

CARMEL PINE CONE

The Year, \$1.50 ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY The Copy, 5 cents

Beardsley

SEPT. 20, 1917

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CAL.

VOL. III, NO. 34

A Grand Total

All funds raised by public entertainments for the benefit of the Red Cross are now in. In addition to the amount previously reported, the following sums have been received:

Mrs. Young Musicales	\$ 17.25
Mrs. Foster Tea	21.00
Moving Pictures	50.00
Forest Theatre	200.00

Total	\$288.25
Previously reported	662.30

Grand total - \$950.61

Pine Needles

J. Hamilton Wolf departed on Saturday for Seattle, where at the University of Washington, he is in charge of the department of fine arts.

The Bokes left last Saturday for Los Angeles, where they will remain several months.

Miss A. C. Edmonds will be Carmel's representative at a meeting of school trustees, to be held at Asilomar on October 4.

Recent week-end occupants of the Wilson cottage at the golf links were: Mrs. Jean Graeber, Miss Lucia McKinley, Harry Lindsay, Wesley McKee, and Robert McKinley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Dummage are home from a rambling five days' motor trip. They went south, and got as far down as San Luis Obispo.

The Stewart-Payne camping party is home from the ten days' vacation in the hills. Everybody had a glorious time, and somebody winged a buck.

Otto Lachmund has joined the aviation corps at Princeton, N. J., having been transferred from the hospital camp at Allentown, Pa.

Senor Luis Tarango took a week-end journey to San Jose and return last week.

Change in Highlands stage time schedule: Leaves Highlands at 10:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m., instead of at 11 and 5.

The children who gave the Rose Tree play, on September 8, have donated to the Red Cross the proceeds—\$5.60.

Ben Leidig is now local distributor for Pioneer Flaxine Roofing. The U. S. Government recently purchased 12,000 squares (rolls) for cantonments, and the State of California 10,000 for piers at San Francisco.

Natharine Cooke left for Los Angeles on Friday morning, there to join her mother and aunt.

Mrs. M. M. Ayers, aunt of Mrs. Charles Clark, passed away at Dallas, Tex., last Saturday. Mrs. Clark and her daughter will attend the funeral, which will take place in San Francisco.

Mrs. R. J. DeYoe left last week on a three weeks' vacation. She will visit in San Jose, San Francisco, and Atescadero, motoring home from the last-named place.

The Duvenecks have rented the lower Clampett cottage, intending to remain here a while longer, to the delight of their friends here.

Mrs. Irving B. Waterbury has returned from a week's visit with relatives and friends in the bay cities. Miss Minnie Zaro came home with her.

Dr. D. T. MacDougal of the Carnegie Institution, plans to leave next week for a brief stay at Tucson headquarters.

L. S. Slevin is back from the State Fair at Sacramento, whither he went to take photographs of unusual events.

Mrs. J. A. Heselwood, who with here daughter, has occupied for some weeks one of Dummage cottages, left last Saturday for Oakland with Miss Mabel, who will shortly visit her sister at Stockton.

Bobby Norton is getting on nicely. His blood-poison arm is responding to treatment, and he will soon be at school again.

Judge J. A. Bardin has re-appointed Ney Otis to a two-year term as County Probation Officer.

Warren D. Allen, who conducted the successful summer school of music here, has returned to San Jose, to resume his work at the University of the Pacific.

A letter has been received from Madame Viseur by Mrs. Josselyn, thanking her for the \$25 raised in Carmel at the jam and jelly sale. The money will be invested in dried fruit, to be forwarded to a hospital near Champigny - sur - Marne, France.

All present and accounted for at leaving time. Nine Wermuths got away on Tuesday morning in their little Ford, for a week's visit with Fred's mother at Stockton.

Read Leidig Bros.' bargain list in this eight-page number of the Pine Cone.

Our Town Library

More and more the Carmel Library is proving itself one of the town's most valuable assets. Frequently one of the prerequisites of a contemplated vacation here is the existence of a public library. It is a fact that visitors often go to the library before unpacking their suit-cases.

During the past summer such comments as these have been often heard:

"It has the real library atmosphere and influence."

"Your books are so well selected—little or no trash."

"I shall come to Carmel again, if only for its library."

"I have found books unobtainable elsewhere."

Why shouldn't we be proud of our library?

With Age Comes Knowledge

This bank is 11 years old, during each successive year it has learned the needs of the people of this city and vicinity, and catered to them, thus becoming more useful to Firms, Merchants, and Farmers yearly.

Your Account Invited

First National Bank

MONTEREY, CAL.

Under U. S. Government Supervision

Property Transactions

Deed: Hazel W. Hopkine et vir to same. South half Lot 20, north half Lot 18, Blk EE, Ad. No. 3, Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Deed: Carmel Dev. Co. to E. Virginia Esterly. Lot 20, Block 109, Carmel-by-Sea.

If you read it in the Pine Cone you may safely repeat it.

Don't Forget

That the Monterey Savings Bank is the *only* Savings Bank on Monterey Peninsula, and it pays 4 per cent interest on savings accounts.



Bank of Monterey
Monterey Sav. Bank

Same Bld'g Same Management

The Pine Cone has a well equipped job printing plant. Prices are fair.

Echoes From the Firing Line

Portions of a letter from Madame Marie de Hemptinne of the American Belgian Relief (Belgian War Baby Fund Section).

Calais, June 17, 1917

My dear Mrs. Marsily:

It is such a joy for me to read your long letter; many thanks for taking the time to write it. It was most interested with the details you gave about the work in California, and I am happy to feel that women like you and dear Mrs. Snook are willing to help us.

I must first tell you our joy. Four boxes have arrived at Liverpool and three trunks have got here in Calais a few days ago. We are so pleased and also proud, because we have defeated the German submarine; they are watching to get our bones, the Pirates! But God is with us, notwithstanding what the Kaiser says.

If you are busy, I can assure you that I am too. Every morning I begin at 8 o'clock. The Corporal of the military station comes to me with his report of the night. When he is gone I rush to the hospital to see the women who are expecting babies, and who have been terrified by the bombardments; several are very ill and have their babies too soon. Then I go to the "Home" where I see if all is well. If I have to ask anything of the military authorities, either Belgian or French or British, I go there about 11 o'clock.

In the war zone all is very difficult; I have, of course, a special permit to circulate, but hundreds of little items must be asked for.

We help many soldiers, French, as well as Belgian. The men always need something to improve their situation or their families. I am very useful to all those boys. Don't think me conceited. We do all that business so easily it is seldom one refuses us something reasonable we ask.

When I have finished that, I go to our clothing depot to see the ladies in charge there. When those matters are settled, I go to another depot where we give civilian garments to wounded soldiers who cannot go to the trenches because of the seriousness of their wounds, but for these men we find places in shops and other light work, and have to give them civilian clothes, for then they are allowed to go. This, with our mothers and babies, is one of our most useful works. The wounded, as long as they stay in camp without doing anything, are so miserable; they have too much time on their hands to think of their sorrows. This is very bad for their spirits, so we take them out and help them to earn their livelihood. You can imagine how happy they are when we give them civilian clothes. (They cannot go out of the camp town if they wear military clothes.) Once they obtain a place to work, they have twenty-four hours to procure clothes and go. Until now we have been able to help all these of this region, but, alas, our depot is getting emptied. Do try your best to interest men; those who will be soldiers on your side will not require civilian clothes; we are begging to get some.

