf of San Miguel, where the Tuira river empties into the Pacific, about one hundred miles southeast of Panamá. While sailing on the majestic Tuira, at the mouth of which there are no bars to obstruct navigation, we were able to make extraordinary headway aided by the rapidity

of the in-going tide. The swiftness of the current in either direction—due to the tide, whose effects are felt in a diminished ratio for sixty miles up the river—will be easily understood when it is known that the difference between high and low tide in the Gulf of San Miguel is twenty-four feet.

Along the shore are several native villages, at little intervals on either bank of the stream, and strewn between these, colonies of alligators, individual specimens of which were from fifteen to twenty feet long.

We reached Real de Santa Maria at the head of navigation, fifty miles up the river, on schedule time and laid over there a day or two to visit the ruins of the old town in the vicinity, built by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, with the forts they constructed to defend it from the repeated attacks of Indians and pirates.

Leaving Real de Santa Maria in the early morning a few days after our arrival, we started on the inland journey, and after nearly nine hours of hard "jineteando," or as Cervantes has it in Don Quijote, "riding horse-back on a burro," over marshes and rugged hills and among colossal trees reminding one of our forests of sequoia, we reached Cituro, the half-way station, where the night was spent. To this point the Cupe river, one of the affluents of the Tuira, is navigable by canoes during the rainy season, when most of the cargo is floated up. The loaded canoes sometimes make the trip in four days, but often require more than double that time. In the dry season, scarcity of water in the Cupe river, makes navigation more difficult and the canoes have to stop three miles below Cituro. In the rainy season, the return trip from Cituro to Real is oftener made by canoe than overland. The thrilling experience of shooting down a few rapids below Cituro, and the changing tropical scene at every turn of the winding river, add novelty to this manner of making the return journey, which takes from twelve to fifteen hours. But one does not grudge the time so spent.

The road from Cituro towards Cana crosses the Cupe river nine times, and runs up the Cupe hill, which rises abruptly about five hundred feet above its foot. Thence up and down a series of smaller hills to the crossings of Paca river; thence up the steep Paca hill, towering nearly a thousand feet above its base. A ride through the Cana plateau, a picturesque and fertile valley a few miles in extent, and a further rise of two hundred and fifty feet along the Espiritu Santo range, brought us to the end of the road at the Cana mines. While camping on the mountains, notwithstanding the fact that we were only eight degrees north of the equator, one found it necessary to use very heavy blankets at night, during the dry season from January to April. The only disagreeable features of the region in that otherwise pleasant portion of the year are the unbearable "garapatas" (racimus hexapoda), and the no less detestable "coleradillas." Black ants, growing to about an inch in length, are also common, and sting like a scorpion.

The Darien Gold Mining Company has more recently caused to be constructed a macadamized road from the head of navigation to the Espiritu Santo mine, in the operation of which the most approved modern machinery and methods are used. The wealth of Darien is not limited to gold. It is very rich in valuable timber, and quite a considerable amount of mahogany has been exported. The palm producing vegetable ivory is very abundant. The rubber industry has also been very profitable, but the natives' inexcusable practice of cutting down the trees, instead of simply tapping them to take the rubber out, has greatly diminished the output. The trees thrive so well in that locality that their planting and cultivation ought to prove a remunerative investment. Now that Colombia has philosophically resumed friendly relations with the United States and Panamá, unprecedented development in all lines of industry is anticipated as one of the results of constructing the inter-oceanic canal, in all that region bordering on its route.

DEATH'S HOUR.

By H. DUMONT.

WHEN Morning lifts her lovely head
Up from her star-watched, sun-kissed bed,
And glides away
To greet the day—
Young Day she longeth so to wed;
Who, then, would lay him down to rest
Within the sleep Death deems the best,
When tables bend
With fruit gods send,
And he might be a guest?

When Day, his first kiss scarcely cold,
Must leave the bride he may not hold,
And forth to aid
The reaper's blade,
And touch the mountains with his gold;
Who, then, would willingly consent
To hide away in Death's dark tent,
When full his hand
With golden sand
So eager to be spent?

But when dear Nature nods her head,
And, drowsy, seeks her twilight bed,
When through her dreams
Run golden seams,
Entwined and linked with silver thread,
Who, then, would crave a boon more sweet,
Than close to lie at Nature's feet,
And die like a flow'r
At evening's hour,
When Death and Beauty meet?

San Francisco.

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THE Second Bulletin of the Southwest Society is now out—a handsomely illustrated pamphlet of thirty-two pages of this size—and will be sent free to anyone on request. It tells of the Society's splendid achievement in its first year; the recording of over 500 of the beautiful old Spanish and Indian folk-songs of the Southwest, and the purchase of the superb Palmer-Campbell collection of Southern California archæology. The first Bulletin of the Society, showing by numerous striking illustrations the best of the Caballeria collection of ancient paintings which hung in the Old Missions till 1834—a collection which the Society has purchased for its museum—is out of print; but a second and even larger edition is being issued, and copies will be sent free on request. These paintings are now on exhibition at the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce on Saturday afternoons from 2 to 4.

These three actual achievements for Science everywhere, and for the public benefit of this community in particular, have never been rivalled as to importance in any one year's work by any other society, of the fifteen which compose the Archæological Institute of America. Nor has any other member grown so fast. The first Bulletin, printed last September, when the Society was nine months old, showed a list of twelve life and 100 annual members—making this the sixth society numerically among the fifteen of the Institute. That in itself was a pretty tall monument to Western intelligence and public spirit. But the new roster contained in the Second Bulletin,

shows twelve life and 149 annual members. This puts the Society in third place—passing the Washington (D. C.), the Pennsylvania and the Detroit Societies, in the last few months. Now only the Boston and the New York Societies are bigger than the "Baby of the Family"—and it means to outgrow them both before it is two years old. It has two great advantages—a community of a much higher average in both intelligence and public spirit; and, above all, a wonderfully rich field of its own. It has the unique opportunity to harness science and material advantage together; to advance the higher scholarship of the world (as we all like to do, if it doesn't cost us too much) and at the same time to have the visible, tangible. money's-worth results as an education for ourselves, a heritage to our children and an attraction to our visitors. In other words, the Southwest Society can make—and is seriously making—not only an intellectual but a business asset of its work for Science—the world over. And its community is both intellectual and "business." Unless all signs fail, before the 30th of November, 1905 (its second birthday), the Southwest Society will be the Ranking Member of the severest, the most exclusive and the most respected scientific body in America. That will be worth while.

The plans for the Southwest Museum—the great free public museum which this Society will build and control—are progressing logically, steadily, and as rapidly as is safe in a work whose integrity involves the reputation of such a community. The museum is going to be built and built right, and begun soon. It is going to be outwardly the noblest piece of architecture in California. It is going to be the first public building in Los Angeles on a broad enough plan to be adequate fifty years from now—today every public utility of schools, library, transit, and all, is already outgrown by the unparalleled growth of the Soonest City in America. The Museum will begin small, but on a large plan—and up to the highest scientific standards at every step. And a thousand years from now, it will still be a monument,

Since the Second Bulletin was printed, the Society has gained three new life-members—Mr. O. S. A. Sprague, of Pasadena, J. Downey Harvey, of San Francisco, and John A. McCall, of New York—and annual members. Since the first Bulletin and the supplementary list of new members printed in the December number of this magazine, the following have taken annual membership:

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W. D. Campbell, Los Angeles.
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Chas. F. Gilmore, Los Angeles.
F. W. Dodge, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.
Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., Asst. Treas. A. T. & S. F.
Thos. E. Gibbon, Los Angeles.
Los Angeles High School.
T. P. Lukens, Pasadena, Cal.
Most Rev. Geo. Montgomery, Archbishop, San Francisco.
Prof. J. T. Millspaugh, Prest. State Normal School.
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AS THE summer comes on, the time approaches when further protective repairs should be made to the Missions of Southern California. The Landmarks Club has already saved the principal buildings at four of these missions; but this is only beginning the necessary work. To make these repairs requires money. If it were not for the natural human tendency to forget things, there would be plenty of money on hand now to undertake a large work; for enough good Americans have already enlisted in this cause to ensure its permanent success, if they would remember to pay their annual dues. Unfortunately, a large proportion of them do not remember; and the Landmarks Club is handicapped by lack of funds.

Membership is only $1 a year, and is open to all.

Thet Landmarks Club cook-book is published for the benefit of this work, and its sales contribute directly to the fund. Besides this, it is the best cook-book ever printed anywhere of California and Spanish-American recipes, besides a great number of the best cosmopolitan dishes. Sent by mail for $1.60.

RECEIPTS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, $7,390.63.

New contributions—Mrs. Louisa C. Bacon, Mattapoisett, Mass., $10.00 (her fifth such contribution).

F. S. Borton, Puebla, Mex., $5.00.

$2.00 each—C. B. Boothe, Mrs. C. B. Boothe, Los Angeles; S. S. McClure, New York.

$1.00 each—Miss Helen de F. Boothe, Mrs. P. W. Hoyle, Eva F. Lummis, Los Angeles; Mrs. Frederic C. Williams, Forestville, Conn.; Lilian Ferguson, San Francisco; W. P. Nelson, Pasadena; Mr. Rider, Bloomington, Ill.; Mrs. H. H. Rose, Los Angeles.

Smaller contributions received through Mrs. S. A. P. Wheeler, Chamber of Commerce, $1.50.

Rent Monastery at San Fernando to Feb. 1, 1905, $114.00.

Landmarks Club cook-book, $4.80.

THE LION'S—
AND THE
ASS'S SKIN

It puzzles some people all the time, and all people some of the time, to guess why the "New York Evening Post" persists, deject, upon an unworthy planet. Perhaps the utter reason is as that of the Boston lady who knocked for admission Up Yonder. "Really," said St. Peter, "you had better not come in—you Never would be Satisfied Here."

When the paper was founded (in 1801), it knew the mind it then had:

"The design of this paper is to diffuse among the people correct information on all interesting subjects, to inculcate just principles in religion, morals and politics; and to cultivate a taste for sound literature."

The Evening Post today carries this motto at its head. Maybe it also still says: "Now I lay me." But nowadays, while it doth indeed echo what it remembers of the conscientious scruples that its fathers had; mostly its voice serves for ease of the dyspepsia congenital "in the midst" of the sons. Its main mission is a somewhat sour worship of the God of Things as they Aren't—in the Evening Post's parish.

So it is with some relief that they who remember its earlier usefulness discover now and again a valid reason for its continuance to cumber the earth. If slower than the Century Plant, it is as sure. After 104 years of growing up to It, it at last is flowering at the top of its branches.

Though somewhat tardily, the Lion has just discovered this hopeful symptom, and trusts he is not too late for congratulations. He begs to tender these heartily to the Evening Post; and not only there, but to such wider circle as he can of those who may not have known of the renaissance of brains in that venerable journal. We are fallen upon good times indeed when the Evening Post awakens sufficiently to its responsibilities and opportunities to give a third of a column of its editorial space (headed by the italics given above) to—God bless us—to the Lion's outer and visible adornment!

"No trained Western eye," says the Post, "is required to recognize the affectation of a California editor and author who arrived in Cleveland recently, garbed like the 'Arizona Bill' of melodrama. As described by an admiring observer 'he seemed a typical Western man both at heart and in dress. He

tempted the breezes of Lake Erie with a broad-brimmed sombrero, and wore a rough suit of corduroy, blue woolen shirt, and Indian belt and moccasins. He . . . lit his cigarette with flint and tinder.' . . . The Cleveland apparition was simply seeking publicity, and trading upon an outworn tradition."

Now the Lion has worn the same kind of clothes for twenty years —without variableness or shadow of turning. His dress has not bothered him. He never guessed that it needed international arbitration, or the mental perspiration of metropolitan journals. He hadn't even taken thought that it was anyone's particular business. He does not like to be conspicuous; but neither does he like to be uncomfortable. He never knows where he will be tomorrow; and he really has so many things to Do that he can't lie in hospital while the surgeon makes his nose retrousse in honor of St. Patrick's Day, or restores its aquilinity for some other function. Nor does he care to go to bed while the tailor clawhammers his short coat. Whether he is at home, or in the desert, or in any company, he is the same disagreeable and unbeautiful Beast. You know where to find him—you know him when found. If he could put on an Evening Face, that might be worth all the trouble it would cost, and he would take pains to buy a better one. But since it is the same countenance, the same heart, the same head, the Lion can't really see any use in trying to disguise them—not even in an Evening Post's skin! On the contrary, he has a certain frank affection for the National Costume which has been good enough for him, for his wife and children and friends through the serious part of his life. His garb is clean. It "cost as much" as that of the Evening Post. It is paid for. And it covers so much of the Lion's cuticle as is required of law; leaving his face exposed to all men, his hands open to his friends and doubled to—those who are not.

The Lion has infested every sizable city in the three Americas in these same Rags which are Glad enough for him. Only in the Eastern States of the American Union has he ever found any single snipe—of gutters or of journals—so unbred as to trouble aloud about it—and very few of the gutters. Street arabs are observant; but they have also many of the instincts of Manhood—the first of which is to See to Yourself. In all America south of us, of course there is not a New York Evening Post. Down there bad manners are monopolized by the dogs—and no one minds the one utility God has given their throats. It was only when barking did not suffice, and certain Mexican mongrels took the habit of biting his horse's heels that the Lion bothered to uncoil his reata, "rope" the offender, and drag him a few hundred yards—a remedy so invariably effective against barking curs that it may be worth trying again.

The Lion has no quarrel with those who prefer to let their tailors

make up their minds, frock or cutaway. The only reasons for clothing at all are comfort and decency. If the clothes-line of least resistance is to most people a vicarious one, they are wise to follow it. They in one way, the Lion in another, get rid of wasting their grey matter on an unimportant detail. Probably both could improve their garb if they really bent their brains to it. Probably both can bend to better things.

As for "desiring publicity" or "trading on an outworn tradition," the Lion neither "trades" nor "desires." He has everything he wishes in this world, except time to do more—and he will probably have that. Publicity is easy to those who need it—and the mind of the Evening Post, which has thus come out without any clothes on at all, is welcome to its catch.

And while the paper which once thought of brains and principles, now worries about the clothing of an obscure and remote person, we of the more recent West may (if unoccupied) be concerned as to the moral habiliments of the aforesaid paper. In order to make its point strong in this weighty editorial deliverance of "correct information, just principles, and taste," it wilfully misquotes its source. Anyone who will compare the Cleveland Plain Dealer of December 17 with the Evening Post of December 24th will see how intentionally the Post lied. The truth would not in the least have made the Lion's dress more conventional; but the lie does show the morals of the Evening Post.

It may or may not be that this sudden and close concentration of what faculties it has upon a matter large enough to engage them all is due to the same reason which leads the Evening Post of a later date, commenting upon Mrs. Stanford's death, to reiterate its silly charge that she "dismissed Prof. Ross from Stanford University because he was guilty of believing in free silver." This was only Tenderfoot when the Evening Post first printed it some four years ago; but now it is wholly wanton. The Lion had the pleasure of proving then, to the considerable pain of the Evening Post and its betters, that Ross was not dismissed for any such reason, but because of an indecent, vulgar, outrageous pamphlet which he printed. This magazine crucified the ignorance and the bad manners of the Evening Post in that matter, publishing photographic facsimiles of Ross's work, and tagging his defenders with their responsibility for the most egregious thing ever done by a college professor in the United States.

Meantime, this Distant and Sometimes Pacific beast would like to wear peaceably what few and unfashionable garments he has the honor to own; but he is going to wear them anyhow—even if he has to fight for them.

BUT HE THAT FILCHES MY GOOD NAME

Not many months ago the Secretary of War graciously recognized the claims of history and scholarship, by restoring, at the earnest request of certain thoughtful Californians, the historic name of the Presidio of Monterey. This was not only a good deed but a good precedent; and a precedent which should be followed up in other directions. Neither the government of the United States nor the population of California should longer be committed to the barbarous stupidity of the illiterate and ludicrous butchery of place names now so common in this State. The Spanish names of California are not merely a part of history; they appeal not merely to the scientific. They are part of the long romance of the Golden State; they are a pleasure to the intelligent of our own people and an attraction to our visitors—in a word, they are an asset. A few localities, like Santa Barbara in particular, have had the business sense as well as the intelligence to retain, and even to make a feature of, these names. It is time that the people in California who know how to spell their own language, shall take pains that the Spanish names in California be also rightly spelled and rightly pronounced. The temper of the Californians about these things is all right. They will stand for any proposition based on sound common sense, if the routine trouble is saved them.

The Landmarks Club has already done a good deal in the past for the preservation of historic street names in Los Angeles. The War Department has shown—even at the expense of Red Tape—its sympathy with this sort of right feeling. It would look to be time for other departments of the government and for Californians, both as individuals and through the innumerable organizations to which so many of them belong, to insist upon further reforms before the barbarous mutilations shall become too familiar and too long-rooted to be done away with. It would seem that to patriotic orders such as the Native Sons and Native Daughters of the Golden West the preservation of California names in their purity should be a privilege as well as a duty. It would seem as though the inhabitants of every town whose name is now botched by official ignorance should protest and insist upon justice. The Southern Pacific Railroad has given several promising tokens of enlightened feeling in this matter; and there are several linguistic crimes which it should atone for—having committed them. Such cheap and vulgar bob-tailings as Ventura in place of San Buena Ventura; Fernando instead of San Fernando; Capistrano for San Juan Capistrano; San Juan for San Juan Bautista—all these things are unpardonable blunders in a business sense, to say nothing of their ethics. In each of these cases the sin is that of un-Sainting the place. It would be like leaving off the Saint from St. Paul or St. Louis or San Francisco or Santa Barbara or San Diego or San Gabriel. It is time to put the Saints back.

A much more numerous, and if possible more absurd, crime against literacy was practised, a few years ago, by some particularly undigested cheap clerk in the Post-Office Department at Wasnington. As ignorant of California and its history as of the grace of God, this 1x3 petty tyrant ran together all the two-word place names in California that he dared. He spared Los Angeles and San Francisco. Santa Barbara and Santa Clara and other of the most important places, but laid the cudgels of his stupidity on the back of places too small to sass him back. Perhaps nothing in the world could so graphically express the illiteracy of this act as a parallel column of the original Spanish names, the mutilations of them by this ex-officio pettifogger, and the English translations treated in his same idiot fashion:

El Cajon	Elcajon	Thebox
El Rio	Elrio	Theriver
El Toro	Eltoro	Thebull
Loma Linda	Lomalinda	Beautifulhill
Dos Palos	Dospalos	Twotrees

There are a lot of other atrocities in this sort; but the above will suffice to show how lonely as a bullfrog on the wind-swept shores of Lake Superior the mentality of that particular clerk would be if turned loose inside the shell of a mustard seed. Nor does there seem to be any reason why free-born Americans should think they have to submit to his impertinent liberties with their reputation for intelligence. Naturally almost every Californian has some correspondent who will know what these words ought to be, and who will think that this misspelling of them is an indication of the ignorance rife in the wild and woolly West. As a matter of fact, we are less ignorant than we are long suffering; but strangers won't give us credit for that.

Another class of equally ignorant muddling of California place-names is in the omission of the article altogether. This has a good many examples, but perhaps the most absurd is in the case of the post office name of Llagas. The old Spanish name was Las Llagas. Llagas means "wounds"—a fine fat name for a California community to live under. But Las Llagas means—and has meant for centuries—the Wounds of Christ.

One particularly impudent job of the six-bit post-office name-confounder was in making Paloalto one word. In 1776, Col. Juan Bautista de Anza, the father of San Francisco, gave that name to the present place because of a mighty redwood tree still standing beside the railroad, "which," said Anza, in the year of American Independence, "is seen from a distance, rising like a tower from the surrounding trees." Anza made two wonderful expeditions from

mid-Arizona to California before the United States was born. The man who stands first among the builders of the first trans-continental railroad had sense enough and morals enough to retain that fine historic name, and gave it to his beautiful and princely establishment. But the two-penny clerk in Washington is allowed to make a monkey of both!

Men and Brethren—and particularly also Sisters, who are more, today, in the line of that protest which is progress—these things ought not to be. Let us see that they shall no longer disgrace us. Let us take it up with the Post-Office Department, the railroads—the everybody who has anything to do with such things—and see that, right now, California puts off these barnacles of ignorance and starts right in to rectify a thing which is not unimportant any more than spelling, grammar, or any other decent, respectable, common education is unimportant.

MEN, AND WOMEN, AND PROFESSORS

Probably it was the translator's fault which marred by a word one of the cleverest epigrams ever put upon a human type, whereby we know Max O'Rell's category of the Bostonians as "educated beyond their intellects." No one was ever too much EDUCATED; but a great many others than Bostonians have been INSTRUCTED beyond their intellect.

The Lion has been reminded of this, bitterly and of late. It is not long ago that he was obliged to make a penitential pilgrimage of the breadth of the East. The obligation was appointment by an American scientific body to deliver the December lectures before its affiliated societies and the allied universities. This insured audiences of high character—and, be it added, of the most charming cordiality. Probably no Western man can quite understand—who understands their relative circumstance—how so many human beings can remain so human and so lovable where and how there is so little chance to be either. But there is no disputing the fact that some of them do thus remain; and as bigoted a person as ever felt that, as against going East, he would rather his most valued enemy hit him an unresented kick at every jump around the periphery of a 10-acre lot, is free to confess that he doubts if the Lord ever made nicer people than those who mitigated his geographical penance.

On the other hand, his official orbit bumped, at every angle of the circle, against the logical outcome which awaits all who Stay Too Long where people are Too Many. The arrangements for his lectures were naturally in the hands of college professors, almost without exception—the ex-officio leaders, in almost any community, of any scientific activity. It is a pity to have to say it, but it is so true that it has to be said, that 65 per cent. of these agreeable and looked-up-to gentlemen, though learned, law-abiding, God-fearing and re-

spectable citizens, ranging from 30 to 70 years of mundane schooling, could not hold down a job as errand boy in a country grocery for one week—because they haven't enough practical sense.

The Lion does not in the least mind any audience; he does not mind getting out before it to move the tables or the chairs, set up the blackboard, turn up the lights, or do any other thing that needs to be done—and he had very frequently to do it. It is simply as a philosophic view of things which at last really mean a good deal, not to persons only, but to populations, that this is at all worth while as a text. But since all of us—even including the ribald newspaper reporter, who regards college men as Natural Enemies—do look up to men whose profession is to teach youth the higher ways of living, there is something more serious behind the joke.

Now, in more than half the big universities and important cities in which the Lion had the pleasure to be endured by intelligent audiences, the college professors who had charge of the arrangements "fell down." This began the very first night—when three phonographic records of a value beyond money were ruined by inadequate preparations. Instantly upon this catastrophe, the lecturer, and the master of ceremonies for the national body began to "warm the wires" to further societies and their officers, warning them to avoid further trouble. But, bless you, these academic gentlemen evidently thought that we had never telegraphed before; that we had just for the first time heard of this modern facility, and were trying our 'prentice hands on it. *What* we wired, meant nothing to them! I would not dare to print the cold facts as to the dozen cases of this sort—not because I do not expect to be believed, but because I would not, even for reform's sake, identify some of the excellent gentlemen whose incredible unworldliness disgraced a scientific cause. But I cannot do less than say that I would rather a son of mine never saw a book or a school—much less a college—than to grow up so hopeless, so helpless and so handless a member of this old world, which still has to keep its feet on the ground, howsoever its head may be in the clouds.

This is a large life; and there are many eddies in its swift current There is a place, no doubt, for each of the Three Sexes (amending an ancient sarcasm)—Men, Women and College Professors. But there is more room, and better use, for those who can stick to one of God's making. Every real man has a great deal of woman in him; every real woman has much manfulness; and even college profesors ought to have a little of both.

This is not only true, it protrudes. The Real college professors make the imitations possible—if there were not Men (like some the Lion met on this same trip) to ennoble a suspicious profession, the

amateurs could not stay in it for a week. In this same environment were some who have been, through a reasonable life-time, at the head of their profession; men who have taught tens of thousands of young men, and put the breath of intellectual life into their nostrils, and who are still, as they have always been, Men among Men—who have horse sense, and self-control, and self-dependence, and the ability to fall out of the back end of a wagon when there is need. Almost without exception, the college professors of this class are incomparably ahead, in sheer scholarship, of the college professors of the where-is-it-mamma class. Without exception, they are as much more beloved as they are more respected.

Now, the Higher Education is a noble thing—if it IS noble. If it only makes a more influential fool of one who was a fool to start with, it is not only not noble, it is bad. To have an incompetent, do-less, mechanical pair of spectacles-on-legs trotting solemnly about, and setting the pace for young American men and women, is a misfortune anyhow. If the impressionable college boy and college girl were to take this disembodied pink-tea intellect seriously it would be a disaster. Fortunately, youth has almost always some sense of humor; and whatever its original illusions, it usually discovers within a year the facts in the case. Never so tall, never so handsome, never so sympathetic, never so learned, a Greek professor, if he have not sense enough to pound sand—he will come in the due estimate of his classes, to be valued for about what he is worth. But not quite. For while youth is sane, in the long run, as humanity is, it is also human and therefore subject to certain prejudices. No boy that ever was—not even one predestined to be a college professor of that sort—can respect so much the kind of professor I have indicated, as he would respect a professor who was also competent to be trusted to put the cat out of the house. But no boy or girl can forever keep apologizing to their own common sense for their intellectual guide. And this, while not exactly a disaster, is a loss, when we think how many young Americans are trying in our colleges to get all they can, and how much they deserve to get for their sacrifice of money, time and effort.

First and last, let us continue to refuse to confound Education with Instruction. Education is that DRAWING OUT which fits a man or woman to live decently, happily, successfully, in whatsoever environment shall befall. Instruction is that BUILDING-IN of lumber to any head—which some may use, and which so many are so loaded up with that they have no room to walk nor play in their own yard—and never really use a single board of it for their proper shelter from the weather that God sends upon us all.

PEACE TO HER ASHES

The tragic death of Mrs. Leland Stanford in Honolulu on the last day of February, 1905, came as a shock to a wide public. It has been much bruited whether her death was due to natural or to criminal causes. There cannot be less than genuine relief at the present conclusion that hers was a natural demise. The idea that the woman who, more than any other in the world's history, has fostered education, could have been done to death by a poisoner, was abhorrent to every thoughtful and patriotic person. For, quite aside from the wickedness of such a taking off, those who use-their-

brains-to-think-with would inevitably remember where the responsibility lay, back of the poor tool who may have committed the act. Of course, if anyone did poison Mrs. Stanford, it was because scurrilous papers—not only yellow sheets, but some too pale to be of any color—have for years persistently, and with apparent wilfulness, lied about her. And I am not sure that the wanton lies of the yellow journal to sell papers are baser than the dyspeptic lie of the tenderfoct journal for ease of its ignorant indigestion.

Happily, this wide-spread disgrace seems to be averted from us, and there is left only grief for a life which was great despite its limitations. Mrs. Stanford had lived a long span. She would have been 80 years old the 25th of next August; so her death can hardly be called untimely, save as for its sudden impact upon a constitution still so robust. She had the fullness of life—of its sorrows, its triumphs, its accomplishments. And she did large things to which not only California but the nation and the world are, and shall be, debtors. God rest her!

It is intended to print, in an immediate number of this magazine a competent historical sketch and appreciation of this woman's life and of what she did for American scholarship. It will probably be a century before Eastern savants become de-provincialized enough to realize, in its fullness, the extent of her service to the nation; but now is a good enough time to advance the facts which will one day be recognized.

VALE ATQUE SALVE

California has very seldom and very little had cause to be proud of her national senators. She is not alone in this, among the sisterhood of States; for in that worldly body there are few men who will be remembered, even by name, twenty years hence. Of one native son—the biggest Californian born—the State will always be proud. Stephen M. White was one of the large-pattern Americans; had he lived to even middle age, his impress would have been still larger on the nation.

Among her representatives in the U. S. Senate, the State has reason to be proud of the man who has just yielded his chair, Thos. R. Bard. Senator Bard goes out with the respect of every man, I believe, who ever knew him. He has deserved well of his State and of his country. He has left a record of personal integrity, of high courage, and of ability, of which any man might be proud. He has that financial status which seems to be, now-a-days, inevitable as a condition-precedent to the Senate; but he is not of the Abjectly Rich. He acquired, and he held, by sheer grace of his personal qualities, serious weight in government circles. And quite aside from that, those Californians who work for causes that have no money in them will always be grateful to this quiet, courteous, patient man, who never balked at trouble to himself to find out the facts, and never ceased to insist upon them and their proper remedy, with a steadfastness which wore out the politicians and did not anger them. He has left a good mark as a Californian and a senator—here's hoping that his latter days may be as full of happiness as they deserve.

And here's hoping that the earnest young man who succeeds him may do himself and the State as high honor.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

Within its own field, there is nothing to compare even remotely with *Indian Basketry,* by Carl Tufton Mason, Curator of the Division of Ethnology, U. S. National Museum. Indeed, before the publication of these two portly and beautiful volumes, there was absolutely no reliable source to which a student could go for a comprehensive and scholarly treatment of the general subject. A few careful students have made valuable reports of their work along special lines; but no scholar of standing had undertaken to assemble and classify the facts so as to give a satisfactory view of the field as a whole. This is the task which Dr. Mason has performed with a scientific thoroughness that leaves little to be desired from the standpoint of the collector. The illustration is particularly fine and free, there being almost 250 plates, many of them in color, and more than 200 text figures. Altogether it is a work which every basket collector will want and every public library of any importance must have. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $15 *net.*

SEARCHERS FOR THE TRUTH

The letters of Ernest Renan to his lifelong friend, Marcellin Bethelot, are of no little interest. They were the free and intimate expressions of the thought of a subtle, brilliant and fearless investigator and iconoclast addressed to one of the most original and greatest experimental chemists, and the period of their writing extends from early manhood to old age—quite sufficient warranty, one would think, of their interest and stimulus to their purchase. There is the less reason for offering them under a title—*Letters From the Holy Land*—which is not fairly descriptive, and for the announcement that they were written "during the trip to the Holy Land on which he gathered the material for his greatest work—'The Life of Jesus.'" Not one-fifth of the letters were written from "the Holy Land," even allowing that phrase to include all of Asia Minor and Egypt, as well as Palestine; and not the tenth of them during the trip named. Nor are those letters to which the title is appropriate of any such value as human documents as are many of those bearing dates much earlier or much later. The translation, by Lorenzo O'Rourke (who also supplies an enthusiastic appreciation, by way of preface), is excellent. M. Berthelot contributes a brief account of his friendship with Renan. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2 *net.*

THE NORMAL CONDITION OF SOLDIERS

Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman was moved by "experience in the Spanish-American war, and in the Philippines—where the principal enemies of the army were ferment and microbes, and the main fighting was done by the Medical Department, against insurmountable odds and a wretched commissariat—to see something of another kind of war, where the effects of powder and shell should play at least an incidental part in the loss of human life." Accordingly, he went with the Japanese *From Tokio Through Manchuria,* and has written a book, "in the hope that even those who run may read the profound and convincing lesson, the most im-

pressive of all the lessons which Japan is teaching the world today, that the normal condition of the soldier is health, and that those who die in war should die from bullets received on the firing-line, and not from preventable diseases in quarters." D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50 *net.*

A TRUSTFUL EARL

C. N. & A. M. Williamson have discovered a profitable combination for story-tellers' purposes in a rich and lovely American girl, an Englishman of birth (one of the two in disguise), one or more motor cars, and a pleasure trip through Southern Europe. The working of this lode in *The Lightning Conductor* has so far panned out twenty editions—the gentleman, in this case, masquerading as chaffeur. No prudent literary miners would abandon so rich a bonanza as this, and we now have, accordingly, *The Princess Passes,* in which the lady takes her turn at traveling for some weeks incognito. She chooses the garb of a boy, and "Lord Lane," who has never once suspected anything during the weeks of their traveling together, is sufficiently overwhelmed with amazement and affection when the news is broken to him. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

SONS OF ILLINOIS

Himself a resident of Ilinois for more than half a century—and clearly enough a devoted son of the State of his adoption—Clark E. Carr has succeeded admirably in carrying out the avowed purpose of his book, *The Illini.* This he states as, "by interweaving fact with fiction, to give his conception of the position and influence of Illinois among the sisterhood of States, as well as his estimate of events, and of those Illinoisans who were conspicuous actors in them, from 1850, when the Fugitive-slave law was enacted, to the opening of the Civil War." As fiction, the book would be of no considerable importance, but for its value as reminiscence, I do not see how anyone who is proud of Illinois and the part her adopted children took in shaping the affairs of the Nation at their most critical stage, can afford to deny himself its possession. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $2 *net.*

THE REWARD OF VILLAINY

Marion Crawford has drawn on his most lurid colors for the villain in *Whosoever Shall Offend.* The reader is not surprised at what happens when his female accomplice, who has betrayed him, under threat of immediate death if she refused to confess, falls into his hands.

> He spat in her face as she writhed under his grasp. He looked into her living eyes once more with all the cowardly hate that possessed him, he struck deep and sure, he saw the light break in the pupils, and heard the awful rattle of her last breath.

Then he jumped out of the window and into the "jagged fangs" of a huge dog, which so dealt with him that the comparatively good people of the book could go on their ways unmolested thereafter. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

Whatever man of middle age or past looks back sometimes with wistful tenderness on the little lad who was himself, yet so unlike himself, may be safely recommended to Clarence S. Darrow's *Farmington.* The atmosphere of country boyhood has seldom been better caught between covers. The note of quiet reflective humour tinged with melancholy is not the less effective coming from one whom most of us have known only as lawyer, politician and reformer—one of the most strenuous figures in strenuous Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.50.

A Prince eloping with an opera-singer on his steam-yacht, which also carries some millions of treasure and his beautiful sister, the Princess Alix; a mutiny planned before ever they set sail; and a young doctor who prevents any of the mutineers' dough from becoming cake—these are the essentials in Marriott-Watson's *Hurricane Island.* There is plenty of thrilling, if not always probable, action, and the doctor gets the Princess at last, while the leaders in the mutiny get what they deserve. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

The sub-title of *A Belle of the Fifties*—Memoirs of Mrs. Clay, of Alabama, covering Social and Political Life in Washington and the South, 1853-66. Put into narrative form by Ada Sterling—needs no gloss. Save, perhaps, the bald statement that Mrs. Clay, by virtue of her beauty, vivacity and intellectual power, was for many years a leader in whatever circle she entered, and that her husband, Clement C. Clay, Jr., was Senator of both the Republic and the Confederacy. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.75 *net.*

The authors of *Uncooked Foods and How to Use Them*—Eugene and Mollie Griswold Christian—attest that after having become seriously impaired in health while eating cooked foods, they evolved a system of feeding which restored them to perfect health within a year. Further, they cite the case of a young New Yorker who, after adopting a similar system, lifted a million pounds in thirty-four minutes. Their book tells others how to go and do likewise. The Health-Culture Co., New York. $1.

The *Little Citizens* of Myra Kelly's stories are clearly drawn from life, and are all the more entertaining on that account. The 58 scholars of Room 18, in a public school on the lower East Side of New York, and their teacher (much beloved, though she is "a Krisht," and most of them are proud to be styled "Sheenies") supply the material for much genuine humor, shot through not infrequently with quite as genuine pathos. The book is worth while. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $1.50.

In *The Strategy of Great Railroads,* Frank H. Spearman makes a friendly study in some detail of nine of the great railroad systems, with certain historical chapters thrown in for good measure. His brief explanation of Mr. Ripley's "successful strategy" at the head of the Santa Fe is worth quoting—"merely the simplest, oldest principles of doing business—common sense in generous quantities, well-grounded in common honesty." Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50 *net.*

The *Younger American Poets* could not ask for a more sympathetic and appreciative critic and interpreter than Jessie B. Rittenhouse proves herself in the volume by that name. She discusses at some length and with free quotation the work of eighteen poets "who have been born within the last half century and whose place is still in the making;" and regrets her inability to consider a larger number. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50 *net.*

Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee, by his son of the same name, is made up largely of letters to different members of his family, interpreted and complemented from the memory of the son. For many readers they will perhaps add a touch of tenderness to the mental image of that gallant Christian gentleman and great leader in battle. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50 *net.*

The title of Annie E. Holdsworth's *A New Paolo and Francesca* sufficiently indicates the plot of the novel. As for the manner of the telling, the author never drops below concert pitch. John Lane, New York. $1.50.

The four stories of woman's-college life, by Josephine Daskam, included in *Her Fiancé,* I should have described as slight, sprightly and amusing. But the publishers supply a quotation from some critic with a dazzling vocabulary, which is quite too delicious to miss—"Etincelant with gay insouciance and ready wit, and, above all, genuine womanliness." Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. $1.

Mr. O. Henry describes his *Cabbages and Kings,* in its own pages, as "patched comedy" and "tropic vaudeville." It is certainly, as he also suggests, "episodic and discontinuous," and the thread binding it together is but a slender one. Yet there is sufficient laughter stored up in it, and some swift tragedy. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $1.50.

Three recent additions to the "Pocket American and English Classics" are Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,* Dickens' *Christmas Carol* and *Cricket on the Hearth,* and Homer's *Iliad*—the prose translation of Andrew Lang, Walter Leaf and Ernest Myers. The Macmillan Co., New York. 25 cents each.

Both in plan and in execution *The Secret Woman* reaches a higher mark than had been before attained by Eden Phillpotts. Its main theme is the atonement for crime—an atonement shared, in accordance with the unvarying law, by more than those who shared the crime. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

There seems to be ample evidence that many readers find amusement in seafaring men and their entanglements, as described by W. W. Jacobs. *Dialstone Lane* ought to be as effective as the rest of this humorist's work, with those who like the brand. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

A useful little Handbook is *Running Water: Its Measurement and Service,* by David S. Gray. The strong point claimed for it by the author is "the simplifying of questions that are commonly put in a most technical form." Published by the author, Grand Junction, Col. 50 cents.

Joseph A. Altsheler, whose novels have hitherto concerned themselves with the parlous times of war, turns, in *Guthrie of the Times,* to politics, journalism and business. All the same it is a war-story throughout, and a good one. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

Letters written to "Collier's Weekly," which sent the author to the East before the war began, form the basis of Frederick Palmer's *With Kuroki in Manchuria.* It is entirely readable, and, so far as one can judge, reliable. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50 *net.*

On Etna is a thoroughly interesting story of modern Sicily. The local color is convincing, and even the highly fascinating brigand is made credible. Norma Lorimer is the author. Henry Holt & Co., New York; Jones' Book Store, Los Angeles. $1.50.

A Nation's Ideal, by Charles Felton Pidgin, is described in a sub-title as "a romance of Dr. Franklin's nine years of happiness at the Court of France." The author seems to have done the best he could. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. $1.50.

The thirteen tales of the lumber-camp and of the frontier, by Stewart Edward White, published as *Blazed Trail Stories,* are swift, dramatic and vivid. Such work will never fail of a rapt audience. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $1.50.

Beautiful and attractive at every point, from cover to cover, is the edition of Eugene Field's *Poems of Childhood,* illustrated in color by Maxfield Parrish. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The Marathon Mystery, by Burton E. Stevenson, is a detective story of some ingenuity. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

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PRIZES AND CONDITIONS

To ascertain who are the most popular home cooks, we offer $2000 cash, in a grand prize voting contest, starting immediately and closing October 1st, 1905.

First Prize $500.00; Second Prize $200.00; Third Prize $100.00; Fourth Prize $50.00; Fifth Prize $25.00; Twenty Prizes of $10.00 each; Fifty Prizes of $5.00 each.

The popularity of the different home cooks will be determined by the total number of votes cast for each during the contest. In case two or more candidates receive the same number of votes, the prize money will be divided equally between them. Any woman home cook may be voted for.

The voting ballot consists of that part of the wrapper on a package of

DUNHAM'S COCOANUT

bearing the Cocoanut cake trade mark. Write the name and address of the woman for whom you wish to vote on *the back* of this part of the wrapper. This is imperative. Ballots from 5c packages will count as one vote each; 10c packages 2 votes; 20c packages 4 votes; 40c packages 8 votes. No other kind of ballot will count. Mail your ballots, postage fully paid.

In addition to the Grand Prizes $675.00 has been set apart to be given in *Three Special Awards.* The amounts in each of these Special Awards will be $225, divided into twelve prizes as follows: First Prize $100; 2nd Prize $50; 3rd Prize $25; 4th Prize $10; Eight Prizes of $5.00 each. These Special Awards will be given at intervals during the regular contest, but will in no way interfere with it. The first of these will be awarded March 15th, 1905, to the women having the most votes to their credit at that time.