Very often I have to receive my

To the Road of Perfume

In a STETSON made suit watch yourself gleaming,
In a ship from afar, to the land drawing nigh;
Laden with STETSON dress men, brave to meet
danger.

Stalwart of form, fair of skin, and blue of eye.

Shimmering waters, weary of tossing,
Hopeful of rest, ripple on to the shore;
Dimpling with light as they waver and quiver,
Echoing faintly the ocean's wild roar.

Locked in the arms of the tremulous waters,
Dress in a STETSON suit of beauty abloom;
STETSON can dress you for winter or summer,
And make you feel as in a world of perfume.

STETSON TAILORING COMPANY
425 Alvarado St., Monterey

friends while I am eating. At two o'clock I start with a lady, a chauffeur and a housemaid. We go to the villages to see the children, women, and fishermen. In some hospitals we give supplies and dressings. Whatever we get we always find urgent use for.

We need one hundred more beds; they are so sad—those that we are obliged to send away. You must know they come to Calais for one night; next morning they go on leave. It is the first time in months that they have seen—a bed! You can imagine their joy. Is it not a pity that we have not those hundred more beds.

We give these brave fellows food and coffee and beer. We have a canteen, but, unfortunately, all is so expensive and scarce that we have very little in it.

It is a very good work and necessary. You can feel how grateful the poor boys are to have the "Home." They call me and the lady in special charge "mama."

You see that my day is a busy one; but I like it. It means that I am useful to my dear country.

We also aid "Les pauvres honteux"—the formerly wealthy, too proud to beg; their case is often most sad. So if your ladies give you pretty things, send them for these unfortunate people; they suffer, no doubt, most of all.

I am afraid this long letter is not very interesting; do forgive me. It is late; the lights are out again; it means alert; Tanks or Zepps are over the town, and surely will drop bombs in a few minutes. It's awful for the women and children; the murderers invariably kill a few.

CARMEL REALTY CO.

HOUSES RENTED
PROPERTY SOLD
EXCHANGES MADE
INSURANCE

CARMEL By-the-Sea ATTRACTIONS

Glass-bottom Boats.

Library and Readingroom

Fishing and Swimming
in the Carmel River.

Public Tennis Court

Visit the historic Mission

Good Moving Picture
show every Saturday
evening.

Picnic at Pebble Beach,
Point Lobos, Carmel
Highlands.

Visit the Forest Theatre

Bowling Alley

Beautiful Walks, Drives

Henry Cowell, well-known young musician, was here for a few days last week. He regrets not having been here during Carmel's season of music. Lecturing and composing have kept him very busy.

M. DeNeale Morgan
STUDIO

Lincoln st., near Ocean ave.

OPEN TO VISITORS

Tuesday & Saturday afternoons

Telephone: 601 J 3

ORDINANCE NO. 17

AN ORDINANCE LEVYING MUNICIPAL TAXES FOR THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA FOR THE FISCAL YEAR BEGINNING JANUARY 1, 1917.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA DO ORDAIN AS FOLLOWS:

Section 1. That the rate of taxation for the fiscal year beginning January 1, 1917, for general municipal purposes for the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, upon real and personal property in the said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California, shall be, and the same is hereby, fixed as follows:

For general municipal expenses, ONE HUNDRED (100) cents on each One Hundred (\$100) Dollars of assessed valuation of taxable property in said city.

Section 2. That the above rate of taxation apportioned and segregated as above set forth is hereby levied for the fiscal year beginning January 1, 1917; that the above rate is required and will be sufficient to raise the amounts estimated to be required for the present fiscal year less the amounts estimated to be received from fines, licenses, and other sources.

Section 3. This ordinance is hereby declared urgent and necessary to carry on the government of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea and is therefore necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health and safety and shall take effect on its final passage and approval.

PASSED AND ADOPTED by the Board of Trustees of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea this 4th day of September A. D. 1917, by the following vote:

Ayes, Trustees Fraser, Beardsley, Taylor, Johnson, de Sabla.

Noes, None.

Absent, None.

APPROVED: A. P. FRASER,
President of the Board of
Trustees.

ATTEST: J. E. NICHOLS,
City Clerk.

J. M. CULBERSON
IDA A. JOHNSON
STUDIO

Ocean Avenue next Library
Open to visitors on Saturday
day afternoons or by appointment
Phone 602 J 4

Day-light High and Low Tides at Carmel

	Low	Ft.	High	Ft.
Sep. 20	6:10 a	2.7	12:06 p	5.5
21	6:44 a	3.1	12:31 p	5.7
22	7:25 a	3.4	1:15 p	5.6
23	8:23 a	3.6	2:14 p	5.5
24	9:42 a	3.7	3:36 p	5.5
25	11:09 a	3.5	5:08 p	5.5
26	12:23 p	3.0	6:27 p	5.6

For Rent REMINGTON
No. 7 TYPE
WRITER; in good condition;
reasonable; will deliver. Pine Cone
office.

Guard Against Fire in the Forest

Matches

Be sure your match is out before throwing it on the ground. Break it in two.

Tobacco

Throw pipe ashes and cigarette and cigar stumps in the dust of the road, and stamp out the fire. Do not throw them into needles, leaves or brush.

Making Camp

Make a small camp fire. Build it in the open — not against a tree or log or near brush. Scrape away anything burnable near it.

Leaving Camp

Never leave a camp fire alone, even for a brief time, without pouring water upon it and then covering it with earth. See 1914 hunting license.

Bonfires

Do not make bonfires when it is windy, or when or where there is the least danger of getting beyond control. Avoid making a larger fire than necessary.

Fighting Fire

If you discover a fire, endeavor to put it out. If you cannot, get word of it to the nearest federal or state fire warden quickly.

Keep in touch with the rangers. Ascertain the number of the district in which you are camping from United States forest rangers, county clerks or newspaper offices. Make a note of it on a card or memorandum book.

New Volume of Verse

In the present period of universal upheaval and unrest, with its volumes of whys and wherefors for and against war—and all that armed conflict involves—it is refreshing to find a volume which restores one's sanity and repose.

"Sandhya" a book of verse by the young Hindu poet, Dhan Gopal Mukerji, has just been issued by Paul Elder.

The spirit of the entire work may be judged by the following selection:

SANATAN

Our hopes that fail
Are but truths that set
To illumine other spirits on their
pathway;
As our joys that come true
Are their far-off dreams,
That through the cadence of our life
Ring out their pent-up tunes.
Whatever dies—needs but live,
Whatever breathes doth die too;
But above death and life
Shines that High Light
Where all find rest,
Yet endlessly move.

The Boys' Club has had a departure from their usual program the past two weeks. Stunts of various kinds; musical selections and singing have made an interesting change. The time for refreshments has not been tampered with, however, and the appetites never fail.

The Little Hardware Store

The Things That You Want
When You Want Them in the
Paint and Hardware Lines

Dogcollars, Screen-wire, Nails

Wyatt's Little Hardware Store

11:30 This Morning

Get up town at 11:30 this morning. Two Carmel young men are to leave at that time on their journey to Camp Lewis, Washington. Babcock and Machado start on their way to France. You owe it to these young men to give them a handshake and a cheer. Bring a flag with you.

The local Red Cross chapter will see that our first representatives of the draft are provided with necessities and comforts. The boys will be taken to Selinas in the Josselyn auto.

These men are doing their "bit" for you. Show your good will and appreciation.

Remember, 11:30 this morning.

MANZANITA THEATRE
MOVING PICTURES
Saturday, Sept. 22
MARGUERITE CLARKE
Molly Make-Believe

Tuesday, Sept. 25
Intensely Interesting Drama
The Love Mask
10 and 20 cents

It Is To Weep

No more the famous Carmel doughnut. A thing of the past is the crooked breakfast snake "made in Carmel." If you want a Parker House roll, you'll have to bake it yourself or travel four miles for it.

Reason? Reason enough! Fritz Schweninger has quit making these delightful delicacies. Carmel is without a bakery, cakery, and pie factory. The Schweningers will give all their attention to their growing grocery business.

Wonder if we'll have any more small boy encampments here?

Lost At Pt. Lobos, September 13. Lady's brown mink fur cape. Reward if returned to Pine Cone office.

For Sale BABY outfit. Buggy, Crib, Bath-tub, Go-cart, two chairs—high and low. Apply at Jennie Powers cottage.

Quality Roofing.—Ask for Pioneer Flaxing Roofing. U. S. Gov't and State of Cal. using large quantities. Ben Leidig, Carmel distributor.

Miss Florence Brown has returned to San Jose, after a two months' visit in Carmel.

WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM.

In order that a more thorough understanding of county receipts may be had, the Taxpayers' Association of California has analyzed the receipts of fifty-seven counties as reported to the Controller for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1916, and has shown just how much of every dollar (in cents and decimal parts thereof) received by all these counties came from each of the segregated sources.

The findings, as applying to the counties as a whole are shown in the following table, to which is attached, also, a column showing what proportion of the total receipts of Monterey county came from these various sources. A comparison of Monterey county with the general average will prove quite interesting.

Sources of County Receipts	All Counties per each \$	Mon'ty Co.
General taxes	44.45	42.17
Licenses and permits	0.33	0.05
Fines and penalties	0.42	0.10
Privileges	0.00	—
Rents	0.14	0.02
Subventions and grants	11.36	6.00
Gifts, donations, etc.	0.35	1.80
Fees	1.94	1.06
Special services rendered	0.19	0.01
Sale real property	0.06	—
Miscellaneous	1.20	40.29
Trust funds and accounts	1.84	0.20
To correct errors	0.29	0.03
Cancelled warrants	0.01	—
Agency Transactions	—	—
For state	4.31	0.67
For districts	29.64	7.15
For municipalities	2.58	—

Monterey county, in the ratio of its general tax receipts to its total receipts, is two points below the state average. Receipts from subventions and grants are also five points below the line, but under the heading "miscellaneous" it accounts for receipts enormously above the average.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A candy sale for the benefit of the Carmel Church will be held at Miss J. M. Culbertson's studio, beginning at 2:30 next Saturday morning.

You'll find some attractive bargains by reading the ad. of Leidig Bros. on page eight of this issue.

Mrs. Josie Burt of San Francisco is a guest of Mrs. Lena Brake for a few days.

Next Saturday is the first day of Fall. An ideal season for your friends to vacation in Carmel.

Miss Adaline Gray returns to Los Altos this week, having finished the packing of articles to be sent to her sister, Miss Eunice Gray, at Duluth, Minn.

F. S. Schweninger is getting ready for a vacation—the first in thirteen years. When he comes home, the Mrs. will beat it.

**IF YOU HAVE
LOST SOMETHING
FOUND SOMETHING**

**IF YOU WANT—
TO BUY SOMETHING
TO SELL SOMETHING
TO EXCHANGE
HELP**

**ADVERTISE IN
THE PINE CONE**

**The Pine Cone Job Printing Department Is Well Equipped
To Do Business Printing,
Stationery, Etc.**

This article is reprinted from the Boston Transcript, and payment for its publication in the Pine Cone is made by a patriotic resident of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

"As It Looks to a Home-Comer"

An Impassioned Indictment of
American Apathy by an
American Writer and
Fighter for the French,
Lately Home for a
College Reunion

By Alva S. Sanborn

Paris, July 30, 1917

My dear—: "You will be surprised" you wrote me, when you learned of my intention to return for a few days in the States, "at the war spirit among us. You may imagine the moral elevation that has hoisted the whole nation."

WELL, I have "come and gone." I have passed a fortnight in your midst, and—frankly—I am disappointed. The "war spirit" was not sufficiently potent and pervasive to be thrilling, and, as to the "moral elevation," I was obliged to find that "he that runs" (and I admit I was very much on the run) "may read."

You are in the war at last, and I am so thankful you have ended by doing the manly thing that I cannot find it in my heart to reproach you for not doing it sooner. Nor will I indulge in empty regrets that, during your two years and a half of backing and filling, your two years (counting from the Lusitania massacre) of national humiliation, you did practically nothing to get ready for the inevitable.

Some Splendid Work

You are displaying a highly commendable determination to profit by certain of the lessons your allies have learned at so fearful a cost.

I landed in time to witness some of the outward manifestations, some of the clever or curious appeals to the eye and the imagination (the banners, the buttons, the posters, the clocks, the thermometers, the window exhibits) of your prodigious effort for the placing of the colossal Liberty Loan and to savor with you the joy of its triumph.

You did that splendidly. You displayed initiative, energy, ingenuity, insistence and persistence and you deployed them to good purpose. The wrestle of your finance, already great, has been appreciably enhanced by the operation.

I was with you during your gigantic Red Cross campaign. You handled that splendidly, too. I was privileged to see you at work in small as well as in large communities and everywhere I was constrained to admire your push and your sagacity.

You understand the new role of heavy artillery, and you will soon be turning out big guns in a way to stagger belief, for you are the first manufacturing people in the world.

You appreciate (you exaggerate, perhaps) the possibilities of the airplane, and you have made for that arm of the service and appropriation that is probably unprecedented.

You are fully aware of the necessity of hounding the submarines and of augmenting enormously the tonnage of your merchant marine, and you can be counted on to do both expeditiously—despite the present regrettable hitch in your shipbuilding projects and performance.

You realize the gravity of the world

food problem, and you have begun (both officially and unofficially) a food conservation crusade that reflects much credit upon your insight and your foresight.

Warned alike by the impotence of the volunteer system in your Civil War and by the recent disillusioning experience of England, you have voted conscription—"selective draft," I believe you call it—with a minimum of preliminary fuss and flurry and this move, though by no means the revolution it was in England, is a genuine historical tour de force.