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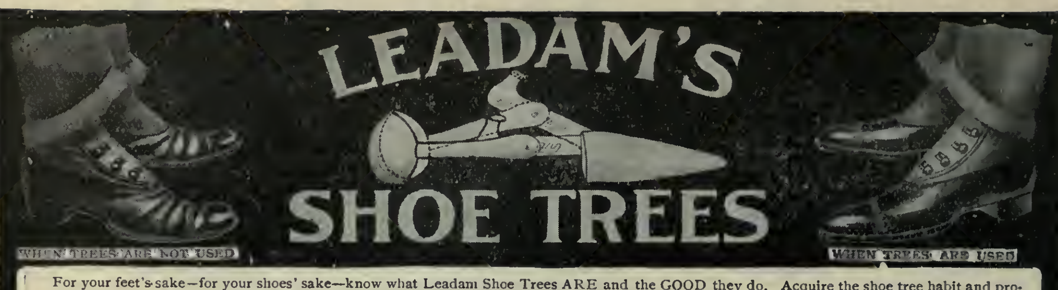

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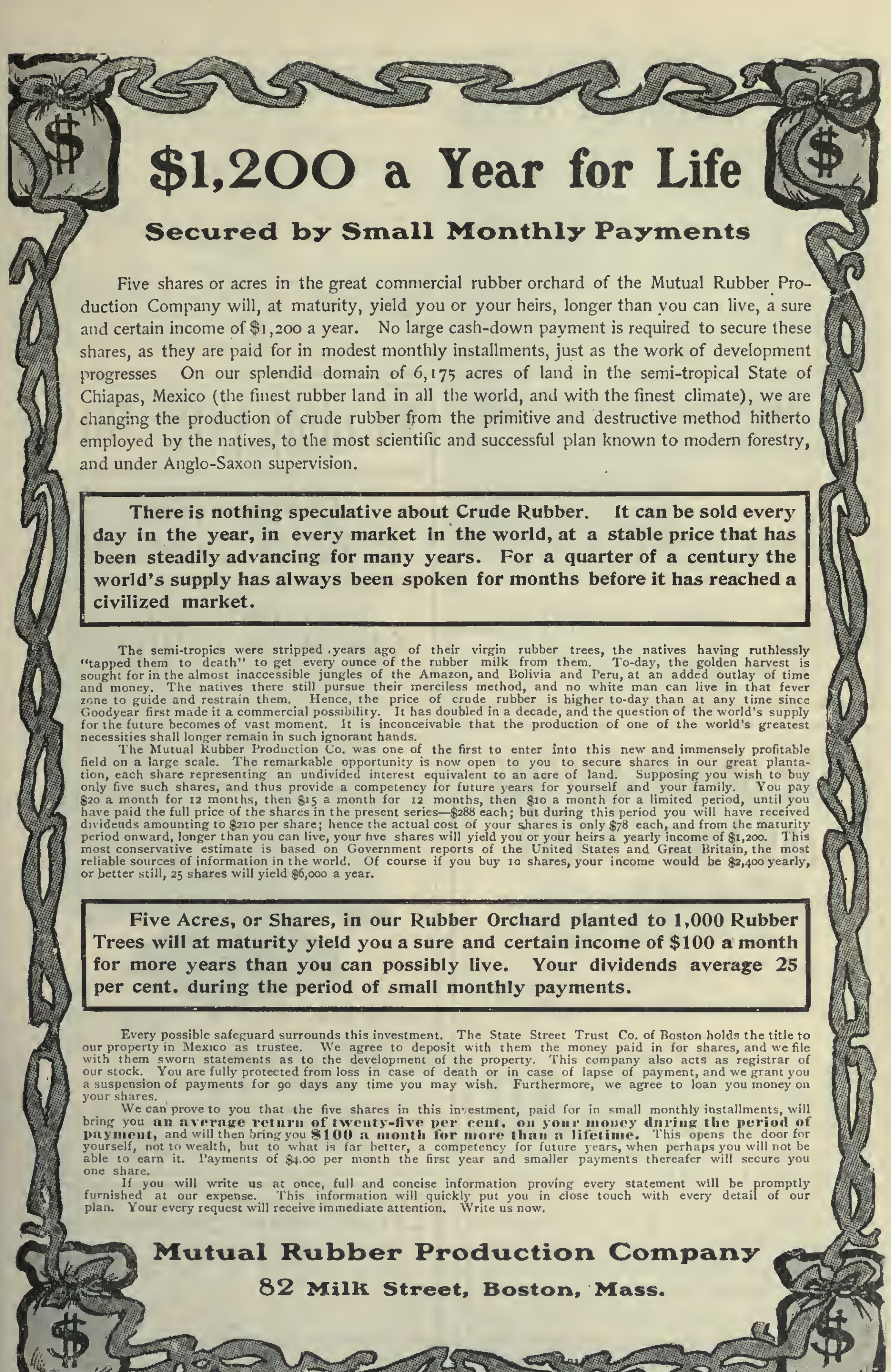
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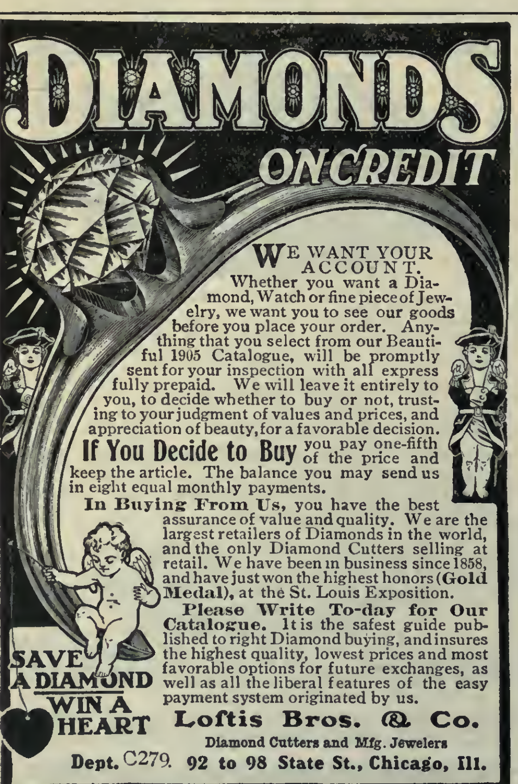

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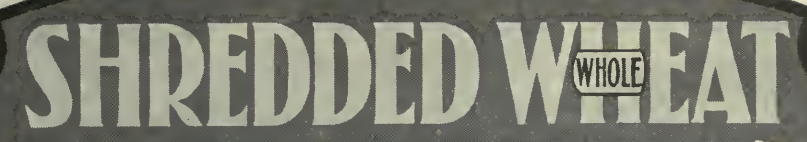

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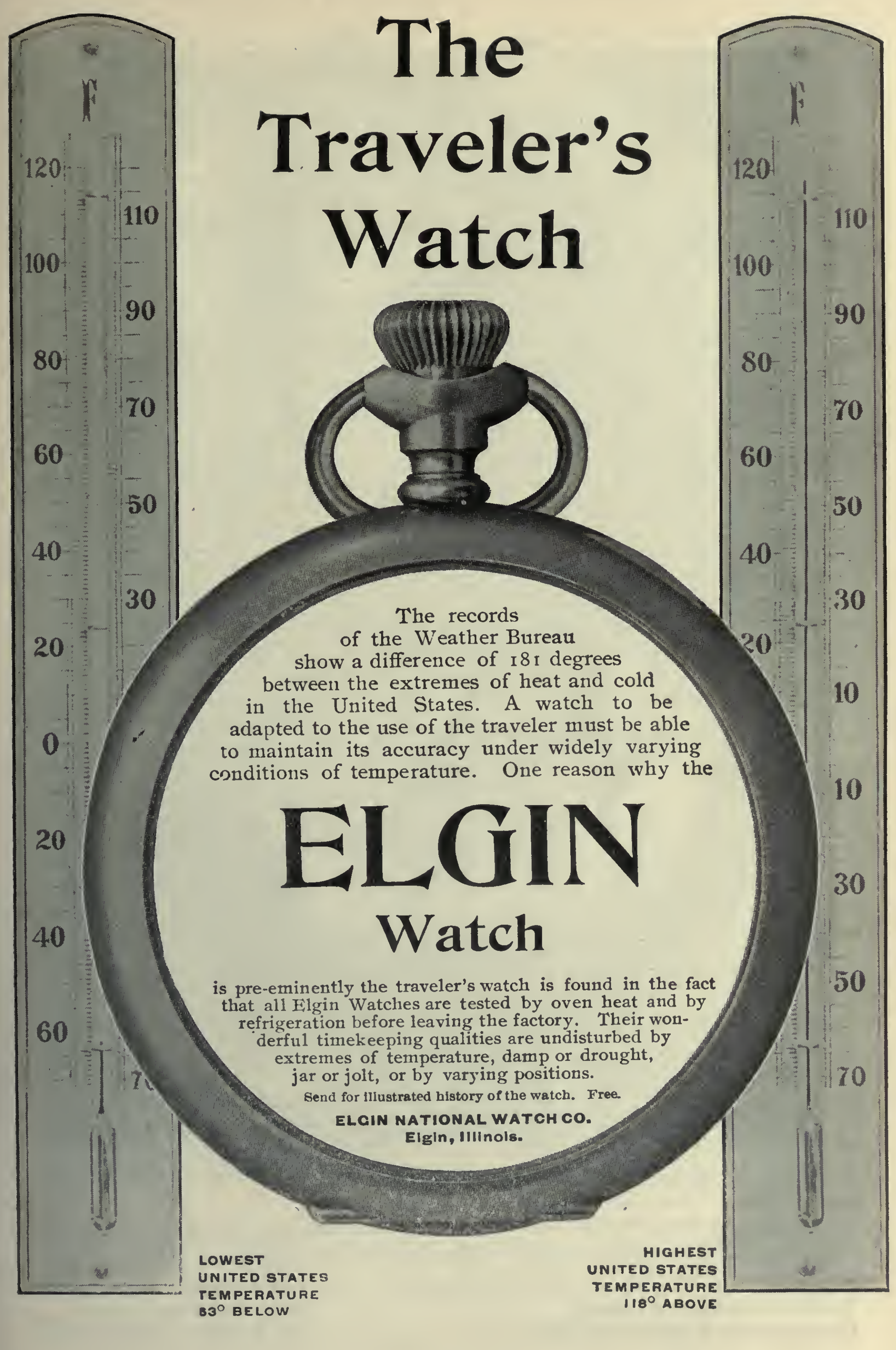
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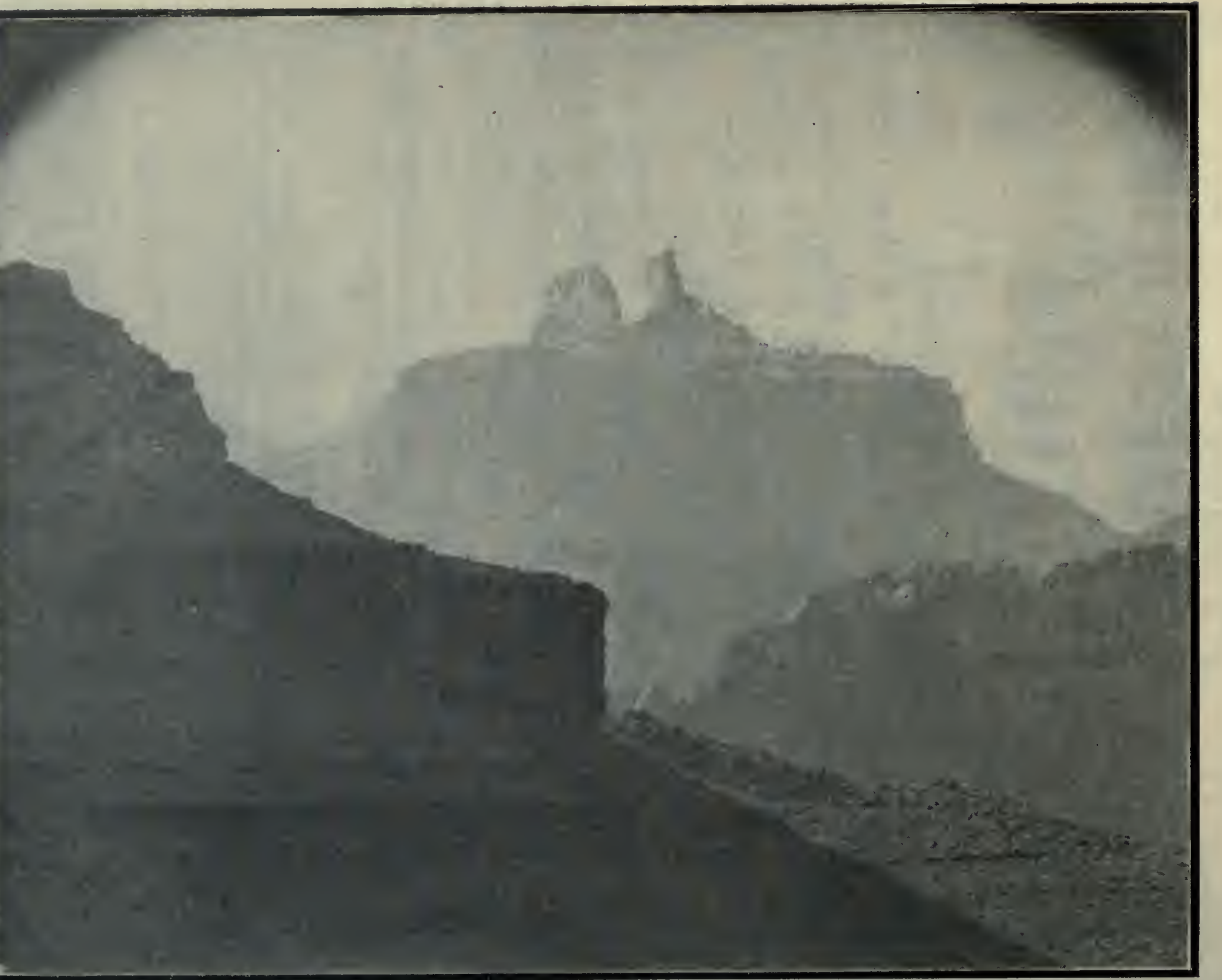

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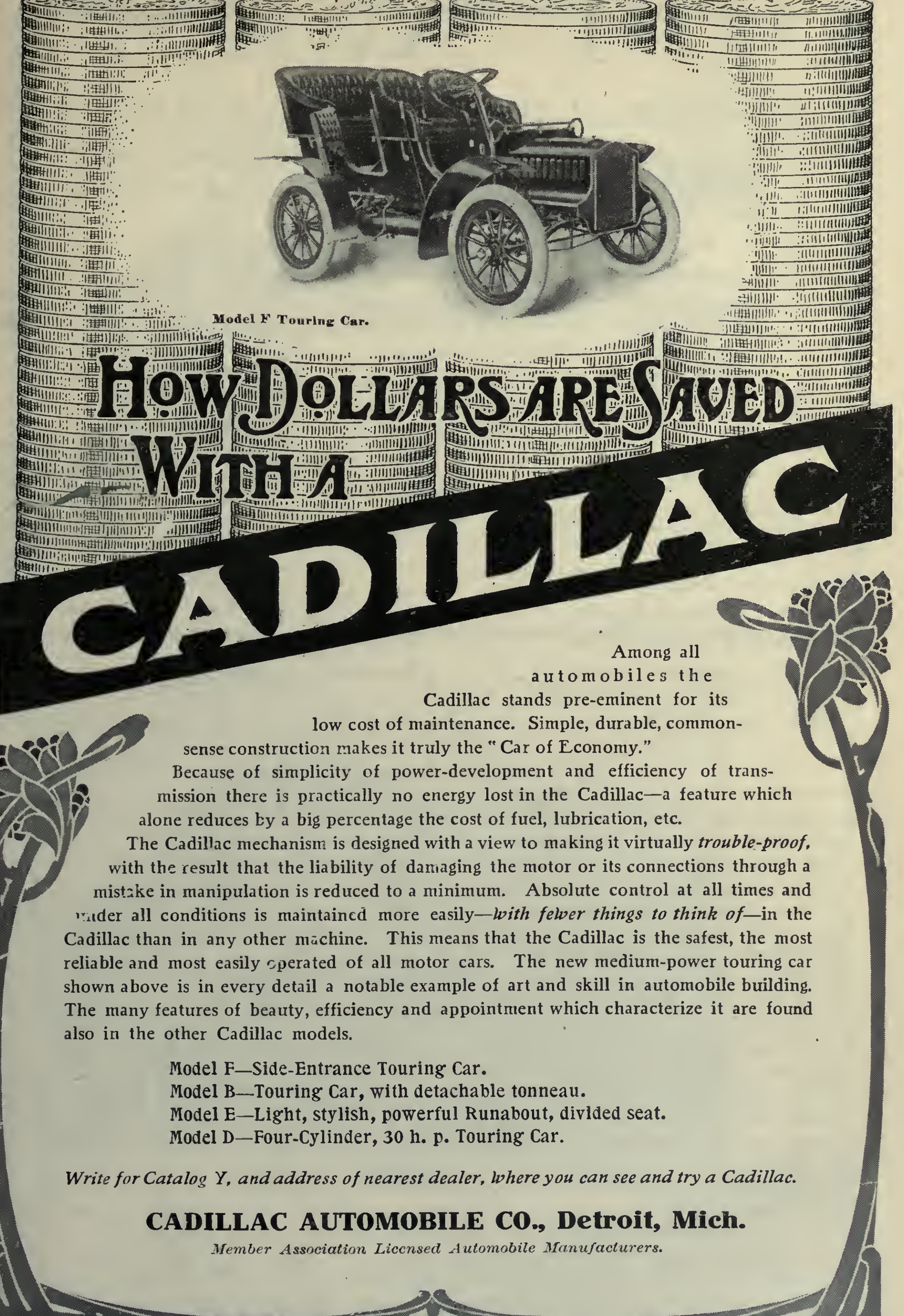
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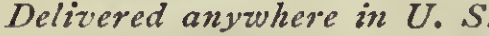

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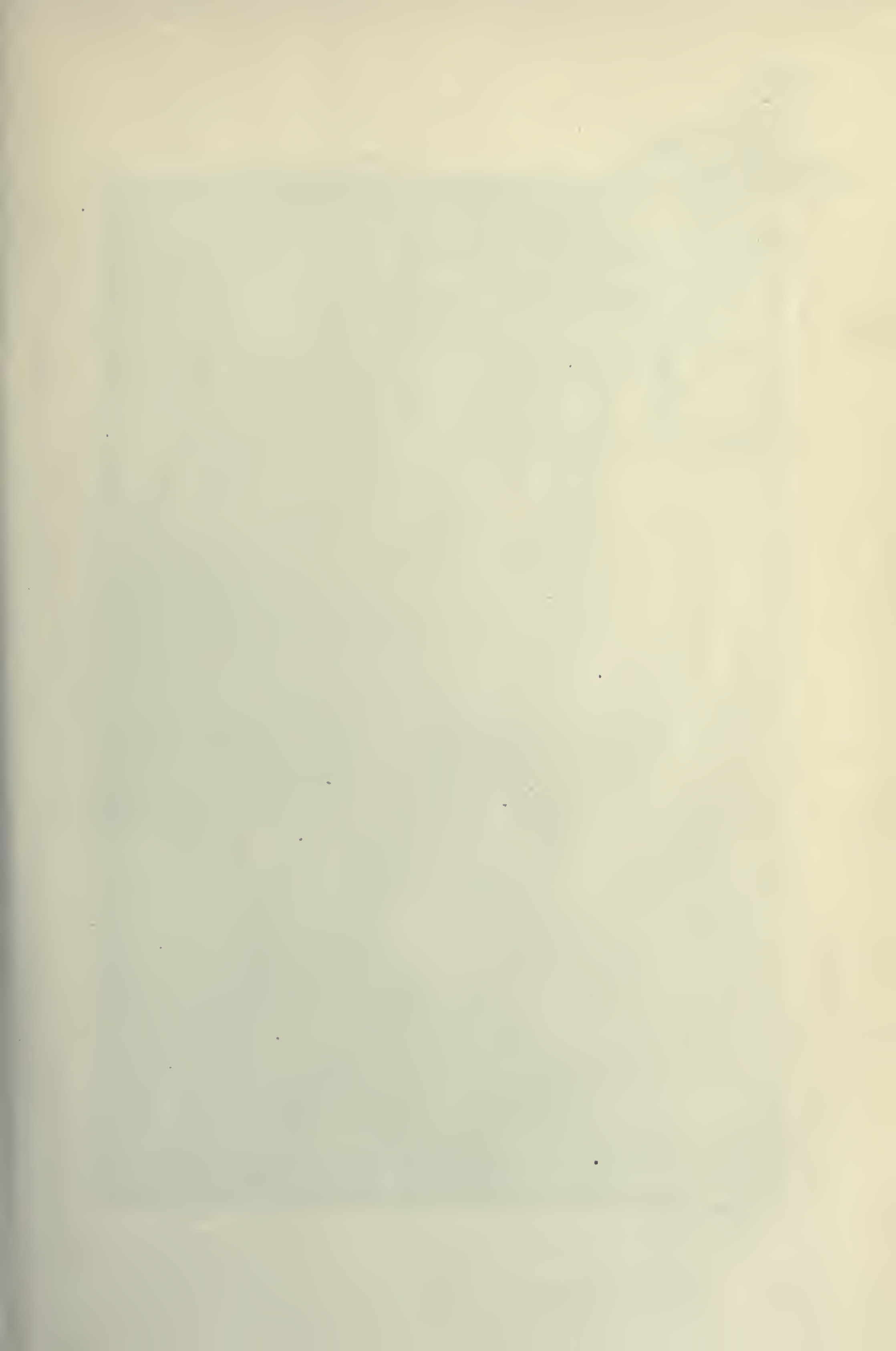
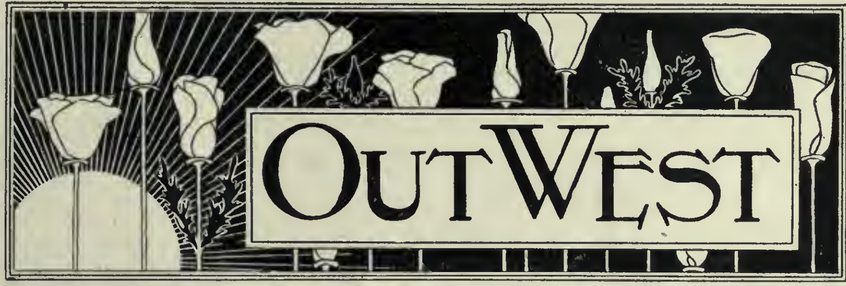


THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

Formerly
The Land of Sunshine

THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



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AN OUTING WITH THE SIERRA CLUB

By WILLOUGHBY RODMAN

THE Sierra Club of California is an incorporated company, its objects being, as stated in its articles of incorporation, "To explore, enjoy and render accessible the mountain regions of the Pacific Coast; to publish authentic information concerning them: to enlist the support and co-operation of the people and the government in preserving the forests and other natural features of the Sierra Nevada mountains."

The Club was organized in June, 1892. Until 1901 its work was limited to the publication of its magazine, and the holding of meetings at which were presented papers and discussions on subjects relating to the mountains of California. In 1900 increasing membership and a growing interest in the club's work encouraged an attempt to examine and study on the ground conditions which theretofore had been presented through the media of discussion and publications. The result has been a series of annual excursions, or "outings," into the Sierra Nevada mountains. The club now has a membership of 800, made up of college professors, teachers, business and professional men, and students. Its President is John Muir.

The club publishes the "Sierra Club Bulletin," a magazine containing accounts of mountain trips, and articles on the topography, geology, botany, and zoology of the Sierra Nevada, forestry and preservation of water supply.

Four outings have been taken. In 1901 the club visited the Tuolumne Meadows; in 1902, Kings River Cañon, and in 1903, the Cañon of the Kern.

Illustrations, except as otherwise credited, are from photographs by E. T. Parsons.

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Porcupine Flats Camp

In 1904, a camp was established in Tuolumne Meadows, and from this base excursions were made to neighboring points of interest.

The outing began in the Merced Yosemite, where, on the 3rd day of July, 1904, the club dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies, the lodge it had erected as a memorial of Joseph Le Conte, who was for years one of its honored members.

The tramp began on the morning of July 4th, the club leaving the valley by the Yosemite Falls trail, and proceeding by easy stages, camps on the way being made at Porcupine Flat and Tenaya Lake. Several parties climbed Mt. Hoffman and Cathedral Peak.

Dedication of Le Conte Lodge, Yosemite Valley

The meadows of the upper Tuolumne are the most extensive of the Sierras. For eighteen miles they extend along the river and its main tributary, Lyell Creek, having a width ranging from half a mile to two miles.

No one who has seen a mountain meadow, with its border of forest trees, its carpet of vivid green grasses interspersed with wild flowers, will attempt to describe it. The Tuolumne Meadows are mountain meadows, and no more can be said.

As it flows through its meadows, the Tuolumne river does not display the ordinary characteristics of mountain streams. Instead of a torrent, rushing between rocky banks, dashing over ledges and boulders, we have a placid, deeply flowing river, mov-

TUOLUMNE RIVER,

ing between grassy embankments, its calm surface marred by few disturbing rocks. There are falls and rapids, and in many places the banks are rocky; but its general course is even and quiet. Below the meadows it makes a wild plunge down its grand cañon, only to resume its peaceful wanderings in the beautiful valley of Hetch-Hetchy.

In its upper reaches, the Tuolumne is unlike the other streams which head in the high Sierra. Each of these rivers has its individuality.

The Kern is a dashing madcap. It has no time for thoughts or dreams. It has business below. It cares not what impression it makes. Its only aim is to hasten over its rocky bed to the broader life of the valleys.

The Kings river is a mountain nymph, beautiful and innocent. Shy and elusive, she will glance at you from behind a jutting rock, then lose herself in the dreamy shadow of a green arcade. She may be just a little conscious of her beauty; but it is a guileless, innocent knowledge, and does not mar her sylvan charm.

The Merced is beautiful, but not with the artless loveliness of the Kings. She is more sophisticated. She knows her power. She says: "Look at me. I have taken the great leaps of Vernal and Nevada. I shall soon make the mad plunge of the Cascades. Now I rest, serene in my loveliness. Am I not beautiful?"

She is beautiful, but with just a tinge of worldliness. It may be

Hetch-Hetchy Valley

that the nymph of the Kings river takes shy glimpses of herself in the depths of some forest pool; but we are sure that the Merced maiden keeps a mirror and spends hours in the contemplation of her loveliness. The Merced is the ball-room beauty; the Kings, the nymph of forest and river. But the Tuolumne is unlike any of the others. It has not the dash of the Kern, the sylvan charm of the Kings, nor the assertive beauty of the Merced. Placid and serene it flows; wise, not with the learning of the world, but with the lore of woodland and mountain. In no haste to reach its goal, it fulfils its destiny, and moves in its own dreams, its swirling eddies telling unuttered thoughts. But its silence is only the calm of latent power. Alone, behind the guarding walls of its cañon, it breaks forth into wild passion, only to lapse again into a brooding calm.

It can tell strange legends of the peaks. It knows what Titanic labors upheaved the massive bulk of Dana. It has held converse with the wild spirits who dwell on the ice-clad peak of Lyell. It knows the secret rites woven by the spirits of the glacial caves ere they send forth the waters of its source. Heedless of man and his works, it lives its own deep dreams.

But if the river is regardless of man, it none the less affords him a most delightful resting-place.

The Sierra Club camp was situated near the junction of Lyell and Dana Creeks, which unite to form the Tuolumne river.

WESTWARD VIEW

Pleasant and interesting excursions may be made by following up either tributary.

Dana Creek rises on the flanks of Mt. Dana, a mountain of enormous bulk. The ascent of this mountain is tiresome and laborious. Except on its glacial—eastern—side, it presents no great difficulties, and no dangers. To reach its summit from the north, west or south, requires no real climbing—only a long walk up hill. But the footing is such as to render walking hard work. Its sides are covered with loose stones of all shapes and sizes, probably the debris of what was in prehistoric times a peak of great altitude. With the top in sight, but apparently coming no nearer, the pull over the loose stones is a heavy task.

The summit is disappointing. It has no distinctive character, no individuality. It does not stand out from the mass of the mountain. There is no slender spire of rock, as on Mt. King or Cathedral Peak; no giant monolith, as on Brewer; no high, sharp ridge, as on Williamson; no appalling precipice, as on Whitney; no lonely, magnificent peak, as at Shasta. What one considers the essential features of a mountain peak are wanting. The summit is simply the top of an enormous rock pile. On reaching it, you know you have reached the top, because you can go no higher; but there is no sense of finality, of achievement.

The view compensates both disappointment and labor. The

FROM AN UNNAMED PEAK

summit commands a magnificent panorama of wooded ranges, profound cañons and snow-capped peaks. To the north, east and south, most of the mountains are covered with snow. To the west are the long wooded ridges of the first range of the Sierra, with the distant summits of the Coast Range on the horizon. To the east is a stretch of desert, brightened by the blue waters of Mono Lake. A few miles from the lake are the curious volcanic craters. The mighty masses of the Merced group prevent a comprehensive view of the Southern Sierra.

As we approached the summit we observed a curious and beautiful effect. Upon the edge of the ridge dividing the northern and eastern slopes there stood a narrow "cornice" of snow rising about four feet above the rocks. This snow was translucent, and in the light of the sun glowed with a delicate yet vivid green.

The descent of Dana is even more wearing than the ascent. This mountain is not so fatiguing in a strictly physical sense, as it is tiresome—it is a bore.

But the long downward climb was ended at last; and there followed two days of luxurious "loafing" in the main camp.

Only one who has experienced it, can know the joys of loafing in camp. When the knowledge of a difficult climb accomplished, and the prospect of another, are present to repel the charge of laziness; when there are small occupations, the pursuit of which

Lyell Fork,

produces the appearance—without the effect—of great activity; when skies are clear, rivers murmurous and still—and the commissary abundant, camp-loafing is a delight. It is also an art. Do not loaf too obviously, or too industriously. Be fruitlessly busy, actively idle. Talk of what you propose to do the following day. An effect may be produced by asking the cook in a loud voice if you can have breakfast at four the next morning, requesting him to put up a luncheon for you. This will impress others, at least those who are making their first outing.

If you rush in to breakfast the next morning at nine, just in time to save your distance, no one will know but that you have been up and active for hours. A fishing rod will heighten the effect. You may remark that the fish did not rise, which will be true of the fish—and of yourself.

The most difficult mountain-climb made by a large party was the ascent of Mt. Lyell. This mountain attains the altitude of 13,090 feet, and bears upon its eastern slope a living glacier.

The Lyell party left the main camp July 15th, following Tuolumne Meadow and Lyell Creek through the upper meadows.

The sunset effects in the upper meadows were beautiful. Long after deep shadows rested upon the valley and its forest-clad walls, the peaks glowed with a rosy light, which faded into purple, then died away, leaving the rocky summits dark, gloomy, forbidding.

Tuolumne River

Arrived at Lyell base-camp, we were soon in bed, as an early start had been ordered for the morning.

The summit of Lyell is reached by passing over Lyell Glacier, which is deeply covered with snow. During the warmer hours of the day, the snow becomes softened to a considerable depth, but freezes again at night. As climbing over the softened snow is difficult, sometimes dangerous, it is necessary to reach the snow fields before they have felt the effect of the sun. Four o'clock found us out of our sleeping-bags, and "lined up," heavy-eyed, but eager.

A party of less hardy climbers was to make an easier trip to the foot of the glacier; but fifty-three men, women and boys answered the call for the summit.

A member of the outing committee was leader of the summit party, which was divided into three companies, each having its captain. Rigid discipline was established and enforced. Each member was assigned to a numbered position in the line and instructed to keep it. Change of position was not permitted. Even when halts were made for rest, the line was kept. At intervals the word was given, "Call your numbers," and each was required to call his number in its place, the captains seeing that the order was preserved. Our line was completed while it was yet too dark to start, so we stood in position, awaiting the light. We had not long to wait, and as the first glow of dawn rested

upon Lyell's peak, we attacked the side of a steep ridge, and were fairly off.

After a sharp climb of about five hundred yards came the command, "Halt! Rest! Peel sweaters!" each of which was welcome to many. "Second wind" does not come early on such a hard ascent, and rest was grateful. "Peeling" was also acceptable, as, in spite of the nipping air of dawn, the work was warming.

Then followed a zig-zag up the side of the ridge, a long walk on its backbone, a short descent, a crossing of frozen ground which would be a swamp on our return, short scrambles up steep cliffs; then the long, laborious climb over the snow.

ASCENT OF MT. LYELL *Photo by W. F. Badè*

A mountain snow-field, instead of presenting a smooth, even surface, is broken by innumerable ridges, the depressions between which vary in depth from a few inches to four or five feet. The ridges have broad bases, but taper to a knife-edge. On the higher snow-fields, where the snow is hard frozen, a fall on or between these ridges is far from pleasant; and on our climb, many aching bones and muscles bore witness to the quality of the snow. It was pleasant and exciting to know that we were traversing a river of living ice, but we were not anxious for an intimate acquaintance with its primary stages.

Our course lay obliquely across the ridges, and as, with increasing altitude, they grew farther apart, stepping from one

DESCENDING MT. LYELL *Photo by W. F. Badè*

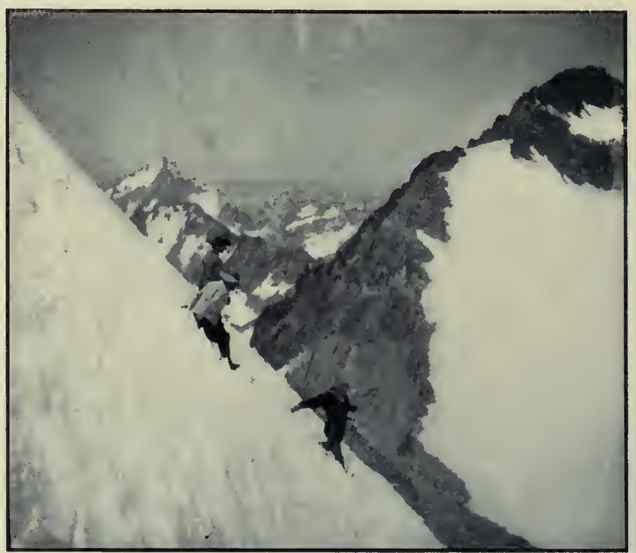
to another became so difficult for many of the party that it became necessary for the leader to make a trail, which he did by kicking off the upper portions of the ridges. Often in his attack the leader would slip and fall between two ridges. Rising, he would bring fists and knees to bear on the icy barrier.

Trail-making proved such heart-breaking work that three men in succession were glad to yield the leadership. As the fourth man weakened, we left the main body of the glacier and followed a narrow tongue, which extends through a "chute" almost to the summit. This chute is a narrow cleft in the rocks, and very steep. Near its top the nevè gives place to smooth, solid ice, bare of snow, which continues for about fifty feet at a steep incline. This icy chute gave us the only dangerous piece of work of the

MT. LYELL

climb. The situation was trying to weak nerves. The walls of the chute were too steep to be scaled. A tongue of snow extended for some distance between the ice and the rocks, and from the tongue, which was a mere knife-edge, with smooth ice on one side, and a deep bergschrund, or gap between snow and cliff, on the other, it was necessary to step down upon the ice. In most places the bergschrund was so wide that it was impossible to rest a hand against the cliff to assist in maintaining equilibrium.

Owing to the steepness of the chute and the glassy surface of the ice, the leaders determined to cut steps in the ice and use a rope in making the ascent. While steps were cut and the rope



DESCENT OF MT. LYELL *Photo by W. F. Badè*

stretched, the party waited patiently, a few hanging to the rocks, the greater number standing on the snow.

While one man cut steps, another went on over the ice as anchor for the rope, one end of which was tied around his waist, the other to a projecting rock below the ice steps. As the chute made a sharp turn, it was necessary to station another man near the middle of the rope to keep it clear of the rocks and within reach of the climbers.

As the leaders looked down upon the party waiting below, some clinging to the rocks, others standing in the snow, and reflected that fifty people, thirty of them women and boys, were trusting to them to be conducted safely over that icy slide, they realized the grave responsibility they had assumed. But hesi-

tation was idle; the people were becoming chilled from the snow, so the ascent began.

Clinging to the rope, carefully seeking the ice steps, the climbers came slowly over the ice. The women made the passage without hesitation; but many a fair face was pale, and many a little hand trembled as the anchor-man grasped it for the final lift. Only one person at a time was allowed on the rope. The object of this was to minimize the risk of injury from that terror of the mountains, falling stones—an ever present source of danger. In spite of precautions, numerous sharp fragments of stone dashed down the chute, but, fortunately, no one was struck but the anchor-man, and he was not injured. An hour was consumed in crossing the ice, during which time the leaders

Photo by W. F. Badé

MTS. BANNER AND RITTER FROM BASE CAMP

were subjected to a considerable nervous strain. But at last all were safely over and found in the view from the summit ample compensation for their risks and exertions.

The descent from Lyell was without incidents, but tiresome. All but one of the party avoided the icy chute, by a long detour over a snow-slope, descending to the glacier over a rocky ridge not practicable for ascent. The snow, softened by the sun, was loose and slippery, and much slipping and sliding were caused thereby. The enthusiasm of climbing, the prospect of attainment, the spice of danger, which marked the ascent, were lacking. It was simply to get down.

Early the next morning nine of us prepared for the conquest of Ritter. The trail was considered impracticable for animals,

so, reducing bedding and provisions to their lowest terms, we shouldered packs and started on a fifteen-mile tramp over a steep pass, up several high ridges, across a number of mountain streams, to the base of Ritter.

We camped for the night near Thousand Island Lake, one of the sources of the San Joaquin river, a blue mountain lake dotted with numerous islets, some showing groups of trees, many being but bare rocks.

After our evening meal we looked long and earnestly at our objective—Mt. Ritter, and its companion peak, Banner. It would be difficult to imagine a more impressive mountain view

Photo by W. F. Badé

ON THE SLOPE OF MT. RITTER

than that of the Ritter-Banner group. Rising from a common base, the peaks of these two mountains are separated by a broad glacier. Neither mountain has a wide-spreading base. Tall and slender, they rise from their surrounding snow fields. From our view-point, Banner (12,957 feet) obstructed the view of the summit of its loftier neighbor, Ritter (13,156 feet).

Our start was made at dawn. Crossing an ancient moraine, we passed by a gem-like lake into which the Ritter-Banner glacier was discharging miniature icebergs; then, turning a shoulder of granite, we were again upon a living glacier, and the day's work was begun.

Mirror Lake

A mountain may seem difficult and dangerous in contemplation, or when viewed from its base; but once the steady, persistent climb is begun, difficulty and danger are forgotten; obstacles and perils are surmounted or avoided systematically, and as they are separately encountered.

Ritter did not seem nearly so formidable when attacked at short range as when viewed from Lyell or from base-camp After a time we began thinking that his gloomy, threatening aspect was only a "bluff."

The work on the glacier is different from that on Lyell. The snow ridges are not so difficult, being lower and closer together. But the ascent is much more abrupt. Snow could not cling to the rocks if they were steeper.

Obeying instructions from Prof. J. N. Le Conte, who had made the ascent, we kept to the snow as long as possible. Passing from snow to rocks was dangerous, as is always the case when the cliffs rise nearly vertically from their base. There is a gap—bergschrund—between snow and rock, which offers opportunities for accidents. Should the snow-edge break, or should the climber miss his footing on the cliff, he would be dashed upon the rocks below. Our party crossed in safety, and commenced climbing an almost vertical rock-wall which demanded the exercise of extreme caution. Had it not been that the face of the mountain is marked by ridges, or "flutings," the edges of which are composed of broken fragments of rock, the ascent would have been impossible. It was only by laboriously clambering over, under and around these fragments, often making long detours, that we reached the summit.

So steep was the ascent that at any time after leaving the glacier, a fall would have resulted in serious, if not fatal, injury. Danger from falling stones was constantly imminent. A careless step or a grasp of a loose stone would start a miniature avalanche, endangering the lives of those below, who, clinging to precarious handholds or standing on narrow ledges, could not avoid the falling fragments.

In the course of our climb we suddenly came to a sheer cliff offering neither footholds nor handholds. To have gone back would have involved a long climb and the loss of more time than we could spare. The only alternative was to cross on the snow to a buttress of rock which bounded the southern edge of the cliff. The snow had shrunken from the wall, leaving a gap about twenty feet wide. The cliff was vertical; the snow was almost vertical and ended in a knife edge, having on the right the bergschrund about thirty feet deep with sharp rocks at its foot, and on the left a snow wall one thousand feet high and too steep

for footing. Our weight might cause the snow to give way to right or left, or might send its entire upper portion sliding down the mountain. But rather than turn back, we crossed on the knife edge. The distance across was about fifty feet, but it really seemed greater. As we worked across this place, we concluded that Ritter was not bluffing after all; and our conclusion was strengthened by the remainder of the climb.

At last we reached the narrow ridge which leads to the summit, and in a few minutes were at the top, where all our exertions were rewarded by a magnificent view.

CLOUDS' REST AND LIBERTY CAP

The view does not differ materially from the prospect from Lyell, except that Ritter permits a view of mountains which it shuts off from Lyell. It also affords a better view of the cañons of the San Joaquin river.

There can be nothing more inspiring than the view from a great mountain peak. It produces a spiritual exaltation comparable with no other state of mind. To me the effect is similar to that produced by music.

We remained at the summit an hour. Before leaving we inscribed our names on the register, which the Sierra Club keeps in a pile of stones on the summit. On most of these high peaks of the Sierra Nevada the club has deposited copper cylinders containing rolls of paper for registration of names of members who make the ascent.

As is the case with all mountains of the character of Ritter, the descent is more difficult than the ascent. But we reached the glacier level without accident, and walked into camp tired and happy.

Mt. Ritter is a difficult and dangerous mountain. With the

CATHEDRAL LAKE

exercise of great caution its ascent may be made in safety, but it should be attempted by those only who are accustomed to mountain climbing, and who have sure feet and cool heads.

On its return to Tuolumne meadows, the Mt. Ritter party found the main body preparing to break camp, to start the next morning for Hetch-Hetchy valley, by way of Hardin Lake and Hog Ranch, following the old Tioga road the greater part of the distance.

A small party was to follow the Tuolumne river through its grand cañon, joining the others in Hetch-Hetchy. The trip through Tuolumne Cañon had been considered the most adventurous of the outing. On account of its difficulties and dangers,

this cañon has a bad name, and dire prognostications were made as to the fate of those who should attempt its passage.

But the desire to enjoy the beauties of the cañon, the wanderlust and the spirit of adventure combined to overcome hesitation, and a party of fourteen, including eight of the Mt. Ritter party, shouldered packs and made the descent.

The grand cañon of the Tuolumne is about twenty-four miles in length. It varies in width, in some places the rocky walls coming very near the river, to recede again, leaving a stretch of

YOSEMITE FALLS

meadow and woodland between river and cliff. In no place does the width across its floor exceed half a mile. The greater portion is narrow. During the twenty-four miles of its course through the cañon the river descends more than five thousand feet, much of its fall being made in a series of magnificent cataracts. These falls have not the great height of Nevada, Bridal Veil or Yosemite falls, but equal them in impressiveness. On the Tuolumne falls the water does not descend vertically, but follows very steep inclines. One of these falls is unlike any other of the great falls of the Sierra Nevada. On leaving the

crest, the water takes an oblique course across the cañon for about 100 feet, then turns almost at a right angle to its former course, only to be deflected by another ledge. In this manner the river descends about five hundred feet in a series of steps, each plunge being made at a distinct angle with those which immediately precede and follow it. Another fall—the most beautiful of the cañon—is the California, or "Fountain" fall. At this point, where the river is very narrow and swift, it dashes over a bed of granite sloping at an angle of about twenty-two and one-half degrees. Not far from the crest of the fall the

CLIFFS OF TUOLUMNE CAÑON

stream impinges against a ledge or an enormous boulder, which throws the whole body of water into the air in a mass of spray and foam. The river is larger than the Merced, where it passes through its Yosemite, and the effect of such a volume of water hurled into the air is indescribable.

The walls of the cañon are higher than those of the Merced Yosemite. Their sky-line is not so even, being broken by peaks some of which reach an altitude of seven thousand feet. There are cliffs which have a higher vertical face than any of the Merced Yosemite; and there are vast buttresses of rock which, in bulk, height and impressiveness, surpass those of the more

famous valley to the south. If one could except the Le Conte dome, it would be safe to say that the Tuolumne cañon is grander than the Merced Yosemite.

This statement will be received with incredulity; for many know the Merced Yosemite, while very few have even heard of the Tuolumne cañon. The reason for this is not far to seek. The difficulties and dangers attending its passage have prevented the general public from becoming acquainted with the cañon of the Tuolumne. There are no trails through it. It is impassable for pack animals, and extremely difficult for footmen. To construct wagon roads like those of the Merced Yosemite would involve engineering difficulties so great as to render their cost prohibitive. The cañon is also more remote from railways

Tenaya Cañon and Le Conte Dome

than is the Merced Yosemite. For these reasons the Tuolumne cañon is little known now, and will so continue for many years.

The passage of the cañon is considered dangerous. While our party passed through in safety, we could readily see that it has well earned its reputation.

The most formidable obstacle, the greatest dangers, are presented by the glaciated rocks of which the domes of the cañon and a great portion of its floor are composed. The action of glaciers long since extinct has polished the rocks of the cañon to a high degree. It is the theory of some that the action of sand has contributed more largely than that of ice to this effect. Be the cause either one, or the other, or the two combined, the rocks certainly have received a fine polish. In the sunlight the sheen of the rocks is like that of ice or snow. Seen at a

SILVER APRON,

distance of a quarter of a mile, stretches of this glaciated rock glitter and glisten like glass. This glacial polish renders the surface of the rocks so smooth and slippery that footing is uncertain, even upon a level surface. When the rocks lie at a sharp incline, as is usually the case, crossing them is always hazardous, sometimes impossible. Hob-nails will not take hold on the rocks, and unprotected shoe soles slip at every step. At several places on our trip we found it necessary to use a rope in making descents. In places, dikes of polished granite extend across the cañon from cliff to cliff, leaving a narrow trough with vertical sides for the river. Often the cliffs are too precipitous to permit a detour, and the only escape is by "roping." A rope is passed around a tree, the climber grasps its two sections, assumes a sitting position and slides with more or less grace as far as the rope permits. If the rope reaches the foot of the slide, well and good; if not, he must trust to luck. This process is trying to nerves—and trousers.

Our party was fortunate in finding slides with trees conveniently placed; and in one place only did we find a slide which in length exceeded our doubled rope, and there it was necessary to drop only about ten feet to a friendly ledge.

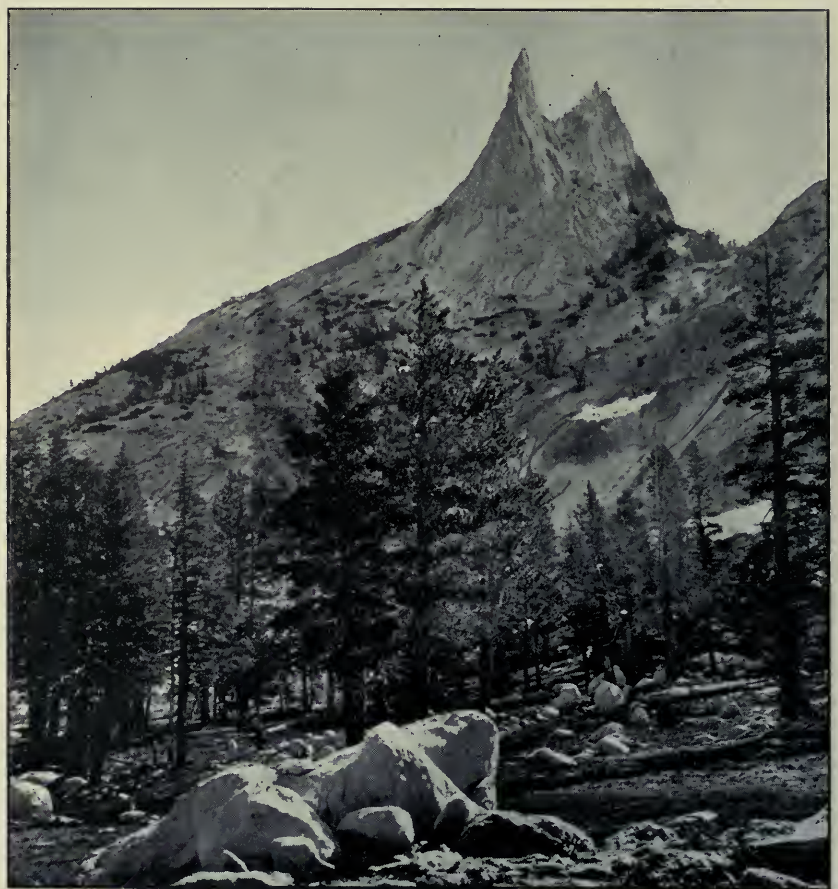
Next to the glaciated rocks, the most formidable features of the cañon are the domes, which are numerous. A dome is what its name indicates—a rounded mass of rock rising alone from the floor of a valley or plateau, or jutting from the side of a

YOSEMITE VALLEY

mountain. Its sides curve with a very short radius, and are consequently steep. Many of the domes are glaciated, but even those which were never polished by the ice, or from which the glacial polish has worn away, are difficult, often unsurmountable. They frequently reach a height of seven or eight hundred feet and cover large bases. Occasional cracks in the surfaces, or clumps of moss render a precarious footing possible. But often their steep, unbroken sides defy the most expert climber. If an isolated dome is encountered, it may be avoided by a detour. But if a dome projecting from the cañon wall blocks the way, one must either climb over it or turn back. On several occasions, our party was compelled to travel long distances from the river, climbing nearly one thousand feet, because a stretch of rock only a few yards across offered no footholds.

On one occasion, as we were walking along the river bank, congratulating ourselves on our rapid progress, we came upon the nose of a cliff projecting into the water. A narrow ledge led from the river bank along the face of the cliff, but was broken where the cliff entered the water and renewed just one foot beyond our longest step. The sheer face of the cliff gave no handholds upon which to swing across. It was most exasperating. That gap of twelve inches caused us to consume more than two hours' time. First came a long hard climb up a chimney which terminated in a narrow ledge at the foot of a steep and slippery incline. This ledge, composed of brittle rock and narrowing to

a few inches as it crossed the incline, could not be crossed without assistance. One of the party scrambled up the incline and with the rope steadied his companions as they crept across, finding a descent for himself on the other side of the slope. Arrived at the end of the ledge, we found ourselves at the edge of a sheer descent of fifty feet, at the foot of which began a steep slope hundreds of feet in height. Our rope helped us down the first, and hard work accomplished the second.



THE UNICORN

The most laborious work of the passage was what is technically called "brush-bucking." In many places the cañon walls terminate in gentle slopes covered with earth. Kept moist by water trickling and seeping from above, these slopes support a luxuriant growth of brush. Wild lilac, buckthorn, manzanita and other bushes form thickets which are almost impassable. When the slope extends to the river, or terminates in a sheer cliff, the only passage is through the brush. The bushes must

be thrust aside by main force, and as they are tough and elastic, progress is slow. Some of the brush—notably manzanita—"fights back." Working through these thickets up steep slopes or along narrow ledges is fatiguing.

It was interesting to note the changes in vegetation as we descended. At first we met only the pines and other conifers of the 8500-foot level. These gradually gave place to the growth of lower altitudes. Toward the end of the cañon we walked among magnificent oaks. Similar changes were noted in the wild flowers.

As the lower levels were reached flowers increased in number and in beauty. In several places where the river runs between

FALLS AT HEAD OF HETCH-HETCHY

low, flat banks, it was bordered with bushes of the azalea. More than once we saw an eighth of a mile of these lovely flowers in full bloom, their rich, heavy odor filling the air with sweetness.

As the cañon lies within the boundaries of a forest-reserve where shooting is prohibited, animal life is abundant. Members of our party saw deer. Once in crossing a meadow we walked for more than a mile along a distinctly marked bear run. We also saw numerous other bear "signs." Smaller animals are numerous.

The river is full of fish. Our passage was too hurried to permit time for sport; but we supplied our frying pans by a few

CAMP IN

minutes' work while waiting for meals. Seven or eight rattlesnakes yielded their skins and rattles to our party.

It being impossible to take pack animals through the cañon, we carried sleeping bags and provisions on our backs.

A twenty-pound pack is not of material assistance in climbing a steep dome whose sides offer only finger- and toe-holds. The writer has a vivid recollection of one occasion, when, in climbing the sides of a giant dome, clinging to the edge of a crack about two inches deep and utilizing small clumps of moss, with an almost vertical descent of about three hundred feet behind him, his pack suddenly shifted to one side, throwing him out of balance. It was only by falling flat on his face, and presenting to the rock as large a surface of corduroy as was possible, that he regained his equilibrium.

These packs furnish striking illustrations of that curious law of progressive gravity which does not manifest itself on level lands. A pack weighing twenty pounds on the first day of a tramp will, on the fifth day, have increased to one hundred, although part of its contents may have been consumed.

Our party occupied four days in covering the twenty-four miles of the cañon, proceeding as leisurely as possible in order that we might enjoy the magnificent scenery. We could have spent two weeks pleasantly and profitably in this wonderful valley, but were under engagement to meet our main party in Hetch-Hetchy valley at a certain time.

HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY

The descent of this cañon is difficult, and is attended by some danger. But any one possessed of reasonable strength, endurance and coolness may make the passage in safety, and will be abundantly rewarded for all exertion and risks.

Hetch-Hetchy valley needs no description. We had two idle days there; then came a tramp to beautiful Lake Eleanor; for a few of us a night at desolate Granite (or Kibbey) Lake; then a walk through a magnificent forest to Reed River; one more night under the stars; a last eight-mile stretch, partly through a district made desolate and hideous by sawmills; then a little lumbering-railway; then the Sierra railway, where stuffy Pullmans made us sigh for breezy nights under the trees; then Oakdale; and the friendly tentacles of the mighty octopus gently but firmly drew us back to civilization and labor.

The outing was a pronounced success. During a month one hundred and forty-six club members and guests, together with servants and a large party of packers, were conducted over many miles of mountain trails; numerous mountains were climbed and many side-trips made, without a single accident. The party was well fed and cared for. A large pack-train kept us supplied with provisions. Lodgings were commodious and airy, the roofs being the broad sky; the walls, forests and cliffs; the floors and beds, the bosom of kindly mother earth.