I am not blind, you see, to your many excellences. I might go on and on almost indefinitely exalting your efforts and glorifying your achievements in your role of belligerent. But I should thus be putting my recent impressions in a totally false light, for, as I said just now, your general attitude to the war disappointed me. Furthermore, I should be recreant to duty. So, instead of giving myself the pleasure of tickling your vanity, I am going to hit straight from the shoulder. I am going to talk very plainly, as I would desire to talk if I had their ear, to the whole American people.

Dismal Recruiting

Could anything be more dreary, more depressing, more humiliating? It is worse than a revival meeting with no converts to hit the sawdust trail. Pulling teeth is child's play by the side of inducing your men to enlist.

As I threaded my way, the night of my landing, among the Broadway trenches beneath the shifty luminous signs that recall vaguely the varying lights above the firing line, I observed in the side streets (I had almost said the boudoirs of communication) all sorts of agitators holding forth. There was a white cravatted evangelist of the good old-fashioned fire-and-brimstone type. There was an over-powdered suffragette in a vivid green silk shirt waist; an apologist of Tom Paine, with a three days' growth of beard and owlish spectacles; and a recruiter, spick and span in a natty uniform of white duck. The recruiter aroused no more enthusiasm than the other spouters; and that means little enough. His auditors were constantly changing; bent solely on amusement, they moved on as soon as their curiosity was satisfied. For them, he was evidently just one of the free side shows of the big city. And the recruiting stations I visited later in other quarters of the metropolis, though in some cases more attractive or more pretentious, seemed to be equally barren results.

The recruiting meets on Boston Common (which may fairly be taken to symbolize Massachusetts' effort to raise her quota for the regular army) were not more inspiring. Listeners were plentiful—thanks to the bait of divers forms of entertainment—but I never saw a more apathetic audience. They removed their hats during the playing of the Star Spangled Banner, they laughed at the speakers and the studiously crude language of the speakers—every man who addresses a crowd this year seems to feel obliged to imitate Billy Sunday—and that was all; they were as unresponsive as the flagstones of the walks to the exhortations. Not a single person while I was present stepped up to sign.

"It was to weep."

You employed in this recruiting campaign ingenious appeals to the eye, the ear and the imagination—there was no dearth of bands and parades, of Indian chiefs and of Uncle Sam's—analogs to those that proved so effective in the

Red Cross and Liberty bond campaigns. You did not obtain analogous results.

Why?

How about the million men who were to spring to arms over night?

Everything But Blood

It certainly looks as if you drew the line at consecrating to the great cause the one thing that would prove you desperately in earnest, the only thing in fact that really counts—your life blood. While you mobilize your material resources with zest and alacrity, you mobilize your human resources slowly and with somewhat too visible reluctance. You begrudge neither your time, your labor nor your money, but you are appallingly sparing of yourselves, and without yourselves, all the rest (as Scripture puts it) is "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." In war, as in charity work "the gift without the giver is bare."

You are waiting for miracles to terminate the war before you shall be called upon to make the supreme sacrifice. You prate glibly of mysterious contrivances for detecting and even destroying submarines from a distance, of non-fuel-consuming motors and of divers other inventions, all (naturally) "the greatest the world has ever seen."

You look to your natural wizard Edison, to save you from the dull and racking routine of exhausting, plodding trench warfare. So the French, in the fall of 1914, looked to their Turpin to hurl the armies of the enemy into eternity with a fabulous explosive.

You propose to build 30,000 or 50,000—or is it 100,000?—airplanes. And that is admirable. But you seem to be counting on these winged legions (not in the air literally) to demolish Germany in a single fell swoop. And that is nonsense. So, in the fall of 1914, did the Germans count on their Zeppelins to demolish England. Furthermore, the wide publicity you are giving the project is to put it mildly—a trifle indiscreet. If forewarned is forearmed, Germany will have taken a precaution or two before you fly to Berlin.

This lofty and romantic airplane proposition has actually warned you up. You would all enlist, I verily believe, if you could all be aviators. Unfortunately, it has at the same time hypnotized you. Your thoughts are all in the empyrean; you can not bring them down again to earth and to its prosy necessities. It has disgusted you with humble infantry service and more especially with the trenches, which inspire you with terror that is almost comical. "Faugh!" you exclaim. "no nasty trenches for us! We'll leave all that sort of thing to the foreign fellows! We have no use for these mossy, Old World ways. We'll show them the New World methods."

You do not know yet that "mud also is an honor."

Digging ditches and living and fighting in holes in the ground are quite as distasteful to the French temperament as they can be to yours. But the French soldiers had to come to them. They have submitted to them with glorious grace; and you, your (as yet unbuilt) airy fleets to the contrary notwithstanding, may as well make up your minds first as last to follow their example. There is no pleasant ditchless, bloodless road to victory.

Seeking Substitutes

Too many of you are racking your brains in an effort, that would be humorous were it not mauseating, to discover conscience-saving substitutes for plain, everyday fighting. You seem to have a notion that co-operating in movements for the development of patriotism through education; or helping provide the home training camps with reading matter, soft drinks and amusements; or preparing surgical dressings; or inculcating federal prohibition from automobiles; or teaching the poor how to economize; or carrying on "preserve or perish" campaigns from "canning specials"; or running kitchen garden (normal features of the existence of the others when the lawn was not a tyrant

nical criterion of respectability); or signing pledges to one wheatless meal and reduced consumption of fats; or even hanging a flag over the veranda or attaching it to an auto (I saw many times more flags in America within twenty-four hours of landing than I had seen in France during three years of hard fighting) are altogether adequate expressions of war spirit.

Far be it from me to speak deprecatingly of those activities. All of them—save the unscrupulous attempt of the Prohibitionists (happily checkmated by the President) to prosecute a public catastrophe to the triumph of their hobby—are intrinsically excellent. Your mistake lies in thinking they constitute a sufficient substitute for your own lives or the lives of your dear ones, as the case may be. You remind me of the children who are puffed up with pride because they have given away their broken toys and of the housewives who pique themselves upon "their charities" because they have cleaned out their attics in the interest of "rummage sales."

You must pay the tribute of blood. A profound eternal truth was symbolized by the dogma of the old theology that even God could not redeem the sinful world without the sacrifice of his only begotten Son.

There is no substitute for human life.

Should you strip yourselves of all your billions (and I do not perceive that you are in any immediate danger of doing that) and devote all your time to war philanthropies, you would still be doing nothing in comparison with what the French, the Belgians, the Serbians and (latterly) the English have done.

Saving Brains and Morals

Throughout my sojourn I was assailed with the question, "What can we do to help?"

When I replied, as I did invariably, "Send your men to France right away," you should have seen the eager questioners wilt and hear them gasp.

They were not merely nonplussed, they were a trifle offended. Almost invariably they protested: "Oh, but we have been told that it would be better for each one of us to do the thing he is best fitted to do."

This pseudo-scientific application of the theory of adaptability to function serves you, along with the "conscientious objections" formula, as a pretext for "slacking." With a view to escaping the draft, which may send you one day to the dreaded trenches, some of the most robust among you are trying up early to the various organizations for war relief, insinuating yourselves into more or less profitable posts where you hope to render yourselves indispensable. I even met one splendidly-knit young fellow who had succeeded in getting himself attached to a society for the reorganization and reconstruction of the devastated districts.