If it be asked what is gained by these outings, the answer is easy. In the first place, the outings necessarily afford abundant

LAKE

opportunities for active physical exercise. Although a few use saddle-horses, the outings are primarily tramping-trips. The exertion is not too violent. In passing from one camp to another the ground is covered in easy stages, a day's march rarely exceeding ten miles.

On side-trips, while the walks between camps are not difficult, the mountain-climbing and the exploration of rugged cañons and passes necessarily involve more exertion. Such excursions are made by the more hardy members only. But one who does not join in the more ambitious efforts of the club need not be idle. The main camps are always so placed that points of interest can be reached by short excursions. Many club members do not join climbing parties, but remain at the main camp, finding in fishing, picnics and one-day walks abundant pleasure and sufficient exercise.

Sleeping out of doors is also beneficial. A few campers use tents; but the majority prefer to sleep under the stars, and derive great benefit from constant exposure to the fresh air.

The aromatic odor of the pine forests is not only pleasant, but health-giving. The fresh, pure air of the peaks and the high valleys is tonic and invigorating.

Fed by melting snows, the springs and streams of the mountains afford an unlimited supply of cool, delicious water. Owing to its purity, great quantities of this water may be drunk with-

Eleanor

out injury, and the flushing of the system so caused is a distinct benefit.

It is not merely its low temperature which renders mountain water so pleasant. Dashing over rocks, plunging down cataracts, leaping to surmount obstructing boulders, the water becomes thoroughly aerated, acquiring a crisp tone and sparkle. But it is not only cool, pure and fresh. It has a peculiar quality, a "tingle" which makes it not only invigorating but exhilarating. A draught of it brings to mind wind-swept peaks, glacial caverns, sparkling waterfalls and whirling eddies.

Colds are almost unknown among mountain-climbers, the pure air and outdoor life rendering one practically immune to these annoyances of city life. Owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, perspiration, though profuse, is at once evaporated.

Freedom from the ordinary cares and occupations of life is also a source of physical well-being. It is absolutely useless to worry over business. The main camps of the club are usually made at the end of a four-days journey from railroads, and the side-trips take one even farther from civilization. Out of reach of telephone and telegraph, it is useless to worry, as nothing can be done, and bad news cannot come in to cause new worries. Those who join the outings seem to be able to detach themselves completely from every-day life. A party of professional and business men may spend days and nights together on trail and mountain or around the evening camp fire without once men-

Photo by Wm. P. Boland
VERNAL FALLS

tioning business, money or politics. This rest is certainly beneficial to over-wrought nerves and weary brains.

While the social features of the outings are not the most prominent, they are sources of great pleasure.

The club committee exercises great care in forming its parties, admitting those only whose characters, habits and associations are unobjectionable. Many pleasant associations and warm friendships are formed.

Thrown entirely upon their own resources, dependent upon one another for entertainment, the campers learn to know each other better in one month of camping than would be possible in years of everyday life.

The evenings around the campfires of the main camps are to many the most attractive features of the outings. Regular programs are presented, consisting of orchestral music, songs, recitations, stories and impromptu entertainments of various kinds. Nothing can show a person's essential characteristics more clearly than the occupations and incidents of camp life. If a man is a good camper, with all the term implies, he is a good man, a good friend, and you may rely upon him forever.

There is nothing which draws men so closely together as the intimate association of a side trip. Far from civilization, under the influence of the most impressive manifestations of nature, the littlenesses of everyday life are forgotten, and the elemental facts of life and character appear.

To men who care sufficiently for mountain-climbing to undergo the labor and assume the risks incidental to it, the pursuit of their common object is alone a sufficient tie. When to this are added the exchange of assistance, pleasures and dangers shared together, all the elements of an intimate and delightful association are present.

THE GAP, HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY

The purely intellectual benefits of the outings are obtained from lectures and camp-fire talks. The club has been fortunate in that a number of eminent scientists have taken part in its excursions, and each has delivered informal lectures on the subject of his specialty. We have had lectures from Dr. Grove Carl Gilbert, Mr. John Muir, Dr C. Hart Merriam, Dr. Henry Gannett, Prof. W. F. Badé, Alden Sampson, Prof. A. J. Lawson, and Prof. J. N. Le Conte While no systematic instruction has been attempted, a vast amount of useful and interesting information has been imparted.

To many the greatest benefit derived from these outings is the mental and spiritual elevation which comes from communion with nature.

The influence of scenes of beauty and grandeur is ennobling. He is to be pitied who can wander on the banks of a mountain river, pass through a profound cañon, or stand upon the summit of a lofty peak, and not feel that he is a better man.

Face to face with Nature where she shows her power most grandly, we rise above petty cares and conventions, to a realization of its deeper significance. This mental elevation is not temporary. Its influence is abiding, and we feel it in higher, truer conceptions of life.

Los Angeles, Cal.

YOSEMITE

By JOHN D. GALLOWAY

WITH step impatient and with troubled brow
And eyes all heedless of the beauty there,
Breathless he comes to this far mountain land—
The little Man-God of the world of care.

Then pause, and in this quiet valley seat,
O'er watched by clustered mountains calm and high,
He feels the wondrous spell that Nature weaves
And learns the secret of the sun-lit sky.

For here are curving domes and slender spires
And massive walls of granite stern and gray
That stand in grandeur as the master hand
Upreared them on that distant primal day.

These giant forms have felt the airy wings
Of countless years that passed in sun and rain.
Around them oft the crashing storm has rolled,
And on them many a sunbeam warm has lain.

They know the secrets of an earlier day,
When this old earth was in its glorious prime;
They keep their secrets in their granite breasts
And, deathless, face the coming years of time.

And here the water plunges from the height,
And here the winding river curves its way,
And here the mirrored lake in silence sleeps,
And in the trees the wandering breezes play.

Around this sacred spot in fretted lines
The guardian forests keep their faithful stand,
And give with whispered voices soft and low,
A greeting to this fair and favored land.

And far beyond, the snowy mountains rise,
Whose pure white robe of never changing hue
And untrod wastes and gleaming fields of ice
An old mysterious longing wakes anew.

Yet 'tis at night when thro' the azure air
The moon's bright orb moves silent, calm and slow,
That towering spires and domed heights are blent
In beauty by a pure ethereal glow.

Then bathed in silver light the water falls;
In mystic glory drifts the wind-born spray;
While from the hollow cavern voices sound—
The spirits of the waters at their play.

One constant star hangs o'er the shadowed height,
Where leaps the water to its headlong fall;
One night-bird from the darkness of the trees
In cadenced music flutes his plaintive call.

Filled with the dreaming beauty of the scene,
The vague and sombre stillness of the hour,
He yields to feelings formless as the night
And owns the strength of Nature's mystic power.

He finds in shattered crag and lofty dome
And waters falling in the silver light,
A kinship with the spirit of the hills,
A friendship with the voices of the night.

And then with fond regret and backward gaze
Once more unto the restless world he turns,
Yet in his memory dwells the pictured place,
And in his heart the mountain longing burns.

San Francisco, Cal.

SOCIAL PHASES OF SIERRA CLUB MOUNTAINEERING

By MARION RANDALL

THERE are ways and ways of enjoying life, but few that are so incomprehensible to the average mind as the way of the Sierra Club. That civilized beings who have once known the comforts and luxuries of modern city life should choose to forego these even for a month, to return to the ways of their nomadic ancestors, is deemed by some people ample proof of unsoundness of mind.

Indeed, in the early days of his novitiate, the Sierra Club member may find it a little difficult to prove his own sanity satisfactorily to himself. Like the little old woman of the jungle he must needs occasionally ask of his dazed consciousness, "Lack a mercy on us, can this be I?" For not only has he learned to sleep on the bare, hard ground, to arise cheerfully with the sum-

Illustrated from photographs by E. T. Parsons.

AFTERNOON TEA

mer sun, to bathe in icy streams, and, when on the march, to turn his tin cup into soup-plate, bean-dish, dessert-dish or coffee-cup; but he finds that except in his few moments of introspection these eccentric conditions, far from surprising him, seem to be the natural, rational order of things.

A very radical change, too, has taken place in his attitude towards his fellow beings, and he finds himself on terms of easy familiarity with men and women of whose very existence he was unaware but a few days since. None of the signs by which he has been wont to know his kind will avail him here; as far as outward appearances go, the professor and the packer might be brothers—'tis only by their speech you shall know them. How rare culture can fare forth clad in spotted overalls, how an ornament to society can disguise herself in hob-nailed boots and short-skirted denim gown, and how a kindly gentleman's soul can exist behind the mask of a bearded miscreant are problems which only the philosophy of the woods can explain. All sorts of people are to be found here, gathered from many a clime, many a calling, workers in the main, busy men and women of many interests who have yet known how to keep the holiday spirit alive.

Happily for the friendly, united feeling which is indispensable to the success of the outing, the remote places in which the permanent camps are located necessitate several vagabond days along the trail before camp is reached. It is impossible to re-

WITH THE SIERRA CLUB

main distant or formal amid the sights and sounds incident to moving a party of two hundred persons, their provisions and impedimenta, their cooks and their pack mules; and the sooner one realizes that conventions and formalities are things to be put away with one's city clothes, the sooner one is in harmony with the spirit of the outing.

For freedom and fellowship are its dominant notes. There is no chance for shams and insincerities here, and in no other place is one's true nature so clearly to be read, often by the light of seemingly trivial incidents. When one is fifty miles from railroad or postoffice and a five days' journey from a bath-tub, one develops an entirely new standard of valuations. A shoe-string, a hat-pin, a piece of candy, these come to be priceless treasures, and the measure of one's generosity is taken by the way one shares them. A cake of soap is a trifling gift; but if it represents your cleanliness for a fortnight to come, and you share it with a poorer sister, shall not your name be blessed? As opportunities for high and heroic deeds come but seldom, it is by the little things that we must judge, and it is strange how long and how kindly such slight services will linger in the memory.

In all the Sierra Club camps, whether temporary or permanent, the same general arrangement prevails. The camp is mapped out into three principal divisions; the commissary is the main centre of affairs, the men's quarters are off to one side, and the women's on the other. An adjacent meadow is as-

SUNRISE IN THE

signed to the pack-animals, but as they are not club members they refuse to be bound by the restrictions of the committee, and prefer to browse among the sleeping bags in the watches of the night—the only specimens of the genus nightmare known to the mountains. One is repeatedly assured that a horse or mule will never willingly tread upon a human form, but when one is aroused from deep and peaceful slumber by a snorting, munching apparition not six feet away, one's instinct is to alarm the camp.

Some amusing incident attaches itself to every camping-place along the trail. Who could forget the humors of that night spent around the camp-fire when dunnage bags failed to arrive—the songs that were sung and the jokes that were cracked at the expense of the "slow mule freight"? Or that weird breakfast eaten before dawn on the occasion of a momentous climb, where a plaintive voice told how, "Someone got between me and the moon, and I'm just swimming in maple syrup;" where the salt and sugar by some invisible agency kept changing places, with dire effects on our coffee and mush, and where Charley Tuck, most easy-going of Celestials, by a timely and mysterious illness entered his protest against the breakfast hour? The mishaps prove even more entertaining in retrospect than the days that run smoothly, and they can be heartily enjoyed at the time, too, if the right attitude is taken towards them. The reply of a well-known scientist to the girl who boasted that she had not

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HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY

had a single misadventure was significant. "You poor thing,' he said, "I'm so sorry for you!"

Life in the main camp, of course, varies according to individual tastes, some preferring a comfortable, idle existence with books and hammocks; but most of us lead a wandering life from sunrise to sunset. The day begins early, for delightful though it may be to sleep out under the stars, a bed on the ground offers no inducements to the half-waking, half-sleeping bliss which is the greatest friend of the early worm. And some subtle influence of the morning makes sleep almost impossible after the sun has peeped over the mountain wall. Indeed, long before he has risen, when the unfamiliar stars of the dawn are yet in the sky, one feels the stir of the coming day, and watches, wide-eyed, the nascent light in the star-strewn firmament growing, growing, until the myriad eyes of night close, dazzled and ashamed, and every dark crevice of peak and cliff is filled with life-giving light. Far above the tree-tops a few strong-winged birds are soaring; from every silent pine comes a murmur of awakening life; even the babbling stream seems to send forth a new note of gladness, and on every side is told the world-old story of dawn after darkness, joy after sorrow, life after death.

I should like to entrap some narrow-minded believer in the Gospel of Gloom and carry him away for a month in the woods and ask him to explain why, when one has been stirred to the very depths of one's being by some such marvellous beauty, one

should turn so easily to laughter and jest. After watching in awed reverence the wonder of the dawn, one realizes, with a chuckle of self-mockery that one is sitting up in a most uncomfortable attitude cravenly postponing the ordeal of crawling from the blankets and dressing. But a delicious breakfast is the reward. You might not so consider it, viewed in the cold light of civilization, but it tastes uncommonly good at the time.

Then follows a long happy day spent in fishing, tramping or swimming, a day spent alone, with one companion or with a dozen, as one chooses. Half-past six usually finds us back in camp waiting in hungry impatience for Charley Tuck's signal

The Commissary

that dinner is served. In an instant we form in line, and procuring cup and plate en route, we file past the long table while generous portions of soup, stew, corn, rice, or whatever the noble Tuck and his assistants have prepared are served to us by bandanna-capped and aproned damsels.

Thereupon we retreat to a little distance, seat ourselves upon the ground and, plate on lap, proceed to enjoy our dinner—and the play.

For it seems like a bit of comic opera. The stage is set for a woodland scene, a background of pines with the waning red light behind. Groups of strangely garbed people stand about talking and eating, or stroll up and down. Every now and then

the elated advent of a lucky fisherman or the discomfited arrival of a luckless one is greeted with cheers, and on a few rare nights to the little dramas enacted in by-play is added a more general excitement in the coming of the pack-train, our one connection with the outer world.

The camp-fire entertainment with which we conclude the day is remarkable for the mixed program which it offers. A lecture on geology, or botany, an instrumental solo by Charley Tuck, an impromptu ballad or a vaudeville turn—one never knows what the evening will bring forth. And then we say good-night, and turning aside from the glowing circle, campward we go,

Dinner Time

to lie at last looking up where the tall shafts of the pines seem to meet and uphold the starry canopy above.

But what idea can a bare outline of a day's doings give of the charm of it all? Only those who have led the same wandering life can realize how incomparably fresh the morings are, what joy there is in the mere living and breathing, how strong grows the spell of gypsy-land.

Now as you travel the unfamiliar way your fancy is caught b a meadow, bright with the glory of painted blossoms—daisies, white, purple and pink; yellow "brown-eyed Susan," delicate cyclamen and flaming tiger-lillies. Again the strange, barren beauty of a sandy plateau with snow-streaked mountains looming above, dark and forbidding even in the morning sunshine,

dwells in the memory for many an hour. One day we walk for miles among huge blocks of piled-up granite, where the juniper alone is hardy enough to grow, and then one quick descent brings us out of the grim land of granite and pine down among the shimmering cottonwoods and grassy meadows of a rippling water-course. A welcome relief, we think, and yet the next moment the eyes again seek the sombre pines.

For what, after all, do those happy deciduous trees know of the great mountain world? Standing in close, clustering lines above the laughing river, all summer long they dance and nod wantonly to every wandering breeze, whispering stories of mirth and sunshine, only to fall asleep when winter comes. But the gnarled old pine stands alone, strong and reliant and touched with a tender melancholy, even amid the joyous tumult of the

ON THE SUMMIT

spring-time. For he has felt the weight of the winter snow, has seen the death of the year as well as the birth of the spring, and knows that every round-eyed daisy that looks up to the sun opened its eyes only at the cost of another's death and decay. Yet he sees in nature a force working ever for the good, with nothing wasted, nothing lost, and strong in knowledge and in faith he stands undaunted by the fiercest wind that blows.

Long afternoons one spends along the river—

> "A little stream that little knows
> Of the great sea towards which it gladly flows"

—watching the shining flecks, golden, brown or green, slip siilently past, or looking up into the sky, a vast highway for the questing clouds that daily troop across the mountains, sometimes singly, luminous, white-robed penitents, sometimes in careless groups, happy knights-errant in raiment of crimson and

gold, and every now and then a sullen band of the unforgiven, gray-garbed and despairing, whose dull leaden masses yet fail to hide the glory behind. From many a wide-spread meadow, rimmed about with shadowy pines, have we watched the slow, impalpable change from garish day to twilight, from dusk to moon-lit night, until the tranquil stars shone forth again to quiet the restless longing the vanishing day brings. For each pilgrim soul has its quest urging it ever onward; and down the glowing path that leads to the westering sun seems to be a forbidden road to the grail.

All too quickly the great wheel of earth spins the golden hours away until the last night has been spent out under the sky and the last stage-load of radiant, sun-burned mountaineers has rolled away homeward on the long hot stretch of the valley road.

If one loves dainty food, a soft bed and purple and fine linen with an unchangeable devotion and expects that a pack-train be run on the orderly plan of an express, a summer with the Sierra Club is to be avoided. But if he can eat with undiminished relish from ignoble tin, sleep peacefully on the ground and walk with ease his ten daily miles, be they horizontal or perpendicular, he will vote such a trip as ours an unqualified success. And in the winter days, when, though the Sierra are storm-locked and inaccessible, he hungers for the freedom of the open, his greatest pleasure will be to gather around him his companions of the summer, and in talk of trail and camp live the merry mountain days over again.

Berkeley, Cal.

IDYLL

By STACY E. BAKER

OME for the clamor of the town. But I,
To walk through greening fields, beside some stream,
Where willows droop and dream.

Some for the eloquence of men. For me,
The warble of full-throated songsters, where
May-buds perfume the air.

Corry, Pa.

Lambert's Dome

Photo by E. T. Parsons

A SIERRA CLUB FISHERMAN

By EDWARD T. PARSONS

MY FIRST summer's mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada, July, 1901, led me to the Tuolumne Meadows, possibly the most beautiful Alpine parks in the entire system. For eighteen miles they extend in succession from the base of Mt Lyell, at an elevation of nine thousand feet, to the head of the Tuolumne cañon proper, eight thousand five hundred feet above sea level. They are broad and spacious, rich in flower-studded verdure, bordered by heavily timbered mountain slopes, and guarded and sentineled by interesting glacial domes and rugged mountain peaks. Through the midst of these emerald meadows flows the limpid Tuolumne River, loitering in sedgy glacial lakes, gently cascading over granite dams, and meandering slowly in its sod-banked bed as if loth to leave the superb region.

Thrilled by the delights of these fascinating uplands, I felt but one thing lacking to their completeness—the joys of angling. For at that time the virgin Tuolumne was not yet peopled with the trout that should have leaped in the occasional rippling cascades, lurked under overhanging turfy banks, and multiplied in

FISHING! *Photo by W. F. Badè*

THE HAPPY ISLES,

the deep, willow-sheltered, gravel-bedded pools of this beautiful stream. So that when planning last year to revisit this titanic roof garden, I heard with much pleasure that the Tuolumne had been "stocked," and that there might possibly be a reward for the faithful fly-caster over its likely waters.

Our Sierra Club party camped on the south side of the river, in the forest opposite Lambert's Dome, and not far from the appetizingly agreeable Soda Springs. One day an excursion was planned to the lower end of the meadows, at the head of the Tuolumne cañon, where the river leaves the meadows to rush, toss, and fall through the twenty-five miles of giant gorge on its way to the fertile San Joaquin valley, there to be the life and prosperity of many an alfalfa field and fruit ranch. We were to encamp at this gateway of the cañon over night, and next day view some of its beauties and wonders.

So I started in the morning, solus, with my rod, landing net, and carefully selected flies, for my first trial of unknown waters, and, while on my way down the river I found many deep pools, the unruffled surface of the clear water revealed a warning vision to my watchful quarry, and I joined the party that evening with but a light catch of Rainbow Trout (Salmo Irideus).

I will not digress from my text to tell of the camp-fire's sparkle, and the fun and fancy, the prose and poetry, of the circle about it that night, which kept us delighted till at a late hour we sought our pine-needle couches beneath the sheltering

Yosemite Valley

branches of the conifers through which the twinkling stars gleamed greetings from the Goddess of Nature to some of her most enthusiastic devotees. Nor will I dwell on the early awakening to a zestful breakfast, the beginning of another glorious day, after which I again resumed my sport.

Leaving the party which planned a trip down a portion of the cañon, I retraced my steps over the trail of my previous day's fishing, and this time, a favoring breeze obscuring from the wary trout the sight of their enemy man, my creel fast filled with gleaming beauties, who too eagerly sought the lure of Royal Coachman and Peacock Hackle.

Two miles below the main Sierra Club camp I came to the south of Eagle Creek. Just below its confluence with the river there had formed a bar of sand and gravel out into the stream nearly at right angles with its bank. As the waters of Eagle Creek rippled over this bar into the deep pool below, they carried much food for the expectant trout that lay in its depths.

I cautiously approached by a wide detour, not relying on the filmy curtain that the breeze was weaving over the surface of this likely pool, and casting my flies far out over the bar, waited until they were carried down over the pool, when at once the lurking trout made a double rise and strike. Then there were som ecstatically exciting moments until I brought the struggling, reluctant pair within reach of my landing-net, and finally creeled them both. Then followed two hours of royal sport, as I landed,

one after another, fiercely gamey, fat trout. Twice again were both flies taken and doubles successfully banked.

Soon the growing weight of my creel admonishing me that moderation in the kill was true evidence of real sportsmanship, I betook myself to camp with a basket of iridescent beauties, so far the record catch of the outing.

Many days of noble sport followed, not only for myself, but also for others of the angling fraternity in our party, during this remarkable month of mountaineering, but long will dwell foremost in my memory this first day's thrilling experience, adding this region to the list of known trout-fishing territory that extends throughout the flanks of the entire Sierra Nevada.

Nowhere has Nature spread a more spacious, delightful, and entrancing playground for her votaries, the lover of the out-of-doors and the angler, than here in the Golden State; where the beautiful Alpine scenery, the dry, ozone-laden air, and day after day of cool weather under sunny skies, make camping a delight, and where the rippling waters of many a mountain stream invite the contemplative angler by day, and sing to him restful lullabies by night.

San Francisco.

THE TROUT POOL

By TOM VEITCH

CEASING now its mountain riot;
Here the brook rests deep and quiet
Curling eddies soft unfolding,
Shady, sandy castles molding.
Foam-flecked bits of water shimmer,
Where the sunshine patches glimmer.
A pool to suit Diana's wish—
This shady pool in which I fish.

Oakland, Cal.

THE CONTRAST

By DR. WASHINGTON MATTHEWS

DARK days around the Gloucester moors
Have come again.
With winds that wail and mists that trail
O'er land and sea;
But darker days are in my soul,
Sad is my lot,
Despair and pain are with me here—
Alice is not.

Bright days around the Gloucester moors
Are now with me;
Clear is the sky and fair the land
And calm the sea.
The days within my soul are bright,
And life is dear;
For, shining like the sun's own light,
Alice is here.

Dark days around the Gloucester moors
Have come again.
With northeast gales and slanting sails,
And drifting rain.
Sad are the echoes in my soul
As breakers' moan,
And like the rain my teardrops fall—
Alice is gone.

Washington, D. C.

"Alice is Here"

Twelve Million Flowers to the Acre

Photo by C. F. L.

THE CARPET OF GOD'S COUNTRY

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS

THAT Magic Carpet of the Arabian Nights was good enough for fiction. All you had to do was to step upon it; and in the bat of an eye it whisked you whithersoever you would go. In your Mind.

But the Magic Carpet of God's Country is better in fact. All you have to do is to step upon it—and you won't **wish** to go anywhere else. It is better than a free pass to the uttermost parts of the earth—for you are transported by staying where you are!

The infinite brocade which covers California today—as for the last two months—is the most wonderful tapestry in the world. The Field of the Cloth of Gold sounds pretty well; but here is a field of the cloth of all the jewels and all the colors and all the ores in the treasury of the universe. As seems fit in the Land of the Sun, there is more color of gold than of any other; but every hue, and every sub-hue, and every shadow of a suspicion of a variation of hue, is here. The people of less favored lands could not understand, even if they would believe it. They never saw, at home, anything to suggest the remotest selvage of the edge of this multitudinous garment that robes our Better Country. Whilst the folk in New England were beginning to seek a first lone spray of the tender arbutus—that precious little plant which, like a decent word-a-year from some brutal husband, has kept thousands from divorcing themselves from a country whose daily habit of climate is "extreme cruelty"—God's Country was infinitely embroidered with jostling wild flowers by the thousands of square miles. Hundreds of kinds of flowers of every hue and habit, of every color of the prism, elbow one another from mountain to sea. On the very desert—the identical sandy wastes where every year, even in this day of railroads and water tanks, people perish of thirst—one could ride today a thousand miles straight away and (save at the crossing of some stream-bed, or the mounting of a rocky ledge), his horse could never once put down a hoof without trampling flowers. That is something like a Carpet!

Once, in San Diego County, I had the literalness to take actual census of perhaps the most prodigal flower carpet I ever saw. We had driven through forty miles of it; and in one spot where it seemed thickest, I measured off a square foot, and counted the blossoms one by one. How many do you fancy? 720-odd flowers on 12x12 inches! The hundredth part of that would

make a rich garniture on the mantle of Mother Earth anywhere —and probably the hundredth part is more than inspired Shakespeare or George Wither to their notes of "flowery meads." Along that forty miles we had driven—and along ten thousand miles of other roads in the same geography—the average was probably at least 300 flowers to the square foot.

There are, alas, in California some of the kind of people who "see" these things but are too shallow to understand. There are thousands, also, of visitors who never so far escape from city hotels, bounded with cement sidewalks, as to see these things at all. I shall never forget the virtuous indignation with which Beatrice Harraden (some years ago, when she was of some fame) denounced to me personally the mendaciousness of Chas. Dudley Warner and T. S. Van Dyke for talking about "square leagues of flowers." She chanced to come when the flowers did not—though I have no idea that they would have gone away on purpose, upon warning of a visit from this insular Doubting Thomas.

The weaving and the duration of this enchanted carpet vary with the coming and the distribution of the winter rains. I have seen our world thus bedight in mid-February. This year (thanks perhaps to a rather "cold winter") the patterns of the carpet did not burgeon until March. It lasts, normally, from six to even ten weeks. There are wild flowers growing somewhere in Southern California every day of the year, even as there are "tame" ones—and I know of rose bushes in this town which have never been one day without a bud or a blossom in five years at a stretch. But I mean the incredible floral blanket—the zarape so multicolored that Joseph's coat would have looked like a rag beside it, and not a glad one—which makes a kaleidescope from the car windows across the whole Southwest in the due season. There are more flowers in Southern California in one day, in what are called in New England the winter months, than there are in the whole of New England in the 365 days that fill the year. Whether they are any better flowers, is a matter of taste. Anyhow, the California flowers are "good enough for poor folks"—and no one is poor who has this innumerable gold.

On my own little place there are, today, at least forty million wild blossoms, by calculation. Short of the wandering and unconventioned foot-paths, which are almost choked with the urgent plant-life beside them, you cannot step anywhere without trampling flowers—maybe ten to a step, as a minimum. One bred to climes where God counts flowers as Easterners do their copper cents, may not prefer to walk on them; but out here God and we can afford the carpet. If Nature did not mean them to be walked on, she probably would have left us some room on

Birdseye View of 9 x 16 Inches *Photo by C. F. L.*

"Banner Grass" *Photo by C. F. L.*

which we might walk without their prejudice. Something like Punch's blunderer who trod on a lady's feet, we "have to step **somewhere**, you know."

Of these wild flowers, the multitude is hardly more marvelous than the variety. Mother Nature seems as whimsical as she is fond. A foot in altitude may make a generic difference; and even on the same level, a rod is often enough to change genus, color and the entire complexion of God's carpet. Here (I mean my

"Owl's Clover" *Photo by C. F. L.*

own "here") the perfect little "sunshines" of 24-carat gold are so thick that the palm of your hand will cover a dozen blossoms. Just across the twelve-inch trail, the magenta patch of owl-clover is as close-huddled. In another rod you will stand in a maze of the rufous plumes of what I call "banner-grass"—what the books call it, better people probably know. And right beside this exquisite plumed dwarf there rise tall jungles of four-foot "silver-tip," and still taller forests of that slenderest beauty

Among the Brodiaeas *Photo by C. F. L.*

of all God's green things, the California wild oats. Here and there are colonies of the drooping Brodiaea or "Spanish lily," that tall, violet-colored and most gracious princess of flowers which the poetic Anglo-Saxon calls "hog-onion." Again close by is an acre dominated by the sturdy "tidy-tips"—big golden daisies with fringe of cream. Up under the shelter of the sycamores are bluebells and wild heliotrope, in blue and lavender patches. Where the ground is sandier, that little open-eyed wonder, the "ground pink" (fringed gilia) with cream throat and larynx of blue, and lips as pink as a baby's, covers big areas.

Across the arroyo, where the sun comes later and the land is higher and more alluvial, that queen of wild flowers, the mariposa (butterfly) lily nods on a stem whose curves are rivaled in the whole vegetable kingdom only by those of the brodiaea. And there are hundreds of other sorts. I am not trying to make a Catalogue of the Ships—but merely to give an idea that there

Four-foot Grasses *Photo by C. F. L.*

THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE

Photo by C. F. L.

are some. For fifty acres at a stretch, you shall brush through the wild mustard, which before its seeding will be six or eight or even ten feet tall; a veritable tree in which the birds of the air do lodge, even as the Scripture saith.

It is curious, too, how the impact of man changes the whole face of this incomparable flower garden. Not merely the kind of civilized pigs that go out to ravish 500 California poppies bodily by the roots for an afternoon's bouquet; though these have already daunted and changed those marvelous square miles of gold which we used to see, ten leagues away, up-tilted upon the illusive lower slopes of the Sierra Madre. Even the respectful touch of those who are fit to have wild flowers left naked in their sight—these have changed them. The flower-temper of my own land has shifted visibly in the ten years since I began to live on what I have tried seriously to keep wild. A very beautiful tiny white daisy, of which there were once millions, has become almost extinct here, as it had already done in most of this region. The blue-bells are dying out; and several other original flower denizens have migrated to God-knows-where. The golden flowers have largely usurped their place. Big ones and little ones, of many sorts, of many families; but somehow the color of the sun seems to be taking possession of the floral soil. I don't know why it is. The fable which gives its name—scientific as well as popular—to that homely and familiar growth of our childhood, the plantain, is that it grows only where man's foot has trodden. Apparently there are some flowers more particular about the company they keep. They refuse to grow longer on lands over which the most careless of beasts tramples, even by vicary of his babies.

Perhaps the time will come when we, who are so ready to remedy God's mistakes in other things, shall be willing to lend Him our valuable assistance in this which is no mistake. We are beginning to arrest people for cruelty to horses and dogs—not so much for an ethical feeling towards the suffering brutes, as because it hurts our nerves to see them abused. We are already beginning to go through the motions of thinking to preserve our forests—the peerless vegetal monuments of the whole world—partly because we realize that they are good to look at, and partly because we begin to believe the sensible people who tell us that when the forests are all gone we shall ourselves dry up and blow away for want of water. It may be that with the progress of time we shall learn to take care of a thing which is not only a joy and an education but an asset—but one which we can destroy, and are destroying just because God has not been stingy with it. We are killing off that flower carpet as fast as our in-

genuity can do it, by trampling, grading, ploughing, burning. We have already, within a generation, radically changed the floriation of Southern California in the particular communities which we count as "progressive." The change has simply meant the extinction of the more modest and the less resistant flowers; the present marvelous tapestry is a warning even as it is an instruction. It is made up of flowers that can best stand bad company—the bad company of other creatures of God who have no

"TIDY-TIPS" *Photo by C. F. L.*

respect for their humbler fellows. But it means that by and by no flowers will be able to put up with us.

There are minds to whom a piece of ground which has been run through a planing mill, and then hand-polished, then seeded with Kentucky blue grass, and shaved once a day, and watered until it is perennial two-feet of mud, is "prettier" than anything that the old-fashioned Almighty ever had sense enough to do,

But perhaps in this country, where God does Care, there will grow up a class of people who shall feel that the eternal march and skill of nature are good enough for them; that the waves and curves of the natural landscape are at least as good as a dead level; that such a tapestry as these photographs show is as attractive as a piece of ground teased into perpetual barrenness by perpetual ploughing or lawn-mowered to eternal smugness of what would be grass if allowed to grow. And that while the flowers which have grown larger and more fragrant in gratitude for the care we have given them are good in their place, so also good in their place are the flowers that the Gardener of the Universe has spent a million years to invent and establish for those who have sense enough left to know what they mean—and what He meant.

THE WILDERNESS

By ARTHUR B. BENNETT

OME away! the hills are calling where streams of people meet,
Where the clanging, jangling rattle jeers constant on the street.
From these thousand new inventions, the thousand white man's ills,
Come away, O weary dreamer, to the comfort of the hills.
Beware of modern devils—here comes one from behind!
Here is noise to kill the hearing, kaleidoscope to blind;
Here is drilling, milling, swirling of devil-driven stream.
Come away, O weary dreamer, there is no place here to dream.
Here are scooting, shooting pleasures, each giving greatest thrill;
Here five hundred million pleasures with each its one own ill.
Did my Moses seek these follies? It was not where traffic's most,
But the Wilderness that Jesus sought, baptized with Holy Ghost;
Did my Homer rave inventions, or seek a city's din?
For its glitter all is passing, its sin a lasting sin.
Come away! the stars are calling in quiet peace and dew,
For the breathing earth is waiting, as patient mothers do,
Well secure that wayward footsteps will trend to her again,
For her health and smiling countenance, her breast the wide, wide plain.

San Diego, Cal.

A SUCCESSFUL LIFE

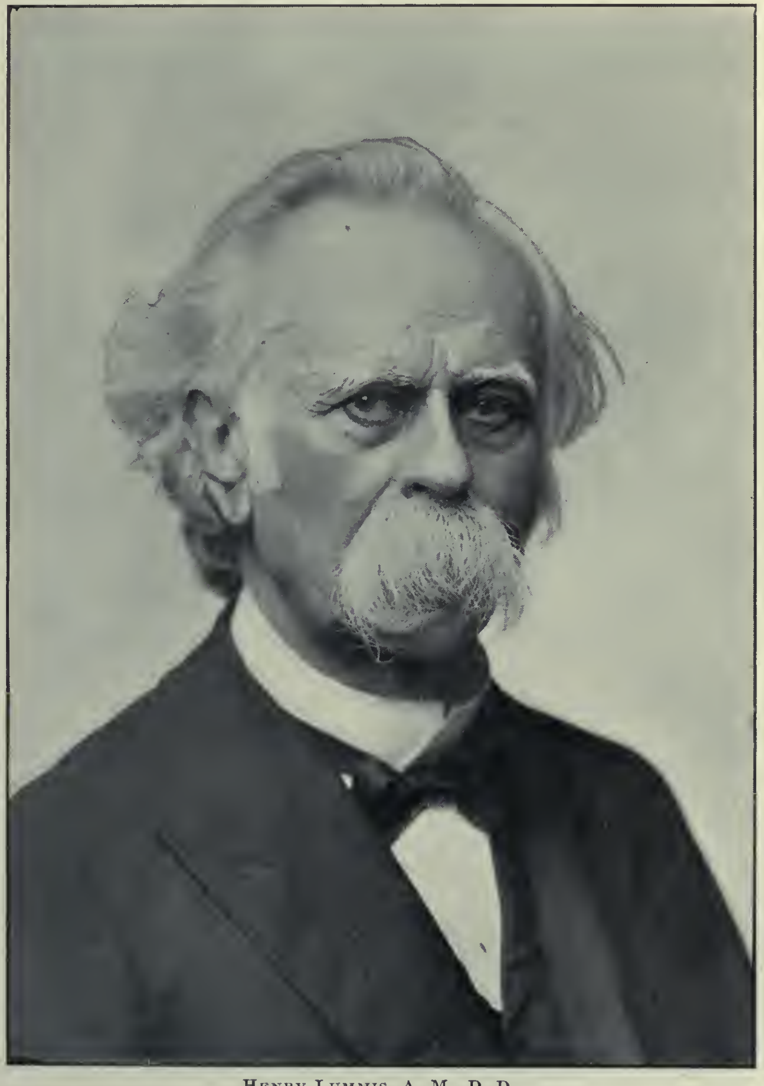
THERE are several kinds of Success. One is to have lived long and well; to have inspired all who knew you to clearer thought and better life; to have stood always as a rock for the decent thing; to have dealt so with ten thousand younger people that each, when you are done, shall feel that intimate grief as of a father's death.

That was the success of Henry Lummis. He found life good—he made life better for an innumerable company. When he died, April 13, 1905, he had rounded out more than sixty years as a teacher. He was probably the senior Greek and Latin professor in the United States, in point of service, as he was one of the oldest, best-known and best-loved of educators. His surviving pupils are scattered over all the world—some of them still boys and girls; some of them great-grandparents. There is not one of them but remembers with almost filial love the man who was so much more to them than a mere professor. William Lloyd Garrison has told me that no other one personality so charmed and shaped his life as a student; and there are thousands of others who will say as much. For three-score years, almost without a day's interruption, his magnificent constitution bore him easily through an amount of scholastic work that few have ever equaled. Even in his old age, when the younger professors broke down with "overwork," he took their classes on top of his own—and enjoyed it. A man of medium height, small-boned, close-knit, light as a cat in every motion, never looking his normal 165 pounds, a steady burner of the midnight oil—and for half a century without "exercise" except walking and similar mild exertions—he was of extraordinary physical power. His arms were round and smooth as a woman's; but their sinews were steel.

No one, I think, that ever saw that face will ever forget it—particularly in the later years. A halo of snow-white hair, still thick and vigorous; a forehead broad and full and lofty; bushy brows, a strong but clear-cut aquiline nose; a thick white moustache that could not, after all, hide the firm mouth and chin. And more than all, those grey eagle eyes, full of humor and of love, but the last eyes in the world to defy. I have myself seen him daunt and cow a mob of drunken ruffians—his hands hanging loosely open at his sides, his voice so soft and clear that it sounded like a woman's—but those eyes like whetted steel.

The eyes were like the mind—the clearest, cleanest, most alert

and most logical of mentalities. Dr. Lummis was one of the most critical—as well as one of the longest trained—linguists in America; particularly in Greek, Latin and Hebrew. In the latter he probably had no peer. And he had the rare quality of being able to make his exactnesses reasonable and real and attractive. He was no less at home in the higher mathematics, and often taught them. It was a strange catholicity of heart and head—an absolutely unwavering devotion to right as he saw it, along with a tenderness and geniality and tolerance which nearly every pupil and parishioner will admit had no parallel in their



HENRY LUMMIS, A. M., D. D.
May 25, 1825—April 13, 1905

acquaintance; an inflexible reverence for exactitude, combined with the gift to popularize.

Henry Lummis was born May 25, 1825, in Port Elizabeth, New Jersey. On his mother's side he was descended from John Paul Jones, the naval hero of the American Revolution. His grandfather, William Lummis, was in Washington's army. Many of the immediate family on the paternal side were of that iron band of circuit riders whose hardships and devotion in the cause of Wesley form one of the most heroic chapters in the history of the church in America.

Working his way by labor and by teaching, Dr. Lummis graduated from Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct., in the class of 1855, and took his A. M. degree. Soon after, he became a professor at the seminary at Newbury, Vt., and later principal of the Lynn (Mass.) High School. He was married in Bristol, N. H., May 5, 1858, to Harriet Waterman Fowler, who had been his pupil at Newbury and an associate teacher at the Lynn High School. Their home in Lynn was in the famous Gen. Lander house, on Ocean street, where the oldest son was born, March 1, 1859. The girl wife died in April, 1861, leaving a baby daughter. Shortly afterward, Dr. Lummis became principal of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College at what is now Tilton, remaining there for about five years. His oldest daughter has since been for years a teacher there. Thence he went as professor to Lassell Seminary at Auburndale, Mass., and remained about five years. This professorship he resigned to enter the Methodist intineracy under the New England Conference, and held successive pulpits—in almost every case for the full term of three years—at Natick, Boston Highlands, Ashland, Monson, Watertown, Stoneham and Leominster, Mass. From the latter charge, eighteen years ago, he went to Lawrence University at Appleton, Wis., as professor of Latin and Greek. Until the last few months, he practically never missed a recitation. At his death, he was senior professor there. By subscription of the alumni, a life-sized portrait of him is being presented to the university library.

In 1894, Dr. Lummis spent the summer in Los Angeles with his eldest son; and there are many here who remember that rare old man. It was his plan to come this summer again—but he has gone to the one Better Country.

For a few weeks he had been unable to go to the university, and his classes came to him at his home. An attack of cardiac asthma had for the first time handicapped his quenchless energy. On Thursday, April 13, the classes recited to that undimmed intelligence. A little later, the white-haired old teacher leaned

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

back in his chair, book in hand, for a little nap—and wakened no more in this world. No pain, no premonition, no tears.

It is something to have lost such a man—but it is more to have had him. Some of us began dead and will stay dead; but that kind of life never dies. It goes on forever in every life it ever touched, and in every life that they shall touch.

Dr. Lummis was by many years the last survivor of his father's seventeen children. He leaves a widow (Jane Brewster Lummis) and six children—Charles F. Lummis, Louise Elma Lummis (now visiting her brother), Harriet Lummis, editor of the Young People's Weekly in Chicago, Katherine Lummis of the Milwaukee High School, Mrs. Gertrude Stehn, Chicago, and Laura Lummis, now in Stanford University taking a post-graduate course. Another son, Harry B. Lummis, died in this city about four years ago.

C. F. L.

BUBBLE GULCH—A REMINISCENCE

By ROY A. ACKLEY

I RODE into Bubble Gulch on an ore train. I had "blowed" from the east. The trail was dusty and I was worn out. I was also broke.

My first glimpse of the camp was as we rounded a mountain and tipped over a divide. There below lay the mine, the hoist, the boiler-room, smoke-stacks and mill, all looking grim and black. Farther down in the valley lay the camp—fifty or sixty hastily built cabins, three hotels, a half-dozen saloons, a couple of stores, the whole surrounded by a glittering sea of old tin cans. Not a tree was to be seen—on every side rose the mountains grey and barren.

The proprietor of the Owl Saloon met us. I jumped from the wagon, had a drink of poor whisky at his expense, brushed off my clothes, and we went over to the hotel for supper. In ten minutes the saloon-keeper, Wade, and I were good friends.

After supper I met the hotel proprietor, General Hardesty, big, bluff and good natured, and known for miles around. "Certainly. Stay as long as you want, and pay when you want," he said in answer to my inquiry. "If a rustler's square I always hold 'im up for at least a month. It's the custom in the west, boy."

That night the camp turned out. Not on my account, but to celebrate the marriage of "Senator" Jones, the book-keeper at the mine. He headed the crowd and the town followed. "What's the matter with Senator?—He's all right!" and the crowd lined

up to the bar four deep. Then they visited the other saloons. And then they did it all over again. That night it was the Senator's treat and the camp didn't go thirsty. And I—Well, I occupied the time in getting acquainted. Anyway they were a fine lot of boys, bright, strong, and healthy; and besides I was just out from the east.

Climbing the hill to the mine, I met a couple of young women, tall, wiry, and rugged. To me, a new-comer, they looked ugly, I passed them by with hardly a glance.

The shift-boss, Swing Jaegerson they called him, was on top. I stood beside him at the hoist. At intervals the cage would pop into the collar of the shaft, all dripping wet, loaded with ore from the six-hundred. I asked for a job.

"You'll have to rustle a few days, boy," he said. "I'll put you on at the first opportunity." The next instant he stepped onto the cage, the station tender gave her two-four bells, and the cage dropped from sight.

A week later I met Swing on the street. "You can come out on the grave-yard tonight," he said; and that night at eleven o'clock I found myself lined up for candles together with some seventy or more miners, dressed alike in overalls, jumpers, and hob-nailed shoes—all waiting the signal to go on shift. The scene was impressive; the flickering lights, the smoke-begrimed engine-house, the throbbing engine, the forge, and above the smoke-stacks and gallows-frame; and beyond, stretching away in the darkness, the great rolling hills. Suddenly the whistle blew—it was the signal to change shifts. Then came three bells from below; the cage shot into the collar of the shaft, the load of dripping gum-clad men stepped off, and the work of lowering and hoisting the men had begun. First, the six-hundred-foot level—that was the wet level—then the four-hundred, and last the three-hundred. That was my level, and I crowded onto the cage with the others. The next instant I felt the cage slipping from under me and all was darkness. Suddenly, with a swish, a light flashed; then again all was darkness. We had passed the two-hundred station. Then came a slowing up, the cage stopped, and I found myself for the first time in a mine. Here some one tapped me on the shoulder. It was Jimmy—Long Jimmy they called him, maybe because he was so short; anyway Jimmy was a good "pardner." I followed him through the drift—a gallery hewed from the solid rock. He showed me how to carry my candle, shielding it with my hand, so that it would not go out. It seemed that we went miles; at times, where the drift was low, stooping and almost crawling; then again carefully hugging the wall, pressing away from the black hole which spread

out beneath us at our very feet. Finally we stopped, entered a cross-cut running at right angles with the drift, climbed down a ladder through a manway, and we were in the stope. The air felt heavy and oppressive, filled with smoke.

"Bad air," said Jimmy, taking off his jumper and swinging it over his head. "It'll start a circulation," he explained. Then he pointed out the ledge of ore—quartz all mixed through with iron—the iron, as he explained, carrying gold. Under Jimmy's direction I received my first lesson in mining—in timbering up bad ground, in sorting ore, in pointing holes (which he always explained would be "some bloody landsliders"), in striking the drill fair, a task which I found difficult as my black-and-blue left hand bore testimony; and last but not least he taught me how to properly load and blast my holes after I had drilled them. The work was hard—swinging a four-pound hammer, "mucking," packing heavy timbers and the like. But I was learning; and besides this a certain spice of danger was ever present. I always waited impatiently for the time just before going off shift, when we blasted our holes. I liked to see the little fuses take fire—see them spit—belching out their tiny streams of red; then quickly make my "getaway" through the slope, into the manway, and at last safe to the drift above, there to await breathlessly the dull heavy reports which would tell of a good round of holes gone without a miss.

It was in the fall, and the weather was growing colder. Then one day word came up from below that the big pump on the six-hundred station refused to work. Hastily the "sinkers" (used in sinking a shaft) were lowered, but their puny efforts could not keep back the water which flowed steadily from the face of the drift. At length Netty, the pump-man, working in water to his armpits, was obliged to abandon his post. The water came up, drowned the sinkers, and the camp was in an uproar.

The Platonic mine had never been a paying investment. Would they stand the expense necessary for the installation of a new pumping plant? Could they stand it? But they did. Ben Hanford, manager, went east, raised the money, and the camp settled down for a long and hard fight. Week after week it continued. Once they fought it back to the top of the six-hundred station; then again a pump broke and again the water rose.

It was during this time that the Amalgamated Copper Company shut down its entire works, throwing thousands of men out of employment. Rustlers poured into camp in a stream. Every incoming stage was crowded. And there was no work to be had, and the camp was broke; but still no one went hungry. It's the way of the West,—if you're square you can eat, work or no work. And night and day the fight with the water went on.

Finally word came that the water was out, and the six-hundred pump started. The men returned to work, and the camp settled down. Fall had slipped into winter; the mountains had changed from their dismal brown to a shimmering white. I preferred it to the dust and barrenness of summer. And as the days passed, in the black stillness of my stope, I gradually mastered the intricacies of my profession—mining, I mean. I learned to point my own holes, to ketch up bad ground, put in stulls, and many other things. And besides I learned to strike a drill and strike it fair. With confidence I learned to point an upper, straight into the rock above my head, and with confidence I learned to swing the four-pound hammer, describing a three-quarter circle of steel, and at each blow lifting, and landing full force. No longer a black-and-blue hand bore testimony of a poorly directed blow; no longer the drill fitchered in the hole and stuck. I had mastered the art and the pleasure was gone. I stuck to it a month, and the snow had melted from the valley—it was coming spring. Then I sat down in my stope and thought. I picked up the shovel and it seemed heavy. I started a hole, but the hammer lagged. Again I "tapered," and thought.

The next day I laid off. I looked out over the brown rolling mountains. I looked out over the flat. All was barrenness; not a green thing in sight. . . . In the east the lilacs were blooming.

I climbed to the mine and stood at the hoist. The dull heavy chug of the machinery came up from the stamp mill; at intervals the cage shot to the surface, only to sink back again. The shifts changed, one coming, one going. . . . Every day it was thus; always the same, day and night, Sunday and every day—always the same monotonous routine—Damn!—I was tired. I strode to the office, kicked open the door and drew my time.

At the hotel I met a girl. I told her I was going away. Once I had thought her ugly, then plain. Now not plain, but—Her eyes were swimming—something rose in my throat. I caught her hand and bent toward her—But, no! From the east came the perfume of the lilac. I strode down the stairs, caught the stage, and the next train east had me for a passenger.

* * * * * * * *

While in Bubble Bulch, I made many good friends—true men and true women. Those whom I once thought ugly I now know to be the reverse. I write this as an after-thought, to let them know; and some day, I am coming—Back.

Sioux City, Iowa.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE YELLOWSTONE PARK

By ALFRED TALBOT RICHARDSON

AT LAST, after thirty years, the Government has done in the Yellowstone National Park that which must necessarily have been done some time, but which, though some money has undoubtedly been wasted in temporary expedients, could not have been as well done at first, for lack of knowledge of conditions. Three-quarters of a million dollars was allotted to the improvement of this place by the Congress of 1901, and with 1904 the three years in which this sum was to be expended were completed. "Improvement" is, however, hardly the word, although it is the one officially employed. The Yellowstone Park is not susceptible of improvement, unless at the hands of the Power that made it what it is. That was the idea of the wise founders, and, as the passing years have brought out its excellencies, it has hardened into a tradition as sacred and impregnable, let us hope, as the Constitution itself. All the rest of the world may be "improved," but the Yellowstone Park is to remain forever primitive and barbarous; a remnant of America as God made it, as the Indian knew it, and as the white man found it; to become more wonderful to each succeeding generation of Americans, and this quite apart from the waxing or waning of geysers and hot springs, by simply remaining unimproved.

Why spend money then? And how employ $750,000 in three years without touching the Park?

Merely to make it more accessible to the people, to whose "benefit and enjoyment" it was dedicated forever in 1872. The Park is to remain primitive, but the roads need not be. Some portions of the tourist route have been little less than terrifying in the past. The six-day pilgrimage in the stage-coaches is something of an ordeal at best, and perilous mountain trails, exciting fords and crazy wooden bridges do not contribute in the least to either the benefit or the enjoyment of the traveler. The Eastern American who is not used to this kind of thing, and who has achieved a trip to the Park, with some pains, could well complain of having been defrauded if he were kept in terror of death for a part of the time that should have been consecrated to objective enjoyment. One of the Park traditions is, in substance, that Uncle Joe Cannon stood in the way of appropria-

tions for the benefit of the Park, for some time; but that in 1901 he visited the place himself, and, besides beholding the more patent wonders, which every tourist sees, and photographs, was piloted from the Grand Cañon, northward over Mount Washburn, either afoot or a-horseback, or both; and that, after recuperating for a couple of days at Yancey's, he guessed that if people were going to visit the thing they might as well have roads.

So roads have been built, and they are, or will be, as good as any roads in the world—as good as it is possible to build. Still they will not spoil the Park. The Park is rather a large place. It contains more square miles than Rhode Island and Delaware together, and the tourist circuit, covered by these roads, lies almost wholly within the northwest one-fourth of its area. In this quarter there are to be good roads and hotels; there remains three-quarters of the Park, as innocent of civilization as in the days of Leif Eriksson. When one considers, moreover, that in the invaded portion the encroachments consist only of a road eighteen feet wide, and a hotel and a big barn every twenty miles or so, it becomes plain that even that one-fourth is by no means sophisticated out of knowledge. One may, in fact, at almost any point on the tourist route, take ten steps to the right or left from the highway, and find himself in the undisturbed habitat of the bear and elk, where pines of various kinds scatter their yearly crop to the squirrels, grow old, fall and moulder, and their grave-mounds are surmounted by their progeny, without foot or eye of man having once penetrated their solitude; and where, as my favorite driver once warned me, you may find yourself jumped on by a mountain lion fifteen or twenty feet in length—although, as I understand, his Brother Bill is the only one who has had that privilege.

The Park contains hotel-fare and electric-lighted and steam-heated rooms for such as can do no better, but it has also an infinite variety of trackless wilderness for the enlightened one who prefers to pitch his tent far from his kind, court the wild creatures that he may not kill if he would, and feast his eyes day by day on incomparable mountains, his lungs on the breath of pine forests, and his stomach on fresh-caught mountain trout. This it may be remarked, is, from the money viewpoint, a rather more costly way of seeing the Park than the established personally-conducted method, which includes stage-coach and hotels.

It is believed that those who really get the most good out of this great national playground are the ranchers within a convenient circuit in Montana, Wyoming and Idaho, who come yearly with wagons and tents, their families and friends, and very likely a cow and some chickens, and live without cost, together with

their stock, for a few pleasant weeks in the brief summer of that lofty region. These are called, in the Park nomenclature, sage-brushers. I know of neighborhood parties that have come overland for this purpose from as far away as Iowa, and as roads throughout the Union become more usable, no doubt more and more of this will be done. A part of the government money has gone to make the Park accessible on three sides, as well as by the chief avenue from the north—namely, by opening roads to the eastern boundary by way of the Lake and the Stinking-water, there to connect with the Big Horn valley; to Jackson's Hole on the south, and toward Monida on the west; so that all good Americans may have a fair chance to see their Wonderland before they die.

The existence of roads, even of the best of roads, need not therefore alarm the most jealous friend of the Natural Park idea. As a matter of fact, the excellent highways that the government engineers are building there constitute an added attraction to the place. They are so much better than those we are in the habit of seeing elsewhere, that no man is likely to spend a week riding over them without taking away some ideas with him, of what might be done in his own section. Every style of road-building is here represented, and every variety of obstacle seems to have been met and overcome. The Park embraces a queer range of road- and hindrance-material—glass, granite, burning soil, morass, slide-rock—and one need not be an engineer to take an intelligent interest in the work that is being done on them. One may in time become inured to the thought that heated water will smoke, bubble and erump, and still take an always fresh pleasure in other features of the Park, such as the bears, the Grand Cañon and an occasional look at what the engineers are doing.

An excellent sample of a perfect road is that over which the tourist first enters the Park from the railroad—the first ten miles, for instance. This takes one from Gardiner, the railroad terminus, through the settlement called Mammoth Hot Springs, where the postoffice, the military post and general headquarters are, well into the central plateau. In this distance the road rises, by all sorts of wondrous ways, from the altitude of Denver, 5300 feet, to 7300 feet above sea-level. Here, as elsewhere, it has a maximum grade of eight feet in a hundred; it is wide enough for two coaches abreast, and its surface is shaped as carefully as a dentist molds the crown of a tooth. Generally also there is a small artificial stream of water along one side, which is pleasant company, and supports besides, a growth of grass and flowers. The main object of these streams, however, is to aid in the warfare against the dust which used to be so disagreeable a

feature of the tour. They are believed to hold the dust down to some extent, by saturation of the roadbed, and they serve as a source of supply to the sprinkling operations, which are conducted on a large scale. Last season eighty-five miles of road were kept sprinkled, and the results were most satisfactory. In 1905 they expect to sprinkle 110 miles. Oil sprinkling was contemplated in 1903, but the cost proved too great.

Aside from the entrance roads to each side of the Park, only one new road was established under the appropriation mentioned. This is an entirely new addition to the tourist circuit, which runs north from the Cañon, high over the shoulder of Mount Washburn, with a branch to the summit; on to Yancy's (Junction Valley) and thence west to the Hot Springs, the point of begining, by way of the East Gardiner. This is the road the absence of which attracted Uncle Joe Cannon's attention, and it is a very material addition to the Park. It has been a rather hard road to build, especially the part leading to the top of the mountain. Here the established grade of 8 per cent has been exceeded, and some spectacular feats in the way of zigzags introduced. In one place there are four Z-turns, one above another, in the steep mountain-side, and it is said that at the bends there was a rock-cut of twenty-five feet on one side, and a fill of twenty-five feet on the other. This may perhaps gain the credit of being one of the "scary" places of the Park; but the view from the summit of Mount Washburn, on a clear day, should compensate the owner of the weakest nerves for the agitation of the ascent. This annex to the circuit will bring Amethyst Mountain and the Petrified Forest within reach, as well as Death Gulch; to the detriment of the latter's renown, since it is surpassed elsewhere in the Park.

The road system of the Park of necessity embraces a certain number of bridges, some small, some pretty large. It may be mentioned that none of the broken-backed old-timers of wooden construction now remain; they have all been replaced with steel. Two bridges of very respectable magnitude were put in place in the Cañon region in the season of 1903. One of these is an arch of steel and concrete, spanning the Yellowstone River at the Rapids, a short distance above the Upper Falls, and opening to the public the right bank of the Cañon, hitherto accessible only by ferry, or by means of a ford, known only to soldiers and a favored few besides. The labor of erecting the forming for this suspended mass of concrete was enormous; but the construction of the bridge proper was accomplished in seventy-four consecutive hours, by a force of 150 men. An electric-light plant was installed for the occasion, and the scene of operations was visited

at night by many tourists from the Cañon hotel, and the camping-station near by. One man fell in, but got out again, after a brief but doubtless exciting voyage of a quarter of a mile in the direction of the Falls.

That was a fortunate season generally. None of the tourists happened to poke the wrong bear with their umbrellas, as happened in 1902, nor did any of them walk into hot places by mistake. Things did not go off so smoothly in 1904. The bears are now, I think, generally admitted to be increasing past bounds of safety. They have at all times been a nuisance to the road-crews, and at some of the camps a bear-herder has had to be maintained at night, to pelt the marauding brutes with tin cans, and thus prevent them from tearing open tents, and pawing over the sleeping men. They are generally condemned for cowardice, but here, as elsewhere in the West, those who know bears best care least to have anything to do with them. Even in this asylum, where the mighty Wahb himself put on a garb of good behavior, it appears that the hoped-for Golden Age for bears and men is still in the distance.

On the road between the Cañon and Norris, a steel bridge 120 feet in length and almost as high, was erected in 1903, over Cascade Creek, cutting out a long dip that was hard on the horses, and of no advantage to tourists. The usual difficulties connected with the building of bridges of this kind are not diminished at an elevation of 8000 feet, and a distance of forty miles from a railroad. Elsewhere on this line, the ominous Devil's Elbow, with its 25 per cent grades, has been abandoned, the old road buried beneath a mountain of rock and trees, together with the delicious cold spring that used to refresh the wayfarer at the top of the eastern hill, and a most attractive and practically level road has been shelved in among the very crags, giving an astonishing view of rocky pinnacles below, and of the lovely Virginia Cascade far beneath. A wide swath of pines has also been cut out on the south side of this road for a number of miles, for the purpose of admitting the sun. It has been found difficult on some years to get some of these roads open through the snow-banks by the 15th of June, the date when tourists are authorized to come and expect everything to be ready for them.

A plan for a roadway on brackets along the cliff from the brink of the Gibbon Fall, which had haunted the brains of engineers from the beginning, and for which timbers were even cut and hauled under one administration, was given full investigation, and finally abandoned. A huge retaining-wall, said to be the finest piece of rock-work in the Park, has been built, instead, down the long hill southward from the corner overlooking the

fall, which all passers-by will remember, with its old pine drooping over the abyss.

Bridges are not likely to receive much attention from the traveler on wheels, so long as they carry him safely over. The pedestrian, however, can hardly do otherwise than linger and admire such a piece of work as the Golden Gate bridge, which replaced in 1900 the wooden structure which had excited the apprehensions of tourists for fifteen years—of a young man named Kipling among the number, in 1889. This "bridge" (which merely hugs the cliff) has been declared by enthusiastic engineers to be the finest thing of its kind in the world. It is of massive concrete, wide enough for two coaches, and on a grade and a curve both at once. It is so simple and so strong that it seems not an unworthy part of one of the most striking scenes, when rightly viewed, in all this land of scenery. Any reasonably good walker, who is visiting the Park for the first time, should by all means, if he would make the best use of his afternoon at the Springs, after climbing up and over the Hot Springs terrace, make his way by the trail through the woods in the rear up to Snow Pass, and keeping around to the left, come down through the Golden Gate from above. He will, if he is capable of impressions, be impressed before he has gone far.

The rudimentary stone wall, which is visible below as one leans over the parapet of the Golden Gate bridge, is the remnant of a device by means of which a former engineer had thought to supply the need of a roadway at this point. The present structure, like the greater part of the new road and bridge system, is the work of Major Chittenden of the Corps of Engineers, an engineer of international reputation, the historian of the American Fur Trade, and author of the most complete book on the Park that has thus far been produced. Under Major Chittenden's supervision there has also been gathered at engineer headquarters, in the last two years, a library, as full as it could be made, of Park literature, including magazine articles and newspaper clippings, as well as books—a thing of which many an interested visitor has felt the lack in the past.

Concrete is a favorite building material in the Park at present, as it is in other places. A peculiar structure which attracts the eye near the foot of the great Jupiter terrace at the Hot Springs, is the concrete aqueduct which conveys water for the powerhouse, where light is manufactured for the garrison of Fort Yellowstone, and the not-altogether-to-be-envied perennial inhabitants of the Springs station. The plaza, when fully illuminated, is a brilliant sight. I have often thought of old Jim Bridger, when looking down upon it after nightfall, from some of the surrounding heights, and wished that I might lead him unawares to such a place and hear his comment.

From a number of points on the ascending road, after passing

this aqueduct, the traveler has a wide view over the capacious corral in which the good "Buffalo Jones" has his bulky charges confined. The purchased animals, brought in from Texas and the Flathead reservation in the fall of 1902, have had a satisfactory natural increase each year since, and each year, too, they have succeeded in capturing and impounding one or two calves from the doomed Park herd, the seldom-seen remnant of the wild cattle of America. After a lifetime devoted to the buffalo, Mr. Jones has been fittingly rewarded with the position of Game Warden. He has a plan for domesticating some Arctic reindeer in the snowy regions of the Park, and also importing a few seal for the Lake, where he thinks they would multiply and be of service in improving the condition of the fish, by eating the wormy trout, against which the tourists have such a prejudice.

The traveler who has not visited the Park for a couple of years will be struck, the next time he goes, by three new edifices in the first hour. There is an excellent rustic station-building at Gardiner, all logs and slabs and massive blacksmithery; a great stone portal, like the pylons of Karnak, at the boundary, the cornerstone of which was laid by President Roosevelt during his retreat hither in the spring of 1903; and a new barn of the Transportation Company, at the Springs, a building whose architect seems to have been inspired by recollections of the Grand Cañon in his ideas of dimension and coloring. It is quite a large barn, painted exteriorly with a number of substantial colors, among which yellow, blue, green, white and black perhaps predominate. There is also a new hotel at the Fountain, sufficiently large and picturesque. An innovation, which may mean much to the Park hereafter, has been introduced the last year, in the seeding to alfalfa of the wide expanse known as the Gardiner Flat, immediately within the northern boundary line—the lowest place, therefore, in the Park. This was done for the sake of the wild game, which will undoubtedly be attracted to the place in large numbers; and it means a winter Park season, for travelers will willingly make the small side trip from Livingston, to see the elk, antelope, bighorn, black-tail and fan-tail deer, and other animals of their kind, which not every one sees in the course of a lifetime.

One can hardly visit the Yellowstone National Park without bringing away a conviction that part of the Government's money is very wisely bestowed upon the place, so long as the present lines are followed. And it is to be hoped that the liberality somewhat tardily reached in 1901 may be continued hereafter. All the roads have now been opened that will probably ever be needed, and they are located at last where they may stay forever, after having been shifted, some of them two, three, or even four times, through lack of experience of local conditions on the part of earlier engineers, but still more for want of means to do good work with. But money will always be required to maintain the roads we now have. A mountain road costs about as much per mile for maintenance as a first-class railroad, and a couple of years' neglect is likely to entail costly repairs afterward.

North Yakima, Washington.

"BISON AMERICANUS"

NATURAL HISTORY NARRATED BY A SCOUT

By FRED A. HUNT

ALL, we used to have pretty good times as ter fodder when thar war plenty of bufflers," commented Wall-eyed Bill; "but yer see the wipin' out of the bufflers just took away a rovin' fodder from the Injuns, and clearly cut down their commissary when they war a-raisin' Cain on the war-path. So we've got to endure runnin' around short on our buffler steaks, humps and tenderlines. And although thar war millions of bufflers a-kerwallopin' 'round over the Western country, they had plenty of feed off'n the buffler-grass that grew all over the prairies and coulees whar the bufflers war. And in winter the grass kept sweet and juicy under the snow—kind o' cold storage—and all Mr. Buffler had to do was to paw over the snow, like a hen scratchin', and thar war his food that kept him fat and comfortable. Yes, the good Lord gives fodder to His creeters on four legs just as well as to the scouts on two, and we, who are scattered around pretty promisc'us far away from civilization, and a good long jump from any house, come to have pretty much the same kind of dumb trust in Him that I guess the birds and beasts have. Some call it luck and some one thing and some another; the Injuns call it Manitou. A good deal, I estimate, accordin' to the education and tastes of the gentleman who is makin' the confession; but I opine we all feel it just the same. No, we don't show much of it; a man traversin' the onsettled country gets to be like an Injun, and they don't show no more emotion than a Dutch oven; but I contend that a man can't camp out by his lonesome in the piney woods, where every sough of the wind is like a breath of God, nor be on that wavin' green sea of the Staked Plains, when the sun goes down in a blaze o' color that knock the spots off'n any fireworks I ever saw, without comin' pretty close to a surety that some one, outside of Uncle Sam, looks after Injuns, coyotes, scouts and bighorns.

"I remember a case that will show you jest the point of my drift. In '78 a couple of horny-handed prospectors were punglin' around in the snow-mountain country in Montana, somewhar' near whar the Heart Mountain gold stampede was—and thar warn't enough gold in that district to make a toothpick. But in some o' the ravines of them mountains the snow has been fallin' and freezin' over, and fallin' and freezin' over since first snow commenced to fall, I judge. When the sun gits on it awhile a good deal of the top stratum melts

and gets soggy and sloppy, and when winter and snow comes agin, that freezes and snows over and makes a pretty good crust that is reasonably safe to travel over in spots, but there are spots that are honeycombed beneath. Wall, these prospectors were travellin' on one o' them ice-lids to the crevasse below, and pickin' their way quite amiably, too, as they wanted no ruction with the country, when ker-flop their pack-animal broke through a thin place in the ice and frozen snow and down into a chasm of mush-ice and sloppy snow. Nobody could tell how far the pesky animal went down and thar war no surveyin' party could ever discover. But thar war them two poor prospectors with one saddle-animal, with their guns and mighty little ammunition—all their provender and cooking outfit tucked under a snow blanket whose first stitches were started in Adam's time, and they miles and miles away from any human settlement, and none too sure there warn't a few rovin' Bannocks about who might have a hankerin' for their scalps and the solitary animal left. Pleasant outlook—kind of a land Robinson Crusoe lay-out! But they had to make the best of it, and they war fortunate that they didn't find another blow-hole to fall into. They piked along, killin' a wanderin' sage-hen or some other small game, and then their matches give out. An' a scout or prospector without matches is pretty much in as bad a fix as a cat in the lower regions (not whar the pack-animals fell to—the warm ones) without claws. Well, they were walkin' along dejected-like and natchally lookin' on the ground, when one of 'em lets a yell out'en him like a rattler had struck him. "My God!" he says, "what's that?" and jumps and picks up a handful of hard-tack. And a little further on were two or three more and then some pieces, and they just follered a regular trail of hard-tack until they had their pockets filled and a bag of it on the animal. General Miles and his outfit had been along that way and one pack-mule, loaded with four boxes of hard-tack, had persisted in trying to go between two trees that it couldn't get between, and, of course, the mule stove in a couple of boxes of the hard-tack and then triumphantly waved its paint-brush tail and dribbled hard-tack all along the trail. And these the prospectors picked up with thankful hearts, and when they came up with the General's outfit camped at Old Faithful geyser, they told 'em the Lord had fed 'em manna from a government mule.

"No, we ain't much on attendin' church, don't get around much where brick and stone churches are for one thing, and then we don't seem to yoke-up with preachers handily. They kinder strike a scout as bein' just a le-eetle too starchy and raything full o' prunes—lots of 'em good fellows, too, when they get thar chokers off.

"But thar was one daisy of a travellin' parson down to Fort Keogh years ago, who was ace-high with nary pair in sight! And he could hold a stiffer hand of poker'n anybody, an' play it better, an' he left the gentlemen he sot among in a game of draw as clean bereft of dollars or dust, as a buffler's bones are clar o' meat when a coyote gets through with 'em. Yes, he was manifestly a peacock with his tail full-spread; a good talker, too, and always had a pretty good sprinklin' o' maverick frontiersmen in his round-up. He was popular and he deserved it, and, maybe, as the providential order of things sends carcasses to the crows and buzzards, so the sports that stacked-up against him furnished provender for the preacher; a dispensation, as it were.

"But I war goin' to tell you somethin' about the bufflers and what the Injun did with 'em, and he did most everything with 'em except ride 'em. Yes, I've heard lots of talk about fellers ridin' bufflers, but I don't take much stock in that tale. It might be done—so might a man trim his corns with an adze, but I never saw him do it.

"Naturally, at first, the Injun killed 'em. And out of the millions of bufflers thar used to be, thar was no difficulty in findin' plenty of 'em to kill. But the Injun ain't like a white man. The white man killed bufflers wastefully, and now thar ain't a splinter left of the stacks thar used to be. The Injuns would pick out, or cut out, a little band and surround 'em, and fill 'em full of arrows that dropped the bufflers without scarin' 'em to death with the noise of the shootin'. And when they had killed as many as they needed they quit. No; white men don't do that usually. An Injun won't cut down a whole tree to make a fire to cook a mess o' trout; he throws his lariat over the dead limbs on a tree and pulls 'em down. When he eats wild grapes, he will pull the ripe ones off'n the stalk and leave the green ones there to ripen for some one else to eat later on.

"Hard to believe they was so considerate, when they plundered and murdered and raised merry hell on the warpath? Well, almost anything that's true is hard for a tenderfoot to believe, but all the same they'll swallow any lie that would choke a government mule—and it is said that they can swaller a quartermaster's affidavit. I have heard say that some pilgrims believed Jim Bridger's yarn. He used to live around Utah considerable—in fact, Fort Bridger was named for him—and was pestered by emigrants wanting him to show them wonders and tell them marvels. So one day he told a band of them, that if they would go to a certain place they would then come to a petrified forest, and on the branches of the petrified trees were petrified birds and all those birds war singin' petrified songs! He used to tell the yarn about the tenderfoot blazin' away at an antelope for about three-quarters of an hour

and never feazin' the antelope. The pilgrim finally concluded it must be a petrified antelope, or a stuffed one or something, so went prospectin' and found that there was a whole hill of transparent mica between him and the antelope, so naturally the antelope wasn't bothered by the shots. I will say that I have heard a rumor that Bridger was a pretty good single-handed liar.

"But we left the Injuns with all the bufflers dead they wanted. Well, they cut 'em up and left nothin' but the smaller bones, crackin' the big ones and takin' the marrer out'en 'em. Some of the bones was used for handles for their different tools and implements and some was used for saddle trees. The marrer was melted and poured into bladders, and, pounded up with dried buffler-meat and lots of choke-berries, made pemmican. And don't you let anybody guy you into believin' pemmican is delicious! If one likes pretty stout tallow, dried beef and a large dose of pucker, he'll get along with pemmican.

"The skin, of course, was carefully taken off, fleshed and tanned by the squaws. The horns were scraped and made into cups, spoons and ladles; cut into shapes and polished they made ornaments, as did the hoofs. The sinews were well soaked in water and beaten and became the thread of the Injun seamstresses, and, after being well-twisted, like rope, the bow-string of the Injun hunter. The brains were used in tanning the hide and in any other tanning they did. The flesh cut into strips and dried in the sun made tip-top jerked beef, and this could be packed in parflêches and cachéd anywhere the Injuns wanted, so they had a store and storehouses durin' their raids, and the fresh flesh was most luscious eatin'. My favorite pieces war the inside tenderline, the fries and the flank steak.

"And did you ever know how an Injun cooked a choice roast o' buffler meat? Thar ain't many do know, except the old-timers, and a good many of them has forgotten, some on account of old age, and more because of their brains bein' cooked to a frazzle by too much aguardiente. Not but what a snootful now and then, or perhaps a little oftener, was acceptable, but to pickle one's self in booze was pretty poor judgment.

"About the Injun roast! I call it, '*Buffler roti au naturel*' (I learned a pretty good smatterin' of French among the Red River Half-Breeds), and I first got on to the way about a quarter of a century ago when I was with a flyin' column after some reprobate Injuns who led us a pretty lively dance over a section of the Staked Plains. We had trailed after 'em without much trouble, as there was a big bunch of 'em and they took no trouble to scatter and cover their trail; but after a while they found things were getting too hot for them and they did scatter, and then, of course, one couldn't

tell which trail to follow—there was pretty close to a hundred of 'em. Before that, the trail of the tepee poles made as strong a mark as a hundred curry-combs dragged along the soil. So at our camp we had a council of war, and, luckily, thar was a Mexican guide who knew the country and the Injuns' habits. He told the Boss Officer of the outfit that they would likely rendezvous at Cañon Cedro Blanco, which he said was some twenty-five miles away from our camp.

"The weather was bitter cold, cold enough to freeze the tail off'en a brass monkey, but the commanding officer said we'd pull out next morning just the same. And we did. There warn't an earthly thing that any white trailer could strike a direction by, nothing in sight but the high, wavin' grass and the sky, as blue and shiny as a polished bowie-knife, but that Greaser made a bee-line for Cedro Blanco, as the Engineer officer with the command found out by the odometer and the prismatic compass, when he took the bearin's of the trail we made. That Mejicano beat me, and I thought I war some persimmons on taking a line for anywhere. He just looked at the sun, and by some sense I hadn't got, just went for Cedro Blanco like a leader wild goose will go honkin' for where he wants.

"Near Cedro Blanco the Injun trailers killed a buffler, and when they killed a single buffler they never tried to kill him at once; they always tried to crease him—shoot him just in front of his hind legs or just before the hump—or wound him so that he couldn't get away, and then tantalize him for quite a while, which was fun for the pesky Injuns, but pretty tough on poor old buffler. The Redskins believed that this made the meat much tenderer, and this the Injuns had done with this one, and then, after camp was pitched they came back and slashed out such chunks as they wanted.

"Then they built a small fire—they never built a big one to cook by or to get warm at—the chief cook cut a square hunk from the buffler hide and put a chunk of the choice roastin'-piece in it, then skivered it with the hairy side out so that the meat was pretty thoroughly wrapped up in the skin, just about as close as our mothers used ter put cloths about their puddin's.

"Then the Injun cut a stout willow stick about four feet long and sharpened up each end, sticking the bigger end in the ground near the fire and jabbin' the little end in the bunch at the top of the sacked (or robed) meat, and the heft of the meat bent the willow switch over so that the roastin' piece hung over the middle of the fire. Pretty soon the flames singed the hair off, but they made the skin kinder tough and hard. Then the cook squatted on his hunkers by the fire and put sticks on as they were needed.

"How long the cook let the roast stay roastin' I don't know, but I do know that when the 'chuckaway' was taken down and

opened up there was as tender, juicy and elegant a roast as ever any plainsman ate, and that is saying a whole lot, for a Dutch oven cook ain't to be neglected by anyone with a good appetite. But this piece of meat had been so carefully wrapped up, that all the steam and juices seeped through the meat and made it as tender as the heart of the Eastern girl any of us old half-savages left behind us. 'Tain't the first time that a pretty tough and ragged-lookin' hunk has had a sweet and delicious inside to it; and that's Plains philosophy!

"As I was talkin' about the robes when the memory of this feast came upon me, I'll tell you they were always legal tender and were plenteously used by the Injuns themselves. Bedding, clothing, tents and saddle-blankets were made from them and the entire buffler robes used as well. Cut up and haired and painted in all sorts of queer designs the robes became 'parflêches,' and out of the same stuff were made lariats and tepee covers, and riatas, ropes and strings were fixed up by the squaws.

"So you see the buffler was pretty much of a providence to the Injun. And when they were wiped out the Injuns couldn't skirmish around loose because their travellin' commissary was gone and so they couldn't get food, and an Injun is as careful of his stomach an' its linin' as any one is.

"An' although, of course, their bein' quiet, an' civilized an' demoralized—that's pretty much the same thing—takes a lot of employment away from a scout, I can't say that I'm sorry; for the Injuns used to play such deviltry when they were on the war-path. So when I remember the sights I have seen after the Noble Red Man and his chivalry had been along, I get pretty warm and dry, so I guess, as you're temperance, I'll sachez off and take a snifter of tarantula juice!"

And Wall-Eyed vamoosed, singing the inspiring cadenza of the Plains, "The Ram of Darby Town."

San Francisco.

IN THE SIERRAS

By WINFRED CHANDLER

I STOOD upon a peak where drift clouds lie,
Where spring and summer hold their soft conclave.
I saw the circling mountains, wave on wave,
Roll on, and beat against the purple sky.
Around me and about me, far or nigh,
Naught else in sight save mountains, vast and grave,
That lift their hoary heads and, silent, brave
The fury of the years that wax and die.

I marveled, in my boisterous discontent,
That such vast lands no human needs should bless,
But soon I felt my higher sense awake,
And saw God's purpose, all beneficent.
No empires thralled to waste His plans distress.
'Tis not too much to give for beauty's sake.

HUNTING BY PROXY

By EDITH I. COMSTOCK

HE matutinal coffee perfumed the air. Eggs sputtered in the chafing dish.

From behind the coffee pot came an ominous voice: "You promised!"

It did not disturb the newspaper that barricaded the other end of the table.

"You said that the first time you went into the Rockies after big game, I could go."

Still no response. The bombardment continued.

"And that any girl who could make four bulls-eyes consecutively at such a range could hit anything that flew or galloped. You said something else that day, too."

Effective shot! The newspaper stirred.

"I've put four lumps in your coffee."

She put two.

"And the eggs are all frizzled."

They were done beautifully.

"Such is the perfidy of man. Isn't it, Conquer?" This to the setter on the rug.

Conquer answered with his eyes.

The newspaper flew into the rocking chair.

"Such is the perversity of woman," said Mr. Jack Barden, smiling and nodding knowingly. "You can't play Diana this time, Helen, and that is final. Further discussion is useless."

"You are laughing, too. Such smirking finality! 'My husband says I can't.' Sounds well, doesn't it?"

Mr. Barden became serious.

"Really, Nell, you don't want to go. You would be the only woman, and I don't know how many men Wallace will bring. Those mining experts are coming, and I shall be practically at their disposal. The hunting is incidental. Sometime we'll plan a trip—a fine trip that shall be for the ladies, and we'll take Conquer. Eh, Conquer?"

The dog applauded vigorously with his tail.

Silence sulked behind the coffee pot, trifled with a dainty breakfast, tolerated a tender good-bye, then sought consolation in the newspaper, from which, half an hour later, there suddenly emerged a lady whose face was brightened by the light of discovery, whose actions were marked by energy and determination, and who exclaimed, "The very thing! The joke will be stupendous."

Seeking her desk this lady arranged her writing materials, and

taking some scissors, clipped from the newspaper this telegraphic item:

> CHEYENNE, WYO., July 10, 1904.
> John Sands and Will Bowers brought three fine bear skins, two fox, and ten coyote pelts to the county clerk's office today, receiving bounty amounting to $50. This is the first game of the season from Jackson's Hole.

This she pasted at the top of a sheet of paper over a dainty monogram, and underneath she wrote:

> MR. J. SANDS,
> MR. W. BOWERS.
> Dear Sirs:—The above item appeared in today's Chronicle. I want to own a fine bear skin that was killed expressly for me in the Rocky Mountains. I believe you are skilled hunters, and if you can secure a fine bear skin for me, I will pay you whatever is fair. I want only a perfect skin with head and claws left on it. I will give you further directions if you receive this note. Please answer immediately. Yours truly,
> HELEN WEST BARDEN.
> July Eleventh, Nineteen Hundred and Three.

Sealing this letter, she prepared another sheet of paper, and leaving a space at the top, wrote this:

> To the Postmaster,
> Cheyenne, Wyo.
> Dear Sir:—I am most anxious to communicate with the two men mentioned in the above item. I shall regard it as a personal favor if you will endeavor to find their address and direct the enclosed letter to them. Respectfully yours,
> HELEN WEST BARDEN.
> July Eleventh. Nineteen Hundred and Three.

She put the first letter inside the second.

"There," she said, "that is done. Now I must buy another Chronicle and clip out that item to put in the Postmaster's letter. I do hope something will come of it." And she went to post her letter.

For reasons divers and diverse the prospective trip was barely mentioned by the Bardens. One day there came a letter that the lady promptly concealed.

> EVANSTON, WYO., July 17th, 1903.
> Dear Madam:—Your letter has been forwarded to me by the Postmaster at Cheyenne, presumably for the reason that Evanston is the county seat of the county in which Jackson's Hole is located.
> According to regulations the letter you enclosed will remain here thirty days. If unclaimed at the end of that time it will be returned to you. I placed your address on the envelope to ensure this.
> In the meantime I personally will do my utmost to find the men, and if I succeed, will communicate with you.
> Yours very truly,
> J. J. DAILY.

Her reply went back promptly.

> J. J. DAILY, ESQ.,
> Evanston, Wyo.
> Dear Sir:—It is no question of a long lost brother or vast inheritance that leads me to communicate with those men. I am hunting a hunter. I want a bear skin that will pass any inspection and any criticism with regard to size, color, etc. I prefer black, with head and claws perfect. It is my most earnest desire to secure such a skin direct from a hunter's hands, with the story of the exciting

chase that brought Bruin to somebody's feet—to mine. The item that I pasted at the top of the letter seemed to describe men who could be relied on for such business, and the letter you hold for them is merely a proposition regarding this matter. Now, possibly without trying to find them, you know of some such person, some one who is acquainted with Wyoming wilds and who could get a fine skin for me. If you do, and will negotiate with them for me, I will regard it as a distinct personal favor.

I will leave business details for another letter. Thanking you for your prompt attention, I am,

Very truly yours,

Helen West Barden.

July, the Twenty-first, Nineteen Hundred and Three.

Two days later she gave her husband a cheerful good-bye. By return mail came the answer to her letter.

Evanston, July 25, 1903.

My Dear Miss Barden:—May I say that your letter afforded me pleasure? I beg leave to say so; also to promise a faithful quest.

Regarding myself highly privileged, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

J. J. Daily.

Helen Barden caught her breath when she read that letter, and blushed. "Miss" Barden, indeed! Evidently she forgot to sign Mrs., but what did she write to excite such a reply? So personal. So presuming. The man implied that he would shoot the bear, and would expect a personal reward. He would probably come west to claim her. Horrors! It might mean publicity—a scandal—divorce. What would Jack do—thrash him? What ought she to do? Really, money could pay for the skin, and she couldn't give up now, when there was such a chance. Besides, she was committed to it. And anyway, Jack deserved punishment. He had broken a promise made to her. She would risk the personal letters and get that skin by crook, if no other way. So in dubious spirits but of positive mind, she penned a brief and diplomatic reply.

J. J. Daily, Esq.,

Evanston, Wyo.

Dear Sir:—Since you are so kind as to assist me, I will give you a few business details. Whoever secures a skin will please send it C. O. D. by Wells-Fargo Express, to my address, notifying me by telegraph. Wells-Fargo will immediately remit the money. Thanking you for your interest, I am,

Helen West Barden.

August the First, Nineteen Hundred and Three.

The time passed with Helen in a state of expectancy that affected her actions and excited comments from those who entered her daily life.

The maid told the cook that Mrs. Barden was so in love with her husband that she sat on the steps every morning to watch for the postman, and asked many times every day if any telegrams had come. The dears!

"Such is life," sighed the cook, who was sentimental.

And the postman wondered what had happened between the Bardens. He delivered letters, three or more in a bunch, from Mr. Barden, and every time Mrs. Barden shuffled 'em over and made the same remark. "Oh, dear, is this all? Are you sure

there isn't another?" Another! And only six months married! "Such is life," growled the postman, who was cynical.

And her dearest friend, in the privacy of her chamber, confided to her husband that something was the matter with Helen Barden. She expected somebody. She behaved so queerly when callers were announced. She grabbed the cards and seemed so excited. Perhaps Sheldon Ames was back from Guinea. "I would just love to see them meet," she said.

"Such is life," murmured the husband, winking at his own reflected face.

In due time a modern Mercury delivered a yellow envelope. It contained magic words that electrified the lady.

Skin shipped today.

J. J. Daily.

Helen was alone when she opened it, so nobody saw the capers that expressed her elation. Plunging among her couch pillows, she soliloquized. Jack would be away four weeks yet. Yesterday's letter mentioned those mining prospects. Bless them! Could anything be luckier? As if she had planned it all. Lovely Mr. Daily! The rug would be on the floor when Jack came in. Oh for that moment of triumph! Poor fellow, he might get nothing but a coyote or some rabbits. He wrote so little about his luck. Just, "shooting fair." Not a word of excitement, nor of description, and he did love nature so deeply. Just the barest allusions to the trip, and then he waxed as sentimental as before they were married. The darling! To bad to fool him, but men needed lessons, and your future happiness all depended on the way you began your married life.

Then she sought the furriers with whom the family had various dealings, and arranged to have them receive the skin, remit the money, and attend to the details incident to the making of a rug.

A week later she again visited the furrier to learn that the skins had arrived with all charges paid.

Skins! Charges paid! Apprehensions crowded her brain, but she asked quietly, "Was there not a bearskin separate from the others?"

The obsequious furrier did not know. He was but two days back from a holiday. Was there a mistake? He would call his clerk, and would investigate the Wells-Fargo tag, and would look at the letter file and would—

But, horrified at the possible disclosures of such thorough investigations, the lady haughtily protested that it was of no consequence. They could proceed with the bear skin, she would determine later about the others, and she went out uncertain what to do.

That man Daily! How vulgar! To place her under obligations to him with a lot of skins. And how officious! No letter accounting for anything. Just a telegram. What did it mean? Was he on the way? He shouldn't come if she could prevent it. She would show him his place. She would telegraph twice the value of the rug. To whom could she go? Mr. Vance would know; and, besides, he might protect her if she needed some one—if the worst happened.

And thus Mr. Vance, the staid old family lawyer, was "delighted to see Mrs. Barden—a most unusual honor. Mr. Barden was away shooting?"

Mrs. Barden assented diffidently. Her mind harbored the thought that he might soon be at home shooting.

"Had he good luck?" queried the lawyer.

"Only fair," the lady replied, quite stiffly. And then by tactful questioning, covered by an invitation to dine informally two nights hence—Mr. and Mrs. Dayton would be present—she learned that $15 would probably cover the bounty and hunter's charges. She would double the sum. Money usually hushed such people. And she telegraphed $30 to

J. J. Daily, Evanston, Wyo.
For services and bear skin. Other skins not ordered.
Mrs. J. C. Barden.

That signature, she thought, would now be authoritative. He would think the girl's mother had settled the affair.

Money received. Everything O. K.
J. J. Daily.

was the answer that came to her.

How enigmatical! Would the creature never be suppressed? She fumed and passed a sleepless night.

However, her husband's tender letters soothed her troubled spirit, and she was diverted with thoughts of that delicious moment when she would introduce Jack to the rug. She rehearsed the scene. She would put the rug in the drawing-room. It would be elegant and so striking—that big black center in her pale yellow room. Jack would come in and rush upstairs to her; and after dinner, after he had bragged like all men about all he had done, then would come her triumph.

* * * * * * * *

The hour arrived.

The greetings of devoted folk require no descriptions.

Then Jack demanded, "Where are the rugs?"

"The rugs?" repeated his wife, cautiously.

"Yes, the rugs. A lot of 'em. Hasn't Daily sent 'em? The rascal!"

"Daily?" repeated the lady, faintly.

"Yes, Jack Daily. He rowed stroke the year I captained the crew, and I haven't seen him since until I bumped into him a few miles from Evanston. He was going shooting, too, and joined us. And, by Jupiter, it's lucky he did or I might not be here now. A bear had killed three dogs and treed me, and all my cartridges were gone, and everybody else was miles away. Daily killed him with a great shot and said to give the skin to you with his compliments. It's a superb skin—biggest brute killed around there in years. Queer chap, Daily! Always was. Sent a cheque for thirty dollars to me at Leadville. Reminded me of the time he borrowed it at college. But I don't understand it, for we were all borrowing from him in those days. What are you crying about?"

A tremulous voice rose from his shoulder. "O, just because I'm glad you are home."

San Francisco, Cal.

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NOTHING succeeds like Success. The plans and the membership of the Southwest Society are advancing at a gait entirely unprecedented in any history of such movements for the higher scholarship anywhere. As to the roster, it is impossible to print supplements fast enough to keep up with the accessions. The Second Bulletin was printed March 1st, and showed 160 members. April 1st, a typewritten "Supplement A" was issued, showing 180. April 13th, "Supplement B" showed 191. Ten days later, the membership had already passed the 200 mark; and "Supplement C," to be issued May 1st, will probably come very close to equalling the numbers of the 25-year-old Boston Society. Without any question whatever, the Southwest Society, before its second birthday, will have outstripped all other affiliations of the Institute. Before Nov. 30th it expects 300 members—and it is morally sure of at least 250. Boston has 225 and New York has 218.

This means something more than a mere Western activity. It does us good, and it does the Institute good, to have this friendly competition. But beyond that, it gives the Southwest Society

stronger representation and voice in the Council of the Institute. Representation in that Council is in proportion to membership. In a short time this young Western member will out-vote any other society.

In the Institute, as in good blood and good breeding everywhere, there are no small jealousies. Still, the elder sisters are astounded and somewhat disconcerted to see the Baby of the Family grown as tall in two years as they are at 25. The saying of one of the high officials of the Institute, in view of this "impending crisis" when the Southwest Society shall outnumber all its elders (as it will within a month) is too good to be hidden under the bushel of correspondence.

"New York and Boston" (he says) "are preparing to surrender to the inevitable, and to take a lower place; but you must remember the story of the farmer who was troubled with rheumatism. His wife was rubbing his aching joints, and as he groaned under the infliction, she said: 'The only way, John, is to grin and bear it.' To which the old fellow replied, 'I can bear it all right, Semanthy, but I'll be darned if I grin.'"

And it could hardly be expected that they should, at first. But by and by they will see the humor of it, and wake to the fun of finding out if they cannot catch up with this preposterous giant youngster. Then we shall indeed see the whole Archaeological Institute growing in the same splendid way.

The first meeting of the Museum Foundation Committee was held April 15th, at the house of the secretary; and was one of the most remarkable gatherings of representative people on local record. The well-digested plans of the Executive Committee were explained and were received with enthusiasm. A sub-committee has been appointed by Chairman J. O. Koepfli to take up the matter of proffers of sites. The sense of the meeting was unanimous that the building shall be an architectural monument; that it shall be of the historic "Mission" plan; that it shall occupy a sightly and commanding eminence, accessible but beyond danger of being trodden under the feet of business; that it shall have abundant room; that the museum shall adhere to the strictest scientific standards both in history, in art and in archaeology; that it shall enlist the co-operation of our women's clubs of the Southwest, and of all organizations which can unite in such an undertaking under such restrictions as command the respect of scholars everywhere.

The following list shows the present composition of the Museum Foundation Committee. All but one or two have already consented to serve—and not as figure-heads. This list will later be added to by the Executive Committee, but will not be very large. Subdivisions of the work may be carried out by auxiliary committees:

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Rt. Rev. J. H. Johnson.
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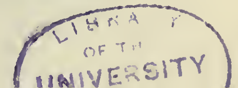
F. Lungren.
Mrs. R. J. Burdette.
Mrs. W. W. Murphy.
Theo. B. Comstock.
Maj. E. F. C. Klokke.
Geo. W. Marston of San Diego.
W. H. Burnham of Orange.
Louis G. Dreyfus of Santa Barbara.
Frank A. Miller of Riverside.

On the 19th of April the Museum plan was presented to a congress (of the presidents and four other delegates each) from the leading women's clubs of this city, and was warmly received. There is no reasonable question that there will be an alliance of all the women's clubs of the Southwest to a special organization for the purpose of building, in conjunction with the Southwest Museum, and under the auspices of the Archaeological Institute of America, a great Art Hall which shall be a monument of, and to, the women of the Southwest. This would be the natural complement of the historical and scientific museum the Southwest Society is about to build; for the Archaeological Institute of America can not only command the judicial services of the foremost artists in America, but can lend to such an institution an international authority and standing in Art that no local organization in any city could acquire in a generation. The Institute, founded by Charles Eliot Norton, has done more than any other factor to make the classic art and architecture of Greece and Rome familiar to Americans. It is an Archaeological Institute—but not given over to dry bones. In fact its foundation and its progress have been largely for Art.

On Thursday night, March 29, the Southwest Society enjoyed a lecture by Mr. Chas. P. Bowditch, Vice-President of the Institute, on "The Mayas: their writings and their sculptures." The exposition of the culture attained in prehistoric times by these most remarkable of American aborigines was a revelation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to the audience. A large number of interesting slides illustrated the scholarly presentment of Maya "civilization."

Miss Mary E. Foy and Mrs. W. H. Housh have been elected representatives of the Southwestern Society in the National Council of the Archaeological Institute of America. The other Councillors from the Southwestern Society re-elected from last year are:

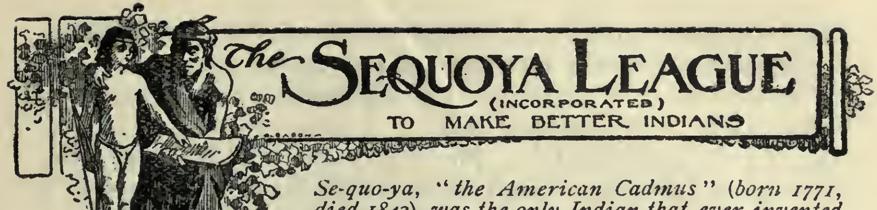
Theo. B. Comstock,
Chas. F. Lummis,
Dr. F. M. Palmer,
Fredk. H. Rindge,
C. E. Rumsey,
J. S. Slauson, ex-officio.

Since the March-April number the following members have been added to the roster of the Southwest Society—that is, up to the time of going to press. As new members come in practically every day, no monthly publication can pretend to keep pace. Typewritten supplements to the Second Bulletin will be issued more frequently, and sent to members and to those proposed for membership.

Additions to Membership of Southwest Society.

Life Members—Edwin T. Earl, Los Angeles; Eleanor Martin, San Francisco.