The conscription law exempts "ministers of religion and students of divinity" (a class which has a noble war record in France), and this flagrant bit of special privilege does not appear to shock you. Furthermore, some of you are earnestly urging the exemption from danger of practically all the brain workers (painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, writers, scholars, educators), on the plea that their social value is superior to their military value. Needless to say that the adoption of such a measure would be a genuine knock-out blow to the very democracy for which you want to make the world safe.

Note whether this agreeable system of assigning every man in war time to the work he can do best tends. Its logical outcome would be to render impossible the assembling of an army, inasmuch as pretty nearly every citizen who is not a professional soldier is obviously better fitted for something else than for soldiering.

A prominent and influential metropolitan clergyman, with whom I chanced to fall into conversation on a railway train, advocates depriving all college and university students of the right to enlist, in the interests of the intelle-

ual future of the nation. The college boys themselves, I am glad to say, do not share the opinion of this dominion, who—significant coincidence—has a son in college. Among them, I found a martial spirit that was positively thrilling. In fact, if the atmosphere of the country at large were as highly charged with moral electricity as the college atmosphere is, I should be writing a very different letter.

I came across a mother whose three boys had all enlisted and who regretted that she didn't have a dozen to contribute to the cause. And I make no doubt that there are many such mothers. But, unluckily, most of the mothers I met were of the "didn't-raise-my-boy-to-be-a-soldier" variety. They made no secret of the fact that they deemed paying \$12 for coal and dismissing their servants a martyrdom which entitled them to keep their precious offspring at home. And they were in a state of hen-like flutter through fear that their sons, if they didn't lose their lives or their limbs in the war, would lose their morals.

It is true that an army, whether on a peace or a war footing, does not bear a very close resemblance to a Sunday school, and the sooner the idea prevalent in certain quarters, that it can be transformed into one is exploded, the better for all concerned. It was Kipling, wasn't it, who averred that "single men in barracks ain't cut out for plaster saints" and most of our Civil War veterans, if you can catch them in a communicative mood, will regale you with reminiscences of the "K.K.K." of our army to fight, and it's the business of Puritanical standards that do the hardest fighting by any manner of means. Witness the recent attribution of the fourragère to the Foreign Legion, about whose ethical shortcomings I could tell a thing or two, were this the time and place.

War debases some elements of character as much as it exalts others; but on the whole it conduces to manliness. It is a sort of purgatory which burns out everything that isn't sheer man. The boys in this war, as in other wars are sure to acquire many virtues, and if they acquire, by the same token, certain vices as well, you may count on their being vices of the manly rather than of the effeminate sort, which is more than can be predicated of normal civilian life. But American mothers wouldn't be distracted by these petty worries if they were heart and soul in the war and were thinking first, last and all the time of the necessity of winning it. In that case they would be praying, rather, that it be given their sons to possess the valor and the address of Gideon.

Not Really Aware You're at War

Your letters and the letters of other friends had led me to expect, not, perhaps more downright accomplishment—you have really accomplished a good deal—but more ginger, more apostolic fervor, more "war spirit" and more "moral elevation" (to borrow your own words); an atmosphere, in short, in closer keeping with the gravity of the hour and the sublimity of the conflict. And I actually found—less enthusiasm than characterizes an average presidential election. To a man fresh from a country whose people are fighting under a perpetual tense strain, as the French are fighting, you don't appear to realize, as a people—dare I say it?—that you are at war.

Your press does not bespeak concentrated thought and emotion. In your popular newspapers, more voluminous, if possible, than ever—what a national blessing if paper could become as scarce with you as it now is here—the real issues of these heroic times are swamped by the same old truck. Billy Sunday has not been crowded out, nor have the sensational crimes. In the lurid New York dailies the mysterious Cruger murder, and in the corresponding Boston dailies, the suggestive Caton girl episode had the right of way throughout my stay. And, as of yore,

the common conversation is a mere reflection of the sensations of these sprawling, sappy sheets. You do not give me the impression of a country engaged in an epochal struggle and stirred to its profoundest depths thereby, of a community in the grip of a great emotion induced by a great tragedy.

There are few signs that you feel yourselves outraged.

The righteous indignation which should consume every man and woman half conscious of the enormity of the crimes of the Germans against humanity and civilization is conspicuous by its absence.

And you even make this equanimity which is utterly incompatible with a state of war, and for which you are indebted in the last analysis to the "poilus" and the Tommies who are suffering and dying by the hundreds of thousands out there in Flanders and Champagne) a subject for pride. Under the circumstances a little honorable heat would be a much more edifying spectacle.

No wonder your recruiting lags!

Isn't it passing strange that your President, who has been disposed all along to emphasize the altruistic phase of the situation and to put to the fore your duty to humanity at large, should have felt obliged in his latest public utterance to review for you the long, ugubrious and humiliating list of affronts and injuries inflicted upon you by Germany during the last two and a half years, and to evoke the "savagery" perpetrated on you so plainly that there is no longer any excuse for non-resistance"—lest, forsooth, you forget that "his is, after all, your war."

Do you know that while I was with you not a single person evoked wrathfully in my presence the Lusitania or the Laconia or the Sussex? Are these lastardy outrages already ancient history?

Mere matter of temperament, you think? Alas, no! I have seen the American people at white heat more than once on far slighter provocation. You have not always been so stolid and so reticent.

Whence this extraordinary lack of proper rancor?

Has it become bad form to display honest feeling?

Have you forgotten that the God-man didn't deem it beneath his dignity to stigmatize the Scribes and the Pharisees (who were no worse than the Boches and of the same hypocritical breed) as a "generation of vipers" and to menace them with the "damnation of hell"?

A Semi-Neutral Mentality

The fact is you are a bit neutral still.

Officially, you are no longer neutral—thank heaven for that, I could have breathed in a neutral country!—but, as individuals, you haven't entirely sloughed off yet—and it isn't surprising, after three years of deliberate and ostentatious balance and blank—the neutral habit of mind. You were neutral so long, that what, for most of you, was, at the outset, a strained and artificial attitude ended by becoming a sort of second nature. The phenomenal "long jump" from peace without victory to peace by victory, which your President made so easily, proved too much for you. "I can scarcely believe my own senses," a facetious Californian wrote me shortly after the casting of the die, "and I have the greatest difficulty in making up my mind to stop being neutral! It was such a convenient attitude, and it obliterated so much friction. We never talked of war, we didn't even think about it any more, and lo, and behold, it has become our war! For any people, especially in these parts, the new order is a rude shock and a ordeal."