Annual Members—U. S. Senator Geo. C. Perkins, Hon. Frank Sullivan (ex-Park Commissioner), Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor (Dean of Hastings College of Law), Hon. John F. Davis, San Francisco; Mrs. C. M. Severance, I. H. Preston, Maj. E. F. C. Klokke, C. C. Parker, Gen. M. H. Sherman, Harry Chandler ("The Times"), J. V. Vickers, University of Southern California, A. C. Golsh, Judge Jas. A. Gibson (President Los Angeles Bar Assn.), U. S. Senator Frank P. Flint, James A. Haskett, Percy R. Wilson, Dr. John R. Haynes, Mrs. Anna S. Averill, Los Angeles; Dr. E. F. Burton, Arthur H. Fleming, Pasadena; St. Mathew's School Reading Club, San Mateo, Cal.; C. W. Callaghan, Fruitvale, Cal.; Richard Egan, Capistrano, Cal.; Mrs. John A. Walker, Ventura, Cal.; John H. Spearman, Hollywood, Cal.; Mrs. John P. Jones, Santa Monica, Cal.; Frank A. Miller, Riverside, Cal.; Hon. Thos. J. Kirk (Supt. Public Instruction), Sacramento, Cal.; C. L. Partridge, Redlands, Cal.; Hon. Jas. R. Knowland, Oakland, Cal.; Remy J. Vesque, Terre Haute, Ind.; Gardiner M. Lane (Treas. Boston Society), Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Newton Cleaveland, Datil, N. M.; M. J. Riordan, F. W. Sisson, Flagstaff, Ariz.; Merritt Starr, Esq., Chicago, Ill.; Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, D. M. Riordan, New York City; Hon. Y. Sepulveda, City of Mexico; Chas. Dyer Norton, Lake Forest, Ill.; Henry O. Flipper, Ocampo, Chihuahua, Mex.; Col. Robt. C. H. Brook, President Penna. Society A. I. A., Philadelphia, Pa.



Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.

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NEXT month California will have a visit from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Francis P. Leupp; and it is expected that he will investigate conditions on the Mission reservations—or at least the worst of them—in company with representatives of the League. U. S. Senator Flint has also promised to make such a tour of inspection. The outlook, therefore, is for some permanent progress next winter; since these two important officials will know the facts, personally, and since this community may be trusted to back them up against the general inertia of Congress. It must not be for a moment forgotten that the only lasting relief for the Campo, and several other, reservations is by securing land on which these Indians can make a living by hard work. Since Congress failed to do this at its last session, California will probably have to feed these Indians another winter by private generosity—but our people will not grumble at this, if, in its own Red-Tape time, the government will do tardy but proper justice. It is right that we should relieve the instant distress at our doors; but it is not right that the government should expect us to pay continuously and forever through our noses for the incompetence or carelessness of its servants. Let us remember, therefore, to impress this lesson on senators and congressmen, not only of our own districts, but from all others—"lest they forget."

Meantime, the news from Campo continues to be pleasant reading for those who have been so kindly interested in the misfortunes of

these inoffensive people. A letter just at hand from Mr. Weegar, the staunch and worthy merchant at Campo, says:

"Our school is a surprise. It is wonderful what improvement it has made in the children already. I hope you will do all you can to keep Miss Nijo here. She is just what Mr. Shell [government agent for these Indians] says: 'a little jewel' for this work. I have at last got the balance of the Indian goods on the road from San Diego. Sorry that we could not get our garden seeds sooner, but they have been hung up on the railroad somewhere for two months. However, better late than never. Our lumber is also en route. I shall have to use money to have the road made passable to the Laguna from La Posta. Several great rocks have rolled into the road during the winter storms, and made it impossible to travel. The crops are looking fine. The robust Indians are mostly off at work—the old people and the women looking out for the crops. Everything appears to be all right here so far, and the future seems to have something in store for us.

"This is the basket season here, and they are coming in quite fast. I hope you can market them all—it will be a great help to these poor people. They feel very much encouraged when they can find ready sale for their work. And you know that basket-making is about their only industry."

It may be added that the League has received forty-three baskets from these Campo Indians—a very good and uncommonly varied assortment of their characteristic handicraft. These baskets are for sale for the benefit of the Indians, by Mrs. Lummis, as noted in the advertising pages of this magazine. The Indian baskets in the ordinary market have been procured, from the women who make them, almost entirely by peddlers who pay them in trade at two-bits a yard for calico, or something of that sort. And that is the last the Indian ever hears of that basket or of the successive profits of the peddler, the middle-man and the curio dealer. The League pays spot cash to the Indians in the first place, at their own rates. It has no expenses except the small item of express to this city. The modest profit that is made on the sale becomes a fund which is applied for the benefit of the whole community from which the given basket came. More than this, the League is encouraging these women, who are masters of a noble and almost lost art, to revive the old weaves, to use the old colors, to avoid the atrocious, sophisticated shapes and colors which have been called for by thoughtless tenderfeet.

There has been no definite "angel," as yet, to come forward to assist Miss Rosalia Nijo in her work as assistant-matron on these five reservations (see article in the last number). The League will try to enable the continuance of her devoted and most useful work;

but feels that there should be someone who would individually contribute to this specific cause, since the League's funds are ordinarily to be applied to more general uses.

There is no falling-off in public interest, as the following list shows. This is the response in a single month—since the last preceding number of this magazine:

CAMPO RELIEF FUND.

Previously acknowledged, $1,1680.00.

New contributions—H. W. Frank, Los Angeles, $5.00; Germain Seed Co., Los Angeles, $3.00; The Santa Ana Ebell, $3.00.; Wm. H. Burnham, Orange, Cal., $25.00; ex-Mayor J. D. Phelan, San Francisco, $20.00; Seth Marshall, San Bernardino, Cal., $5.00; Mrs. C. B. Boothe, Los Angeles, $3.00; Anna H. Searing, Escondido, Cal., $1.

FUNDS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, $932.00.

New contributions—The Ruskin Art Club, $25.00; H. W. Frank, $7.00; Mrs. J. W. Van Benthuysen, $5.00; Chas. Cassatt Davis, $4.00, Los Angeles; C. W. Smith, Pasadena, Cal., $5.00; Ella P. Hubbard, Azusa, Cal., $10.00.

$2.00 each—Hon. Paul Morton, Sec'y of the Navy, Washington, D.C.; Mrs. W. H. Housh, Major H. T. Lee, The Newman Club, J. E. Hannon, Hon. R. N. Bulla, Dr. F. B. Kellogg, Miss Mary L. Jones, Judge J. D. Bicknell, J. S. Slauson, J. T. Fitzgerald, Dr. J. H. Martindale, W. C. Patterson (Pres't Los Angeles National Bank), Wm. Pridham (Asst. Supt. Wells, Fargo & Co.), Mrs. Wm. Pridham, Rev. E. A. Healy, Dr. J. A. Munk, James Slauson, Albert C. Bilicke, Fred'k H. Rindge, W. D. Woolwine, Dr. W. Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. W. Jarvis Barlow, Walter Jarvis Barlow, Jr. (aged 5), John B. Milber, Chas. H. Frost, Jas. D. Schuyler, Dr. John R. Haynes, Gen. H. G. Otis (Ed. Times), Wm. J. Hunsaker, G. A. Lang, J. G. Chandler, U. S. Senator F. P. Flint, Mrs. C. B. Boothe, W. H. Holabird, M. H. Newmark, F. E .Fishburn (Cashier Nat'l Bank of Cal.), H. M. Bishop, Mrs. Charlotte L. Wills, Miss M. Francis Wills, Dr. Wm. Le Moyne Wills, A. D. Cojal, Miss Evelyn Hamburger, Los Angeles; Annie Harris Leavins, Frances B. Swan, Mrs. Eva S. Fenyes, Dr. J. H. McBride, Mrs. L. H. Root, H. B. Sherman, Charlotte E. Thomas, Mrs. W. Nelson, Mrs. Eva A. McBride, Pasadena; Geo. E. Crothers, ex-Mayor Jas. D. Phelan, R. H. Bennett, Jr., San Francisco; Willard A. Nichols, Redlands, Cal.; D. Freeman, Inglewood, Cal.; Courtenay DeKalb, Mojave, Cal.; John Muir, Helen Muir, Martinez, Cal.; Geo. W. Marston, San Diego, Cal.; Hon. Jarrett T. Richards, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Madame Modjeska, Count Bozenta, El Toro, Cal.; John G. North, Harwood Hall, Sherman Inst., Riverside, Cal.; Miss E. B. Scripps, La Jolla, Cal.; Wm. H. Burnham, Orange, Cal.; James Douglas, Esq., Clarence Eddy, New York City; Mary J. Carr, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Flora Golsh, Carlisle, Pa.; A. C. Laird, Tucson, Ariz.; T. A. Riordan, Flagstaff, Ariz.; Miss Mary B. Warren, Troy, N. Y.; Geo. P. Griswold, New Orleans, La.; J. E. Martin, Leon, Kan.; Miss Elizabeth W. Johnson, New Brighton, N. Y.; E. A. Burbank, Rockford, Ill.; C. T. Brown, Socorro, N. M.; Mrs. Willard Merrill, Miss Grace Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis.

TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS AND OTHER HISTORIC LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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THE season has now come when repairs should be made on the Missions. This work cannot be done in the rainy season; but now we have six months in which the weather will not once interfere. All that lacks is the funds. Money must be in hand before contracts can be let. Some contributions come in every month; but a good many members forget when their dues are due. If those who have taken membership in the past will remember, the Club can do large work this year.

It has already spent over $7000 in repairing and safeguarding the principal buildings at four Missions; but it needs to do far more. Meantime, any housekeeper who is "trying to do business" without the Landmarks Club Cook Book, doesn't know what she is missing. It is the most useful handbook of California cookery ever printed.

Funds for the Work.

Previously acknowledged, $7,539.93.

New contributions—Landmarks Club Cook-book, $26.25; Eschscholtzia Chapter, Daughters American Revolution, $20.00; Mrs. Harriet Farrand McLeod, $20.00; Ella P. Hubbard, Azusa, Cal., $10.00.

Frank A. Miller, the New Glenwood, Riverside, Cal., $25.00 (Life Membership.

$1.00 each—Israel P. Lord, Houston, Texas; Helen Ashe Hays, Hagerstown, Md.; Dr. J. A. Munk, Los Angeles.

THE DAY THAT IS GONE.

It was not just one quiet little woman—it was an Epoch that died when the Señora Doña Ysabel Varela del Valle went, in the last days of March, to her long home, and I hope to her adequate reward. She was the last of the California that Was. There are still among us many lovable and imitable heirs and assigns of the old regime; but all of them that are socially able are converted to our ways. God knows why—for we don't. If the time ever shall come when we half-way realize how the old-time Californians lived, we shall grab for something to cover the nakedness of our modern occupation. The universal hospitality (rather different from "entertaining" someone who is Important); the trust which has undone these people when they came to deal with us who have abused it; the humanness, the faith, the vivacity, the simple joy, the poise, that belonged to, and were, the very life of California in the old days—there are some still capable of these things; but when "Mama Ysabel" went, no one was left to practice them on the old princely scale.

She was the last of the queens. It is only a little way back, by the calendar; but by our standards the gulf is one of so much time as we shall never bridge again. Medieval California died with her. For twenty years it has been my privilege to know and to be inspired by this noble type of the older day—and I have known that blessed day in many lands. Womanhood still flowers full and gracious among us—and shall perennially. But it is crowded in the greenhouse of our civilization. Woman nowadays touches life at far more points—but also she is touched by it. Our complicated life makes impossible that old serene, rounded scope and room and sway which were in the patriarchal time of California. The Californian's house was not his castle in the old English sense—which, for all its oaken independence, has a suspicion of surliness. He thought of it not as a place "the winds may enter, but the King of England dare not"—but rather as a haven for all who cared to enter. Hospitality is Latin by derivation and by practice; and however agreeable we may be to our friends and our superiors, we can add new graces to the word if we but learn the lesson of California.

An hacienda of those old days was a kingdom by itself. If all the rest of the world had been suddenly amputated from round about it, life would have gone on unchanged. The China silks, the pearls and jewels that came by the Philippine galleon, the Boston broadcloth for which Dana skinned two hundred sheep and their owner in one operation—these would have been mildly missed; for in these oases amid a continental wilderness woman loved to adorn herself. But every need of life and happiness was produced at home. The little patriarchy was self-centered and self-sufficing. It respected the laws of God and the State—but needed no reminder of them. The Golden Rule was in force. A stranger? Feed and clothe and content him. An orphan? Adopt him. Sickness or sorrow at the next neighbor's ten leagues away? Attend and comfort them.

And there was a beauty in the material independence. You were not a slave to our modern conveniences. There was no "servant problem." No bills, no meetings, no wire from your ear to your enemy's mouth, "no nothing" of the multitude of "facilities" which today oppress us.

These serene folk sheared their own sheep, and spun and wove; their linen was their own; they made their wine of their proper grapes, and pickled the olives from their very trees. Their bread was of home-ground flour from their personal acres; their meat was from their own flocks; their cooks, their carpenters, their farmers, their candlestick-makers, were all part of the family, and even their church was at home. When the revered priest from fifty miles away could not come, that did not hamstring their religion. Someone in the house could conduct services in the little chapel—and someone always did. Morning and night, every day of every year, the household knelt at the altar.

To such a principality came the Señora del Valle in 1851, a beautiful girl bride not yet 15 years old. For more than half a century she was its queen. For 25 years she has ruled alone—since the death of her husband, that fine type of the old California cavalier. She has reared her children well; she has administered a great estate with marvelous prudence and skill through all the momentous changes that have come upon California since the rude adventures of the Gold Rush—and by the way, gold was discovered on her lands a dozen years before the fateful find at Sutter's Mill. To rule wisely and beautifully a household which for years probably averaged forty persons; to supervise the thousand details of business of a great ranch in competition with modern methods—these two things alone might well be deemed full occupation. But they are only a part of what this woman of the earlier regime in California did—never hurried, never flurried, but serene as the great peaks up to which she

looked. In all that countryside for fifty years few came into this good world, and few left it, but the queen of Camulos was present to aid and comfort. No storm, no midnight, no distance, deterred her. I remember very well how, when I first knew her, she had just adopted three little gringo orphans. I have seen them grow up to useful and honorable manhood. And that was only a type of what she was always doing—and what belonged to her day. To the last she kept the fine old traditions; and Camulos—even now, when most are gone of that merry youthful crowd which used to line the old *portal,* for fifty feet, singing the old songs, while Father Peter marched before us beating time—even now that Death and Time have had their way, it is all that is left of the old regime.

We of today cannot of course go all the way back. We know too many people, and they expect of us too much. We have fifty-foot lots in place of haciendas by the square league; and the gas man, the grocer and the assessor are upon our necks. But we *can* go a little way back. We can learn something from the sunshine and the elbow-room. We can make our town lots our own. We can look upon our fellow man not merely for what we can get out of him, but for what we can give to him. We can learn to get something out of life for ourselves. And we have got to. We are pretty smart—and we know it ourselves. We ought to be smart enough to learn the lesson that California always has taught and always will teach—the same lesson her first European children learned as naturally as they learned to walk.

PEACE WITH HONOR.

The imperishable weaver was quite right—
"a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."
Perhaps particularly among Old Ladies.

But no proper lion could vociferate further when, with a whisk of crinoline and side curls, and with unimpaired agility, the New York Evening Post curtsies from a perch in her Shakesperian chair. He will aggravate his voice so an 'twere any nightingale.

"The Lion of *Out West* having taken offence at some words of the *Evening Post,* which really has nothing but awe and admiration for that royal beast in his cage, has emitted a roar, like Bottom's, that may be heard all the way from the Pacific to the Atlantic. 'Let him roar again! let him roar again.' Meanwhile, it soothes the nerves to turn to Neeta Marquis's gentle and very pretty verses on the 'Fog,' which are printed in the same issue of the magazine."

Even though one did "make the Duke say" so, there is no need to roar again. Once seems to have been an elegant sufficiency. We may take it for granted that the Lion's garb will not be brought before the Hague Tribunal; and that the "Evening Post" will hunt up minor but colorable substitutes in its attempt

to "diffuse among the people correct information and just principles."

THE COST OF BEING AN ORCHID

Perhaps not one in a thousand of those to whom his name is a household word think of Rider Haggard save as a writer of astonishing fiction. His romances have had enormous vogue; and while they have not taken enduring literary rank, they are unquestionably among the most remarkable examples of fresh imagination. To think of this man as possessed with a practical sanity such as few writers can claim, is very possibly hard for the average reader. But it does not surprise those who have learned that every man has something more important behind the face that we see. At any rate, Mr. Haggard is now seriously at work upon something which will be much less noisy, but of incomparably greater outcome, than all the novels that he or anyone else is likely to write.

His concern is for that great problem which it seems incredible so few of us should realize who have it under our noses every day —that incomprehensible urban vacuum which is sapping up the strength of the country (of all countries) and leaving the land bare of its sons, and the sons without a country.

If the careless crowd of us forget the fact and the meaning of this great modern phenomenon, the larger students do not. Only in December the First American, President Roosevelt, expressed to me, personally, his deep concern over this abnormal congestion of American cities, with the corresponding depletion of the American soil of its best crop—the people. And perhaps it is not strange that the English novelist, who for all his weird fancy, has shown even in his fiction an uncommon philosophy, should have taken up in earnest this overshadowing problem. He has found at last the universal prototype of his first heroine. For Mother Earth is literally the first "She who Must be Obeyed." His present mission in the United States—a mission of which he spoke modestly, but convincingly, to a Los Angeles audience a few weeks ago, is to find and operate some plan by which man can be brought back to the land—particularly the submerged man now drowning in the black depths of the great cities. It ought to be enough to set anyone to thinking when it comes about (as Mr. Haggard recorded) that last Christmas there were in the one city of London 113,000 human beings kept alive by public funds.

All of us enjoy something of what cities give; though there is in them also something of the distinguishing quality of babies and tooth-brushes— we Prefer our Own. The city does indeed give a thousand things which are gratifying to man, whether on his physical or his mental angles. The real trouble with them is that

they Give Too Much. Their children of a larger growth are in the way to become like the children who have a dozen mechanical toys given them every day. The inevitable result is, in the long run, that no toy is good for much. In all his wandering the Lion has never seen any child so happy with a room full of Parisian dolls and toy automobiles and all that as a little girl used to be, 40 years ago with one plaything, a rubber doll, upon whose nose her wicked brother had committed mayhem.

As a matter of fact, in this world we pay for everything we get, whether we know it or not. The spoiled child pays for his overwhelming with unearned amusements. The adult pays for acute civilization. For our modern conveniences we have, in the long run, though likely in installments, to pay with our inborn self-dependence. For the fullness of civilization, the price comes out of our human nature. Even if we were so much more than human that we could rise superior to evolution, and the attraction of gravitation, and still retain the physical, the mental, and the moral muscle we no longer have to use, and could therefore be still as human and as happy as our greatgrandfathers—we have No Time. Our harness is so enormously multiplied—our social, our civic, and other obligations—that we can no longer give as much to, nor get as much from, any one of them as we could if we had fewer of them. To bring the author of Gray's fables of 200 years ago to the present:

> "How happy could I be with either,
> Were t'other ten thousand dear charmers away."

Now for those who really like the city and belong there, and there can keep their heads above the rising tide of numbers and of obligations, the class will not be called for some hours in evolution—though some who think they belong will in their own life-time learn their mistake. But to those who have to buffet so hard the waves of the urban sea that they have no time nor strength to float, the question is not only now a personal one, in a very short time it is going to be a matter of sink or swim. And the question which is almost life or death already to so large a proportion of every city is not a thing to be forgotten by those who will not be cross-examined for yet a little longer.

The city is more or less a disease. It is more or less an intoxication. Speaking in terms of evolution, man can endure upon this planet only when he has his roots in the earth. There are collectors who spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on orchids; and orchids are very interesting to those who have nothing better to do. They are, to the scientist and the philosopher, interesting also—but as freaks; as showing how long, and with what high color, and value in the market, a vegetable can endure which has ceased to follow the

laws of nature. For all vegetables must root in sane earth. A thing which has roots only to draw the sap of an earth-born tree, may command an enormous price. And hay is cheap—but if all the orchids and all their collectors were to die between now and tomorrow morning, nobody would know it but their relatives. Whereas if half the grass perished from off the earth before morning, everyone of us would feel it in a short time, even the millionaires who buy orchids.

We are all children of the earth. We sprang from it and to it we return. Like Antæus of old, our strength comes from our touch with the Brown Mother. We may forget her. We may think that it is just as well to be raised on the bottle. We may unconsciously admit that we are smarter than God and the march of time—but we shall surely pay for our thoughtlessness or our ignorance as we pay for our luxuries.

No nation, no race, no world, can be permanent, too many of whose individuals cease to be producers and become parasites—and everyone who does not produce *is* a parasite, no matter how responsible, how virtuous, how lovely. As civilization is considered, we unquestionably have to have parasites—the human plant must flower —but it cannot remain indefinitely a CUT flower. It has to have roots. And sound roots grow only in the soil.

Probably even a careless person, when he comes to think of it, in travelling (for instance) from New York to California, observing the congestion of the cities where people live ten stories deep, over and under one another, and then the enormous, lonely, unused reaches of land from which every earthly thing is derived which supports every city on earth, is competent to conclude that there is something wrong. WHAT is wrong? There are many doctors to quarrel as to whether it is appendicitis, locomotor ataxia, gastritis, palpitation of the heart or what not. But all graduated doctors will agree on one thing—namely, that if more people would make a living out of the earth—a modest but safe and dignified living—instead of playing the city races in order to get something for nothing—then there would be no serious problem, and no immediate need of an inquest.

The world is one short—by the noblest man I ever knew. For some of us, it can never again quite catch up. Life goes on, whosoever drops out; business prospers, cities are built, new souls, that may grow as good, blossoms fresh from the Unknown—but to us that were better for contact with one who is gone, it will always be Different.

And yet—it is well. What we have really had, shall always be ours. There is no way to kill one that was Right. His breath must sometime halt; his clay resolve to its elements—but the Life has become a part of all of us; and it shall go on so long as men have marrow in their bones.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

With its issue dated April 15, *The Dial* completes a quarter of a century of such service to American literature as has been rendered by no other periodical. This does not mean that there has been no other competent literary criticism in the United States—though the sum total of that worth any consideration has been slight indeed by comparison. But *The Dial* has been the only journal to set for itself as an exclusive task to weigh, to measure, in some degree to interpret, and to pronounce judgment upon the current literary output. This was the purpose with which it was founded twenty-five years ago, and to this ideal it has held unswervingly, making no attempt to be "popular," but maintaining always the serene dignity, somewhat austere, yet kindly, befitting a Court of Last Resort. Wherever it is known, its utterances carry with them the weight that always attaches to the deliberate voice of the scholar speaking upon the subjects in which he is expert. Compared with this, commercial success is a trifling thing. Yet it is of no little consequence that without the slightest lowering of its standards, *The Dial* should have become and should remain a "good business proposition." On this point it is worth while to quote its own words:

> Obviously, those who set for themselves such tasks,—to work for ideal aims, to limit wittingly their opportunities for material gain, and sacrifice immediate for ultimate success,—must be prepared to travel a long and somewhat lonely road. No others, indeed, have any place therein. But, fortunately for the stimulus to higher forms of endeavor, there are compensations peculiar to the case. The task, though difficult, may not be impossible; and those who succeed in it are likely to find their triumph coming at last through the very causes that made it seem at first improbable or incredible. It is clear now to many, as it was in the beginning to but few, that had THE DIAL been less tenacious of its ideals, had it been willing to decline to lower levels and to narrower aims, its reasons for existence would have been defeated and its career self-annulled. Definiteness and singleness of purpose, a clear view of what was intended to be done and unwavering persistency in doing it, are factors largely to be credited with such success as the enterprise has achieved.

Whoever has followed with comprehension the course of OUT WEST will understand the heartiness with which it says amen to these words. For its purpose has never been to sell the largest number of copies possible, nor to get the highest advertising rates, nor even primarily to "make money" at all, but to work untiringly towards its ideals of action as well as of literature, to expose fearlessly the "popular" sham, and to speak unflinchingly the unpopular truth as need arose. Whatever of business success OUT WEST ever wins, it will win along these lines, and no other.

No word of congratulation to *The Dial* on this anniversary would be complete which did not name the man who planned it, who has directed its

entire life, whose character has been its character, and who remains in control of both business and editorial policy—Francis Fisher Browne. The magazine has done a great work—the man has been, and is, greater than his work.

A JAPANESE VIEW OF JAPAN.

Okahura-Kakuzo, organizer of the Imperial Art School of Tokio, member of the Imperial Archaeological Commission, vice-president of the Society of Japanese Painters, and one of the leading protestants against the wholesale introduction of Western art and customs in Japan, contradicts, in *The Awakening of Japan,* "the general impression among foreigners that it was the West who, with the touch of a magic wand, suddenly aroused us from the sleep of centuries." He says:

> As Hakuraka discerned the real horse, so may he who perceives the real spirit of things see in current events the reincarnation of Old Japan. In the thoroughness and minutiae of our preparations for war, he will recognize the same hands whose untiring patience gave its exquisite finish to our lacquer. In the tender care bestowed upon our stricken adversary of the battle-field will be found the ancient courtesy of the samurai, who knew "the sadness of things" and looked to his enemy's wound before his own. The ardor that leads our sailors into daring enterprises is inspired by the Neo-Confucian doctrine, which teaches that to know is to do. The calmness with which our people have met the exigencies of a national crisis is a heritage from those disciples of Buddha who in the silence of the monastery meditated on change. All that is vital and representative in our contemporary art and literature is the revivified expression of the national school, not imitation of European models.

The volume is mainly historical, is written with scholarly confidence, and should not be overlooked by anyone interested in the subject. The Century Co., New York.

RISING TO THE OCCASION.

In the opening chapters of *The Masquerader,* Katherine Cecil Thurston introduces to each other two Englishmen just approaching middle age, who are so alike in feature, voice and every external as to be absolutely indistinguishable one from the other. One is an M. P., very wealthy by inheritance, husband of the beautiful ward of a great political leader, and a man from whom much had been expected. But morphia, whiskey and other vices have sapped his energy, and he feels himself unequal to the strain of his position. The other is a man who at twenty-five had found an expected eighty thousand a year dwindle to a certain four hundred, and had thereupon abandoned all hope of accomplishment. Chilcote, M. P., persuades Loder to personate him for brief intervals, while he relaxes. Loder does the great things which had been expected from Chilcote, while the latter, released from the restraints of his position, goes rapidly down hill, and the book ends with Chilcote dead and Loder permanently in his place. The story is crisply and vividly told, and will make any reader sit up and pay attention. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

As Mary Imlay Taylor tells it in *My Lady Clancarty,* Lady Elizabeth Spencer was given in marriage at the age of eleven by an unscrupulous father to the Earl of Clancarty, for the sake of his great estates. They part on the instant, and he, being of the Stuart faction, loses his estates and spends some years in Paris. Returning at peril of his neck, he finds his young wife a reigning toast, falls deeply in love with her, and wins her in spite of every obstacle. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife were written by Mary King Waddington to her mother and sister, during two trips to Italy, one in 1880 and one in 1904. Daughter of Charles King, President of Columbia College, and wife of M. William Henry Waddington, who had just resigned the Premiership of France at the time of the first trip, Mme. Waddington had the entree to the most exclusive social circles. Her letters are entirely easy and unaffected—just an intimate day-by-day record of things done and persons met. That many of the persons met were personages of the first consequence will make the record of interest to many readers. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50 *net.*

As the result of a six months trip over "very nearly the entire United States" for the purpose of making "an investigation, as nearly complete as the brief time at command should permit, of the ideals and achievements of American women—in the professions, in municipal affairs, in the arts, and, above all, in the things home and things pertaining to home-making," we have from Elizabeth McCracken *The Women of America.* The book is sympathetic and clever, but the subject does not seem to me to have been exhausted—though the lady who knows me best says that I do not know anything about it. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50 *net.*

The Business Career in Its Public Relations was delivered by Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews, as the first annual address in the Barbara Weinstock Lectureship on "The Morals of Trade," University of California. It is now published with a preface by the founder of the lectureship, Harris Weinstock, of San Francisco—himself a notable proof that sucess in business need not dwarf a man as citizen or as intellectual or spiritual leader. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. $1 *net.*

That almost forgotten communistic experiment, the Icarian Colony, which took possession of Nauvoo, Ill., soon after the Mormons departed for the Promised Land, supplies the material for Katherine Holland Brown's *Diane.* The heroine is the ward of Pere Cabet, founder of the Colony, and her love story is interwoven with those dissensions which drove him broken-hearted from the community of his dreams. It is worth anybody's reading. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York $1.50.

The six little Derrys who brighten up the pages of *Helen Alliston* are fantastically impossible, but very funny for all that. The main story is of a girl who tries to achieve literary success in London, living meanwhile as governess, companion, music teacher and so on. At the very end of the book she discovers that "it is etiquette that the wife should make the husband—happy!" John Lane, New York. $1.50.

Vol. IX in the series of "Early Western Travels" is a reprint of James Flint's *Letters From America,* "containing observations on the climate and agriculture of the Western States, the manners of the people, the prospects of emigrants, etc., etc." The original edition was published in Edinburgh in 1822. It is a peculiarly discriminating and informing volume. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, O. $4 *net.*

Notable among recent American novels is Robert Herrick's *The Common Lot.* Its central theme is the blunting of conscience and the deterioration of character when ideals are undermined in the struggle for success. But the fact that the book has a powerful moral lesson need not deter the seeker for entertainment, for the story is deftly woven. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

The essays by James Huneker on Ibsen, Hauptman, Shaw, Sudermann, Maeterlinck and other dramatists, now published as *Iconoclasts,* originally appeared in the New York Sun, while Mr. Huneker was dramatic editor of that great newspaper. They are powerful studies by a man of temperament and originality. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

F. Hopkinson Smith's researches have led him to the conclusion that "at the bottom of every heart-crucible choked with life's cinders there can almost always be found a drop of gold." He gives some evidence in confirmation in the stories collected under the title, *At Close Range.* They are good reading, too. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Of the six daughters of Denis Driscoll MacCormac O'Kavanagh, of the Keep, Glensaggatmore, County Kerry, five were fair and buxom, while the youngest was the ugly duckling. All the same she gives the title to Katherine Tynan's *Julia,* and becomes the lovely Lady O'Kavanagh of Moyle before the story ends. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.50.

Under cover of an interesting story, Arthur Henry preaches some sound, if unorthodox, doctrines, in his first novel, *The Unwritten Law.* Some of its incidents will perhaps shock the immodestly modest, but its frankness is very far removed from real indecency. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $1.50.

Half a dozen excellent stories of political life, by Booth Tarkington, are published under the title, *In the Arena*...Mr. Tarkington has the advantage of being a successful player at the game of practical politics, as well as a keen observer. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $1.50

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The Tomboy at Work, by Jeannette L. Gilder, is evidently autobiographical, and is more than commonly entertaining. Florence Scovel Shinn's illustrations would alone be worth the price. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.25.

The Wanderers, by Henry Rowland, has not the fibre of some of this author's preceding work. But it is entertaining enough to give warrant for its existence. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $1.50.

Pottery-making as a fascinating home occupation is offered as the reason for Mary White's *How to Make Pottery.* It is illustrated, and seems competent. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1 *net.*

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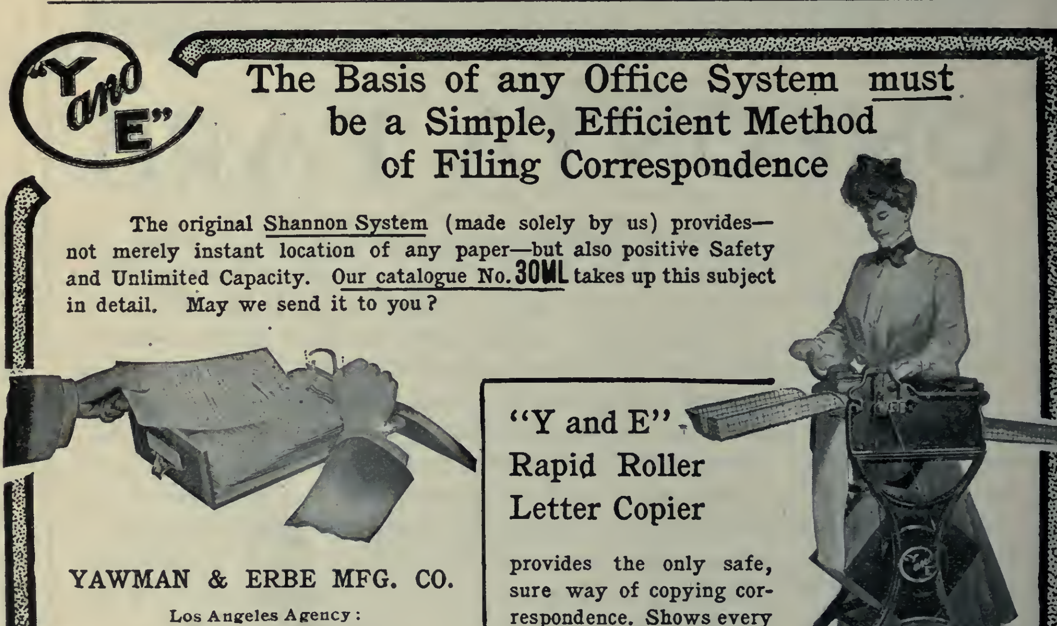

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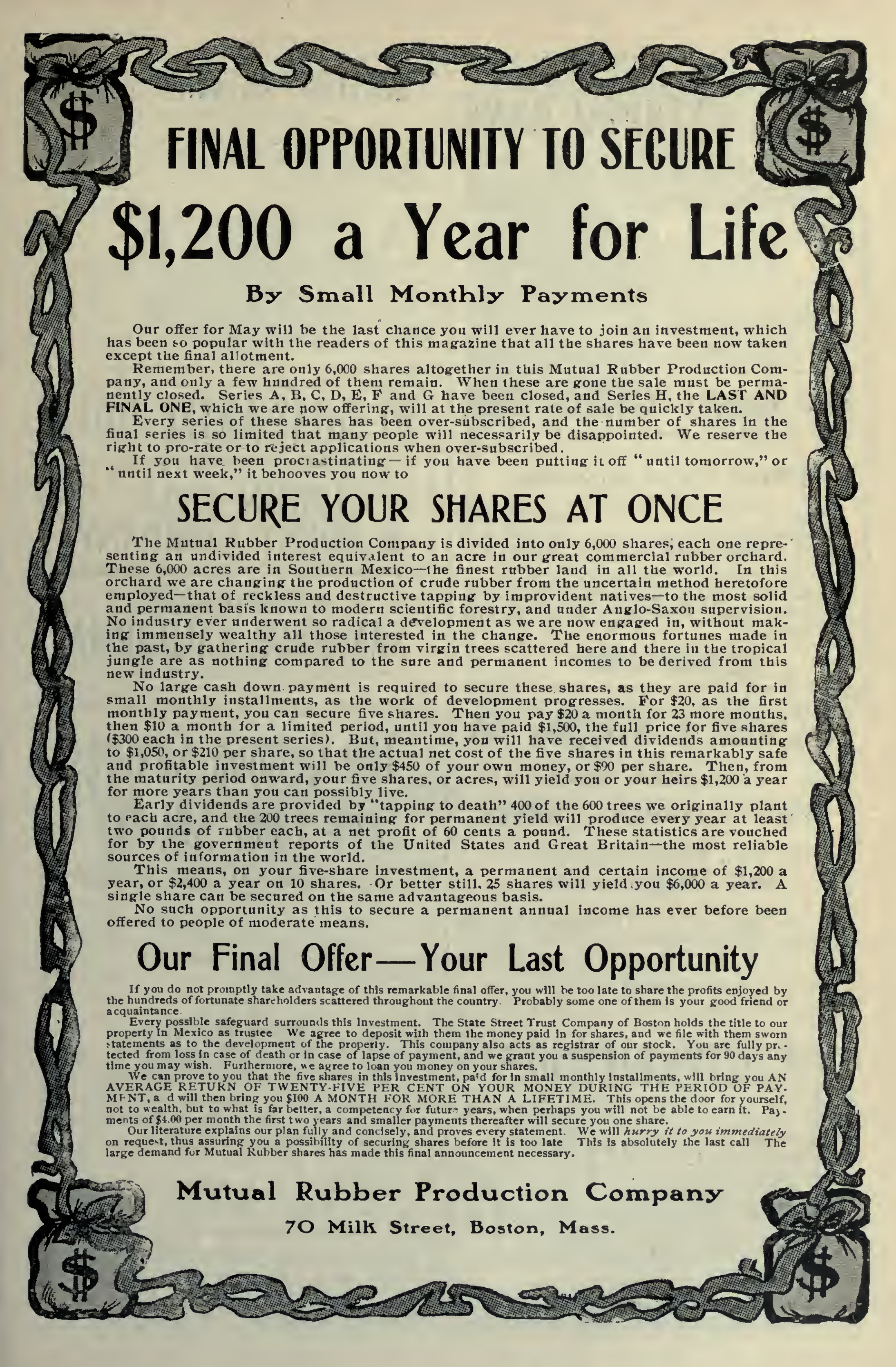
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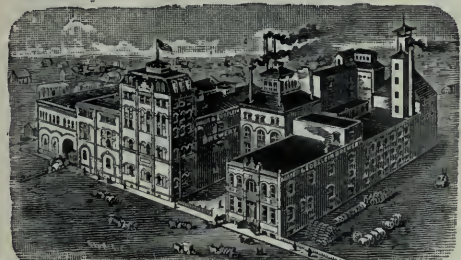

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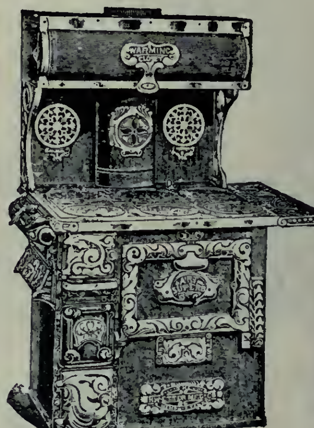

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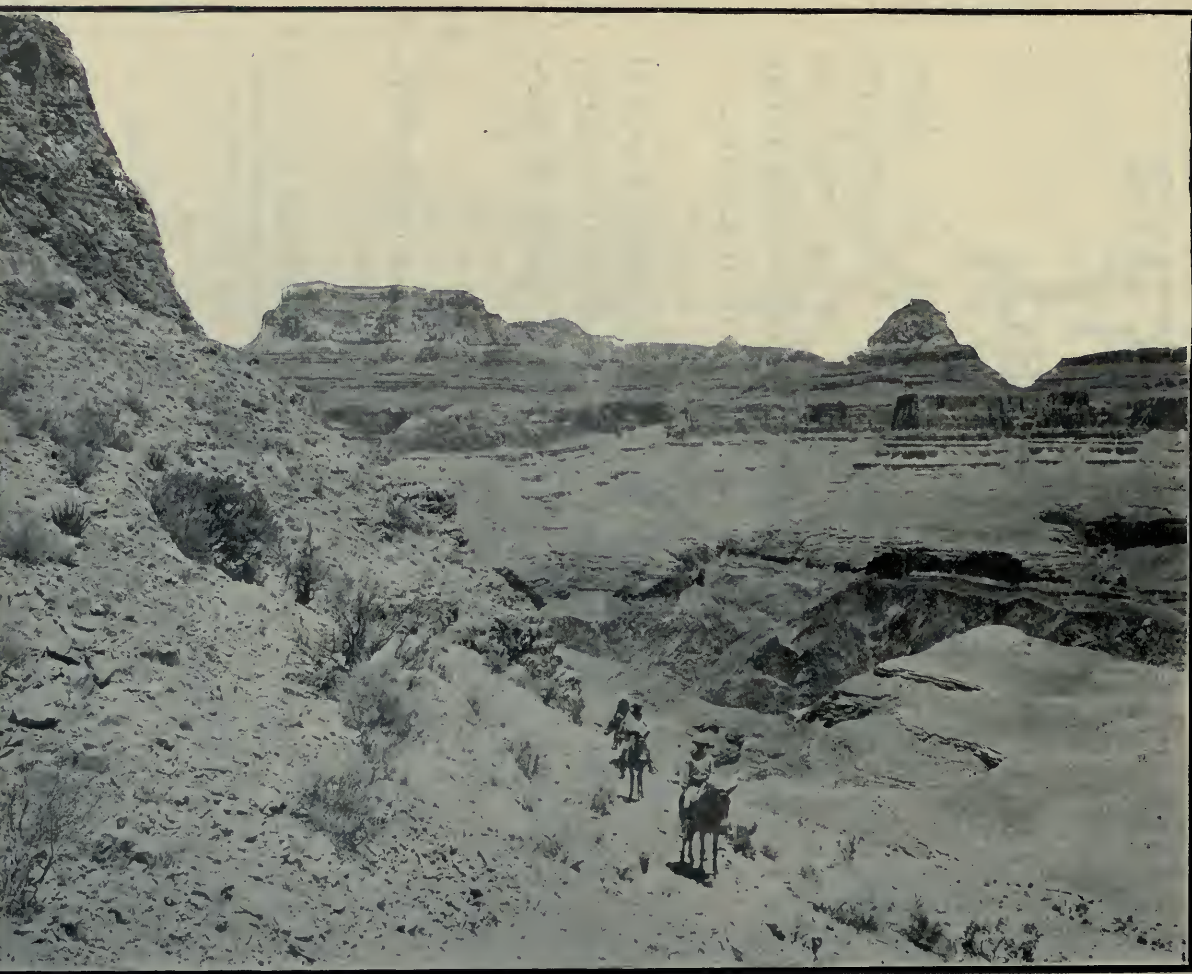

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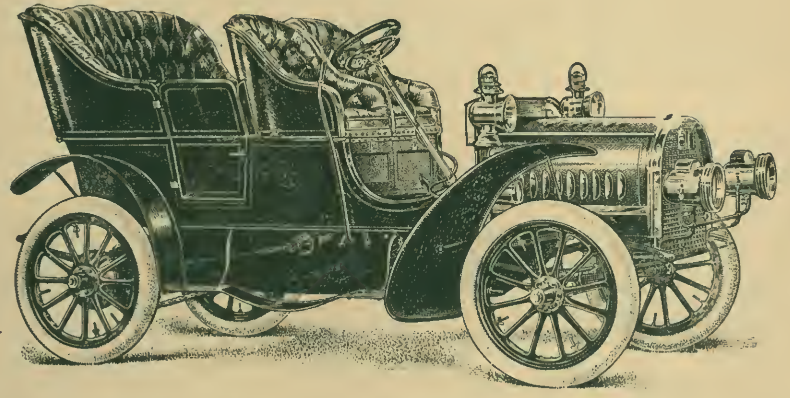

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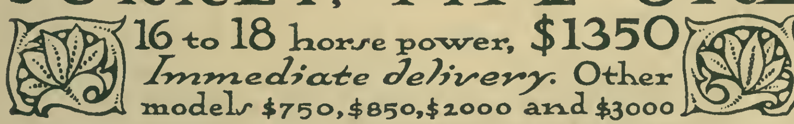

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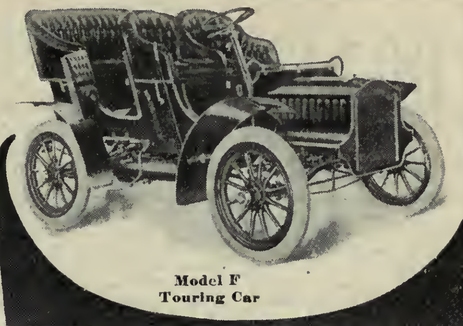

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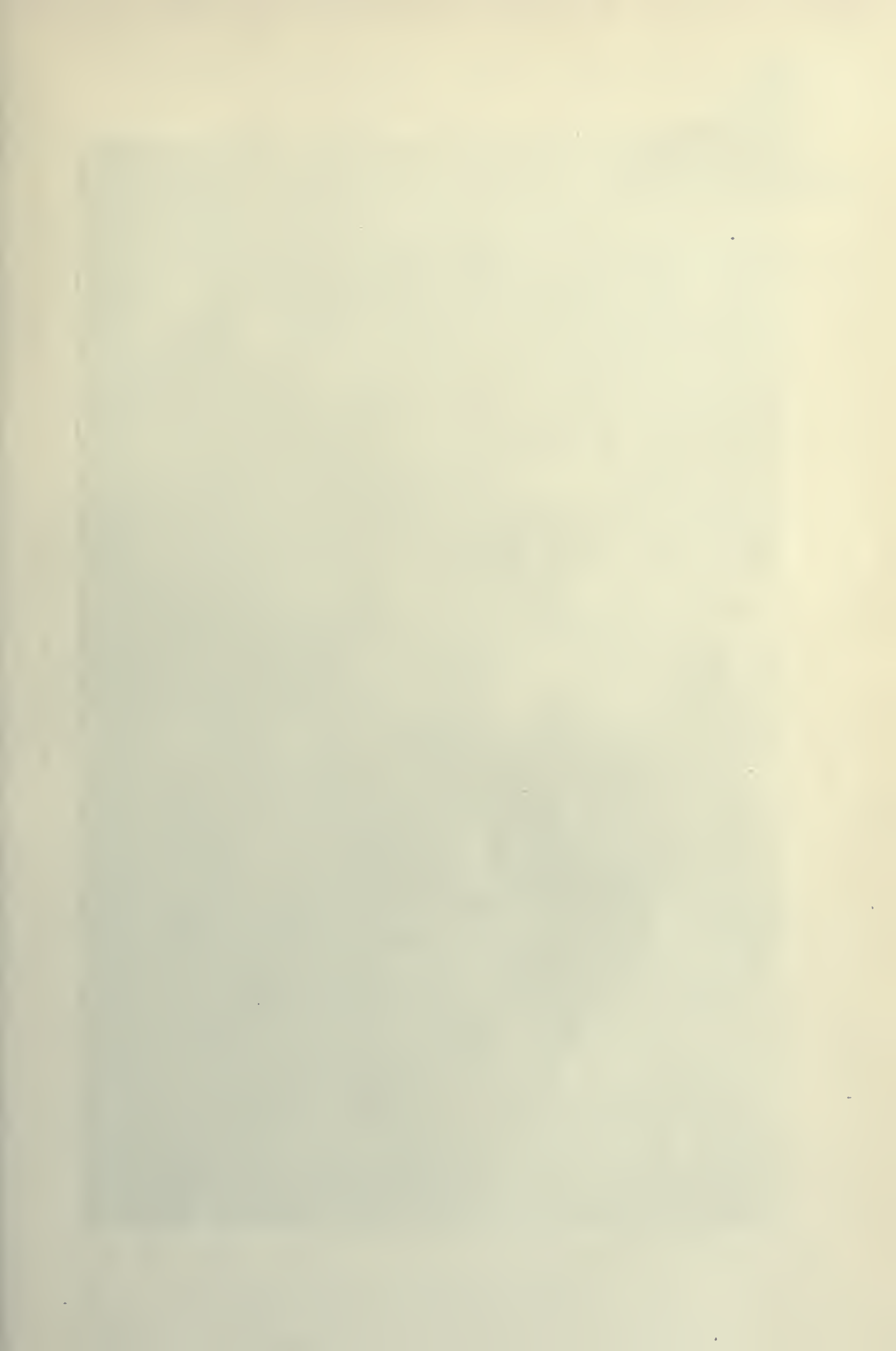

A Giant Palo Verde Tree

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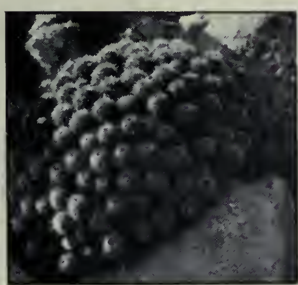
The Land of Sunshine

THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.

Vol. XXII, No. 6. JUNE, 1905.

WHEN SPRING COMES TO THE DESERT

By SHARLOT M. HALL


ECHINOCEREUS

SPRING in the desert is not a thing of calendar nor of precedent. No man can say when, or even where, it will come; for it is sometimes as much a matter of locality as of season. It depends upon what the winter has brought, and that may be (once in a decade) long, steady, soaking rains; thunder showers with all of summer's artillery; flying squalls of sleet and snow and hail, swept down from the distant mountain tops on the wings of a winter hurricane; or just endless days of sunshine and drouth.

If it is rain in any quantity, the very drops seem to turn into green leaves as they fall; and, almost before the shower is done, a faint, gauzy film of green, like a scarf blown from the hands of Spring, lies on the cañon slopes and along the wide, low sand-washes.

Every little herb and weed and tuft of grass makes haste, with the inherited instinct of a hundred drouth-scourged generations, to be its utmost in the shortest space of time. Before the first leaves have half unfolded, the eager bud is thrusting up with unswerving determination to fulfill its life in advance of the ill winds that are sure to blow.

By March of a rainy winter the valleys are golden with pop-

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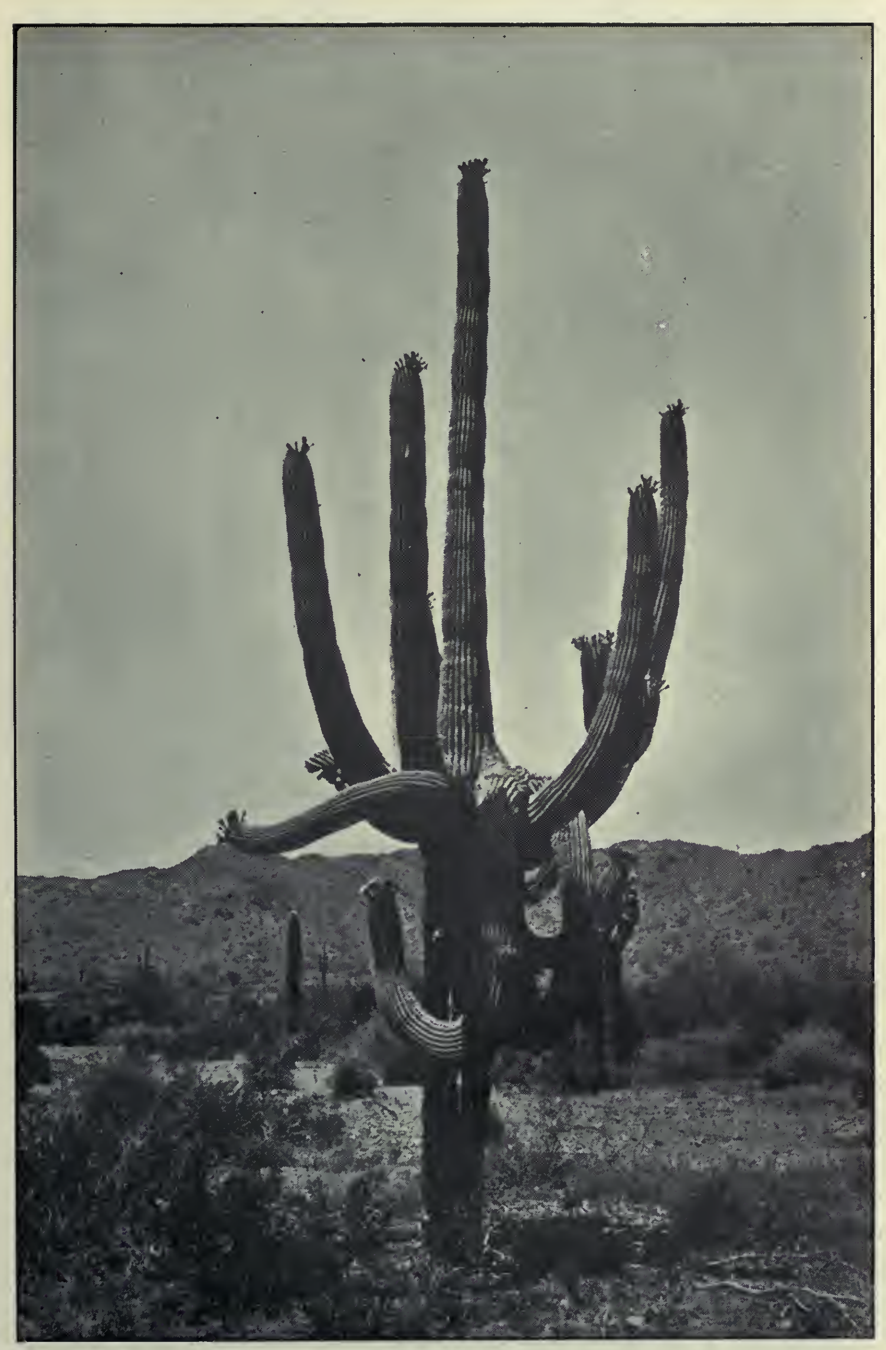
TYPICAL DESERT

pies, tall and thick as wheat, and long splashes of blue and purple lupines sweep up the hill slopes and down the cañon sides, mingled and brightened with orange-scarlet and blood-red "Indian pinks." The alfileria or "fileree," far wanderer from Spain, lays a thick carpet underfoot, starred with thousands of tiny rose-red flowers and sending up a pungent herb-sweetness when crushed under shoe or hoof.

And yet in all this fragile, swift-passing beauty the real things of the desert have no part. It is their working season; they are busy storing up the uncertain moisture in leaf, or trunk, or root, for the drouth that is always ahead. Their color deepens and freshens, but not till later will the blossoms come; from the middle of May till the last of June the aristocracy of the desert hold their brief court.

Not first in coming, but first in stately beauty, the Giant Cactus (Cereus Giganteus) forms its long, thick buds in early May and opens them in June—crowns of carven pearl on the top of every huge limb. The flowers are not more than four inches



A "Giant" In Flower

"The Low, Rough Hills Beloved of the Ocatillo"

across and are shaped like the familiar prickly-pear blossoms; but their heavy circular clusters, high on the branches, make the cactus forests look not unlike white-capped armies marching up the long ridges.

Humming-birds revel then, poising like flame over the snowy blossoms; and wild bees swarm and buzz and gather the thick, white honey that is often stored in a cavity of the great trunk of the very cactus from which the sweet was stolen.

At dusk the flowers have a strange, sweet, intangible fragrance in keeping with their other-worldly beauty.

While the Giant Cactus was only turning a deeper green along its flute-ribbed columns, the many-stalked, slender, whip-like

Prickly Pear Covered with Fruit

ocatillo, the "fish-pole cactus," was busy fringing its full length with small, light-green leaves—real leaves in texture and habit, to be taken on at the coming of moisture and dropped precipitately on the approach of drouth. Each whip-lash branch-tip is weighed down by a cluster of buds infolding the most graceful of all the desert cactus flowers, soon to open in long, pendulous fuchsia bells of richest red.

The low, rough hills beloved of the ocatillo blaze as with a

Ocatillo Blossom

thousand uplifted torches through the June days, and later the withered flowers hang like clots of dried blood.

Desert dwellers cut the ocatillo into convenient lengths and plant it in close rows for fences—that often grow and blossom in red glory for years to come.

The opuntias, big, shaggy, rough-branched fellows, some of them taller than a man, and known variously as "candle," "buckhorn," and "mule" cactus, make whole corners of the lower desert valleys and cañon bottoms gay with their blossoms, varying

through shades of yellow from greenish lemon to golden, with some varieties a rich magenta red, golden-hearted and sweet.

And whole mountain-sides are yellow at once with the deep, rich, velvet-textured prickly-pear, mingled in a few localities with a thinner-leaved, less thorny variety, covered with exquisite rose-red flowers like crinkled silk.

After them, flaunting from high clefts in the cañons and rocky hillsides, the many-flowered Echinocereus feels the spring in its

"The Baby Fish Hook"

blood and greets it with rosy or crimson or yellow banners. The baby "fish-hooks" with their wire-like, tiny, curved thorns become veritable bouquets, and the tiny, round balls of white thorns no bigger than an egg, or a cluster of eggs, cover themselves with wide, rose-red sun-hats, as it were.

The "desert water barrels," the Echinocactus, "nigger-head," "fish-hook," or "bisnaga," as they are variously called, are slower. They show a scattering crop of blossoms in June, but a few

Echinocereus

A Smaller Yucca, or "Date-Palm," with Seed Pods

Blossom of the Yucca

"Desert Water Barrels" at Home

A "Mule" Opuntia

weeks later each one will wear a golden crown. It is from the smaller of these plants that the Mexicans make a much-prized sweet, not unlike candied pine-apple in appearance.

The very spirit of the desert, surpassing almost the Giant Cactus, the great tree-yucca lifts its tall white cluster of waxen bells like a flag of truce to the Sun God. No other desert growth is more impressive than a great yucca in full bloom. And when, in and out among the yucca forest, the Giant Cactus rears its white crown and the strange, pale-green palo verde tree spreads

its lace-like leaves and showers of golden blossoms, the desert is indeed a garden and a Holy Place.

Every desert shrub and tree has its own spring-song, translated into leaf and flower and sweet odors for the enlightenment of duller souls. No cherry tree of Japan is more fairy-like, more delicately exquisite, than the palo verde in its spring robe of golden frost flakes, and no lilac was ever sweeter; though in

CREASOTE IN FLOWER

this there lingers a haunting strangeness, like the wild beauty of untamed places.

The iron-wood, friend and companion of the palo verde, has its own honey-sweet, locust-shaped blossoms; and the pale, fringed, inconspicuous mesquite flowers are heavy with fragrance. Even the creasote, the resinous "greasewood," takes a still brighter gloss to its varnished leaves and veils itself in delicate yellow blossoms.

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Spring in the desert goes on all summer. If no rains come between January and March, the small things sleep and wait. The cacti and yuccas, noblesse oblige, keep their truce with June; but cautiously, not lavishly. The shrubs blossom a very little, with like caution. Then, if July spills her largesse of "summer rains" down the mountain sides and sweeping through the long dry cañons and washes of the desert, everything wakes up in haste to make the best of the delayed spring.

Perhaps one rain-swept valley will be green and flower-strewn, while another, a few miles away, neglected by the capricious

A "Buckhorn" Opuntia

"thunder heads," will lie as brown and dry and lifeless as in mid-winter. One side of a mountain, shower-favored, may be green as a meadow, while the other is desolate and brown.

When this brief, late spring comes like "St. Martin's Summer," strange whims take the desert things; the mesquite blossoms a second time, and bears another crop of the beans that are bread to the Indians and food to all the desert animals. Many of the cacti put forth another crop of blossoms, fewer in number, but larger and more rich in coloring. Even the fruit trees in the little ranches along the edge of the desert blossom a second time in August, or even September, if the rains come.

While the cacti tryst with June in the lower deserts, the barren foothills and desert mountains hold nooks where the smaller yuccas, the "bear-grass," and "Adam's needle," and "Spanish bayonet," and the tall, queenly mescal, make a wonderland of strange, almost uncanny, beauty. The mescal, a rosette of strong, thorn-edged, sword-shaped leaves, has stood for a dozen years perhaps, widening slowly year by year till it covers a space three feet across. Then some spring calls resistlessly, and a big, blunt bud parts the thorn-ribbed heart and starts skyward.

Six inches or more a day by actual measurement, pale green, rose streaked, ribbed and flecked with gold like some great

"Bear-grass" in Blossom

Oriental flower, it keeps its upward way. Ten feet, fifteen, twenty if chance favors; and the bud opens into a many-branched cluster of flower-buds, not unlike the tree yucca, but of a deep, golden yellow flecked with red. Then the bees and birds revel; orioles leave their valley nests and scold the humming-birds away from this rich banquet. Flies and moths and all honey-lovers gather as by special invitation, and feast where the stately flower sways in the wind.

But the mescal does not always come to this rare maturity. When the desert spring is at its newest, little bands of Indians, usually the women and children, seek out these favored nooks that have been known to their ancestors for generations, and have a great "mescal bake." The heavy bud is cut just before it

A Cholla

MESCAL IN BLOSSOM

emerges from the thorn-ribbed leaves of the heart, and piled up in stacks like some new kind of cabbage.

When enough has been gathered—and the gathering may go on a week or more—a big hole is hollowed out in the earth and filled with wood and flat stones. The wood is fired and burned to coals; then the pit is cleaned and the mescal laid in, covered with the stones, more wood, and sometimes earth. The baking lasts three days or more—and when the pit is opened, even the passing white man does not disdain to feast. Near every mescal thicket will be found the old baking pits, half obliterated by time.

Prescott, Arizona.

REDEMPTION

By COURTENAY DE KALB

THE wide-flung plain of the desert broods
Ever on life. In her saddest moods,
When death rides madly the shrieking gale,
When Yuccas wither and fountains fail,
And her hopes seem drifts of parched sands,
Still does she hold with defiant hands,
Patient, unyielding, the deathless seed
That shall quicken at last to her aching need.

All-conquering faith is her mystery;
Though bound she lies waiting for liberty.
She can harden her soul 'gainst the drought and storm,
She can wait for the kisses wet and warm;
For she knoweth her lord will come with song,
With waters of gladness and healing strong.

MENDOCINO WILDS

By MARGARET TROILI

HERE we live on the edge of the continent, with the ocean stretched out before us—always moving, sending its white flock upon the beach, hurling itself against the bluffs, tearing down the land. It passes away to motionlessness against the horizon. Watching, up here on the knoll, we cannot tell the mood of the waters in that still distance, but presently the bulletins of the hour appear in the sky and a messenger wave hurls a white signal of spray above the highest bluff. "A storm somewhere," we say, though the coast has been calm. We become more and more intimate with the great power below the land, for it speaks largely.

It is really the foundation of our living; for it compels our attention, our sight and our hearing, setting our thoughts to its heaving rhythm, and filling the pauses in our sleep.

The house stands on a knoll facing the west, with the hills behind it. Below and above, the road rises and falls over the feet of the hills. The beach is broken up into deep, semi-circular caves, cosy little places hemmed in by steep bluffs. The waves play up and down, bring a log or dark lump of seaweed, leave it, pause, then thunder in again. The wild flowers grow far out on the bluffs, sturdy, tough-stemmed, bright-colored.

Below the house the land is buttressed with bluffs; to the south

"LOW ROCKS STAND KNEE-DEEP IN THE WATER"

"Brave the Full Onset of the Breakers"

are first a group of high rocks released from the soil by the sea, then a long stretch of level beach, the key-board of the surf. On a clear day, the play of creamy waves on this beach is enchanting. On a foggy day, the surf makes a long, gleaming line, shot through the gray neutrality in which beach, sand-hills, the point at Cleone, and all else, is blotted out.

To experience all the delight of the beach to the north of our bluffs, one must descend to it. There is a cave in one of the self-made islands, at which the water first booms, then shoots through with much flying of spray and tumult of waters thrown back. The bluff here is very steep, the beach narrow, and cut off at intervals by some point, with rock in its backbone, running out into the water. Pinnacles, knobs, round masses, low rocks, stand knee-deep in the water, or, further out, brave the full onset of the breakers and receive a veil of fine white spray from each. The big waves come driving into the caves in a fan-shaped line, with curved backs and foaming breasts. It is magnificent—brave, free, strong. Then follows the quiet flooding of the farther beach by a thin, gentle mantle of water that softly flows out again, scarcely touching your feet. In some caves, the seaweed quiets the breakers and makes little limpid pools along the sand where all manner of things are likely to happen.

Stand by one, and pretty soon a spiral-shaped shell detaches itself from the neutrality and moves intelligently along the bottom. Bend over—you will see little brownish, hairy legs propelling it along. Another shell, perhaps a long, narrow one, moves forth. The two meet—the creature in each extends its limbs, perhaps waving a very defiant claw—an infinitesimal reproduction of a crab's claw, or perhaps the bigger one is too impertinent. Then the smaller one pulls all his feet into his tiny but well-fortified, house. After a while, the impertinent one clambers over the other and proceeds on his way.

Now a bigger wave communicates a thrill to the little pool, and all the tiny creatures are rolled over and over. One little lobster, an inch long, chases another little lobster half an inch long. A vindictive-looking crab sildes off in another pool. Among some rocks I met another crab that hissed until the froth stood out in big bubbles around his mouth. I didn't want it.

There are many, many wonderful sky-and-sea pictures that we see from our porch. I remember one in especial. It was a yesterday. Clouds rose from the uttermost reach of the sea, lifting themselves high in the air, and sailing over the hills in ragged, fleecy forms. The hillsides stood revealed in the afternoon light. Every bush had an individuality of form which the pre-

On Mendocino Shores

vailing fogs make somewhat rare. The delicious, soft brown of the long seaward slopes; the deep, deep green of the redwoods in the gulches; the immense clear spaces above, under the clouds—what a picture for one's soul! Then the sun sinks into a cloud, and, anon, he poises over the sea, and all becomes bronze and amber, with a radiant highway from his throne across the sea. The last beams fly back; all the glory is gathered beneath the sea. Then the pink flush deepens, changes, pales, and fades, and in the hush the stars begin to shine, and the new moon, already mounted high, deepens into silver.

But the ocean is only half of the charm of Mendocino County,

"The Voiceless, Noiseless, Chill Woods"

The hills rise like a rampart all along the coast, defiantly protecting the forests from the sea winds. But the trees show like a fringe above them, and descend into every gulch and cañon. Follow the curve of the hill along some cow-trail. You meet first straggling blackberry vines—snares to your feet—clumps of thimbleberry bushes and sweet brier edge into the path; then the ferns crowd about your feet, and the whole somber forest is before you.

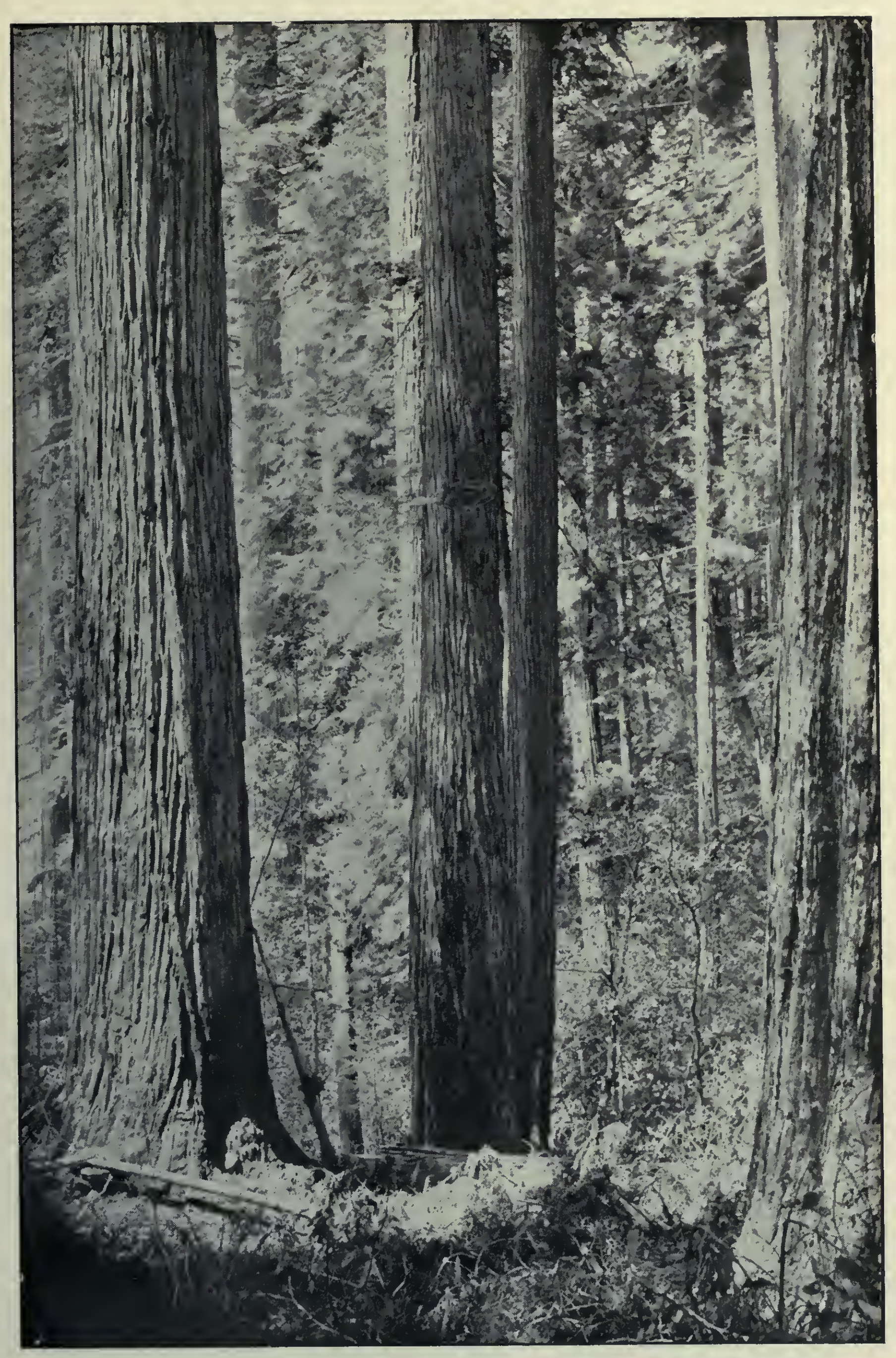
Or, some other time, you go to the brink of the gulch along which the trees lean with their hair blown over their faces. You enter, and descend—into another world. The surf-roar,

the wind on the bare hillside, suddenly cease. A cow-trail invites you on. Cautiously you make your way into the stately assembly of trees. There is a sunny space ahead, a fallen log amidst aspiring ferns, but the sunlight is as mysterious as the shadows, and they are deep in the bottom of the gulch. You feel a timidity—are you an alien? A seat on the ground seems good, and presently a little brown bird hops forth, and another, and look at you from around the corner of a trunk. And another little bird, just as silent, but with a longer tail, alights on a trunk and picks his way upward in search of grubs. Soon he disappears, and you let your eyes follow a tree-path upward. The serene strength of it! You sigh in the full sense of perfection, and rise to go, your soul lulled and satisfied. As you clamber into the light of the upper sides of the gulch, a screaming blue-jay shocks you to your senses again, and a flock of quail, rising with a sudden whir from the brush, startles your heart to sudden beating. And there you are again on the swelling hillside, and the sea beyond is beating against the bluff as it did when you looked back from the enchanted forest.

To sip of the full strength of the forest, you must go away from its rival, the ocean, and strike inland.

Leave some point on the coast—for example, De Haven—and make an inland town—Willits—your destination. Set out in the early dawn, in October. It is clear, and the moon is just lifting over the hills. A wide cañon opens to the sea, at the mouth of which the sawmill lies. The men are coming out from breakfast as you pass, but the mill is silent. The road follows the side of the cañon like a shelf, and there are trees above you, beside you, and trees that reach you only with their tops. The four horses tug and strain—it will be upward for two or three hours. Perhaps you like to walk. The air is fresh, the sunlight genial, the morning vapors are rising. As for colors—a soft dark road lying against a hillside, down which ferns and huckleberry bushes, and blackberry vines and a host more of graceful woodland things are creeping, and from which ten thousand reddish brown trunks are rising, the far, deep green of whose tops is like a sky. If one of the party happens to wear a jersey of red, the glint of the bright color flits in and out among the trees, and in and out of your fancy, so that presently your imagination sees dashing hunters in red coats, and frightened game, and hears the horn, and the shouts, and the deep breathing of a horse. Then the stillness returns like a flood wave. The Mendocino woods are not gay. They are not even tamed.

At the first summit the leaders are dismissed. Then the road curves around the hill, and the old stage-coach begins to crowd



"The Sunlight is as Mysterious as the Shadows"

on the sturdy wheelers. As soon as you come to a creek, or river, you will note the play of light foliage among the somber redwoods. The alders are all yellow, and here and there you will see a tree holding out a branch of blood-red leaves. Along Eel River the trees are glowing gold, covered with gold, and standing deep in wasted gold. By-and-by you come to a creek that lifts you to a view of the country whence you come. Looking out towards the sea you will think you are seeing an inverted sky covered with cotton-balls of clouds. Unless you are fond of fog you will feel brightly glad that you have escaped to the mountains of sunshine. On these high, sunny crests, big iron

A Farm in The Valley

oaks are spreading over the grassy spaces. The mistletoe grows in thick green bunches—so much of it, alas! that it can never hope to hang from a chandelier in the interests of destiny.

You may meet tragedy on one of these sunny crests—remembered tragedy. Some one may speak of a shooting. You ask when and where, of course. "We're coming to it," you are told, and inwardly you wonder if it is safe. "How long ago was it?" "Oh, let me see, about twenty years ago." You are on Strong Mountain now, and the grade is long and heavy. You pass the scene of the tragedy—a pile of rotting lumber inside the fence. Here lived once Mrs. Strong, a widow. Her neighbors, two

men, wanted her land. Mrs. Strong's sheep sometimes broke in on their land. They became vexed and angry. Mrs. Strong had planned a journey. They took advantage of this, and one day, as she was driving, took her from the buggy and shot her. The body they sunk with stones in a marshy creek. The country-side became suspicious, alarmed. Men hunted for the woman a week. An Indian found a comb belonging to her on a trail. They followed it, came to the fateful creek. The white men looked, and saw nothing. The Indian insisted, "She in there." They found her.

"Solemn Woods in Parade Down the Slopes"

From the high, sunny country, you must descend into the voiceless, noiseless, chill woods. Presently you emerge into a valley—a long, narrow, flat stretch of land sunk into a rim of dark, tree-set hillsides. Each valley has its one, or perhaps two or three, farms. They are pretty little places, the houses in the apple-orchards—invariably—and the black, level fields covering the whole valley-floor—perhaps a mile, more or less, wide. Two or three tow-headed, round-eyed, round-checked children appear regularly at each farm. Such isolated places—with the unchanging, solemn woods in parade down the slopes. Here panthers and bear, deer, wildcats, foxes and coons, play a part in daily human life. Perhaps you will see a deer in the road

or browsing not far away under some trees. You may have bear-meat for dinner if you stop at Branscomb's. There are mineral-springs half a mile from the house, from which you may quaff a delicious draught. You may meet, also, some one whose Spanish castle is a summer hotel near this very spring. A pity, perhaps, to spoil a wild, delightful spot in the woods in that way.

There is summer weather in Jackson Valley, but the forest receives one as with a wet sheet. Along in the afternoon the stage-road and the new railroad meet. This is the live end of it, pushing its way into the wilderness. It is a relief to think that it comes to puncture the isolation of those little farms back in the valleys. The camp of the railroad men is very still. Farther on, there are fires in a yard, and cooking is going on, and men are eating at tables. The bright fires beckon so temptingly through the twilight. It is almost dark, in fact, but the air still holds a faint luminosity. Soon you will come to the last down-hill passage of the road, and then the electric lights of Willits, big, frosty, bright, will shine like a glad welcome to your eyes.

Inglewood, Mendocino County, Cal.

"Perhaps You Will See a Deer"

THE SHALAKO DANCE

By MRS. W. H. BARTLETT

UT in that vast expanse of table-land in Western New Mexico, standing in solitary grandeur, is the Indian village of Zuñi—all that is left of the famous "Seven Cities of Cibola." How long this town has existed is a question which its natives no longer can answer, but its antiquity was well illustrated by one of its inhabitants, who, when asked how old the town was, took up a handful of sand and let the grains fall slowly through his fingers.

In 1540, when Coronado was led from Mexico by the ignis fatuus of adventure which pointed northward, ever northward, to the fabled cities of wealth, he came to the pueblos occupied by the Zuñis, which had become famous as the "Seven Cities of Cibola." Just before reaching the first pueblo, which the Zuñis called Hawiku, but which Coronado named Grenada, he met some Zuñis whom he sent ahead to tell the people that he was coming with peaceful intent. But when he arrived, he found the Indians up in arms and ready to defy him. They barricaded themselves behind the walls of their houses in Hawiku, and rained a storm of arrows on him and his men. After a long fight, in which Coronado was wounded, the Spaniards took possession and the inhabitants fled to a stronghold east of the town.

There is a very pretty legend connected with this mesa of Taaiyalone, (Corn and Seed Mountain, commonly called Thunder Mountain). The Indians say that centuries ago they were visited by a flood which drove them thither. For many days the angry waters dashed at their impregnable fortress terrifying those above. Finally two priests sacrificed to the gods, in order to pacify their wrath and quiet the raging waters. They cast a beautiful maiden and a handsome youth from the summit of Taaiyalone. Two great pillars of stone rose from the depths, the waters receded, and the Zuñis were saved. Ever since this miraculous rescue, Taaiyalone has been considered sacred by the Indians, and the upright pinnacles of rock have been supplicated under the name of the "Father" and the "Mother." Now, for a second time, they sought refuge on its heights. In vain Coronado protested; the whole town fled, and it was not till many councils had been held by the chief men, that the Zuñis came down to their homes on the plain. A fierce hatred was engendered in the hearts of the Indians for their Spanish captors, and

the antipathy has passed on to the Mexicans, who, to this day, are not permitted to witness any of the sacred celebrations of the Zuñis.

A proper understanding of any Zuñi ceremony requires an insight into the religion of this interesting people, who are "pagans" in a land of enlightenment. The fine old Catholic church has fallen to ruin. Four carved pillars, excellent speciment of antique wood work, lie neglected within its walls, which were raised by the Spaniards several hundred years ago. One of the early martyrs of the Catholic church in New Mexico was Father Francisco Letrado, who was killed while carrying on his work among the Zuñis. On Sunday, February 22, 1632, he was about to celebrate mass when he noticed that some of the Indians delayed. Meeting some idolaters, Fray Francisco began to chide them, they became angered, and the padre, seeing that they were bent on killing him, fell on his knees with a crucifix in his hands. He was in this attitude when killed. Another priest, named Juan de Bal, was killed by the Zuñis at Halona, on the 10th of August, 1680. That the teachings of these noble martyrs had some effect on the Indians, is proved by the fact that they still have in their midst a "Santo Niño," or "Holy Child," which tradition says was brought by the Spaniards several hundred years ago.

Zuñi is best reached by a ride overland from Gallup, the nearest railroad station. It is a hard but a pleasant trip. Forty miles over hills and valleys, the road winds among the trees, past mesas of many-hued sandstone, into the very heart of the country. Blue piñoneros flit from tree to tree—bright flashes of color against the somber back-ground of a winter landscape. Two traders' cabins and a few Navajo hogans relieve the monotony of sandhill and sagebrush. Occasionally there is a tsindi hogan ("devil house") deserted because of evil spirits which haunt it. From all directions cross-roads enter the main one, and these, just before a feast dance, are dotted with Navajos on their way to Zuñi—women with fat-cheeked babes strapped to their backs, and men in all the destive array of silver belts, bracelets and necklaces.

At noon our party camped near the top of the divide, and a rest of over an hour was made, during which we lay on the soft brown needles under a towering pine tree, and drank in the warm December sunshine. For, though patches of snow were scattered in places on the hillsides, it was as mild as a summer's day. But we could not tarry, many miles lay ahead, and we wanted to cover them before night should find us. Locomotive Point and the Haystacks were left behind, and when the

sun was getting low in the western sky, the Twin Buttes of Zuñi (Kwiliyalone), came to view. We watched them till they melted into the distance enveloped in the flames of a glorious sunset. The spirit of darkness charmed mountains of amethyst and sapphire into huge black monsters, which crouched on the horizon, and the stillness of a starlit night cast a magic spell over Shiwona, the land of the Zuñis.

It was quite dark when Mr. Vanderwagon drove us to his home on the site of ancient Halona. Our first impression of the town is one never to be forgotten. On every side were women at their ovens, tending the fire, or sweeping out coals and ashes

Street Scene in Zuñi

with branches of cedar, preparatory to baking fat yellow rolls of bread. Flames shot out from the holes at front and top, illuminating streets and courtyards, and making a faint glow in the sky against which we saw silhouetted half a dozen turkeys roosting on the house-tops.

Before sunrise, next morning, I was looking out across the river at the sleeping town of Shiwinakwin, as Zuñi is called in the native tongue. Scarce had we breakfasted when over we went, treading with trepidation the single log which spans the slimy waters of the Rio Zuñi, mounting the hill, and into the heart of the now awakened town. Rosy-cheeked babies greeted

us on every side; and when it became known that we carried candy, even the mysteries of the camera, usually looked upon as a "shadow-stealing" machine, did not frighten the little ones who clamored for *moochikwa*.

I must confess that we had much less trouble with our camera here than we have had at other pueblos. Our principal annoyance rose from the fact that many of our predecessors had bribed the Indians to be pictured, and now we found it difficult to photograph them without paying for the privilege.

A Zuñi house usually has one large well-lighted room in front and several small dark ones leading from it. The floors are paved with slabs of stone imbedded in clay. In some there are huge fireplaces for cooking purposes, occupying the whole side

An Ancient Well at Zuñi

of a room. The hearth is wide enough to enable several persons to sit on it and tend to cooking victuals. At one side, on a heap of coals, there is always a smooth stone, used for cooking corn cakes called he-we. These are as thin as paper and resemble very closely the covering of a wasp's nest. At another place there is a jar, called a te-e-li, in which a stew is always simmering. The chimney is so wide that one can look up into it and easily see the blue sky beyond, and we, looking down from the top of a house, saw a baking stone beneath. In many of the rooms, suspended horizontally at one end, was a pole over which were thrown blankets, shawls, and other articles of wearing apparel; and a shelf built into the wall, and extending around the room, served to hold trinkets.

The night before, all the flocks about town had been driven

in, and a wholesale slaughter of sheep had taken place. Everywhere were men skinning sheep or dressing skins, and women all over town were arranging for the feast, which all must enjoy at Shalako time. Every one seemed to be preparing for the dance; women were busy with needle and bits of thread, men were drilling beads or making moccasins of skins sewed with sinew; and in odd corners, buried in heaps of sand, were buckskin moccasins, which were being stretched and softened by the moist sand. In several places in town we saw crates or cages, made of withes, in which eagles were imprisoned. The

An Eagle Cage

eagle is a sacred bird among the Indians, and its feathers are used in many of their ceremonies. There are so many adobe bake-ovens all over town that one ceases to take particular notice of them, but there is one oven-like structure in Zuñi which visitors can ill afford to slight, for it holds the scalps of such of their long-standing enemies, the Navajos, as the Zuñis have killed in former wars. These are tended with much care, and occasionally a dish of food is placed before them, just as food is deposited in the grave by some Indians when they bury their dead. A special priest takes care of the uncanny things, and an order of warriors, known as the Priesthood of the Bow, dance

before them and once a year they are taken to the headwaters of the Zuñi and washed with much care.

Mr. Graham, our generous pilot, pointed out to us many interesting things we would otherwise have missed. He took us to two or three houses and showed us the rooms where the clans of Zuñi hold council. One of these has whitewashed walls covered with colored paintings of deer, bears, rabbits, eagles, snakes, etc., each animal representing a different clan. It is the San-ya-kiak-que, or estufa of the hunters.

We were told that a messenger would come from over the the hills in the afternoon to announce formally the coming of the "Shalako," and we were desirous of knowing just the hour of his arrival. Mr. Graham introduced us to one of the Chiefs of the village, a venerable man who cordially shook us by the hand and said in Zuñi that we were his children,—a remark we were able to appreciate. In answer to our question he pointed to a place in the sky and said that the Shu-la-wit-zer or Fire God would come when the sun reached that spot. This we interpreted to mean at about three o'clock. Sure enough in the middle of the afternoon a little forerunner came from the direction indicated and announced his message to the people. Cold as it was, the child was unclad and presented an odd picture with his little brown skin all covered with spots of various colors symbolical of the under-world.

Later in the day we were attracted by the noise of dance rattles to a court where the Saiatashane, the Hu-tu-tu and the Ya-moo-hat-to were holding ceremonies to commemorate their ancestors. In the center of the court was a stone resembling a tombstone, partly buried in the ground. From two diagonal corners, six men, three on each side, were dancing toward each other.

There were two chief dancers each with two attendants and all were masked. The chief dancers, or Saiatashane and Hu-tu-tu, were dressed in white ceremonial robes elaborately embroidered in green, black and red. The Saiatashana had a long horn extending from the right side of his head, descriptive of his name, which means "Long-horn." They wore many costly necklaces of silver and of shells, and carried in one hand a bunch of triangular pieces of wood which rattled against each other as they advanced to the center of the court. When they reached the stone they stopped and stamped on the ground with their feet, then they blew whistles and stood a moment repeating some words in the Zuñi language. The attendants were less heavily clad and always ran a little in the rear as if they were trying to catch up. After going through many strange movements, the

dancers repaired to the two other courts of the town, and we crossed the river to get our first view of the Shalako.

The Shalako are a band of good spirits who visit the town once a year and dedicate new houses. The time of their arrival marks the beginning of a new year, and is attended with much feasting and merry-making. They are odd-looking creatures, being so costumed as to appear eight feet tall. They have immense heads and long beaks which they open and close with a snapping noise by means of a hidden string. In the dance they are represented by stuffed figures supported by two priests. Just before sunset they, seven in number, came from the south and stood in a line on the plain a short distance from town. We

SHALAKO DOLLS—HU-TU-TU, YA-MOO-HAT-TO, SHALAKO, SAIATASHANA, KOYOMASHI

went as near as we were allowed, but though we waited till dark, nothing was done by the "queer birds" till all of us had gone away.

In the evening we went once more to the town, this time to stay till morning, for the dance lasted all night. On arriving at the first house we found a band of priests chanting outside the door.

Mr. Graham, who has resided among the Zuñis for about twenty-five years, explained that the priests' song was one of thanksgiving. It lasted for about twenty minutes, after which we were admitted to the house. We entered a large, well-lighted room and seated ourselves on some benches. Then we feasted our eyes on the strange picture before us. At the farther end

of the room was an altar made of strips of wood painted dark red, blue and yellow. Behind it the walls were hung with blankets and bright-colored shawls; in front was a tray holding sacred Me-le wands. At either side, were baskets of corn, and to the right was an earthenware bowl full of prayer-meal. Suspended above the altar were pieces of wood fastened together to form a cross, from each arm of which hung an eagle's feather. Several times during the ceremony of the evening, a priest struck at the cross and made it whirl in the air.

The Shalako who presided at this house had preceded us, and the two priests supporting the figures had withdrawn from under before we arrived. Its stuffed figure was standing in the corner, by far the most interesting object in the room. It had a huge head surmounted by white eagle feathers tipped with black. The face was black and had large ugly eyes, the beak was of painted wood, and was two feet or more in length; down the back hung switches of black horse-hair decorated with eagle-feathers; around the neck were necklaces of shell beads interspersed with bits of coral and turquoise; it had no arms; but the lack of them was carefully concealed by fox and wild-cat skins which hung over the shoulders. The body was draped with several very fine robes of white cotton with borders embroidered in colored worsted. The lower part was arranged like a dress skirt and was hung over hoops to make it stand out. As we saw the Shalako now in the corner, it stood about five feet high. Its robes were spread on the floor, the hoop-like distenders being telescoped into each other. I could not photograph it, but I made a sketch on a calling-card, and I have since enlarged it according to my notes, and the picture in my memory. The two priests who supported the Shalako wore white tight-fitting caps on their heads, and had bands of red across their foreheads, and their faces were marked with black glistening sacred paint. Each wore a long white shirt elaborately tucked, its front almost hidden beneath necklaces of silver and shell beads. About the waist was a white cotton sash embroidered to match the blankets on the Shalako, and hanging behind were some fine fox-skins. The limbs were bare; on the feet were buckskin moccasins painted light blue; and about the calf and ankle were bands of leather with sleigh bells on them, which jingled every time the priests moved.

On the floor from the door to the altar was marked a white line of cornmeal. We had been seated but a few moments when a priest advanced upon this line to the altar and from it took a bundle of yucca leaves, and then going in turn to each side of the room, he struck the wall with yucca leaves and marked it

A PRESIDING SHALAKO AND THE ALTAR

with sacred meal. Another priest came in and placed a ladder against one of the rafters in the ceiling, where there was a small shrine made of painted wood. In this he put some prayer plumes and some sacred meal.

We now had a long wait of several hours, during which we watched the movements of those about us. A little fellow came into the room carrying a bunch of corn shucks just as they had been taken from the ear. He passed these around to the Indians, who tore off big pieces and rolled tobacco in them, mak-

ing cigarettes six or eight inches long. Soon every man and boy in the room, from the oldest right down to the ten-year-old shavers, was smoking. A man now came and, standing in front of the altar, held out successively each arm and each leg. The Shalako priests in turn struck them with a bunch of yucca leaves; then they held the bunch up before the man, who spat on each side of it. After this ceremony there was another long wait. At about ten in the evening the owner of the house, with his wife, came in and walked along the meal line on the floor till they reached the altar. There, with bowed heads, they repeated some prayers and answered to some responses, then they went out. Next women entered bearing bowls of food. There were seven holding stew, seven holding baked squash, and seven holding bread. The two Shalako priests, who all this time had been sitting at one side of the altar with a blanket spread over their knees, now advanced, and each took a pile of white paper-bread from a basket. On this they put some food from each bowl. Then silently, save for the tinkling sleigh-bells, they strode from the room and were gone for ten or fifteen minutes. Mr. Graham told us they had gone to the river bank and had buried the food. On their return, women came and served them with bread, stew and squash, all of which they ate with their fingers. When they had finished, the feast was removed to an adjoining room, where it was spread for all who wished to eat. In this way another hour or more was consumed.

After the feast was over, the Indians in increased numbers returned to the main room. Women with their babes in wicker cradles, and tall, well-built Navajos in bright-colored blankets, seated themselves on the floor. To our left a band of musicians gathered. In their midst was a very large jar, or te-e-li, over which they stretched a sheepskin, binding it firmly with a piece of heavy cord, then each one took a painted gourd rattle. During the dance which followed, each shook his rattle in correct time, and one, who seemed to be the leader, struck the improvised drum with a curved stick that resembled an umbrella handle. In the opposite corner a number of priests, one of whom was a hideous albino, seated themselves around the two Shalako. A basket of corn was passed to them; each one held it in his lap for a few moments, and, with bowed head, repeated prayers. Then two very old men took baskets and standing at either side of the altar, they chanted for a long time, rocking the baskets in their arms. Next, the man who seemed to be the chief Shalako priest, began a song which was accompanied by the musicians, and his fellow priests joined in the

chorus. Of course, his song was incomprehensible to us, but we caught the rhythm and easily detected a rhyme. Several times during the song, a man went up in front of the altar and whirled a "bull-roarer"—a small flat stick on the end of a string, which the Zuñis call the Klem-tu-nu-nun-ney, or the wind—so as to keep the evil spirits away.

At length the singing Shalako rose and began to dance. For twenty minutes he jumped up and down till the perspiration started from every pore. The other Shalako priest now took up the dance, and the first one got under the figure in the corner.

"Zuñi Dick" Beside Two Carved Pillars in the Old Catholic Church

While he was getting things adjusted, an Indian with blanket outspread screened him from view.

After donning this strange garb, the priest again danced up and down, crossing and recrossing the priest already there. At intervals he would rush across the room snapping his long beak and whistling at the spectators, who laughed merrily.

It was now past midnight, and we were nearly worn out. Mr. Graham took us to other places where there were Shalako. We were glad to leave the hot stuffy room where we had been for five hours, and to breathe the pure air outdoors. The night was cold and very dark, and we had to keep close to Mr. Graham's lantern, so as not to lose our way in the narrow, crooked alleys and dark covered passages.

We found Shalako in six other houses, in every respect similar to the one we had left. The character of their surroundings was the same, except that the altars were different. At one place we found the Saiatashana, with the Shulawitzer and the Koyomashi, or "mudheads." These queer creatures are connected with an interesting story of the Zuñis. It is said that years ago, after the Zuñis had been rescued from their dark abode in the bowels of the earth by A-ha-u-ta and Ma-a-se-we, the two War-gods, one of their chiefs sent his son to find a suitable place on which to build a town. The son got lost and did not return; another son was sent and the same fate befell him; then the chief sent his daughter on the same mission. Becoming tired, she lay down and slept, and her brother, chancing to come upon her, became enamoured of her wondrous beauty and married her. When the young woman awoke she was so enraged that she tore out her hair, beat her head and face till lumps appeared, and wept till her eye-lids were thick and swollen into unsightly rings. (Her lips became distorted with her cursings and she angrily drew her foot across the sands, making a deep ridge which filled with water and was the beginning of the Zuñi river.) Twelve sons were born to the unhappy pair, all of them deformed like their mother.

The Zuñis who represent the Koyomashi, in sacred or national dances, hold a much honored life position. At the close of the Shalako dance there is a ceremony called the "paying off" of the Koyomashi. These clown-like creatures gather in the different courtyards of town and receive contributions of food and wearing apparel

In the sacred and historic dances, the Koyomashi wear mud-colored masks, having three round holes in the face, two for eyes and one for mouth. The head has various round bumps resembling potatoes on it, and the body is daubed with clay. A rough garment of brown or black is worn; sometimes it is merely a skirt, sometimes it covers the upper part of the body, being fastened over one shoulder and under the other arm and belted at the waist.

As we saw them now with the Shalako, they were dancing and waving their arms, hopping around, giving out queer indescribable sounds. They seemed to be hilariously happy except when the Shalako ran towards them, when they would crouch and whine as if in fear, and would run to the spectators for protection.

I said before that the dance lasted all night; sunrise found the rites still in progress. At about eight o'clock in the morning the women began to wail and rock themselves to and fro;

they approached the Shalako priests and sprinkled water on them with feathers and tiny shells till the men were drenched. Then, amid more weeping, all bade the Shalako farewell; the priests got under the Shalako figures, and, with much ceremony, bore them from the room and across the river to the plain. More dancing was indulged in out there, but we were not permitted to approach. Then the Shalako solemnly went over the hills to their home in the south, and we turned away with some regret that the dance was over so soon.

Early in the afternoon we started on our long homeward ride. The sky was a deep turquoise blue—that dark, beautiful tone

HER-PAP-TI-NAH, A SHRINE "OVER THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH," SHOWING PRAYER PLUMES

seen only in high altitudes —against it gleamed pink mesas and gray beetling cliffs; here and there the brilliant colors were relieved by the green of sage brush and the dark hues of distant pines, while over all there hung a thin wonderful veil of purple mist, a veil which held within its folds the secret of an enchanted past, and revealed no promise of the future.

As we passed through town we caught a last glimpse of the Koyomashi dancing on the roofs of the houses, waving their arms wildly and hopping about like clowns against the sky line. The effect of the scene, coupled with the memory of scenes of the night before, gave me a queer feeling. Why should not I also pray to a stone fetish with an arrowhead, a turquoise and a bit of coral tied to it? Why should not I send a prayer to the

Sun-father or to the Moon-mother on the filmy threads of a prayer plume, and breathe in reverence toward the six cardinal points? Truly the mystery which has enshrouded these strange people has seized me, and today I am held in thrall by the wonder, the charm, the indefinable something which bathes the cliffs of Thunder Mountain and gives its mystery to Shiwona, the land of the Zuñis.