You're still wondering (your questions—and heaven knows if you plied me with questions—prove it!) why you're at war. You're still debating the origin of the conflict. You're still puzzled by Alsace-Lorraine. You're still querying whether the atrocities really

occurred. I'm not even sure that you're not still pondering whether it may not, after all, have been Belgium that attacked Germany. You're still splitting hairs, performing intellectual balancing feats and drawing fine-spun moral distinctions. You still cling to the conviction, which the level-minded among the Allies lost long ago, that you're dealing with honorable adversaries who are susceptible to kindness and amenable to reason. In the face of overwhelming proof, you refuse to believe that the Germans have a mentality and a morality quite their own, which put them outside the pale of civilization. You're still fancying that it's possible to have a gentlemen's agreement with double-dealing brutes. You're still coquetting with the spineless ideas of Bertrand Russell and Emily Balch and quoting with approval that arch-megalomaniac Romain Rolland. You're touchingly tender to traitorous tongues in respectable mouths. You condone peace meetings and peace parades—it's so short a time since they were in good order!—and you submit meekly (but hurrah for the news from Arizona and Massachusetts from Bisbee and Boston!) to the delivery of seditious speeches and to the flaunting of banners with seditious inscriptions.

Fraternalizing with the Enemy

You do not seem to be aware that the German espionage system is as formidable and efficient an organization in its way, as the German military system, of which, for the matter of that, it is a part.

You balk at press censorship; at the suppression of cable codes and a thoroughgoing supervision of cablegrams—despite the flood of significant information that pours over the cables to Germany through the neutral countries; at a ban on mail to the foe ("out of consideration for persons in the United States who have relatives in Germany"); and you resent restrictions on trading with the enemy. You allow citizens of the hostile Powers to remain practically unguarded in your midst—as well place matches in proximity to powder—rather than "hurt the feelings" of sensitive stranger souls by engendering suspicion against them, "plumage yourselves mightily (qui vent faire l'ange, fait la bete)" on what you style tolerance, but which is, in reality, a species of moral dilletantism sadly out of place in strenuous times.

More than this, you would impose perforce unseasonable precocity upon the perspicacious who show signs of being recalcitrant thereto. You hold up your hands in holy horror at the slightest trace of social ostracism of alien enemies. You expect everybody to treat them quite as if nothing had occurred, quite as if they could have no possible interest in the destinies of their fatherland, because they chance to be living several thousand miles away.

I'm not likely soon to forget the look of total incomprehension, withering disapproval and patronizing pity all in one, which greeted a refusal on my part to meet at luncheon in New York a certain Simon-pure Prussian, of the persistence of whose Prussianism I had abundant proof. Sit at the table and break bread with a man who had approved, who had even exulted over the sinking of the Lusitania! Why, the table would have been surrounded with the spectres of the victims and I should have seen blood in every dish!

"Oh, but he has changed," remonstrated my inviter, "since America came into the war, and he contributes most generously to our society."

Sancta simplicitas!

Margulies, the Austro-Boche multimillionaire recently denounced by Clemenceau in the French Senate, not only contributed munificently to war charities but managed to get himself elected Honorary President of a society of invalided French soldiers, and it took nearly three years to bring him to bay, so cleverly and brazenly did he cover his tracks.

And America has hundreds of Margulieses.

No, war and indiscriminate affability won't mix. The Margulieses shouldn't have access to your clubs and drawing rooms.

And yet you seem to be totally impervious to the indelicacy—they employ a stronger word in the Old World—of giving your hands and opening your hearts to parties who stand a fair chance of being emissaries of the enemy. "Innocent until proved guilty" is not a maxim for wartime. You've got to "cut out" all this twaddle about trusting the treacherous. Aren't you aware that it's mighty risky business warming a serpent in one's bosom?

Yes, yes, I know, you opine, it's sufficient to punish detected espionage. But when did the ounce of prevention cease to be worth the pound of cure?

Perilous Propaganda

Besides, downright spying—though no myth—is far from being the only or even the greatest peril involved in the unrestrained presence of subjects of the Central Powers in an Allied community. There are a hundred and one indirect ways (quite independent of espionage) of giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

There is collusion with the anarchists and the other discontented elements of society in incitement to rioting and desertion—of which Russia furnishes a horrible example. There is corruption of the press, a case of which has just been revealed to Paris. There is the blocking of legislation through deals with unscrupulous politicians or with misguided pacifists; the sabotage of crops and of crops; the fomenting of strikes in munition plants. And, most subtle and, probably, most disastrous of all, there is the Berlin-inspired, mouth-to-mouth propaganda, impossible to control, which disseminates systematically, but stealthily and often through the agency of unconscious tools, lying reports designed to create currents of opinion hostile to an energetic prosecution of the war and correspondingly embarrassing to the Government. Along these insidious lines, there seems to be no limit to the nefarious influence adversaries wearing the mask of friends can exert upon public opinion, if they are given a free rein. Putting them on their good behavior may work to the extent of rendering them cautious of acting in an openly offensive manner, but it can only stimulate their subterranean activities, the abuse of hospitality being one of their favorite pastimes as well as most effective weapons. In fact, I can account for three or four grossly false and calumnious rumors regarding the European situation (shrewdly calculated to discourage enlisting), which I encountered among all classes wherever I went, only by the hypothesis that they originated with the agents of La Boche. They certainly did not originate with the representatives of the Allies.

You've Got to Hurry

Please don't mistake my attitude. I'm not snarling I'm not even carping. I'm just shouting, "Wake up! Quick!" as I would shout it in the ear of a friend I found dozing under an impending catastrophe.

You're in this war, and you're in it "for keeps." You're no quitters. I know your temperament too well to fear for an instant that you will turn back now you have put your hand to the plough. You'll fight with all your might, once you shall be thoroughly aroused.

But, for God's sake, wake up! Get gloriously "hot under the collar." Get divinely "mad" through and through. Hate holly sublimely, as those sons of martyred Belgium, Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, hate! Make up your minds that there's only one thing in this wide world of any present importance—the rushing of German militarism!

Stop looking for miracles.

You can't win this fight by hurling spectacular thunderbolts from Olympus à la Jupiter! You've got to come off your perch and burrow in the bowels of the earth. It's not pretty, it's not romantic, but your moral integrity depends on it! You've got to do it—"pour

As It Looks to a Home-Comer

qu'il y ait toujours de la gentillesse dans le monde!"

Get a move on!

Get down to the real dirty, bloody business! Get down to it at once! "If 'twere well when 'twere done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly."

You have a lot of lost time to make up for. For over two years you helped revitalize Germany via the other neutral nations. You've got to atone for that! You wasted the same length of time in protesting without arming. And you've got to atone for that!

It's six months since you broke off diplomatic relations. It's four months since you declared war. And your "selective draft" is still in the future and your army exists only on paper.

Would you do no better than this if the adversary were within your borders?

"Spell" the Heroes

The whole world admits that France has been incomparable in this struggle. Even her antagonists admire her. She has endured as no other nation ever endured. She has been sublimely prodigal in sacrifice. She has spent the blood of her poets, her artists, her priests, her business men, her scholars, as well as of her peasants and her workmen, with a generosity, a heroism, a constancy, well nigh superhuman. Practically every French family is in mourning.

France has a right to be "spelled." And it's "up to you" to spell her and to "spell" her promptly.

Not because she is ready to give up (as insidious Boone propaganda insinuates). She will never give up. But because she has already shed far more than her fair share of blood.

She withstood almost alone the first shock and hurled the foe back magnificently. Almost alone, for two years, she held against the German myriads. Splendidly aided the past year by England, she still continued to occupy the greater part of the line. No other member of the allied group has had anything like the same proportion of its citizens in posts of danger for anything like the same length of time. No other member of the allied group, in consequence, has paid anything like the same tribute of blood. If you should send her every one of the 10,000,000 men you have registered, you would still be doing only a fraction of what she has done; for her soldiers (not to mention the volunteers) range, not from twenty-one to thirty-one, but from nineteen to forty-eight.

England took two years to wake up and get ready. Are you willing to let France hold (and shed her blood) two years more while you are waking up and getting ready? Is this your conception of honor, of chivalry? Do you want to admit that Americans are as "slow" as Britons?

Send the Peasants Back to

Their Families and Farms

General Pershing, before leaving America, is reported to have declared that there should be an American soldier ready to replace every French soldier who falls. This is good, but it is not good enough, since in an indefinitely protracted conflict, a time would come,

with the relentlessness of mathematics, when there would be no French soldiers to replace.

You've got to do better than this. You've got to send enough men now to make possible the honorable discharge, not in two years, nor in one year, but in the immediate future of a considerable portion of the French troops; say, for a beginning, all those over forty—"les peperes," as they are affectionately called. This would liberate a large number of peasants. And it is particularly desirable that the peasants get back to their holdings which have run down during their three years' absence and are no longer producing what they should, notwithstanding the fact that the wives and children and the grandparents have toiled with exemplary persistence and courage.

This will not only restore to their families, which need them sorely, men who are much too old for the strenuous and dangerous trench existence, but it will do more toward solving the serious French food problem than any amount of food restriction in America, proper and useful as that may be. While, if you do better still, if you send men enough to make possible the release of all the French soldiers over your own upper age limit of thirty-one—and this, obviously, would be only a square deal—you will facilitate enormously the solution of the country's more serious economic, financial and social war-problems as well. You will be helping this long-suffering and over-burdened people to help themselves—always the finest form of benevolence.

Once again, and for the last time, I implore you:

Send on men, hosts of men, at least five hundred thousand before snow flies. Equip them as well as you can, but don't bother your brains about their training. They will learn more about real fighting in three months within the French army zone, where methods change so rapidly as to defy exportation, than they would learn by drilling in America (three thousand miles from the scene of conflict) in three years. Within sound and even danger of the cannons and within sight of mud-besmeared "poilus" fresh from the firing line, they will feel themselves, from the outset, a part of the war; and this consciousness of being "in it" will do wonders for the mental hardening which is no less important than the physical hardening.

Until you do this you will only be playing at war—and down deep in your hearts you know it.

Insuperable obstacles?

Nonsense.

For you, there are no insuperable obstacles. The word "insuperable" has no place in the true American's vocabulary.

I must have wearied you abominably with all this preaching and pleading; but, like the obsessing tale of the Ancient Mariner, it simply had to be poured into somebody's ears and you chance to be the victim. With a rouse for Victory, faithfully yours,

ALVAN F. SANBORN,

3 Boulevard des Marronniers, Draveil, Seine-et-Oise, France.

Note: I learned afterwards that there were five enlistments in the course of the afternoon.

POINT LOBOS

ABALONE

Delicious and Appetizing
Ask Your Grocer for It

IF YOU HAVE— LOST SOMETHING FOUND SOMETHING

IF YOU WANT— TO BUY SOMETHING TO SELL SOMETHING TO EXCHANGE HELP

ADVERTISE IN THE PINE CONE

The Pine Cone Job Printing Department Is Well-Equipped To Do Business Printing, Stationery, Etc.

La Playa News Notes

Rev. and Mrs. Goodman were the hosts of a very novel party, given on the beach on the evening of September 13. The Ghosts arrived promptly at La Playa, proceeding from there to the beach, where refreshments were served. Weird solos from strange instruments and wonderful ghost tales were in order. The Goodmans were untiring in their efforts toward making the evening a success.

Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Parshall, Douglass and Carol, Miss Dana, and Mary Hart have left for Santa Barbara, where quarters have been secured for the winter. Douglas will enter Thatcher, and Carol a private school. The entire family will be much missed by all who had the good fortune to meet them. We all look forward to next year.

Mr. Chris Jorgensen, who has made himself famous and maintained for twenty years a studio in the Yosemite, is to abandon his work and go East on a visit, after the marriage of his daughter, Aime, to Ralph H. Anderson. Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Jorgensen of Boston will attend the wedding, which is to be the social event of September 22 in the Yosemite.

Mrs. Jennie Coleman will take a well-earned vacation, beginning September 17.

Mrs. E. M. Mumford with her daughter returned to Pasadena on Tuesday, hoping to return here next year.

Mrs. F. M. Elwood and Mrs. G. L. Lauing will return about the middle of next month.

A fine little daughter arrived on September 14 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Garrett M. Goldberg. The young lady is booked at La Playa for next July.

Recent arrivals:

Oakland—E. P. Adams, Mrs. F.

For Information
As to Property
In and About
CARMEL
ADDRESS
Carmel
Development
Company

The Brothers Hayes

E. A. Hayes will run for reelection as Congressman from this district, and J. O. Hayes will not make the run for Governor.

Congressman Hayes is still in rather bad health, but he figures on being in good shape to run by the time the campaign comes on.—San Jose News.

F. Adams, Dr. and Mrs. L. P. Adams.

Englewood, N. J.—Mrs. Harold A. Watros.

Palo Alto—Mr. and Mrs. Tongh and daughter, R. L. Duffen.

Berkeley—Mr. and Mrs. R. Weber, R. Ganger and family.

Atlanta—Mrs. Hunter Cooper, Hunter Cooper.

San Francisco—Miss A. Harvey.

Los Angeles—Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Miller.

Boston—Miss A. F. Jones, Miss Freeman.

If you read it in the Pine Cone you may safely repeat it.

Carmel Pine Cone

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY, 1915
Entered as second-class matter February 10, 1915, at the post office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. L. OVERSTREET,
Editor and Publisher

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CAL.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1917

Official Paper of the City

WEEKLY GREETING

Conscious integrity gives both insight and directness to mental operations, and elevation above the plane of selfish motives affords a more comprehensive and, therefore, a more reliable view of affairs, than the keenest examination based exclusively on personal ability. Henry T. Luckerman.

Worth Fighting For

Pittsburgh Post—When we read what the patriots of '76 endured to establish liberty in the sparsely settled and wild country of their time, the thought that ought to dominate the 100,000,000 people called upon today to defend the greatest republic the world has ever seen, requires no description. It greets the aliens with free schools for their children and free schools for adults seeking to learn the language of the country and train for the duties of self-government. It has held great Americanization celebrations for them—and all these in addition to providing them steady employment at the best wages in the world. This is the spirit throughout the United States. Not only is such a country worth fighting for, but it is a high honor to fight for the protection and spreading of its principles.