A HOPI PRAYER

By HARRISON CONRARD

RAIN! rain!
For the growing grain,
For the high white mesa, the pale wide plain!
For the golds that fly,
The clouds in the sky,
Child of the Snake Woman, run with our cry!
Rain! rain!
For the thirsting plain,
For the sad, pale melon, the squash and the grain!
Our prayer in your breast,
Go forth to the west,
The east, south, north, with your soft skin pressed
Down hard on the sand
Of our dry, harsh land,
That the gods may see that you bear the brand
Of the woeful need
Of the plant and the seed;
For your tongue will droop and your breast will bleed—
Then the gods will know
That the wind should blow
The black clouds up from the far below;
And our prayer and cry
In your breast that lie
The gods that whirl the clouds through the sky
Shall know are true,
And the rain and the dew
With a hand of fire o'er the plain will strew.
Rain! rain!
For the dying plain!
For the sad, pale melon, the squash and the grain!

Flagstaff, Arizona.

THE RIDE OF LEAN JOHN

By CLARA E. HAMILTON

HIS Spanish and Mexican friends called him Juan Flaco, and the few Americans who lived in Los Angeles at that early date spoke of him as Lean John. Both names meant the same thing, and neither of them signified anything to John himself, who pursued the even tenor of his way, quite indifferent as to whether his neighbors thought him tall or short, or fat or lean. He had enough to do, and, in those stirring times just before the conquest of California, enough to think of, too, and that was sufficient for him.

His real name was John Brown, and, when that is said, it goes without adding that his interests were all with the Americans in the struggle of that year. He had stood with the crowd in August and watched Stockton and Fremont as they marched into town with their troops, and the sight of the red-white-and-blue, waving for the first time over the plaza, had given him a thrill that he had never felt before. Every morning, from that day until September, he had turned his eyes to the flag floating over the barracks where Gillespie's men were garrisoned, and had rejoiced that he lived once more beneath the stars and stripes.

But in September the clouds thickened over Los Angeles. Indeed, they had been gathering ever since Stockton marched away. For, no sooner had the garrison been left alone than the city began to plot and plan for sending it home to Uncle Sam. And Kit Carson, who had been sent east to announce the joyful news of the conquest, had barely reached Arizona, before in Los Angeles the stars and stripes had been hauled down and the flag of Mexico run up in its place. The whole southern end of the State was alive with horsemen riding to and fro to carry the news that the Americans were to be driven out. From all directions Spaniards flocked into Los Angeles, armed for war, and Gillespie and his men soon saw that they must surrender unless help could reach them from the troops in the north. But Stockton was at Monterey, four hundred miles away, or, if not there, then at San Francisco, a hundred and seventy miles beyond. News must be carried to him by courier, and it was a dangerous ride.

Then it was that Lean John came to the front. As it happened, he had a horse almost as lean as himself, but long and strong. The Americans were holding an anxious council on the

night of the twenty-fourth of September, when Juan Flaco presented himself. He was not a man of many words.

"I can go," he said. "Within a week I will find and notify Commodore Stockton."

"A week?" said Gillespie, incredulously. "Why, he may be in San Francisco; and that is more than five hundred miles!"

"Mountain road, too, part of the way," added some one else.

"Within a week the Commodore shall know," reiterated John.

They discussed it anxiously, pro and con, but he reminded them that they were losing time.

"I must go at once—tonight—or the whole country will be in arms," he said. "Give me something to show that you have sent me, and let me be off."

A leading Spaniard, who had not joined the revolt, held out a package of cigarette papers.

"Here! Take these! Everybody carries them here, and if they are found on you, no one will suspect them. The Lieutenant can put his seal or some mark on them."

Lieutenant Gillespie wrote, "Believe the bearer," on half a dozen of the papers, stamped them with his seal, distributed the marked ones through the package and handed them over to Lean John, who, without another word, stuffed them in his pocket and left the room. In a moment the clatter of his horse's hoofs was heard as he rode out Buena Vista street.

But Lean John was not the only rider on Buena Vista Street that night. Just as he passed the fort, he saw a party coming up a lane to the right, and, under the tall, pointed hat of the leader, his quick eye recognized Varela himself, the organizer of the revolt.

"No use being stopped by them," he muttered; and he put spurs to his horse.

"Let us see where the señor goes in such a hurry," said Varela, and off flew the Californians in pursuit of the fast disappearing courier.

Out toward the north and on into the open country sped the lone horseman, with his pursuers close behind. They were not gaining, and the foothills south of Cahuenga Pass were just ahead.

"Wake up, men," shouted Varela, plunging the spurs into his own horse. "If he gets into the thickets, this dark night, we might as well be chasing a jackrabbit."

The horses leaped forward under the prick of the spurs and swept along the road like a March whirlwind, the gay red and blue sashes of their riders streaming backward in the night breeze. Lean John bent close over his horse's mane, expecting

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every instant a pistol shot from behind. They were gaining
On they flew, the fugitive silent and watchful, and his pursuers
upon him now, and he shut his teeth hard as he thought of what the next half hour was likely to bring to him.

On they flew, the fugitive silent and watchful, and his pursuers shouting triumphantly, as each step brought them nearer. John's eye was fixed on a dim, dark mass of trees and chaparral at the left of the road, a quarter of a mile farther on. It was his only chance, and he turned his horse into the brush, and plunged for the thicket.

"Look out! There goes the hare!" shouted Varela. But it is easier for one horse alone to pick its way among the sage and cactus than for fifteen, and for a short distance Lean John gained. When he reached the thicket, he was still far enough ahead so that the Spaniards could not see just where he had entered, and they pulled up their horses.

"No use to go any farther!" said their leader, disgustedly. "Very likely he was nothing but a scared boy or an Indian horse-thief."

"Here's one for luck, anyway," said one of the others, and he lifted his pistol and fired into the brush.

The troop laughed light-heartedly, and turned back toward town. But the shot for luck struck Lean John's horse, and it fell with a groan. He sprang from the saddle and tried to staunch the blood, but it was of no use.

"Poor Bonito!" said John, compassionately, and Bonito gave a last feeble whinney in response to his master's voice. Lean John stood for a moment beside the dead horse that had been his dearest friend, and then silently uncinched the saddle, threw it over his arm and started mournfully on.

It was a bad beginning, but he was not of the sort to be discouraged. After a tramp of four miles, he came to a rancho owned by an American, and there he stopped for another horse. It was immediately furnished, upon the display of the magic cigarette papers.

"Better go by the way of Santa Barbara," said the ranchman.

"Thought I'd make better time if I went over the Tehachepi, even if it is rough," answered Lean John, doubtfully.

"No, you won't. Those mountains are bad, and the San Joaquin valley is full of Indians. They've gone on the war-path, themselves, since we have taken to fighting."

"They have, have they? Well, that settles it," and Lean John was off on the road toward the coast.

At daybreak he fell in with an old friend by the name of Tom Lewis, who offered to accompany him, and together they rode

to Santa Barbara. A change of horses was made at the place of Lieutenant Talbot, and later at the ranchos of Thomas Robbins and Lewis Burton. But the pace was too much for Tom Lewis and he gave out before they reached San Luis Obispo.

Lean John rode on, however, and a little after midnight that night, clattered into Monterey. He had been fifty hours in the saddle, and had not slept, except to doze a little as his horse galloped along the smooth beach near Santa Barbara. At Monterey he went straight to the house of Walter Colton, the alcalde.

"Is Stockton here?" was his first question.

"Stockton is in San Francisco," answered Mr. Colton, and Lean John's hopes sank. A hundred and seventy miles farther!

By daybreak he was once more in the saddle, and this time the saddle was on the back of a race-horse belonging to Job Dye, for the marked cigarette papers made things easy for him everywhere, in those anxious times. It was a fine animal and the road was good. But those last hundred miles were the hardest of the whole ride. Every bone in his weary body ached, and his eyes shut, in spite of himself. Once he fell sound asleep and lost an hour when he woke up again, hunting for the road which the horse had lost. And when he rode into San Jose, he dropped from his saddle from sheer numbness, and was picked up for a drunken man by a couple of bystanders. He made his way to the house of Thomas Larkin, a prominent American, however, and told his story.

"You can never finish the ride, Mr. Brown," said Mr. Larkin, pityingly. "It is impossible for one man to do such a thing in the time you have given yourself. Let me send one of my friends from here in your place."

"I said I would do it, and I will," said Lean John, doggedly. And he was off again as soon as a fresh horse could be procured.

It was evening when he reached San Francisco. He rode down to the beach, but could make nothing of the shipping in the darkness. He went to a fisherman's cabin near by and knocked.

"Is Stockton here?" he asked, but his voice was so thick that the fisherman had to ask him twice before he understood.

"Stockton? Oh, yes. His flagship is out there," and he pointed across the bay.

"When do they come ashore?"

"Oh, fairly early, every morning."

"All right," said Juan Flaco, with a feeling of unspeakable relief. "I'm going to sleep. You wake me when the Commodore's boat comes out." And, without more words, he pulled the saddle from his horse, threw it on the sand for a pillow and was asleep almost before the man had closed the door.

"There's a queer man out there—crazy or something," said the fisherman to his wife, as he slipped the unaccustomed bolt.

But in the morning he waked the stranger just as the boat from the flag-ship landed, and Lean John, presenting his cigarette papers, was promptly taken out to the Commodore. When he had told his story, and plans had been set on foot for the help of Los Angeles, Stockton looked him over critically and asked:

"But when did you say all this trouble began?"

"About ten days ago. But I did not start until the evening of the twenty-fourth."

"And this is the thirtieth," said the Commodore. "You rode five hundred miles in six days?"

"Yes," answered Lean John. "I said I would do it in a week. I am shy a day, for I took six instead of seven. But then, I always like to leave time for a cup of coffee at the end of a good ride."

Monrovia, Cal.

LABOR IS PRAYER

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

WHAT should I ask of God?
To come? He is here.
He is here and now in me. It is Him that I feel.
I, feeling, am that much God.
To give? He has given, is giving, gives.
The flow and the pulse of things,
Each step and quiver of life is full of God.
Should an egg pray to be given? Nay, to be hatched.
And will hatch, pray or not, if alive.
If it were ready, willing, only the shell not broken,
It had better peck than be praying.
What should I ask of God?
God, who pushes and pushes
With the tides of the whole creation.
He might ask me for something—
Namely, to get a move on—
To let Him through and not hinder!
God is not slow nor deficient.
He does not need a reminder.
He is strictly attending to business.
Still, things don't work as they ought to—
Something does ail the procession—
It wavers, sticks and drops backward.
Well, what ails the procession?
Some men stopping and waiting,
Some men wriggling backwards,
And praying—or urging to praying—
That God will move the procession!
Would you be wound up like a puppet?
Marionettes of High Heaven?
Or like a recalcitrant baby,
Dragged by the arms—heels rebellious!
Pray to yourself—that you travel!
Or,—without praying—just travel!

IN THE MYSTERIOUS QUARTER

By EDWARD FELTON WHEATON

T IS a frowning fortress of civilization, this palace-crowned height which towers austerely to the west. Incongruously enough, it bears the title of "Nob Hill," bar sinister of the rough and ready diction of early days. Unlike the former residents of its aristocratic domain, it cannot bury the unwelcome memory of its ancestral sponsors by migrating to distant regions. It recks not that, to the north, the slopes and summit of its ancient kinsman, Telegraph Hill, once glorious in its barrenness and crowned with its signal station, now covers its nakedness with a nondescript garb of forlorn shanties, and yields daily tribute of its own substance to the eager maw of the rock-crusher. The bustle and roar of the business section in the valley to the South—filled though those depths may be with imposing office-structures and palatial hotels—comes but faintly as a reminder that commerce and aristocracy have naught in common. The defiant height sits grim and silent, surrounded by day with a robe of sunshine, and crowned by night with a diadem of lights.

Clustering close about the base of this height, and slowly but surely creeping upward towards its summit, lies the very antithesis of all that the eminence signifies. Covering an area of scarce a square mile, sodden in its filth, low lying, untidy, evil smelling and squalid, but bizarre and picturesque withal, is the stronghold of another civilization, differing as radically in every sense from that typified by the portentous height, as light differs from darkness. The idiomatic Westerner has dubbed this district "Chinatown." It is a bit of the "mysterious East," flung like a dark blot across the fair escutcheon of the Golden City.

Within this restricted area of ramshackle dwellings and rabbit-like subterranean burrowings, the almond-eyed sons and daughters of the Orient live, move, and have their being, though in ways that differ strangely from those of their Occidental neighbors. Superstition and distrust unite in maintaining the race barrier between white and yellow. There are those of each who possess understanding of the ways and thoughts of the other race; but, with that strange adaptability peculiar to himself, the Chinese is more versed in the ways of the white man than he can ever be in theirs. The Oriental character places its own restrictions on this, however, and, far from perceiving the permanent advantages that might accrue to himself and his fellows

through such understanding, he places a limit upon it, and uses it but to achieve and maintain some trivial advantage over his fellow-countryman. It is in this way that the Chinaman comprehends the white man's law. Governed by it he will not be, except through compulsion and by command of his "Tong," or clan. Profit by it, he will, willingly, with no respect for its majesty, purpose, or method, but with a mighty comprehension of its power to serve his ends. For him, there is a law, but it is the law of arbitration, with the council of his Tong as arbiter. To that he submits—or, evading it, becomes an outlaw, and a pariah, renegade, and loathed of all.

Sing Bin Chew slouched through Dupont street with wary gait. A heavy pistol reposed snugly within the depths of his capacious sleeve, for he was a bad man, and the price upon his head was a heavy one. The Suey Kong Tong, which had placed that price upon him, had done so after careful and weighty consideration, and in the eyes of every member of the clan council, it was a just act so to place it. That it was mid-afternoon, with a strong force of the white police-devils on duty in Chinatown because of the highbinder war that impended, Sing Bin Chew knew to be the cause of the comparative safety he enjoyed in this slouching along. Still, the blood price upon his life was a heavy one, and a shot from some near-by window might put the marksman in the way of claiming the money with comparative impunity. He timed his steps to an exact pace with the blue-coated officer, who was patrolling the street. These police-devils had a way of executing summary vengeance upon any one who was fatally careless with firearms to the detriment of one of their number. Every dweller in the quarter knew that, and so, by keeping in exact line with the policeman, he made sure that none would seek to harm him for the present. A block further and he would be safe, for a plunge into a familiar underground labyrinth would place him beyond the immediate reach of his pursuers.

At the cross-street the officer halted and gazed around him, then moved leisurely on. The Chinaman halted also, taking care to keep his body in such a position that the officer was in direct line with him. He pretended to be stopping to light a cigarette; in reality he had halted because the officer had. When the officer moved on, Sing Bin Chew moved with him.

But that brief halt had only served to add fuel to the flame of hatred that regade within the Chinaman's heart against the man who had been instrumental in placing the price upon his head. Diagonally opposite to the corner upon which he had paused, stood the store of Dong Man Gow, his bitter enemy. Flaringly

insolent in its appearance of prosperity, with its plate-glass windows and imposing entrance, the sight of that emporium never failed to rouse his hatred of his relentless persecutor to its highest pitch. It reminded him of the appalling contrast between his fortunes and those of his enemy. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness seethed within him at the sight, for by every right, all that Dong Man Gow possessed was the property of Sing Bin Chew. That he was not in serene and undisturbed enjoyment of his rights, was due to the law of the white devils, and he ground his teeth in rage at the thought.

These two had been young men together, far to the south, in Mexico. A business partnership had been entered into, and happy was their lot, for wealth rolled in apace, and they were in the way of becoming rich men. Then Sing Bin Chew had fallen sick, and, while he lay in his evil plight, the perfidious Dong had sold the business to others, and fled with the purchase price and their joint savings. This money had been the foundation of Dong's present prosperity; by its aid he had become rich and respected, and as a result had attained the leadership of his Tong.

Sing's recovery from his illness had been slow, yet he had hastened after the fugitive Dong with might and main, when once recovered and aware of the calamity which had been his. The wily Dong had forseen this, and had invoked the white devils' law to his own aid. Barely had Sing reached the Golden City when he was cast into jail on a carefully trumped-up charge. Moneyless, friendless and alone, he stood no chance, with the hired witnesses of Dong to testify against him, and he was railroaded to the State's Prison. Released—an attempt at summary vengeance on his part had resulted in the placing of the price upon his head by Dong's clan, acting at their chief's instigation. He knew the uselessness of an attempt at flight. Everywhere it would be the same; he could not go so far away that Dong's influence would fail to reach him. He must stay and fight it out to the bitter end.

The pariah had reached his destination in safety, thanks to the kind but unconscious protection which the police officer had afforded him. He cast one quick glance about him, and what he saw caused him to halt within the doorway into which he had plunged, and glance furtively up and down the street. His sharp eyes had noted two young Chinese girls coming along the street toward the doorway within which he stood, and even as he recognized them as the daughters of his enemy, a sudden plan whereby he might heap insult and contumely upon Dong had sprung into his mind.

As the girls arrived opposite his doorway, he called to them, softly. It was but a sentence that he spoke, yet it left them frightened and apprehensive. "Thy father's friend bids thee beware of the white devils who would kidnap, and sell thee into slavery," he said; then turned and plunged into the depths. The girls hastened homeward in terror.

Sing Bin Chew entered the opium den, with haste. He must act with speed, now. A recumbent figure, upon a couch common enough in such places, reached a sluggish hand toward the "layout" on the low table by the side of the couch, as he entered. With a bound, Sing crossed the room, and snatched the "layout" beyond the reach of the groping hand. The figure rolled toward him, cursing, and the oaths were in English.

"Give that back, damn you!"

"You write first," the Chinaman demanded.

"Write what?" came the answering growl.

"You write one l'il word in Englis'. Then I give back."

The "fiend" muttered a querulous acquiescence, and Sing produced pencil and paper. Then he dictated while the other wrote with trembling fingers.

The lady superintendent of the Methodist Mission called police headquarters by telephone with urgent haste. "Please send someone to rescue the two daughters of Dong Man Gow at 6 Hinckley Alley, and bring them to me, at once. I have just had a note from them asking for assistance, as their father is planning to sell them into slavery," she begged. The answer came promptly back, "Two men starting now." Then she sat down to wait.

Arriving at their destination, the two detectives demanded admittance. This being denied them, they forced the door, and sprang rapidly up the stairs. A hurried scramble of feet above them warned them to use all dispatch, ere their quarry was spirited away. At the head of the stairs another locked door barred the passage. A young Chinese girl cowered sobbing in the corner as they burst through, and, just poising herself on the window sill for a leap, her sister appeared. As they entered, she sprang for an adjacent roof, but ere she could flee farther, the agile detective had followed her, and she was in his custody.

At the Mission, the whole thing was finally explained. The identity of the girls, as the daughters of the rich Dong Man Gow, was promptly established. That neither could speak or write English also became apparent immediately. From the vernacular, they sobbingly confessed that they had been told by "their father's friend" that some "white devils" would attempt to kid-

nap them and sell them into slavery. When the detectives had come, their fears were realized and they had attempted to flee. They were now assured of protection, and their father sent for, while the detectives went back to headquarters puzzling over that note that had sent them on the wild goose chase.

All Chinatown buzzed with the story ere an hour had passed. From mouth to mouth went the news, and many were the chuckles that gurgled in the throats of all who envied Dong his prosperity and were not of his Tong. Truly this insult called for bitter reparation, if he would save his face. Else would the rich and powerful Dong Man Gow quickly become the laughing stock of all Chinatown. His house raided by the white detective-devils, because he planned to sell his own daughters into slavery, when all knew the rich marriages he hoped to make for them. Yes, the joke was on Dong Man Gow.

Slowly the gossip filtered the lower levels, and sped through the rabbit-warren lying so far underground that its inhabitants were as the cave-dwellers of old. At length the details of how successfully his plan had worked came to the ears of Sing Bin Chew. He laughed grimly, and prepared for the next step in his campaign of insult against his enemy.

In the early morning, just before the gray dawn began to hover in the east, Sing Bin Chew stole carefully out of a celler-way across the street from his persecutor's store, now shuttered and forbidding. In his hand, Sing Bin Chew bore a carefully prepared placard written in the very blackest of ink on the very brightest red paper. This placard set forth in every insulting detail the slight he had put upon his enemy, and wound up with an elaborate description of the various animals from whom the ancestry of that enemy had sprung, and a plain challenge to Dong Man Gow to repair his shattered reputation, to rehabilitate his dishonored name—in plain Chinese, to "save his face."

From a doorway as black as the one from which Sing Bin Chew had issued forth, a pair of narrow, cunning eyes watched him. The bad men of the Suey Kong Tong had not relaxed their vigilance, and the owner of those eyes was an interested spectator of Sing Bin Chew's progress. Had there been light enough, and an observer to note it, the gleam of cruel cupidity in the watching eyes would have been appalling.

Catlike, the dark figure stole out of the doorway, and approached the other where he stood in contemplation of his enemy's portal, on the wooden shutter of which he meant to place his placard, that all who ran might read the mighty defiance he had hurled in that enemy's teeth.

Grim satisfaction in his achievement lulled him to a sense of

security, there in the velvet blackness preceding the dawn, else would he have marked the stealthy approach of that figure gliding toward him with such sinister caution. Too late he cast one glance about him. At the very instant that he turned, the gliding figure hurled itself upon him. A thud, a groan, and the dull sound of a falling body marked the end of the drama.

Presently a gleam of light crested the summit of the aristocratic heights, heralding the breaking of the dawn. Slowly the daylight gained in power, tinting the splendor of the hill, and filtering slowly down to reveal the contrast in the squalid depths, dissipating the shadows that had, in charity, covered the sins of the night. But the huddled, silent figure, so hideously flung across the rich man's threshold, cared naught for the brightness of the coming day. Presently, the news that Dong Man Gow had saved his face would be whispered through the length and breadth of the underground labyrinth, and presently the assassin would claim the price of the deed which had enabled the merchant to walk abroad, unashamed. There was no sting now, in the taunt that Sing Bin Chew had so carefully prepared. Where the bright placard lay beneath the limp body, spread a stain of darker red, blotting out the defiance written thereon. Many is the slip, 'twixt the cup and the lip, in the mysterious quarter.

San Francisco.

THE OASIS

By THERESA RUSSELL

SMALL in the midst of the vast,
None pass me by;
A pearl by the sand-ocean cast,
Afar they descry.
Star to the pilgrim faint,
Precious as shrine of saint,
Haven am I.

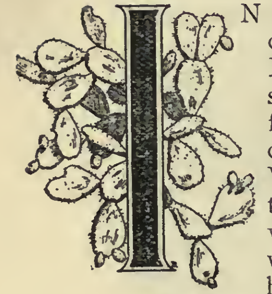
One in my shade bides content—
Fanned by my breeze,
Under my green bowered tent
Lingers at ease.
Delilah to Samson shorn,
Lulling from morn to morn,
Siren am I.

One snatches rest and is gone,
Scorning to stay;
Treasures yet wait to be won—
Too short the day.
Nurse to his flagging zeal,
Turning his woe to weal,
Savior am I.

Los Angeles

SOME CRIMINAL CAPTURES IN THE EARLY SIXTIES

By J. E. PLEASANTS



IN THE early days there was quite an extensive trade carried on between Los Angeles and Salt Lake. The Mormons at that time got a large proportion of their supplies from Southern California. The goods were freighted, by means of wagon trains, over what was called the Southern route. This came through Las Vegas, Nevada, thence through California south of the Amargosa river and on to San Bernardino. It was the same route on which, in 1857, in the southwestern part of Utah, occurred the greatest tragedy in the history of the Southwest—the Mountain Meadow Massacre.

Following these freight trains were a class of Mormon horse-thieves, from which in time grew a regularly organized band. They made systematic inroads upon the stock of the rancheros, stealing a few at a time, as opportunity afforded; and it was usually gentle animals that were their prey.

These they collected in the grassy meadoys of the north side of the San Gabriel and San Bernardino mountains, where feed and water were abundant, until there was a herd of sufficient size to be driven to Utah and sold. This system of theft became such an evil that in 1861 the owners of several ranches in Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties decided to equip a posse of men to hunt out the thieves, and try to recover some of the lost stock. Among the ranch owners who headed this movement were William Workman, John Rowland, William Wolfskill, Frank Temple and Francisco Lopez. Messrs. Workman and Rowland were at the time joint owners in La Puente Rancho. Mr. Wolfskill owned several ranches in Los Angeles County, and was a large stock raiser. I was at that time in charge of one of his ranches, the Lomas de Santiago, which has since become absorbed by the San Joaquin Ranch, now one of the largest holdings in Orange County. We kept horses on the Lomas de Santiago at that time, and as we had lost quite a number I was not unwilling to become one of the searching party. The posse consisted of William Warren, who, being somewhat skilled in such matters, was chosen leader, Frank Rice, Nat. Shrewsbury, C. Laughlin, J. Armenta and myself. We were all well armed and well mounted, having had the pick of the saddle horses of the several ranches.

Early in October we left Los Angeles, having each of us obtained official authority for making arrests. We went to San Bernardino, which we entered singly and after nightfall, in order to avoid suspicion, as it was commonly known that these bands of thieves had a rendezvous at that place and friends on the lookout. Warren had communicated with Sheriff Smith of San Bernardino County, and he had made all necessary arrangements for us, even to the extent of getting accommodations for us in private houses, as he thought it best for us not to be seen at the hotel. We stayed in San Bernardino the following day, learning

what we could with due caution. We left town about nine in the evening, accompanied by Sheriff Smith, who had decided to help us in our search. We were much pleased with this arrangement, as he was a man noted for his coolness and intrepid courage in the face of danger. Our way lay up the Cajon Pass to the Swart-house Cañon, which we reached about 2 a. m. Here we camped till daybreak. We then followed the cañon, and scoured the mountain sides for traces of our game. We found many indications of their having been in the vicinity, and finally came to a log cabin on the mountain side by a spring, near which grazed a few head of horses. The sole occupant of the cabin was a Utah Indian, who either would not or could not speak enough English to be at all satisfactory. We labored with him long, but in vain; his broken lingo of mixed Indian and English afforded no clew. Only once in a moment of apparent inspiration, he asked: "You stealum horses?" We answered yes, at which he laughed and seemed to grow confidential; but it was all too much in his native tongue so that it served no purpose for our ends. We camped at his spring for the night, however, hoping his companions might return. He was friendly and offered no objections to this. Among the horses feeding near the cabin was one bearing the brand of Francisco Lopez. Of this we took possession without any opposition from the Indian.

The next morning, nothing having resulted from our watch and the Indian making signs that horses had gone toward the Mojave river, we decided to go in that direction. We reached Lane's Crossing that afternoon, after a ride of about twenty-five miles. This was a trading post kept by a man named Lane at the Mojave River on the main emigrant road. Lane was well known for his honesty and truthfulness, so we felt that if he could give us any information it would be reliable. He lived here alone, in a log cabin of considerable dimensions, which he had made a fortified stronghold against possible attack from Indians or other marauders. We made known our errand, but Lane could give us very little information. He had seen suspicious looking characters pass both ways, but none with loose stock. He advised us to go down the river fifteen or twenty miles, as collectors of stolen stock would avoid the main road where practicable, and here the country was quite open. We acted on his advice, and spent two days in searching for traces along the river, but with no results.

We came to the conclusion that the objects of our search must be farther west in the mountains about the Rock Creek region. Leaving the river very early one morning, we returned to the mountains, pushing farther west than we had previously done. During this afternoon one of the party killed a deer, which was a very acceptable addition to our rations. After reaching the meadows, which lay at a considerable elevation, we proceeded cautiously, as in many places we found signs of our quarry in the shape of deserted camps where stock had been herded at no distant date. The mountains along here were interspersed with grassy meadows and running streams. The grazing was excellent, and in those days this section was remote

from any settlement, making it an ideal rendezvous for these gangs of thieves with their stolen herds. About sunset, as we were nearing the top of a ridge, some of the party who were a little in advance saw a smoke, which evidently came from a camp-fire. We came together, and after a short consultation we made a charge upon the camp, which was just over the ridge on the edge of a pretty meadow by the side of a stream. The camp was guarded by but one man, who was evidently detailed to keep camp and herd the band of horses that were grazing in the meadow. The herder had started his campfire to cook his supper, but, to his misfortune, had lighted it a little too early. He was completely taken by surprise, and at first made an attempt to get his gun; then seeming to think that of no use, started to run, but was suddenly stopped by the Sheriff, who called to him to halt or be shot. He then quietly did the only rational thing—gave himself into custody. He was a short, thick-set young fellow, with a hard face, and sullen manner.

At first he refused to tell us anything at all of his accomplices; but, after a time, on being told that he would be well-treated as long as he behaved and answered proper questions, he consented to talk a little, especially after seeing that we identified a number of the horses by their brands. He said that there were a number of men collecting horses to make up a band to take to Salt Lake. They were scattered among the settlements gathering stock as they could, to take back into the mountains to be kept there until they should accumulate enough to make the drive. Of his own party, all he would say was that there were several of them, and that they might be in that night or the next. With this we had to be content and take our chances. There was considerable risk in lying in wait for the gang to return, not knowing their number, but it seemed the only thing to do. Our prisoner's supply of provisions was quite scant, and our own was getting low, so we hoped that he was telling the truth about the time he expected his party in.

We quickly cooked and ate supper, and made ready to receive the outlaws on their return.

The Sheriff handcuffed the prisoner and placed him under guard at some little distance from the camp. We took turns sleeping and doing guard duty through the night.

The next day dragged along to an end and still no arrivals. We identified the greater number of the stock as belonging to the different owners who had organized our party, but hoped to secure still more, when we bagged the rest of our game. Dark came at the end of the second day and we made our preparations as before. It was quite cold and uncomfortable for the guard, as we dared not keep up a fire after dark for fear of giving the enemy the advantage. This night passed without incident and the next day, and the third night, until about 3 o'clock in the morning. At this time we were suddenly aroused by the guard who said there were horses coming up the ridge. We then made all possible haste to carry into execution the plan previously agreed upon—to place ourselves in a position to surround the thieves after they came into camp. We quietly stationed ourselves at short distances from camp, each man taking a place

selected and as much under cover as possible. We lay thus quietly waiting for their advance. They came up the ridge, entering the meadow by the same trail we had come, driving quite a herd of horses. We could see them outlined against the sky as they came over the ridge, and there were but three men. They turned the horses back into the meadow, then rode into camp, calling several times for "Jim;" but no Jim answered, as Sheriff Smith had instructed him in an impressive manner, that it would be unsafe to give the alarm in any way when his friends returned. They seemed rather uneasy at receiving no response from their confederate, but came on to camp and began to unsaddle their tired horses. This was our opportunity. We quickly surrounded them and ordered them to surrender. There were several shots fired on both sides, but as we were at first some distance apart and in the timber, no one was hurt. We secured two of them, the third escaped on foot. Two of our men chased him some distance, but finally lost him in the dense brush. They returned some time after daylight and we made preparations to return with the three prisoners and the stock to San Bernardino.

The prisoners in San Bernardino jail were in due time convicted and sent to the State Prison for a term of years. They all confessed their guilt, and their conviction had the effect of breaking up the nefarious ring of which they had been a part. And now as to the fortunes of the man who escaped.

Many of the old residents of Los Angeles County will remember the unprovoked murder of a very popular citizen in 1863—that of John Sanford. Mr. Sanford was a brother-in-law of General Phineas Banning, who was the founder of the town of Wilmington, and father of the Banning Brothers, present owners of Santa Catalina Island.

Mr. Sanford was driving in a buggy from Los Angeles to his ranch near Ft. Tejon. When within a few miles of the ranch he overtook a man walking and carrying a roll of blankets on his back. Tramps were unknown in those days, and this was the mode of travel frequently for stranded miners looking for work. Mr. Sanford entertained no suspicion of the character of this man, but kindly asked him to ride. The man accepted the invitation, and as they rode along said that he was looking for work of any kind. Mr. Sanford told him to go on to the ranch with him and he would try and find something for him to do. They rode on for some distance, when something about the harness getting out of order Mr. Sanford stepped out of the buggy to arrange it. It was the custom at that time for all men to carry a revolver when making long trips into the country, and Mr. Sanford had his lying on the buggy seat in its case as was his custom. This seemed to inspire the thought of crime in the mind of the man left in the buggy, for no sooner was his benefactor's back turned than he seized the pistol and shot Mr. Sanford dead. He then rifled the dead man's pockets, obtained a trifling sum, unhitched the team, turned one of the horses loose and rode away on the other, taking his blankets and Mr. Sanford's watch and pistol. Mr. Sanford's body and the deserted buggy were found within an hour by some teamsters coming over the road. They brought

the body to Los Angeles and gave the alarm. The town was wild with excitement over the terrible crime and a large reward was offered for the murderer. Notices of the reward were posted in prominent places in the city, and in neighboring towns.

In those days it was more difficult to capture a criminal than now, owing to the scarcity of telegraph lines and to the thinly settled condition of the country. The first telegraph line between San Francisco and Los Angeles was not completed until 1860, and there was no connection with the smaller towns until a much later date. Owing to these conditions it was no uncommon thing for citizens to take an active part in assisting the officers in the capture of a criminal, where the crime committed called forth much public resentment. About a week later a citizen stopping at a hotel in Santa Barbara had his suspicions aroused by a man traveling on foot, who stayed at the hotel over night. In some mysterious manner, he connected this man with the Sanford murder, and could not rid his mind of the thought, though there seemed little ground for it. The next morning he told the landlord of his suspicions, and suggested their detaining the man until inquiries could be made. The landlord laughed at him and discouraged any interference with the stranger, who, he said, was only some poor fellow looking for work. After breakfast the stranger left the hotel, taking the road up the coast. Meanwhile the man who had suspected him could not rid his mind of the conviction of this unknown man's guilt, and followed him, watching a chance for a safe attack. Finally passing the traveler, he awaited him at a turn in the road near a farm house, where he might call assistance if necessary. There he grappled the suspected man, and after a severe struggle, succeeded in throwing him to the ground and held him there until help came. They took the man back to town and had him arrested and searched. On his person was found Mr. Sanford's watch, and in his roll of blankets the pistol that had been the means of sending its owner to death.

The prisoner was taken to Los Angeles and tried. He confessed his crime and gave in substance the facts relating to the murder as before mentioned. He was sentenced to be hanged, but the enraged citizns, fearing his possible escape before the day appointed, determined to execute the sentence at once. On the scaffold he was asked if he had anything to say, and he replied that he had. He asked if there was any one present who had helped to capture some horse thieves in the mountains near Rock Creek two years before. There were several replies in the affirmative. He then said that he was the man who escaped. He stated that he had killed seven other men, besides being engaged in the atrocities of the Mountain Meadow Massacre. He expressed himself as having no remorse whatever for his crimes. He gave his name as Charles Wilkins, said he was of English birth and that his parents were Mormons living in Salt Lake. After finishing his remarks, he was hanged without further ceremony, and I believe him to have been one of the most thoroughly hardened criminals ever brought to justice on the Pacific Coast.

Santa Ana, Cal.

THE OLD NAMES*

IT WOULD be hard to say, for they are many—but probably the greatest service that Theodore Roosevelt has done his country has been in convincing the kind of people who waited only for that conviction, that we Can do things, if we Try. And the ripples of this conviction are spreading daily, not only in municipal and State politics, but in many smaller ponds.

A few months ago the Secretary of War listened to and approved the request of a few thoughtful people (who had history on their side, and the right feeling) and officially restored to the military post at Monterey the name by which it was known to all the civilized world before there was an American settlement in the Golden State. It was a considerable cutting of red-tape, but the case needed the shears. As was remarked in these pages very recently, it was a good precedent.

The April number of this magazine made some mild remarks about an atrociously ignorant and impertinent changing of historic names in California by some clerk of the Post Office Department, and urged that the gentleman's superiors restore the proper nomenclature. Appeals were made to the President of the United States, and to the Postmaster-General, for restoration of the post-office names to which we are entitled. It is pleasant to be able to record that this matter received proper consideration at Washington, and beginning July 1st (the Post Office "quarter") the official designation of the following California postoffices will be changed from the illiterate official botchery back to the proper spelling. The other suggestions made are "under consideration."

Delrosa to Del Rosa.	Lamanda to La Manda.
Lahonda to La Honda.	Paloverde to Palo Verde.

Also the following postoffices which have been written as one word will henceforth be known as they should be, as two words:

Del Mar.	La Mesa.	El Monte.
Dos Palos.	Palo Alto.	El Toro.
El Casco.	Menlo Park.	La Panza.
El Rio.	El Cajon.	Chula Vista.

Credit for the initiative in this movement belongs to Hon. Zoeth S. Eldredge, of San Francisco, State Bank Commissioner, and a serious student of California history. The Landmarks Club has also taken a vital part in the campaign; and so have several other good citizens.

It is encouraging to note that the people of San Buenaventura (the beautiful little California city which has suffered worst by the salaried illiterates) are stirring for the restoration of the name their town has worn proudly ever since 1782 until a few years ago, when cheap clerks with an empiric power docked it to mere "Ventura," Power to the elbow of all Californians who refuse to be parties to easy ignorance of history and spelling.

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*See editorial pages.

FAME AND THE LONG HAUL

The University of New York has made up a jury of "not less than one hundred," chosen with rather Eastern standards, to fill the niches in a National Hall of Fame; and there are now forty-two such vacancies, of which there shall be twenty-six native-born Americans, six Americans of foreign birth, and ten American women.

As Lincoln remarked: "For the sort of people that like this sort of thing, this is just the sort of thing those people would like." Without hostile discussion of the entitlement of the University of New York to establish such a pantheon—which Harvard may have thought of and been too modest to attempt—it does rather concern the public to see that the enterprise, once started, shall be held to standards worthy of the universal American intelligence. To fill the list of worthies is a matter which may well engage the most judicial historians and philosophers; but there are a few names so obvious that they would not need mention were it not that the plan is fathered in a way which in itself suggests a certain innocence.

Among the ten most illustrious American women there would be much discussion, but there is no question whatever, to anyone who knows even the A, B, ab of our national story, that whoever else is or is not represented among the niches devoted to women, Jessie Benton Frémont will have to be.

The daughter of Tom Benton, the first Senator of the United States to foresee the thing that made us a continental instead of a provincial nation; the wife of John C. Frémont, the man who by his courage and diplomacy realized and developed Benton's broad vision; herself the first woman in the United States that the whole nation called by her first name; the woman who for the only time in American history "held up" the government, defied the War Department and sent her Young Man to find and conquer and make new national boundaries, in defiance of the provincialism of his superiors—this woman will be in the Hall of Fame. She had more of the prophecy of statecraft than most of the statesmen—and more than any of the wives of any of the

Presidents. And she had the human quality beyond any of them. This is in no disregard of other wise and noble women; but to any student of American history it is obvious that Mrs. Frémont held a place no other woman has ever held, both in the councils of the nation and in the public liking.

If not now, sometime there will be a niche also for her husband, The Pathfinder. The man who by his personal effort, as a humble officer, added more territory to the United States, and better territory, than any other man ever added; the man who has been crucified for the provincialism of statesmen of his day and of megalocephalic Harvard professors that write history they cannot understand; the man who broke all records before or since, as an explorer of America; the man who conquered more country of a foreign speech, with less loss of blood on either side, and more built up, by his personal diplomacy, friendly relations between the conquerors and conquered than any other American that ever lived—John C. Frémont—he will also be Among Those Present.

And possibly also, if it shall ever be discovered in certain circles how interesting is the study of the history of America, there will be a prominent place in this Hall of Fame for the man who ranks, without comparison, the first among those who, anywhere within the limits of the United States, have personally explored, civilized, uplifted and bequeathed forever to civilization, a great area, Junipero Serra, the apostle of California, and its founder, should have one of the foremost places in an American Hall of Fame.

He has not been, perhaps, as much heard of by Eastern provincials as some others, but he did far more than anyone else. No other man in the history of any region now included within the United States, ever approached his accomplishment. No other ever walked as far, or worked as hard, or left as much to show for it—whether you judge by the standards which he particularly followed, or by the other results on our modern history.

This magazine is not a Carnegie foundation for the instruction of one's betters; and the University of New York does not have to take the Lion's advice; these are merely gratuitous expressions of the fact that every expert in these lines knows; and furthermore, the expression of the human hope that if we have to have Halls of Fame, they shall be Fit to Eat.

TO BUILD BETTER THAN "THEY" KNEW

There are newspaper protests against the "disappointment to local architects" in the alleged decision of the Post Office Department to draw in Washington the plans for the new postoffice in Los Angeles.

The Lion would be more or less sorry to see the local archi-

tects disappointed, in proportion to them; but their professional pain is a very small part of the disappointment that will fall on the general intelligence of this community, if we are to be added to the long procession of Terrible Examples of red-tape architecture.

There are probably some things that the routine Departments can do well. The only thing I know of that they *do* do well is to pay comfortable salaries to people who could not, as a rule, earn half as much in the competition of the market. But every educated person in America, probably, is aware that government architecture, as she is architected in the Bureau, is an insult to American intelligence; and is tolerated simply because we are in the habit of paying salaries to people to do certain things, and then—letting them do them, and live!

It has taken about ten years to teach the Post Office Department that Los Angeles is a little larger than Newton Center, Mass.; that it needs room according to its growth. Through all the momentous years in which the nation has learned to be a World Power, and an empire, and a canal-digger, and various other structural newnesses, we Angeleños have been more or less humbly pecking away at Washington to convince them that our post office receipts, which grow faster than those of any other city in the country; that our more miles of delivery than New York has; that our more changes of address than New York has —that these, and other things of that sort, Mean Something.

At last we have secured a somewhat grudging and only half-way adequate concession for a postoffice, which, when it shall be built, will be big enough for Los Angeles as it was five years ago, and not one-quarter big enough to meet the business demands of the Los Angeles of the day that the building opens for business.

But we have met Easterners before; and also red tape. We have secured as much as we had a right to expect, considering what is what.

The official mind naturally cannot grasp anything of this sort except by trephining—and by daily trephining through a term of years. We have, however, surgeons competent and interested to perform this operation; and being a patient community, as American communities generally are (else every bureau in the government would have been stood on its head and its incompetent teeth shaken loose, long ago), we are willing to sit up nights, and paddle daytimes, to teach these salaried officials, by the slow process of insistency, how to earn their salaries.

But while we can put up with snippy facilities and the injustice that they involve, under the historic and economic circum-

stances it is a little too much to ask us to be content to have Postum-minded architects' helpers, in a Washington office, draw plans for the chief federal building in the metropolis of the Southwest.

We have ourselves all sorts of architects—good, bad and indifferent, and some shades beyond either classification. On the whole, however, we have a pretty reasonable set. The best of them could not design quite such a building as the very deans of American architecture, whom the red-tape government architects most love to turn down. On the other hand, the worst of them probably could not devise a worse building for this city than the Washington office may safely be trusted to project. Not if they tried.

This is not a local issue. Every critical body in the United States looks upon the average government building with the Sneerness which it deserves. Our foreign visitors, from lands where architecture is an art instead of a political refuge for incompetents, view our public buildings and wonder how a people can progress as we do, who will permit such nightmares to come true in granite.

There is some noble architecture in some of the older government buildings—like the National Capitol, for instance. But the modern official architecture, propagated by fossil draughtsmen, "between walls and pay-days," is a scandal to the civilized world. In any place where people like it, their blood be on their own heads; but here in Los Angeles (which is largely populated with people who had some common sense before they came, and had common sense enough to come) we don't care for that sort of thing.

The government has spent something like $300,000 at Riverside on the Sherman Institute—an Indian School of many redeeming features. It undertook to build on the "Mission" plan; it took pains not to allow the architect to be a person who knew anything about that kind of architecture; and the result is there, plain for all men to see. Those who do not know what those buildings look like, probably will, sometime.

Southern California is infested and vulgarized with cheap imitations of an architecture so noble, so pure, so sincere that it has world-wide fame; and the imitations are so cheap and so "tinhorn" that there are no tolerable words to define them. There is not yet in California a single building of that "school" fit for a moment to compare architecturally with the thing those gray-robed friars built in the wilderness more than a century ago, without "labor," materials or money. Each imitation is a little worse than the other; and the Riverside School is rather worse than all the others put together.

Now it is the same spirit in Washington, mutilating the architecture of this city, that has handcuffed and gagged our post-office facilities for so many years—the inability to conceive or to believe that so far away from the official pap there can possibly be anyone competent to do anything—or fit to deserve anything.

The Lion has the deepest reverence for the Government of the United States; but for the routine clerks that largely run the government in the absence and over the heads of the competent men

who have to trust them, he has no use whatever. I think it was Gen. Sherman, who, on being shown by the head of the architectural bureau a certain official building in Washington, said: "There is only one thing I am really sorry about in this building."

"And what is that, General?"

"I am afraid the bloody thing is fireproof."

As Los Angeles is growing, doubtless no federal building that can be erected will be adequate for more than a few years. But we have at least as many ugly buildings as we need. While the new postoffice lasts, it ought to be a respectable figure on the urban sky line. Perhaps it is worth while to insist that it shall be. Certainly no competent business man in this city would let the plans for so expensive a building to a corps of draughtsmen in a foreign city who had never seen Los Angeles, who did not know what the rest of the city looks like, who did not know much of anything anyhow (except to drop their pencils at twenty minutes to four, waiting for the four o'clock whistle). If no one business man would do his own business in this way, it might be well for the aggregation of business men here to insist that a building which concerns every citizen, whether "business" or not, shall be erected on primary business principles. And if this community insists, it will find that it is stronger than the cheap clerks in any architect's office, even the government's—for it will find that if it protests, the Real officials of this Government will take it up. It is only the underlings that do these things badly—and they only so long as we fail to Take it Up with their Boss.

THE HAIRS OF ONE HEADS

It is hard for us to realize in this world that what happens to the Other Fellow concerns Us at all. But as a matter of fact, nothing concerns us so much. What happens to us, we are apt to look out for. What doesn't happen to us, but to our inferiors, is apt to elude us until it rises up in the scale to include us—and by then it is rather late to protest.

I don't know how you wear your hair, and you may not know how I wear mine; but we both know that we wear it as it happens to suit us. If any man or collection of men, or nation, or national law, were to step in and take you or me by the neck, hobble and gag us, and chop our hair according to some plan agreed upon at a world congress in Paris—there would probably be something doing when we were released from the clutches of the international barber. A consensus of nations might very likely have determined much better than you and I have done, how well we would look if properly tonsured; but as mere human beings we are willing—nay, we prefer—to worry along looking as badly as we do at our own choice.

Now if there is any authority in the United States, or the Western Hemisphere, or the world at large, to catch any man, hog-tie him and clip him by force, it will naturally begin on humble people. But if it is lawful, or decent, or human to take the humblest and entreat him thus, it is equally lawful to treat you and me thus, as soon as the inquisitor gets up the nerve. No chain is stronger than its weakest link. No equity can endure for the proudest, if it cannot stand for the humblest.

It was an important as well as an honorable decision which Judge Noyes of the Superior Court of Riverside recently rendered in a suit for damages brought by a poor Yuma Indian against the agent appointed by the United States Government to take care of the physical, moral and economic fortunes of these wards of Uncle Sam. Aqua His is a Yuma Indian of prominence in his own tribe. Mr. Spear, the agent, is apparently a reasonable, well-meaning American officer—but not exactly a manager of men, nor a student of those things without whose knowledge no man can manage men. The Indian did not understand that Mr. Spear was God, and ventured to doubt some of his more than Ten Commandments. He broke no law of the United States, but he did violate an order of the agent. Mr. Spear punished him by having him forcibly barbered. Aqua His had good long, thick hair. I would borrow $10,000, and pay it, if I could cover my scalp with as full adornment. With primitive man, the hair is more significant than with a generation which habitually gets baldheaded; but we need not spoof at that, for every American woman has the same veneration for a fine head of hair. It was, therefore, not only an insult to his individuality, but to his religion, when a man who did not know enough to understand him did him this violence.

To make a long story short, Aqua His brought suit in a court provided by the American Government to do justice between Americans. He sued the agent, Spear, for damages for what any one of us would deem personal assault—not to count the additional insult to his superstition. The Indian's case was fairly tried. The agent had on his side all the authority of the government and our usual feeling for the Superior Race. Judge Noyes had the manhood and the legal acumen to look at the thing as bald-headed as the agent made the man in his power. In a carefully studied opinion (of which an abstract will be given in these pages before long) Judge Noyes recognizes the right of a person who walks upright on two legs in the United States of America to the protection of the Constitution of these United States. There is no sentimentality about his view of the case; he puts it purely on the legal ground. He holds that to punish a man by cutting his hair is competent only after conviction of crime in a legally constituted court. He holds that the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Interior, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and even an Indian Agent, are amenable to the laws of the land; that they cannot take the place of the courts which are established for a safeguard of human rights; and that Agent Spear violated the Constitution of the United States.

It is not intended to blame Agent Spear. He seems to be an honest and well-meaning official, carried away, very naturally, by the red-tape current. It is easy to forget when you have a salary from the government in this department, that your raw material is human lives and feeling. On the other hand, the best service that can be done to men in this position, if they are really men, is to define their legal rights and to correct them when routine has led them astray.

The Lion, for one, is glad that the damages given the offended

victim are nominal and not punitive. Mr. Spear does not, I think, deserve to be heavily fined—but he or any other man deserves to be taught that human rights cannot be over-ridden by a salaried job.

What the President of the United States thinks about this sort of thing is sufficiently shown by the fact that he, personally, more than two years ago, ordered the abrogation of that infamous "Hair-Cut order" under which Agent Spear mistakenly proceeded long after its promulgator had been forced, by a storm of ridicule all over the United States, to emasculate it. The whole matter was taken up to Mr. Roosevelt and he took pains to command the withdrawal of this outrageous regulation.

THE PASSING OF THE DEAN

If you have lived long enough in this world to get the general hang of things, you have probably noticed (particularly when death marks the stress) that the forces which are most vital are not always the most notorious. You have probably known some person that was a real essence in all the lives he or she touched—and still was not of newspaper vogue. Scholars the world over, and particularly in the United States, have something of this feeling about the quietest man of us all, but the dean of American ethnologists, Dr. Washington Matthews, who has lately Gone Beyond.

Real scientists, as a rule, are modest; but I think none of them will dispute that this was the most modest of them all. Some scientists are gentle; and here was the gentlest. As a rule, scientists have what passes in the commercial world as "bad luck"—and none ever had more of undeserved misfortune. But I do not know in all the annals of American science, in any line, a more enviable name. Dr. Matthews stood absolutely at the head of his own profession. He was the dean of our ethnologists; and knew more, and knew it better, about his specific field, than any other man who has ever studied the science which deals with the First Americans.

He had a horror of newspaper notoriety. Five hundred fakirs have grown fat, through the reporters, by semi-digesting Matthews's work and regurgitating it to confiding space-writers—of course, as a rule, without a word of credit. Matthews camped in the wilderness and learned; his parasites sat in their city rooms and battened on what he had done—without personal expense of time, money or hardship. The average man would have been embittered by this—or would have avenged himself upon the sneak-thieves. Dr. Matthews did neither; all he cared for was the Work; so long as that was done, he cared little who got the credit.

A little picture on page 305 of the May number is not only pretty, but significant; and so is the verse that accompanies it. They show as much as perhaps any one photograph and poem could show of the simplicity of heart of this great man, and his love for childhood.

Years ago, Dr. Matthews sacrificed himself in the discharge of his duty. For years he has been a cripple—one would say, "a hopeless cripple" of almost any other person. But Matthews

was never hopeless, to himself or to others. Almost absolutely incapacitated in body; almost wholly past the power of locomotion; dependent upon his devoted wife for the simple mechanics of keeping alive—he was still unspoiled, unembittered, happy and useful. As if ataxia were not enough, an almost total deafness fell upon him; and of all the joys I have had in life, I doubt if I shall remember any longer than this—that a few months before his passing, I had the pleasure of putting into his tight ears, for the first time in a decade, some of the songs of the world he most cared for. With the ear-tubes we were able to play to him some of the Indian and Spanish songs; and by holding the ear-trumpet just right to the guitar, he got, viva voce, many of the old ditties of the Southwest.

This old man has shaped many younger lives. Every one of them will be glad to acknowledge the debt, and the Lion, for one, wishes to record his sense of a loss second only to that other bereavement, almost contemporary, which was even harder to bear. Something of an appreciation of what he was and of what he meant will presently be printed in these pages.

TENDERFEET VERSUS CALIFORNIA

While the War Department and the Post Office Department (both, perhaps, a trifle accelerated by the President, to whom the matter has been concurrently handed up) have very promptly sided with those Californians who know and care for California history, and have violated Red Tape to restore the historic fitnesses* it remains for a magazine in (but not of) California—the "Red Raven Splits," or some such name—to walk backward "by its lonesome" into the abysm of illiteracy, inviting its kind to follow.

Pursuant of its motto—"Originality, Quaintness, Quality"—it remarks (apropos of California names) that "Time is money;" so California hasn't the price to respect itself. Some people's time is money. The time of Splits isn't—and never will be, unless it shall learn which of the two is worth most. Meantime, it fancies that "commerce and trade demand brevity." When they do, mebbe they will get it. But it will not be by way of the longest thing of its length that they ever saw—which is Red Raven Splits.

This precious proof that people can be in California without being Californians, is at present published in "the Garden City" of San José. But it will not be for long published there, nor anywhere else, if it continues to think and say (as in a recent number which has no date of any sort by month or year) that "Frisco is far better than San Francisco;" "Bispo is far better than San Luis Obispo"—and so on.

That is all that need be said. If there were not a lot of dirt, the human race would have nothing to walk on. There probably is no place in California where this kind of philistinism will be popular. And if there is, that place will presently wake up to wonder why it is, even commercially, about forty years behind those parts of the State that are settled with people who have common sense, some education, and a general decent feeling.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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* See "The Old Names," on another page.

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IT WAS a wise philosopher who said that if he had his way he "would make Good Health contagious," instead of disease.

The Southwest Society seems to have found the right bacillus. Its movement to save the historic, scientific and art treasures of the Southwest is becoming fairly epidemic. Today this Baby of the Family is by far the largest society of the fifteen in the Institute, having 262 members. In other words, at eighteen months it has outgrown the twenty-five-year-old societies of the East. Not only that—not a third of the other societies have today as many members as the Southwest Society has gained since March 1st. It Grows as it Goes; and it will keep on going and growing.

An interesting phase of this growth is its geographic scope. The Southwest Society has members living in fifty-seven cities and towns; in thirty places in California, and twenty-seven localities in fourteen other commonwealths in the United States and two foreign countries. Its roster includes not only 151

members whose postoffice address is Los Angeles; but 111 members resident in San Francisco, San Diego and twenty-eight other California cities; in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Florida, Minnesota, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, New Mexico, British Guiana and Mexico. There is nothing really provincial about this. Nor is there anything provincial in the plans of the Southwest Society.

Among the many pleasing and significant things that have happened to the Society none is more appreciated than a recent donation. Miss Elizabeth Benton Frémont, daughter of John C. Frémont, the Pathfinder, has presented to the Southwest Society, for its Museum, the historic flag which her father unfurled on the crest of the Rocky Mountains on August 15, 1842, and many other of the personal relics of the man who gave us California. Aside from the historical and romantic value of this collection, it is the best possible nucleus to attract a valuable collection of the American pioneering of California.

Mr. Alex. Belford has promised the Society the Mss. of Frémont's "Memoirs," and other relics.

Good fortune from an entirely different quarter has befallen within the month. There is no reasonable doubt that there will be an affiliation of the Women's Clubs of the Southwest to erect, as their monument, and as a part of the Southwest Museum, a noble art gallery. The Ruskin Art Club, the oldest club of women in Southern California, has just secured, as its initial gift to the Museum, seven oil sketches of the Southern California Missions, painted in 1883, by Wm. Keith, the foremost Western artist. These are probably the first representations, by an artist of high standing, of these historic buildings; and they have the very highest documentary value, quite aside from their art merit. Mr. Keith and the Ruskin Art Club have both shown the most generous public spirit in this matter; and the pictures will be among the highly important possessions of the Museum.

The second meeting of the Southwest Museum Foundation Committee was held May 20th, and made important progress. A complete organization will be perfected for founding and endowing the Museum. Mr. Henry W. O'Melveny is Chairman of the Finance Committee; and a board of Trustees of the Funds will include some of the most prominent financiers of the city.

The complete Southwest Museum Foundation Committee is as follows:
J. O. Koepfli, Chairman (Prest. Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce).
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Chas. F. Lummis, Secretary.
Rt. Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey.
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Rev. Geo. F. Bovard, Prest. University of Southern California.

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Maj. E. F. C. Klokke, Chairman Municipal Art League.
Walter R. Bacon, Prest. Historical Society of So. Cal.
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Mrs. F. W. King, Prest. L. A. Ebell.
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Mrs. Jefferson D. Gibbs, Prest. Woman's Parliament So. Cal.
Mrs. W. D. Turner, Prest. Pasadena Shakespeare Club.
Mrs. Oliver C. Bryant, Prest. L. A. District C. F. W. C.
Mrs. G. W. Jordan, Vice-Prest. Cosmos Club.
Mrs. W. W. Murphy, Prest. Cal. Congress of Mothers.
Miss Mary L. Jones, Librarian, Los Angeles Public Library.
Mrs. D. G. Stephens
Mrs. Mary H. Hunt
Miss Mary E. Foy
Mrs. G. H. Wadleigh
Mrs. S. C. Hubbell
Mrs. Robt. J. Burdette
Mrs. W. J. Washburn
Mrs. W. S. Bartlett
Mrs. Frank Wiggins
Mrs. J. F. Sartori
Geo. W. Marston, San Diego.
Wm. G. Burnham, Orange.
Frank A. Miller, Riverside.
Louis G. Dreyfus, Santa Barbara.

Mr. Abbot Kinney has offered to provide land and a building for the Southwest Museum at his Venice of America; and has also promised to aid the museum, wherever placed, if in the judgment of the directorate this city is a better place for it than the new and important sea-coast resort. Other sites have been proffered and are under consideration.

No less important than the building of the museum, which obviously is going to be built, and built right, is the saving of the things to put in it. The museums of the civilized world are skinning our territory for the things they deem good enough for the education of their children. The Southwest Society is proceeding on the assumption that California children are just as worthy of this education as children in Berlin, in Boston, or Philadelphia, or even in Constantinople. There are no protective laws, as yet, in the United States, as there are in Italy, in Greece, in Mexico and elsewhere, to keep our antiquities from being looted. The only way in which we can save them is by getting them ourselves. This very season there will be at least four foreign expeditions in our territory, to carry these things off trom under our noses. The Southwest Society is going to have its own expedition in the field—and thinks it can hold its own against all comers. It can without any doubt, so far as the scientific side goes; as to the pecuniary side, the Southwest Society is not going to doubt this community. Dr. F. M. Palmer (the foremost expert in this field, without question or comparison) will

take the field at once for the Southwest Society. The Archaeological Institute of America is providing funds for the scientific expenses, but the Institute pays no salaries. This is the first gift from outside that Los Angeles has ever received; and this community is not an object of charity. Dr. Palmer relinquishes a remunerative profession in order to pursue this life work. The Southwest Society undertakes to support him in this field by special funds.

The outcome of the whole matter will be that we shall have a museum here with the best collections of locality that any city or state in the world has. It is the keynote of the Southwest Society that nothing is too good for his community.

The Executive Committee has adopted the following classification of donors to the Southwest Museum:

Donors of funds accepted by the Executive Committee for the Southwest Museum shall be classified as follows, and shall thus be recorded forever in the archives of the Museum and of the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America:

1. Any person or organization providing means to build and equip an exhibition hall, according to the official plans, shall be designated a FOUNDER, and shall be entitled to name said hall as a memorial to the donor, or to some other person of the donor's selection.

2. Any person giving $1000 or more shall be recorded as a PATRON.

3. A gift of $500 or upward shall constitute the giver a FELLOW in said Museum.

4. A gift of $100 or upward shall constitute the giver an ASSOCIATE in said Museum.

5. Gifts from $1 to $100 shall entitle the giver to record as a CONTRIBUTOR.

In each case the permanent record shall show the amount of the contribution.

Since the May number the following new members have been added to the Southwest Society, which makes the unparalleled record of 103 members in 85 days:

Life:—Wm. Keith, San Francisco.

Annual:—

John J. Byrne, G. P. A. Santa Fé Coast Lines.
Walter J. Horgan.
D. E. Bernard.
Mrs. D. G. Stephens, Santa Monica.
M. C. Richter.
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Highland Park Ebell.
Friday Morning Club.
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Mrs. Mary L. Milmore, Washington.
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H. Bert Ellis, M. D
Arthur B. Benton.
Miss Rosella Stoermer.
C. D. Daggett, Pasadena.
Mrs. Kate Tupper Galpin.
Mrs. W. D. Turner, Prest. Shakespeare Club, Pasadena.
Emil Bibo, Cubero, N. M.
Archibald Mayo, Chillicothe, O.
Henry G. Weyse.
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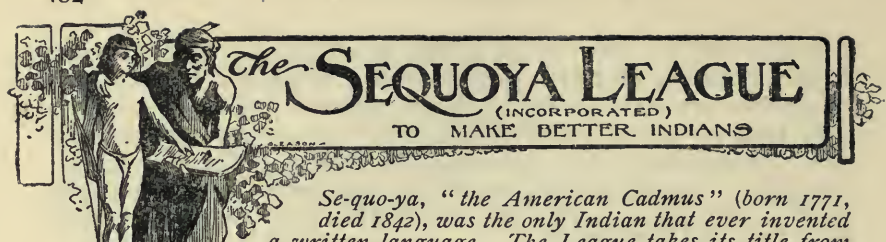
Kaspare Cohn.
Mrs. Frank W. King.
Mrs. S. C. Hubbell.
Octavius Morgan.
Mrs. Mary H. Hunt.
D. G. Stephens, Santa Monica.
Mrs. W. S. Bartlett.
Harry R. Callender.
Paul de Longpré, Hollywood, Cal.

All of Los Angeles except as otherwise noted.



Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.

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PEOPLE whose minds have passed the chromo stage and who see the basket work of the California Indians, are unanimous in feeling that this fine old handicraft should be maintained. Surely no one can become familiar with these dignified and interesting expressions of what it is fair to call a national art, and not regret that so much of our "civilized" influence is bent to teaching these people to forget their own craft and learn our hideous crazy-quilts and aniline dyes.

The Los Angeles Council of the Sequoya League has been able thus far—and expects to continue—to market all the baskets produced by the five Campo reservations; those reservations whose want and distress have seriously aroused this community to sympathy.

The average Indian basket in a store was originally purchased from the maker by a peddler who paid for it in calico at something like 25 cents a yard, and other things in proportion. The ordinary retail price has about 300 per cent. profit to divide between the dealer and the middleman. The League pays spot cash to the basket-maker, in the first instance, at her own price. Any profit goes into a fund for the betterment of the whole community in which that basket was produced. This is a sane and helpful altruism. It gives the Indians all they desire—which is a Chance—and it gives the purchased full money's worth.

On May 1st the Los Angeles Ebell Club gave an afternoon to the consideration of the League's work. A large audience of

representative women was deeply interested in both the general and the specific plans; and the work of the League was much strengthened.

Within a few months the League has bought from these Campo Indians eighty-six baskets for spot cash, and has undertaken, for the present, to purchase all that these people turn out. It insists on having the old patterns and the old dyes, and is trying to undo the degrading influence which some thoughtless purchasers and dealers have had on this aboriginal art, by having freak baskets made.

Katherine Giles, Hotel de France and Choiseul, Paris, writes of her interest in the fine work of the two Indian girls at Campo as assistant matrons* and agrees to contribute $2 per month for the maintenance of Miss Nejo in this important utility. Meantime, the Council has raised its support of Miss Nejo to $10 a month.

Campo Relief Fund.

Previously acknowledged, $1,233.00

New contributions—Kate S. Vosburg, $5.00; Mrs. W. E. Hampton, $5.00; May Stewart, $5.00; Mrs. C. J. Fox, $5.00; Frank H. Olmsted, $2.00; Mrs. Jas. W. Herr, $1.00, all the above of Los Angeles; Mrs. John H. Dwight, Pasadena, $5.00.

Funds for the Work.

Previously acknowledged, $1,150.00.

New contributions—The Ebell, Los Angeles, $25.00; Miss Amelia B. Hollenback, Brooklyn, N. Y. (already a life member of the National League), $20.

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*See this Magazine, p. 203, April.

By no means the smallest of the countless services which Andrew D. White has rendered to his own generation and to those which shall follow has been the writing of his *Autobiography,* the most important, as well as interesting, book of its class which has been published for some years, and one which it is safe to enroll at once as a classic. Even if the strictly biographical matter were entirely eliminated, these two well-rounded volumes, counting almost to 1200 pages, would be of uncommon value for their balanced and penetrating judgments, based on personal intimacy, of some of the most important personages of this generation and the one before; for their illuminating comment on subjects of the first consequence—diplomatic, political and educational—to the mastery of which Mr. White has devoted his splendid abilities; and for the wealth of entertaining anecdote. Yet all this could be better spared, if there were necessity to omit anything, than the personal record of a life devoted to the highest public services and "developed in obedience to a well-defined line of purpose." Early in his career Mr. White had chosen for his ambition "to set young men in trains of fruitful thought, to bring mature men into the line of right reason, and to aid in devising and urging needed reforms, in developing and supporting wise policies, and in building up institutions which shall strengthen what is best in American life." How magnificently he has achieved his ambition is known, in part at least, to every one of Those Who Care. The phrases, modest and reticent as they could well be, in which he "reviews with thankfulness" the things in his life which seem to him most significant, may very properly form my first quotation from a book which contains not a single page that is not worth quoting.

> First, my work at the University of Michigan, which enabled me to do something toward preparing the way for a better system of higher education in the United States; next, my work in the New York State Senate, which enabled me to aid effectively in developing the school system in the State, in establishing a health department in its metropolis, in promoting good legislation in various fields, and in securing the charter of Cornell University; next, my part in founding Cornell University and in maintaining it for more than twenty years; next, the preparation of a book [*The Warfare of Science With Theology*] which, whatever its shortcomings and however deprecated by many good men, has, I believe, done service to science, to education, and to religion; next, many speeches, articles, pamphlets, which have aided in the development of right reason on political, financial, and social questions, and, finally, the opportunity given me at a critical period to aid in restoring and miantaining good relations between the United States and Germany, and in establishing the international arbitration tribunal of The Hague. I say these things not boastingly, but reverently. I have

> sought to fight the good fight; I have sought to keep the faith,—faith in a Power in the universe good enough to make truth-seeking wise, and strong enough to make truth-telling effective,—faith in the rise of man rather than in the fall of man,—faith in the gradual evolution and ultimate prevalence of right reason among men.

How very far this is from being boastful, or even complete, will be appreciated by those who remember his superb services as Minister to Germany, as Minister to Russia, as Ambassador to Germany, as member of the Venezuela Commission, and as President of the American Delegation at the first International Peace Conference; or who recall that he has been not only one of the greatest of College Presidents, but one of the foremost and most daring pioneers in changing American universities from places set apart for training to the "learned professions" or for adding the culture necessary for a gentleman, to institutions where "any person can find instruction in any study"—to factories for the making of men.

In this connection I cannot forbear quoting, with a word of explanation, a letter from President Roosevelt to Ambassador White. This is given here not only for its swift and sure summing up of Mr. White's claims upon the affectionate honor of his countrymen, but for the light it throws upon a certain vein of golden sentiment with which the steel of our strenuous President's character is tempered—and which is one of the reasons why he is so trusted and beloved of the American people. In accepting Mr. White's final resignation from the German Embassy, the President had written him as cordial and appreciative a letter as heart could desire. Two months and ten days later Mr. Roosevelt—who had meanwhile had several things to distract his attention—wrote another brief note to the retiring Ambassador, enclosing a sealed letter, to be opened on his seventieth birthday. And this was the birthday greeting:

> On the day you open this you will be seventy years old. I cannot forbear writing you a line to express the obligation which all the American people are under to you. As a diplomat you have come in that class whose foremost exponents are Benjamin Franklin and Charles Francis Adams, and which numbers also in its ranks men like Morris, Livingston and Pinckney. As a politician, as a publicist, and as a college president you have served your country as only a limited number of men are able to serve it. You have taught by precept, and you have taught by practice. We are all of us better because you have lived and worked, and I send you now not merely my warmest well-wishes and congratulations, but thanks from all our people for all you have done for us in the past.
>
> Faithfully yours,
>
> THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

It requires no very vivid imagination to picture the tears springing to the eyes of the veteran in years and in honor at the thoughtful kindliness which had so timed these words.

Another incident touching Mr. White's seventieth birthday, though not mentioned in the volume now under consideration, is so appropriate here that not even the inveterate modesty which clothes these pages as with a garment can restrain my mentioning it. The Cornell Club of Stanford University sent him by cable congratulations on that occasion. In his letter of acknowledgement Mr. White said: "One of the happiest days in the month is that which brings OUT WEST to me, with its indications of California virility and progress." It will be understood that such words from a man were good to have.

Among the most valuable and interesting chapters are those dealing with the establishment of Cornell University—naturally enough, since this was the work, Mr. White says, by which "more than by any other work of my life, I hope to be judged." Space forbids more than the briefest reference to these fascinating chapters—indeed, the present paragraphs are in no wise intended as a summing-up of these meaty volumes; only as a bait to tempt every possible reader into acquiring them for himself. But I may just mention those days of tremendous stress and struggle, both before and after the University was founded—days from which its founders and managers could never have emerged triumphant save by adopting the Napoleonic definition, "Difficulties are things to be overcome. Impossibilities are things to be trampled upon." And I must note also that this man, never in robust health, "during the first and most trying years of the new institution of Ithaca, was obliged to do duty as Senator of the State of New York, president of Cornell University, lecturer at the University of Michigan, president of the National Bank of Syracuse, and director in two other banks,—one being at Oswego,—director in the New York and Chesapeake Canal,—to say nothing of positions on boards of various estates." He dryly comments that this "trying time" was "not without compensating advantages," since his "main danger was that of drifting into a hermit life among professors and books."

Just pausing to note that Mr. White gained a considerable part of his most valuable equipment for the public service from his study of history—and that whatever he gained from that source he more than repaid to Historical Study in general, by helping to transform it from a dry-as-dust wrestling with dates to such comprehension and interpretation of the Past as should help men to understand the Present and its problems—I must touch upon an incident which may well give rise to curious speculation on what might have been. As the presidential campaign of 1900 was approaching, Mr. White was strongly urged to enter the race for the Vice-Presidential nomination. He steadfastly declined to consider this, but urged with equal strength upon his friends the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt. It is probably safe to assume that with Mr. White in the field, Mr. Roosevelt would have absolutely declined to be considered—and we should have had as Chief Executive today the ripened scholar and diplomat in place of the marvel of youthful energy—youthful only by comparison—who is now Doing Things. Not many Americans—least of all Mr. White himself—will regret that things are as they are; nor will many doubt that, had the great duty fallen upon Mr. White's shoulders, he, too, would have borne it greatly.

Speaking of the might-have-beens, as well as of Mr. White's sagacious judgment of men and the wide influence he has had upon affairs with which he was not immediately connected, here is a quotation concerning Stanford University which appears with peculiar fitness in this California magazine:

> To this institution I was attached by a special tie. At various times the founders, Governor and Mrs. Stanford, had consulted me on problems arising in its development; they had twice visited me at Cornell for the purpose of more full discussion, and at the latter of the two visits had urged me to accept the presidency. This I had felt obliged to decline. . . . It was after this conversation that, on their asking whether there was any one suitable within my acquaintance, I answered, "Go to the University of Indiana; there you will find the president, an old student of mine, David Starr Jordan, one of the leading scientific men of the country, possessed of a most charming power of literary expression, with a remarkable ability in organization, and blessed with good, sound sense. Call

him." They took my advice, called Dr. Jordan, and I found him at the university.

To the grounds and buildings at Stanford, repeated reference is made, by way of holding them up as shining lights in an architectural field where dullness, carelessness or stupidity has generally prevailed.

Still harping on Stanford University, I quote a passage concerning the lad to whose memory the university is a monument unmatched in the history of man. It is given here for the information of any who may have been disposed to say, "Oh, well, he was probably only an ordinary kind of boy, after all, boosted to a pedestal in the sad memories of his parents." Mr. White—who should by that time have become a reasonable judge—says:

> Most interesting to me of all the persons in Nice at that time was a young American about fourteen years of age, who seemed to me one of the brightest and noblest and most promising youths I had ever seen. Alas! how many hopes were disappointed in his death not long afterward! The boy was young Leland Stanford.

The chapters on "religious development," frank, profound and stimulating as they are, I must pass with only a single quotation, selected partly because the "Rabbi Weinstock" named is that California business man, whose *Jesus the Jew* I have had occasion to praise warmly in these columns.

> From such evils there are, in America, at least, many places of refuge; and, in case these fail, there are the treasures of religious thought accumulated from the days of Marcus Aurelius, St. Augustine, and Thomas á Kempis to such among us as Brooks, Gibbons, Munger, Henry Simmons, Rabbis Weinstock and Jacobs, and very many others. It may be allowed to a hard-worked man who has passed beyond the allotted threescore years and ten to say that he has found in general religious biography, Jewish, Catholic and Protestant, and in the writings of men nobly inspired in all these fields, a help without which his life would have been poor indeed.

Perhaps the most striking single chapter, just at this time, is that which deals with Pobedonostzeff—that Russian who has been held up to the English-speaking world as a relentless, blood-thirsty bigot and fanatic—"the Torquemada of the nineteenth century." Mr. White came to know him intimately, and says of him, "Though I differ from him almost totally, few men have so greatly interested me." He found him personally a gentle, kindly man, of scholarly taste and habit, and basing his repressive policy with relation to other churches than the Russian Orthodox not merely upon his views as a theologian, but upon his convictions as a statesman. Most curious is this Russian statesman's love for American literature, his favorites being Hawthorne, Lowell, and, above all, Emerson. Emerson, Lowell and this "arch-persecutor"—an astounding combination, if there ever was one!

While speaking of Russia, it is worth while to recall, as typical of the feeling of that nation towards this, the offer, through Minister White, of a loan of gold to the United States from the Russian gold reserve to enable us to tide over our difficulties with the currency question. This we could not accept, as the Washington Government had no power to make a call-loan, but was obliged to sell bonds.

With scores of delightful anecdotes tempting to quotation, I must perforce content myself with a single one—chosen as a sort of "Fable for Critics," the warning of which I may myself occasionally need.

> At this some one gave a story regarding our contemporary Dr. Osgood, the eminent Unitarian clergyman, who, toward the end of

> his life, had gone into the Protestant Episcopal Church. I had known him as a man of much ability and power, but with a rather extraordinary way of asserting himself and patronizing people. He had recently died, and a legend had arisen that, on his arrival in the New Jerusalem, being presented to St. Paul, he said: "Sir, I have derived both profit and pleasure from your writings, and have commended them to my congregation.".

Let no one suspect me of any desire to be patronizing in saying that this Autobiography ought to interest a wider variety of readers than almost any book I can recall; and that, asked to select, as an ideal for young scholars, the man who has most fully earned the triple crown of scholar, statesman and man of affairs, I should name Andrew D. White. The Century Co., New York; 2 vols. $7.50 *net.*

A WINNING OF SPURS

Of all the war correspondents the world over who sniffed the scent of battle from afar, something over a year ago, and hastened toward it, only ten were permitted by the Japanese Government to join the army investing Port Arthur. One of these was a California lad, not much past his majority, who, unable to secure an assignment from any of the great dailies, just scraped together money enough to take him over, and went "on his own hook." This would have been sheer youthful madness if he had failed. But he "made good." His book, *Port Arthur,* is distinctly the most complete, informed and informing account of this monstrous grapple—in many respects, the most astounding in history—that has yet been published. To a habit of accurate and minute observation and a keen eye for relative values, Mr. Barry adds a picturesque and convincing style. One who picks the book up will hardly lay it down unfinished. There will be those who will explain Mr. Barry's swift success as a matter of "good luck." Personally I prefer to account for it on the same basis as he uses to explain Japanese success—audacity and originality. Illustrations, from photographs by the author, add much to the interest; as does the fact that it is the "first book" for the publishers as well as the author. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.50 *net.*

A TOOL-USING WASP

Wasps Social and Solitary, by George W. and Elizabeth G. Peckham, is described by John Burroughs, in an Introduction, as "the most charming monograph in any department of our natural history that I have read in many a year." It is certainly a fascinating record of patient, intelligent and sympathetic observation by trained observers, and is of scientific importance as well as of much interest to the general reader. The most striking and novel observation, apparently thoroughly verified, is that of the use of a tool by *Ammophila Urnaria.* The description of this is worth quotation.

> Just here must be told the story of one little wasp whose individuality stands out in our minds more distinctly than that of any of the others. We remember her as the most fastidious and perfect little worker of the whole season, so nice was she in her adaptation of means to ends, so busy and contented in her labor of love and so pretty in her pride over the completed work. In filling up her nest she put her head down into it and bit away the loose earth from the sides, letting it fall to the bottom of the burrow, and then, after a quantity had accumulated, jammed it down with her head. Earth was then brought from the outside and pressed in, and then more was bitten from the sides. When, at last, the filling was level with the ground, she brought a quantity of fine grains of dirt to the spot,

> and picking up a small pebble in her mandibles, used it as a hammer in pounding them down by rapid strokes, thus making the spot as hard and firm as the surrounding surface. Before we could recover from our astonishment at the performance she had dropped the stone, and was bringing more earth. We then threw ourselves down on the ground that not a motion might be lost, and in a moment we saw her pick up the pebble and again pound the earth into place with it, hammering now here and now there until all was level. Once more the whole process was repeated, and then the little creature, all unconscious of the commotion that she had aroused in our minds, unconscious, indeed, of our very existence and intent only on doing her work and doing it well—gave one final comprehensive glance around and flew away.

A similar occurrence is reported by another observer of standing. Mr. Burroughs reports himself as converted from his belief that insects are perfect automata—a notable conversion, indeed. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50 *net.*

The Mormon Menace purports to be the Confessions of John Boyle Lee, a chief of the Danites, made before his execution in 1877. Alfred Henry Lewis writes a savage introduction by way of warning against "the Mormon viper still coiled upon the national hearth." Those who believe in this bogy-man of Mormon conspiracy against the national Government will be edified by this volume. My personal impression is that any possible menace from the Mormon Church may well wait for attention until, let us say, Philadelphia has purged its Council of corruption and Chicago its streets of prostitution. Home Protection Publishing Co., New York.

The Custodian, in Archibald Eyre's story, is the son of a younger son of an English Duke, his mother being daughter of the lodge-keeper, and their connection being supposed "irregular." He is "taken up" by a German Count, friend of his grandmother, the Duchess, and is sent to Scotland to keep guard over a German princess and prevent her from making a marriage below her rank. In due course and after mystifications and complications necessary to warrant the story, princess and hero are mated, the latter proving to be a real Duke himself. Henry Holt & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. $1.50.

A text-book which is accurate, compact, complete and thoroughly adapted for class-room use has all the major qualifications. *Experiments With Plants,* by Dr. W. J. V. Osterhout, of the University of California, passes muster on all these points, and is good reading besides. Its purpose is "to suggest and explain simple ways by which the pupil can be set at the working out of real problems in the growth and behavior of planets." The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.25.

A story of the days of Charlemagne, with Roland and Oliver for its heroes, may reasonably be expected to be full of romantic and chivalrous action. Robert Ames Bennet has taken full advantage of the opportunities in *For the White Christ.* With its decorated pages and illustrations in color by the Kinneys, the volume is a striking specimen of the book-maker's art. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.50.

The fantastic, humorous and impossible adventures of a sea captain, with a turn for comic verse, are supposed to be related by himself in Arthur Colton's *The Belted Seas.* The most fantastic, humorous and impossible of them all is, perhaps, the adventure of Krebs and his pet whale—who turned out to be no lady. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

Among the most interesting of the volumes so far published concerning the Russo-Japanese war is the series of sketches collected under the title *The Yellow War*, by "O." That the incidents related were either seen by the author or told to him by the actors themselves will be readily believed by any who read these vivid and convincing pages. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $1.20 *net.*

Correct Writing and Speaking, by Mary A. Jordan, Professor of English Literature in Smith College (appearing in the "Woman's Home Library"), is intended to "appeal strongly to women who do not mean to let their weapons rust, nor to abandon intellectual pursuits because they have daughters at school." It is a helpful and reliable volume. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $1 *net.*

Admitting a hearty distaste for parodies in general and a particular surfeit of parodies of the Rubáiyát, I hasten to set Oliver Herford's *Rubáiyát of a Persian Kitten* in a class all by itself. It is cleverly done, and the really delightful illustrations—one for each quatrain—make it a charming book for an idle ten minutes. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1 *net.*

Among the manuscript left by Theodore Winthrop, on his death more than forty years ago, was the rough first draft of a novel. This has now been edited and revised by Burton E. Stevenson, and is published as *Mr. Waddy's Return.* It will not add particularly to Major Winthrop's literary reputation. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

Andy Adams is a little better than ever in *The Outlet.* This is the account of a drive of ten thousand cattle from Texas to Dakota for delivery under Government contract. No other writer is so thoroughly at home in this particular field as Mr. Adams. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. $1.50.

Following the Sun-Flag, by John Fox, Jr., may be described as war correspondence with the war left out. The author displays a not unnatural resentment against the Japanese war-leaders whose plans did not include allowing him to come into personal touch with their armies in action. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, $1.25.

The internal evidence makes it clear enough that A. Cahan, author of *The White Terror and the Red*, has a first-hand knowledge of the revolutionary movement in Russia. Well-differentiated character-study and plenty of thrilling incident go to make up an entirely readable novel. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $1.50.

In the "Macmillan Paper Novel Series" there have recently appeared Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *History of David Grieve.* Rhoda Broughton's *Foes in Law*, Edith Elmer Wood's *The Spirit of the Service*, and *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife.* The Macmillan Co., New York, 25 cents each.

Nelson's Yankee Boy, by F. H. Costello, is described in the sub-title as containing the adventures of a plucky young New Englander at Trafalgar and elsewhere, and later in the war of 1812. It will interest the boy-readers for whom it was intended. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

Accompanying the Senatorial Committee of 1903, J. S. McLain travelled all over the Alaskan peninsula. As a result of his trip we now have a well-illustrated and reasonably adequate volume on *Alaska and the Klondike.* McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $2 *net.*

One would hardly suppose that the author of *The Shadow of the Czar* could surpass that effort. But he has. This time it is called *The Weird Picture*—and is "the limit" for sensational trash. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

To the valuable "English Men of Letters" series is now added *Thomas Moore*, by Stephen Gwynn. It is fairly up to the high average quality of this series. The Macmillan Co., New York. 75 cents.

The action in Louis Tracy's *Pillar of Light* takes place in and about a lighthouse. Between wrecks, rescues and reunions, the reader's interest is sufficiently enagaged. E. J. Clode, New York, $1.50.

The second title in the series of "Lives of Great Writers" is *In the Days of Shakespeare*, by Tudor Jenks. It is a competent and useful little volume. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $1 *net.*

In their "Modern Language Series" D. C. Heath & Co. offer Alarcon's *Novelas Cortas Escogidas*, edited, with notes and vocabulary, by Alfred Remy.

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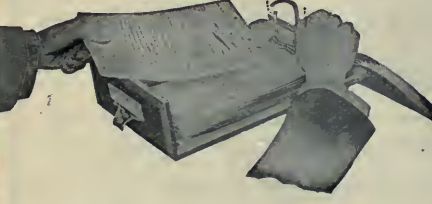

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The Dalles, Ore.
108 East Second St.
Colfax, Wash.
203 Main St.
Everett, Wash.
1310 Hewitt Ave.
Nelson, B. C.
182 Baker St.
North Yakima, Wash.
24 North Second St.
Olympia, Wash.
420 Washington St.
Seattle, Wash.
2105 First Ave.
Seattle, Wash.
1116 Second Ave.
Spokane, Wash.
823 Riverside Ave.
Tacoma, Wash.
118 South Twelfth St.
Vancouver, B. C.
9 Arcade
Victoria, B. C.
38 Broad St.
Walla Walla, Wash.
17 East Main St.
Ballard, Wash.
Jefferson Place
Reno, Nev.
16 West Second St.

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"What I Have Done in Ten Years—The Story of My Wonderful Success."

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I believe I have the best proposition from an investor's standpoint that could be placed before you. My book tells all about the success which I have met with during my ten years of business life and about its exceptional future possibilities. For ten years I have been teaching men and women to live according to the laws of Nature. My success has been unprecedented. I started business in the City of Brooklyn in 1896. My capital amounted to less than $25.00. My first year's business netted me over $1,000.00. Last year I paid dividends to my partners of 15 per cent. Five years ago my business had grown so large that I was compelled to remove to larger quarters. I am now at 63 and 65 Clark St., Brooklyn, N. Y., in connection with the Hotel St. George. I have today what experts have pronounced to be the best appointed institute of its kind in the country. I estimate the equipment of the Mac Levy Institute of Physical Culture

to be worth at least $50,000. My gymnasium is complete in every way. It is two stories high and occupies over 4000 square feet of floor space.

The Turkish, Russian, Electric Light, Shower, Needle, Steam and Plunge Baths are modernly fitted. The Swimming Pool is one of the largest in Greater New York. Elegantly fitted reclining rooms, dressing rooms and hundreds of private lockers form a part of the extensive equipment of this Institute. The executive offices are finely and adequately furnished; modern up-to-date business systems are maintained.

Everyone has a natural tendency to save money. You cannot depend entirely upon your salary, as that may be only a temporary means of livelihood.

Success does not come by luck. The successful person is one who has a foresight to look ahead and to take advantage of the opportunities as they are presented. Science tells us that the years of a man's earning powers are limited. She says that a man at forty has seen his best days. This makes it all the more necessary for you to save now and prepare for old age. Your entire future success may depend upon your taking advantage of a profitable investment. The majority of our successful men have made their fortunes in industrial enterprises. I believe that every dollar invested in this corporation will return you $1.20 within a year's time. I judge this from my past experience and the future which I see ahead of me. To be connected with a prosperous business gives you prestige. An interest in this corporation may lay the foundation of your fortune. This business is growing. My managers are all able men, thoroughly experienced in every detail of their business. They are able to plan, and have the ability to carry out their plans. Their experience enables them to carry out big things that make for the success of this business. Practically all the years of my life have been spent in studying and in teaching Physical Culture. I am not an old man, but old enough to be conservative. I believe I am able to put every dollar which is paid into this corporation to the best possible use for furthering the interest of all.

The secret of success today is co-operation. I recognize it. I believe that any business can be increased by co-operation. I believe that this business can be doubled and trebled. A one-brain power organization cannot hope to attain the success which a concern can that has a large number of co-workers. It is the bringing together of many minds to create ideas, to carry out these ideas in real life, that marks the successful business concern today. There is one thing which this corporation needs. That is a building of its own, in order to adequately meet its growing business.

The Mac Levy Company, proprietors of the Mac Levy Institute of Physical Culture and The Mac Levy Gymnasium Equipment Co., is incorporated under the laws of New York for $150,000. The last named branch of the business of The Mac Levy Company is comparatively new. I have been at work for several years to establish such a department in connection with teaching Physical Culture. The most difficult part of forming the Equipment Company has been accomplished. The business is now in condition to be pushed on a large scale. There are hundreds of thousands of dollars spent yearly on new gymnasiums

and their equipment. The profits are large. A company of this kind has an immense field in which to work. There are very few competitors. It is evident that The Mac Levy Gymnasium Equipment Company can build up an enormous business.

The Mac Levy Company own free and clear its equipment. It also controls valuable patents, such as The Mac Levy Steel Bar System, famous all over the country, and The Mac Levy Trolley System for quick and safe instruction in swimming.

The local business done by The Mac Levy Institute of Physical Culture is very large. Especially at this time of the year when the swimming season is just opening. Last year I operated three different places teaching swimming. One at Arverne-by-the-sea, L. I., another at Steeple Chase Park, Coney Island, and at our Brooklyn Institute. During the summer months I taught thousands to swim. I had thirteen instructors on my payroll. Each instructor worked ten hours a day, and allowed on an average of twenty minutes to each pupil. You can get an idea from this the amount of business which I did during the warm weather months. This, you understand, was in addition to my Mail Order Department and regular Physical Culture business.

I do an extensive Mail business. I teach people how they should live and exercise. My students are scattered all over the United States and in English-speaking countries.

I have consulted many prominent business men in my own town as to the advisability of my plans. They tell me that I am successful—that my plans for the extension of my business are well laid, and that I can build an enormous business with the help of co-workers throughout the country. The future looks bright. I hope to make this Institution a power in the financial and industrial world. I hope to establish branches all over the country. I have long thought that there are thousands of people in moderate circumstances who would like to invest a few dollars in an Institution of this kind. At last I decided to offer a block of the treasury stock of this company to the public. I had good reasons for coming to this decision. I wish to put in operation extensive plans for extending the business of the Mac Levy Institute of Physical Culture and The Mac Levy Gymnasium Equipment Company. When you invest in a corporation of this kind you are not buying fake mining or oil stocks which flood the country at this time. You become a partner in a business that has been in successful operation for ten years. You become co-worker with a man who has won reputation and fame. If you are of a speculative mind, I do not want you as a partner. Wall Street is the place for you—where thousands of dollars are lost in mining and oil stocks. If you have a few dollars that you want to invest where it will earn more for you than the 3 or 4 per cent. which Savings Banks pay their depositors, I want you to read my book. If you want to become a partner in an established business with a brilliant future ahead of it, and to become associated with men who have made a success in life, then my book will interest you.

The Physical Culture business has a magnificent future before it. The public no longer considers Physical Culture a fad. It is an acknowledged fact that it is one of the things necessary to meet the demands of modern life. Men and women who previ-

ously have gone thousands of miles from home seeking health and strength now look for it at their own door in Physical Culture. Physical Culture is Nature's method of healing. It is being recognized more and more every day.

The Gymnasium Equipment Company has great possibilities before it. Hundreds of gymnasiums are erected every year. I want to be able later on to build a factory for the manufacture of gymnastic apparatus. There is room for a concern like this, as competition is limited to a very small number. The demand for this class of goods is growing larger every year. I want men and women all over this great country of ours to become co-workers and partners in my great enterprise. I want them to help me erect a building, and spread my business all over the civilized world. I believe that this business will produce large dividends and a few dollars invested now will bring large returns. I believe The Mac Levy Co. is just as safe an investment as any Savings Bank in America. Savings Banks pay their depositors but a small portion of the gains which their money earns. When you are a partner in my enterprise you receive an equal division of the profits in proportion to the amount of money invested.

I believe that if you could talk with me personally, go over the records of the business which I have done, see in black and white the figures which show the steady growth which my business has experienced during the past ten years, examine my plans for future extension, and then look over the magnificent equipment of my Institute, you would want no further evidence that money put into this business will bring you the greatest possible returns consistent with safety and good management. I do not want you simply as an investor. I want you to be my partner—co-operator. I need your help and suggestions. I want you to work with me—help me secure a tremendous amount of new business. Imagine for a moment what a powerful organization The Mac Levy Company would be—what a stupendous amount of business such an organization would do, if thousands of co-workers throughout the world were working in harmony for the good of the whole. What immense profits could be made to be distributed among its workers.

You have a few dollars to invest. Send for my free book. I want you as a partner in this great Institution. Do not let your money stand idle, earning only three or four per cent., which the Savings Banks pay their depositors. Put it to work. Join it with mine. I believe that within a year this Company will pay dividends of at least 20 per cent.

If you have read this advertisement thus far, I know that you have become interested in my great enterprise. I know that you will enjoy reading my carefully prepared book. It tells all about myself, my wonderful success and fame, physical culture plans and what I believe the future holds for all who join me in making this Institution world-wide in scope.

MAC LEVY,

President Mac Levy Co., Inc.,

Dept. O, 63-65 Clark Street. Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs
* * * * * * * Fills
The air around with beauty."
—*Byron.*

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Ideal for Bathing the Face, Neck and Hands

It cleanses the skin of soil and oily waste, improves the circulation, builds up the muscles and smooths out the wrinkles. Ideal for softening the beard before shaving. Price mailed, 25 cents. Accept no others. Beware of imitations.

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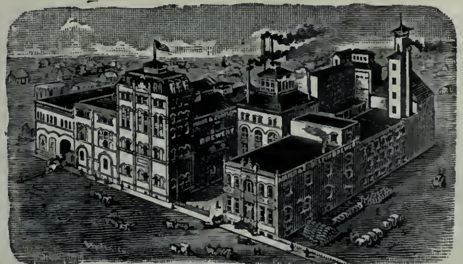

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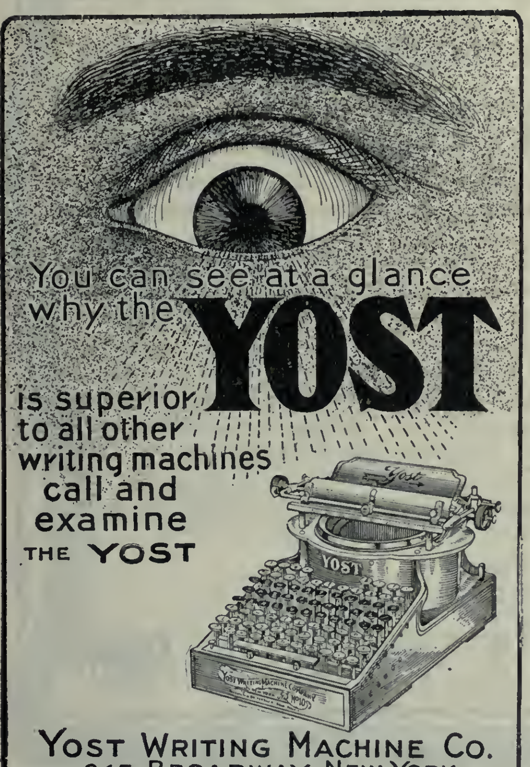

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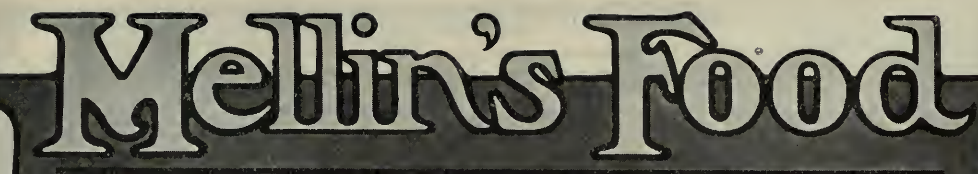

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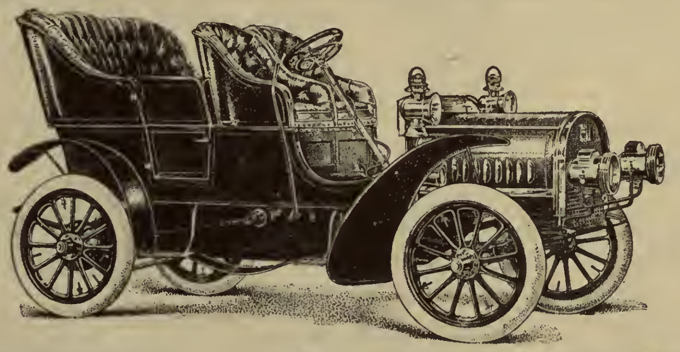

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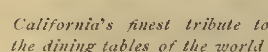

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