Carmel' Dawn

By Albert Van Houten

Immersed in silence lies thy lonely vale;
The mighty throb of traffic's heart is still;
The perfumes of the new-mown hay distil
An odoriferous balm throughout the dale,
While slowly glows o'er mountain ridge, the pale
Light of Aurora: on its sheen, the hill
Is silhouetted, and the soft rays fill
The peaceful clime, melting the misty veil.
Aurora brightens, majestic in her light.
The crimson curtains ope the royal way
An lo! the kingly Phoebus comes; the day
Begins to blush; through heav'nly canopy
Fretted with clouds of hued variety
Peals matin bell from old monastic site.

Our Weekly Recipe

MAPLE DELIGHT

One cupful maple sugar, one cupful light brown sugar, one-fourth cupful corn syrup, one teaspoonful vanilla, one-half cupful water, one-half cupful walnuts meats, two eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful cream of tartar.

Maple sugar furnishes the "different" note. Place the sugars, water, syrup and cream of tartar in a saucepan and boil for a few minutes. Add the raisins chopped fine, and the chopped nut meats. Boil until it will ball in water, flavor with vanilla, and pour over the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Beat until light and foamy, then drop from a spoon on to wax paper and place a raisin on the top of each. They are also nice dipped in melted chocolate when cool.

Schweninger's BAKERY and GROCERY

Best Goods
Fresh Goods
Right Prices
Free Auto Delivery

Heselwood-Barnes

With the departure of Burton D. Barnes, who summered here, to go into training at Chillicothe, Ohio, comes the announcement of the young man's engagement to Miss Mable K. Heselwood, former secretary to Dr. D. T. MacDougal.

AUTO TRIPS

PARTIES OF FOUR

Carmel Highlands and return, 50c. each
Point Lobos and return, 75c. each
Big Sur and return, \$5 each
Palo Colorado and return, \$1.50 each

Order at 11th and Casanova or Pine Cone office

Animal Crackers

Wouldn't it jar you! If you and your family went off on a camping trip, and picked out a nice place, and got comfortably settled, and the water was boiling for the coffee, and the eats were laid out. We repeat, wouldn't it jar you, if a gruff voice shouted, "Better get out o' there; there's an outlaw steer on the rampage, an' he's headin' your way."

Well, that's just what happened to G. Washington Reamer and family a few days ago. George says something is always taking the joy out of life.

Yes, the steer came through on schedule.

CHURCH NOTICES

Christian Science Services

Sunday, 11 A.M.
Sunday School, 9:45 A.M.
Wednesday Eve. Service, 8 o'clock
ARTS AND CRAFTS HALL

All Saints Episcopal

SERVICES AT 8 A.M. AND 4 P.M.
EVERY SUNDAY, EXCEPT SECOND SUNDAY IN MONTH, WHEN ONE SERVICE IS HELD, AT 11 A.M.
Sunday School 10 A.M.

WALTER G. MOFFAT, Rector

School Board Meets

At a meeting of Sunset School Trustee last Thursday morning, following a discussion as to the means to be employed to overcome the crowded condition of the local and to relieve the two teachers of some of their work, it was decided to, for this term at least, to make use of the little outside play-room for a class-room; and a third teacher will be employed.

Bids on the work of alteration will be advertised for as soon as specifications are made out, so that the new room may be ready for occupancy the second week in October.

BEN'S Home Goods and Hardware Store

Complete line
Kitchen Needs
Enamel and Tin
Cooking Utensils
Oil and Electric
Stoves
Ammunition and
Fishing Tackle

Carmel Drug Store

Has a fine line of

Big Ben CLOCKS

Also Stationery, Toilet
Articles, and Rubber
Sundries

Columbia Graphophone and
Records for Sale

PICTURE SHOWS IN CARMEL THIS MONTH.

Sept. 22—Marguerite Clarke, in "Molly Make-Believe."
Sept. 25—"The Love Mask."
Sept. 29—Pauline Frederick, in "Audrey."

New Auto Bus Auto Service 17-Mile Drive and all points of interest

Regular Time Table

To Monterey	Leave Monterey
7:30 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
8:30 a.m.	12:06 p.m.
9:30 a.m.	3:15 p.m.
2:30 p.m.	5:53 p.m.
5:00 p.m.	

Leave Orders at
CANDY STORE or at
Goold's Garage

A GREAT PAINTER

Charles Harold Davis of Mystic, Conn., who has won the \$1000 Altman prize, awarded annually by judges chosen by the National Academy of Design, is one of the renowned landscape painters of the United States, whose work is found in the leading museums of that country. As a winner of important awards in the leading competitions of the country he has few if any peers. He was elected a member of the National Academy in 1906, Amesbury, Mass., is his native place and he got his first training at the school of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Ten years of study and residence in Paris, with frequent exhibits in the Salon, enabled him to return to the United States with a technical achievement and professional reputation that at once counted. Later the intrinsic merit of his work helped even more, and today he is on the crest of the wave of popularity and prosperity.

—Christian Science Monitor.

Carmel Highlands Stage

Leaves Highlands—
8:00 a.m. for Carmel
10:30 a.m. for Carmel
and Monterey
4:30 p.m. for Carmel
and Monterey

Leave Carmel for Highlands—9:00 a.m.
Leave Monterey 12:00
m. and 6:00 p.m.
stopping at Carmel

Fare: Carmel to Highlands, 25c.
Highlands to Monterey, 50c.
Packages called for and delivered,
10c.

Special Day and Night Trips by
Arrangement.
Carmel Booking Office at Development Co. Office

J. E. BECK, M. D.
Office at Carmel-by-the-Sea
Pharmacy, Carmel, Cal.

GROCERIES

AT CUT PRICES

A Direct Charge for Delivery is Fair to Everyone

Here's a saving of 10 per cent or more

5 Gals Pearl Oil	65c.
10 Lbs Best Burbank Potatoes	25c.
\$1.00 tins M. J. B. Coffee	90c.
10 Lbs Yellow Corn Meal	80c.
Large, Carnation Wheat Flakes	30c.
1-Lb tin Royal Baking Powder	46c.

Soaps, 5c. bar	Cookies, 7c. Pkg	Matches, 6c. box	California Rice, 8c. lb.
"King White"	"Zu-Zu Snaps"	Toilet Paper, 8c. roll	Ghir. Chocolate, 27c. lb cake
"White Bleaching"	"Lemon Snaps"	Dutch Clenser, 8c. can	Knox Gelatine, 17c. pkg.
"Clean Easy"	"Uneda Biscuits"	Hunt's Tomatoes, 16c. tin	G. W. Coffee, 27c. tin
Striker "Kitch. Sweetheart"	"Graham Crackers"	"Sun Maid Raisins, 13c. pkg	Lb pkg Soda, 8c.
	"Oysterettes"	1-gal tin Pure Olive Oil, 16c.	Rolled Oats, 8c. lb.

Extra Special Values

"Better Blend" Coffee	30 cents pound
New Crop Japan Tea	50 cents pound
Imported, large. Queen Olives	20 cents pint
Coast White Sage Honey	20 cents square
New Pack, Libby's large Asparagus	32 cents tin

We want your patronage, and will make it worth your while to trade here regularly

LEIDIG BROTHERS, Inc.

"Old Homestead"
Bread

CARMEL

"Gold Medal"
Butter